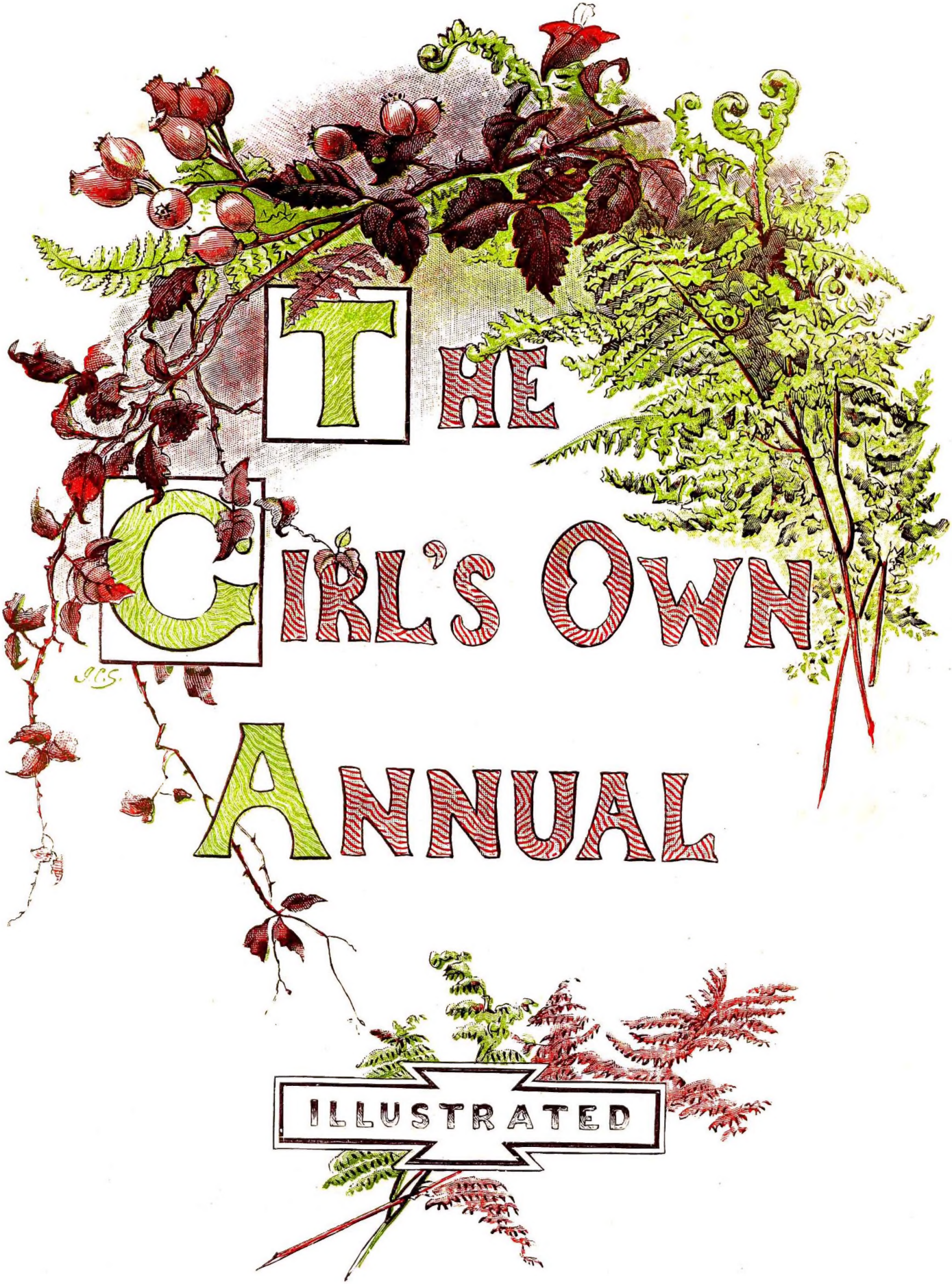
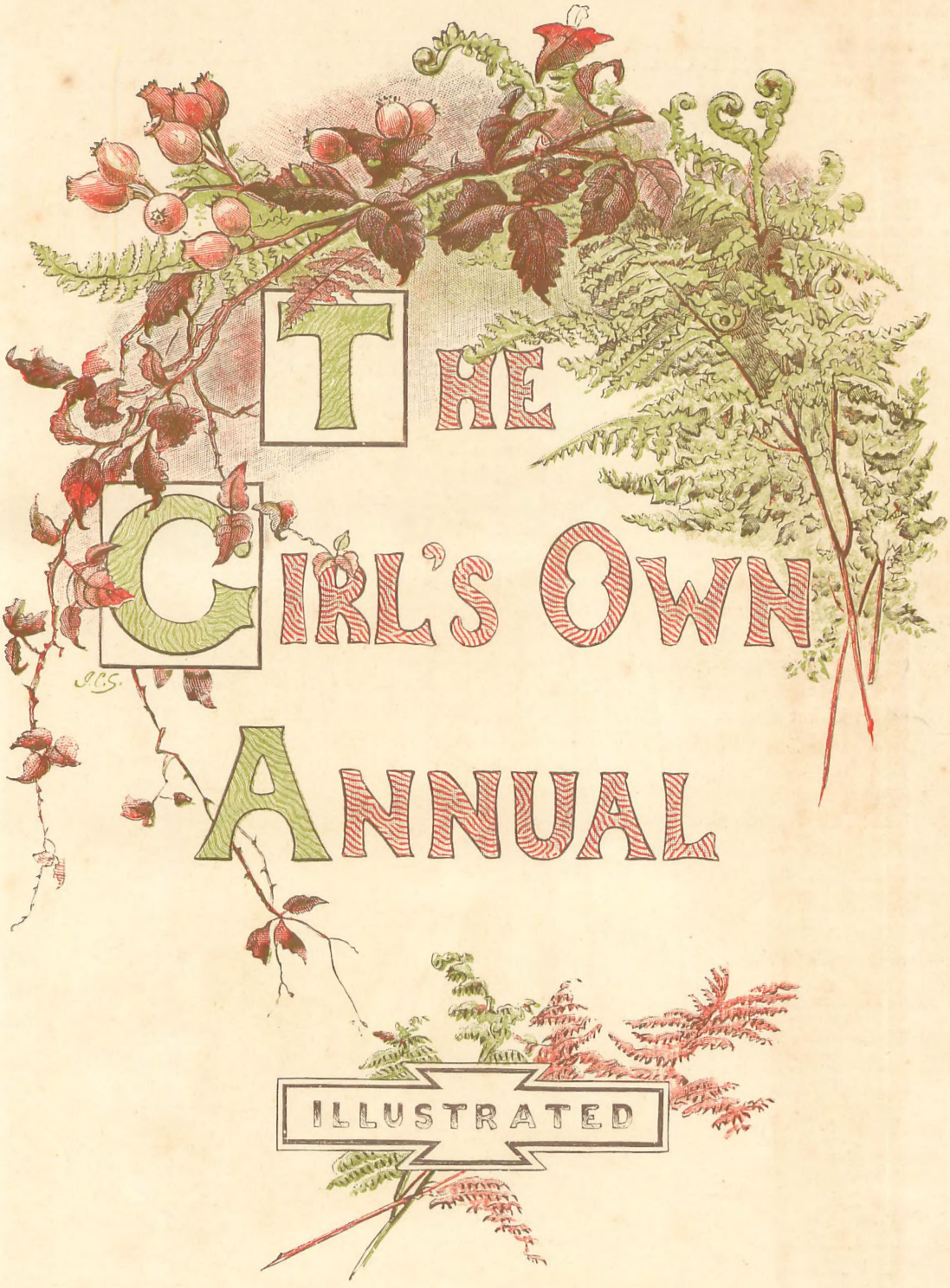


LONDON 56 PATERNOSTER ROW



LONDON 56 PATERNOSTER ROW

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] [EDMUND EVANS.

THE GREEN LEAF AND THE SERE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

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VOL. IX.—NO. 405.] OCTOBER 1, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER I.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FAMILY.

MR. ASPENEL, of Aspenel Park, was a millionaire. He did not himself know how many millions he possessed, but he did know that he kept one of them floating in the Bank of England for chance monetary exigencies, and the

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"'WHAT IS ALL THIS, JANET?'"

others shut up in mines, and let loose in argosies in South America and elsewhere. He had accumulated all this wealth himself, was the founder of his own fortune—as people say—and if winning the heart's desire secures happiness, he was a happy man. He had schemed all his life to acquire money, and he had heaped up so much that he did not know what to do with it, where to invest it, or how to spend it. Spending it was out of the question, for having made it, he willed to keep it. He had gambled on the Stock Exchange, in railways, in foreign speculations at home and abroad, and he seized his gains with such a deadly grip that no man could wrest them from him.

Nevertheless, he loved pomp and show and grand company, and, before all, the upper ten. He even gave, occasionally, large sums in public charity, and had his name blazoned forth before the world, if not as a philanthropist, at least as a benefactor of his species. He stood tolerably well with the outer world that did not understand him, but not quite so well with the members of his home circle who did. They were terribly afraid of him, and avoided him whensoever they could. As he went almost daily to London, they did not often come into collision, and no sooner did he drive off from his house to the station than his domestics, at least, let loose the reins of their tongues and tempers. As to his wife and children——But they require a special introduction.

Aspenel Park and the magnificent mansion in its midst were as bright and beautiful as any of the bright and beautiful places in that garden of England, Kent. But its mistress was not so happy as she might have been, in spite of the green glades, umbrageous trees, swan-crested lake, and model farm by which she was surrounded. Neither did the fact that it had once belonged to an out-at-elbows nobleman comfort her as it did her husband. She was herself a scion of the aristocracy, and we rarely care overmuch for the things to which we have been all our lives accustomed. She, at least, was so desirous of an entire change that she had married a plebeian for his riches and what she hoped to get out of them. She had been disappointed, as most people are who make sordid matches; and so were her predecessors, since Mr. Aspenel had been thrice wed.

As she sat in her morning room, pondering over the peculiarities of her husband, who had just driven off, and listening to the distant hilarity of the housemaids, she looked what she was—utterly bored and discontented. She had undertaken a post for which she was quite unsuited, and her salary did not suffice to compensate to her for its penalties.

"How could I have married him?" she muttered, as she thought first of his personal appearance, then of the schoolroom and nursery.

Not that he was ill-looking. She had watched him get into his brougham, and was forced to confess that although his figure was spare, and he had what she called a money-getting stoop in his shoulders, his carriage was not bad, and the cut of his head, hair, and whiskers respectable. The latter were iron grey, sprucely clipped, and meritoriously superintended. She sometimes wished them white and rough, and their owner less scrupulously neat and clean, just for a change. "Anything for a change," she sighed. Still she dreaded the change that sometimes happened in his small black eyes. They were naturally bright and cunning, but occasionally grew so fierce and foxy that she was afraid of them and him. She was told when she married that she would have her own way in everything, but she found that he was resolved to have his, and, like many another who makes rash promises for imaginary gain, she got no compensation for her venture.

"What can I do with those children?" she groaned as she seated herself at a luxuriously furnished writing-table. "I know I have the reputation of being a sort of *marâtre*, and they hate me accordingly. I can do with Edith, but Janet is aggressive, and browbeats Bruce, and would rule me if she could. She must go to school, but Bruin grudges the money, and I cannot possibly spare it out of my niggardly allowance."

Mrs. Aspenel was in the habit of calling her husband Bruin when alone with her own thoughts, and being young and sprightly, and not over conscientious, saw no harm in it. People said "there was no harm in her," but her actions sometimes belied this opinion. She was naturally hasty of speech and quick of judgment, and although not devoid of kindness of heart, frequently obscured her virtues by her vices. The latter word may be strong; but are not all bad passions vices?

No sooner had she taken pen in hand with the intention of writing to her intimate friend, Lady Ascham, to make inquiries concerning schools in general, than there was a sound of pattering feet in the corridor, followed by many thumps on the door, and attended by shouts of "Mammy, mammy!"

She was on her feet in a moment, had opened the door, and was soon hugging a riotous, screaming boy, with a whip in his hand. This was her only child, Master Bruce, who answered her pathetic inquiries as to what was the matter, by sobbing repetitions of the word, "Janet, Janet!"

"What has Janet been doing now, darling?" asked the mother, soothingly.

"Nothing, ma'am," replied for him a respectable-looking, middle-aged woman, who had followed him. "Master Bruce kept on whipping and teazing Miss Janet, and when she pushed him away, he tumbled down. He would smudge her drawing, ma'am!"

"Janet pinched me," screamed the boy.

"Oh! Master Bruce, you promised me to tell the truth," remonstrated the nurse.

"I hate Janet—I won't tell the truth," was the answer.

"This must be put a stop to," exclaimed Mrs. Aspenel, walking hastily down the corridor and mounting the staircase at its end, followed by Bruce and the nurse.

"Where are the young ladies?" she inquired.

"In the schoolroom, ma'am."

Bruce declared his intention of going to the nursery, for he had an instinctive feeling that he might get the worst of it when face to face with Janet. Accordingly, Mrs. Aspenel marched into one room, and he and the nurse into another, which adjoined it.

The occupants of the former were two young girls, one of whom was seated at a table, crying over the drawing which Bruce had "smudged;" the other bending caressingly over her, and seeking to comfort her.

"I won't bear it any longer," sobbed the juvenile artist, as Mrs. Aspenel appeared.

"What is all this, Janet? What have you been doing to Bruce?" she asked, severely, for she was in a passion.

"What has he been doing to me, rather?" asked Janet in return, suppressing tears and sobs with admirable self-command, and holding up a block, on which was a water-colour drawing, disfigured by many black marks.

The elder girl, Edith, suddenly disappeared into the nursery, which communicated with the schoolroom. She, like Bruce, avoided a collision, but hearing the word "coward" sent after her, like some sharp missile, she returned and retired to a seat near the window. A contemptuous smile passed over Janet's face, but she rose and offered her chair to her stepmother, who sat down before the disfigured drawing.

"Bruce says you pinched him."

"I did no such thing, Mrs. Aspenel. I pushed him off when he snatched my brush from my hand, and then he put it right into the sepia and spoilt my drawing. He is the plague of one's life."

"I should rather think you are the plague of his, as you are——" Here Mrs. Aspenel paused.

"Not of my father's, for I never see him," put in spirited Janet. "Nor of Edith's, nor of Nurse True's, nor——"

"Of mine, then. I think you had better go to school. Your governesses cannot manage you, and Mrs. Nunn left us on your account."

Janet uttered a sound that in a boy might have been accounted a whistle, and repeated with a shrill voice, "Mrs. Nunn!" then turning to her sister, said rapidly—

"Edith knows as well as I do why Mrs. Nunn left. She said her salary was too low, and that she couldn't maintain her children upon it. Now, Edith, can't you speak up? Didn't Mrs. Nunn say that?"

"Yes," replied Edith, timidly.

"We were very fond of Mrs. Nunn, weren't we, Edith?"

"Very," was the trembling response.

"Were you ever fond of anyone, Janet?" asked Mrs. Aspenel, with a sudden change of tone.

"I am very fond of Edith, and Nurse True, and——"

"But Edith is only your half-sister, just as Bruce is your half-brother, and Nurse True was her mother's maid."

"My own mother was very fond of Edith, wasn't she, Edith? And we were always treated alike; and Nurse True says no one ever knew that Edith was not her very own daughter."

"I think Nurse True had better hold her tongue."

Mrs. Aspenel felt that she was getting the worst of it, and with a slight twinge of conscience, reverted to her darling Bruce.

"Since Bruce is the plague of your life, Janet, perhaps you had better leave him, and as I cannot manage you, a schoolmistress may."

"We get on very well sometimes, but I don't like to have my drawings spoilt, and to be punished when he is naughty. He tells stories and I am blamed. I shall be very glad to go to school."

"Oh, Janet!" came from pale Edith.

The colour rose to Mrs. Aspenel's cheeks and anger to her heart. She knew that she had not tried to gain the affection of these girls, yet she could not put up with their dislike or indifference. She turned round from the drawing which she had apparently been contemplating all the time, and faced Janet, standing at the end of a long table. They might have been mother and daughter, for both were dark and handsome, only Mrs. Aspenel did not look her age, and Janet looked older than she was. She was tall, slight, and angular, and not only her attitude but her face was defiant. The hazel eyes that melted to tears at a kind word flashed at injustice, and the colour rose and disappeared from her clear cheeks at every changing feeling. At the moment she was bristling with real or imaginary grievances, and decision lay in every muscle of her frame, especially in the hand which pressed the table.

"To school, then, you shall go, if your father does not object," said Mrs. Aspenel.

"That will suit all parties, if it is not too expensive," returned Janet, with provoking resolution. "But I fear that if he found Mrs. Nunn's salary too heavy for his small income, he will not be able to afford a school. Shall I go as pupil-teacher?"

"You will remain in the schoolroom to-day. Your impertinence is insufferable, and your treatment of your brother quite unbearable," replied Mrs. Aspenel, rising, and looking as if she would fain chastise her stepdaughter.

A reply rose to Janet's lips, but it was stayed by a touch. Edith laid her hand on her shoulder, and when she turned quickly she met her entreating glance.

"She does not mean to be impertinent, and she is not really unkind to Bruce," breathed the elder girl, whose fear exceeded in proportion her sister's courage, and who had crept across the room with mouse-like quietude.

Mrs. Aspenel glanced haughtily at the pair. They were less alike than were she and Janet; for Edith was pale, fair-haired, and scarcely so tall as her sister, though three or four years her senior.

"I think, Edith, Janet and I can manage without interference," she said, contemptuously. "You are both resolved to annoy me, and I shall complain of your conduct to your father."

The pressure of the small white hand again restrained an answer from Janet that would have provoked further irritation, and Mrs. Aspenel, perceiving that no reply was intended, sailed out of the schoolroom and into the nursery. She found Bruce *en pénitence*, seated on a low chair at his nurse's knee. He was supposed to be learning a lesson. He started up, asking to be allowed to go with his mother.

"May I, nurse? I'm good now; and I won't spoil Janet's drawing no more," he entreated.

"Of course you may, darling," said his mother, and took him quickly away.

"Always the same!" muttered the nurse. "Injustice to my dear lambs, and indulgence to her own. No sooner do I punish him than she spoils him. What is to be the end of it all? Had I not promised my dear mistress never to leave Miss Edith, I would not stay here an hour."

"Is the coast clear?" Here broke in Janet, looking in at the door. "Even you may venture, mousy, for there is no cat to eat you up."

"I wish you would not talk in that way, Miss Janet. If you were more cautious it might be better for us all. Edith, my sweetheart, you are ill."

"Only a little frightened, nurse dear. My heart seems to rise to my mouth when Mrs. Aspenel appears. And I am sure she does not mean to be unkind."

Edith walked timidly towards the rocking chair on which her friend was moving to and fro, put her arms round her neck, and let fall a few suppressed tears. Janet's arms were instantly round the pair, and they were all in danger of an upset. They righted themselves, however, and were soon engaged in discussing the new plan of a school for Janet.

CHAPTER II.

HIS THREE WIVES.

MR. ASPENEL'S first wife was a Miss Whalley. She was a lady of good family, or our ambitious millionaire would not have married her. Her father was an officer who was not over rich, and who had no scruples in advising his daughter to accept the proposal made to her by one whose fortune was already considerable. As she had no positive dislike to Mr. Aspenel, she did her utmost to please her father. She received him courteously, entered into his views, and finally fancied that she had a preference for him. He was not then quite so greedy of gain as he became as years went on, and he was neither ill-looking nor deficient in good manners, so it ended in her marrying him. If he had any affection for aught but money, it was for her.

She was a delicate, fragile creature, and soon found that her despotic lord and master took small heed of her. She saw little of her family, for they lived at a distance, and her husband never approved of visitors who stayed in the house. He considered it loss of time, and did not see why he should spend his money in keeping those who could afford to keep themselves. Besides, his breakfast-table was sacred to himself, his wife, his newspapers, and his accounts. A stranger would have interfered with these domestic arrangements, and accordingly Mrs. Aspenel led a solitary life. Her husband frequently brought back with him to dinner such friends as could return to their homes the same night, and occasionally entertained the Dons and Donesses of the neighbourhood; but beyond this and morning calls, she had no society. She was herself a North-country woman, and often pined for the hospitality to which she had been accustomed; but being naturally amiable and yielding, she made no complaint. Thus, Mr. Aspenel's introduction to matrimony was unattended by the "jars" sometimes associated with that second estate, married-manhood, which he was wont to compare with the first, bachelorhood, and, subsequently, with the third, widowerhood.

When Mrs. Aspenel married she brought with her from the North a maid named Trueman, whom she had known all her life, and who was devoted to her almost with the devotion of clanship. She it was who had consoled her when she lost her first child, and had promised never to forsake her second; for the first Mrs. Aspenel died a few days after the birth of Edith, and two years subsequently to her marriage, confiding the infant, with her last gasp, to the care of her faithful attendant.

"Call her Edith, and never forsake her," she had breathed, just as her husband hurried into the room.

He had been telegraphed for some hours before, but thousands of pounds hung on his being at his office just then, and his scales were pretty equally weighted by money on one and life on the other. Money, however, outweighed life, and in saving the one he was too late for the other; for death met him on the threshold of his home.

"No one could possibly blame me," he thought, as he looked regretfully on his dead wife, and heard his infant daughter wailing.

He mourned her for several hours, and then went for consolation to his accounts, which were so complicated and intricate that no mathematician had more engrossing means of comfort than he.

He made no objection to Mrs. Trueman's undertaking the sole charge of "the muling and puking" baby; and no two words could better describe the infant than those immortal and very natural ones of Shakespeare. Edith was a tiny, delicate snowdrop from her birth, and the wonder was that she ever pierced through earth's hard crust at all, and grew up capable of hanging her drooping head on her fragile stem. Humanly speaking, she would not but for Nurse Trueman—Nurse True, or True nurse, so the children called her as years sped on.

Before she was quite two years old, her father brought her a stepmother. He had a short memory for all save his arithmetic, and honestly confessed that he could not live without a wife. If he was a rich man when he first married, he was a richer when he prevailed on Sir Connop Gerard's widow to bestow on him

her youngest daughter. Of course she had no money, for Sir Connop had run through his fortune, and his widow was nearly penniless; but Mr. Aspenel looked only for family, and having married the daughter of a general officer first, aspired to the baronetcy next, and his aspirations were not disappointed.

His second wife was very different from his first, being a bright, high-spirited girl, who had a fancy for a fine home and a change from comparative poverty to certain wealth. She did not pretend to be in love with Mr. Aspenel, but she had no positive dislike to him, for he had the power of making himself pleasant when he chose, and, as we have said, was rather good-looking and well got up. Of course when a girl marries on no better foundation than this she must take the consequences.

She did take them with tolerable cheerfulness, and put up with one of them much better than was expected. This was her small stepdaughter. She took her at once to her heart, and with her the nurse that had been providentially given her. Not even when her own little daughter arrived did she allow her to be displaced. As Janet said, no onlooker could discover that any difference was made in the treatment of the two children; if there was any preference shown, Edith certainly was the one preferred. The shrinking snowdrop was never molested, while the hardier celandine was often blown about by the March winds.

Mrs. Aspenel the second had a quick temper, and was impetuous and warm-hearted, so that if annoyed she wanted an object for her temporary displeasure, and would always rather reprove her own offspring than her predecessor's, while she usually petted and spoilt both.

Being high spirited and particularly sociable, she managed to scrape acquaintance with such scions of gentility as lived in the neighbouring village of Roselands, and introduced the clergyman to the Park on more intimate terms than her husband quite liked. Roselands had been the name of his property until he changed it to Aspenel Park, following, unwittingly, the scriptural description of those who call their possessions "after their own names." But he failed to alter that of the village, which did not belong to him. He succeeded, however, in changing the title of a certain outlying group of houses from "The Roselands Cottages" to "The Aspenel Homes," because he assumed he had a right over them. This right was, however, disputed, he asserting that he had purchased them with the Park; and Lord Beechton declaring that they were built and endowed by an ancestor of his, whose descendants had no right to sell them. Lord Beechton was a great landed proprietor who lived about five miles from Aspenel Park, and the disputed cottages lay near the village of Roselands, and just outside the Park.

They consisted of a group of six small and pretty houses, enclosed in a lawn, or, more properly, field, and built by a philanthropist for the benefit of half a dozen "decayed gentlewomen," as people call poor ladies who, having no private means, are content to live upon the means provided for them by the benevolent. Widows or single ladies were equally available for admission into the Aspenel Homes, or Roselands Cottages, and these, without exception, used the latter name, in which we will humour them; for there is no reason why ladies—or gentlemen either, for that much—should be reminded of their indebtedness to some long-departed benefactor by that much-abused word "Home." Not but that the cottages were really very nice and pleasant homes, in which, if women ever could "dwell together in unity," the six impecunious ladies who tenanted them might have ended their days in peace.

They are particularly mentioned here because Mrs. Aspenel the second, in her kindness of heart and need of sympathy, made the acquaintance of the six ladies, and because her own mother's sister dwelt amongst them. She, however, only took possession of the abode a few months before her niece's death, and but for that niece would never have tenanted it. The widow of a poor clergyman, she was looking about for the means of livelihood, when she heard of the cottages, and wrote to Mrs. Aspenel to inquire if there were a vacancy. It is unnecessary to enter upon the difficulties which Mrs. Aspenel encountered before she prevailed on her husband to nominate her. At first he positively refused, but when his wife represented to him that he was expected to help to maintain her, and actually asked him for money for that purpose, he relented, and said she might fill the next vacancy, provided he were no more pestered with her.

Edith was nine years old and Janet six when their mother was seized with an illness which ended in decline. She had time given her to arrange her mortal affairs, and to prepare for the immortal. Nurse Trueman had now two children committed to her care, and she undertook the charge in faith. Her simple piety and enduring love for Edith had not been without effect on Mrs. Aspenel, who was naturally worldly; and when she was solemnly asked if she would be to Janet what she had been to Edith, and never forsake either, she replied, "I will, God helping me."

Mrs. Aspenel had made herself much beloved, both by domestics and her outer world, but her children idolised her, as she, indeed, did them. She had taught them herself, aided by Trueman, and in teaching them had learnt her own lessons, particularly religious ones. She had sought to influence her husband, but she saw even less of him than had his first wife, for he grew more and more engrossed with his golden idol. However, he managed to be with her when she died, though the weight of this heavy god, that he always carried with him, had more power than her last words.

"Be kind to the children. Let Nurse True always live with them. Think of the world to which I am going. Oh! come to the Saviour!"

He stood beside her while she expired in the good nurse's arms, her aunt and the children being also present, but whether he grieved or not none could tell. Indeed, he could not tell himself. Men with one engrossing passion rarely feel for anything outside it. "I could not help her dying. She has had all she wanted," he said to her aunt afterwards, who remained the day with him and the children, unasked, and fancied that he drank more heavily than usual, as if to drown some sort of feeling.

This brief story of Mr. Aspenel's two wives is merely to serve to account for the state of affairs at the commencement of our first chapter. In less than a twelvemonth after the death of the second he married the lady to whom we have been introduced. She was the daughter of the Hon. James Bruce, who, though the son of a peer of the realm, was delighted to wed his daughter to one of the richest commoners of England, and was not too particular in examining the branches of his son-in-law's family tree when the settlements were made.

They had been married nearly six years when our story began, and their only child was the Master Bruce who was "The plague of Janet's life," and the paramount anxiety of Nurse True's. The latter found herself in a very difficult position, since she was compelled to seek favour from this youthful autocrat and his mother, if she were to fulfil the mission imposed upon her by her previous mistresses. Being true by nature as well as by name, and never having been taught the diplomatic art, as political state nurses have, she was often astonished at the results of her own measures. But she would say to Edith, who was her confidant in every difficulty, "I pray, and the Lord hears me."

(To be continued.)

MY MUSICAL TRAINING;

OR,

WHAT I DID WITH A HUNDRED POUNDS.

By ANNA WILLIAMS.

"HERE'S a hundred pounds for you, if you will go to Italy and study to be a professional singer," said an enthusiastic friend of mine, after hearing me sing with more than usual success at an amateur concert.

A hundred pounds! What a large sum to a girl who dressed on twenty pounds a-year!

To Italy! What a world of vague romance that one word conveyed!

"I daren't," I said; "I have hardly ever been away from home, and I am too shy and frightened at the idea of going alone."

"Well," said my friend, "think it over, and let me know your decision in three days."

No one can tell how I was torn in my mind during those seventy-two hours, for I had never been out of England, and was a spoilt and petted girl, little accustomed to take affairs in my own hands; but I knew I must choose between this plunge and the usual alternative of trying to get a situation as a governess; so, after many heart-beatings, I wrote "yes" to my friend. My people, astonished at my decision, and apparently bitten with the thought of my going to Italy, at once communicated with a lady, Madame B——, married to an Italian, who knew of a family in Naples to whom I could go as a boarder.

Madame B—— was an old friend who had known me from a child, and she put all the disadvantages of an Italian life before me.

"You won't, my dear girl," she said, "have home comforts like these," pointing to the cosy surroundings of my home.

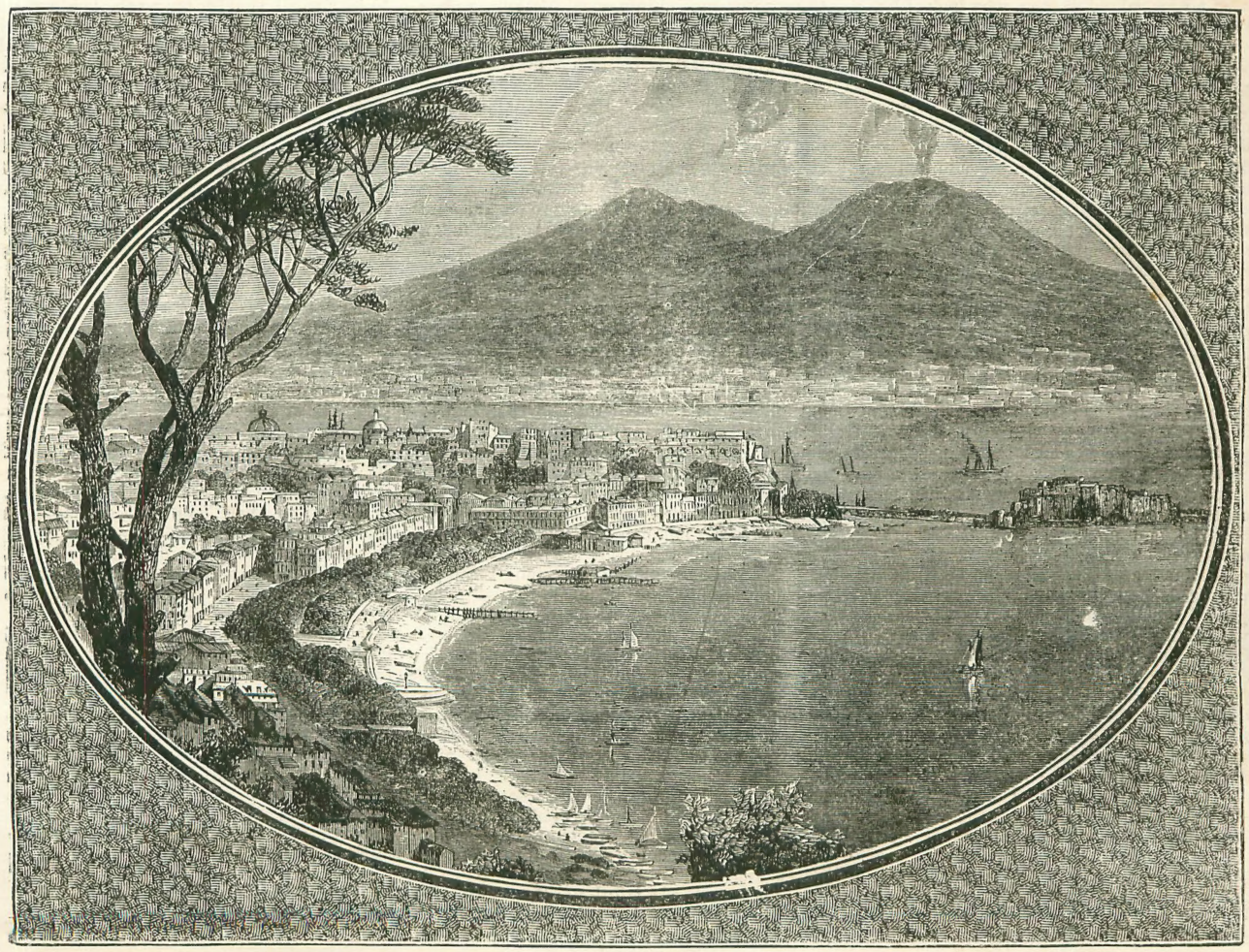
"Oh, well," I replied, "I must put up with some inconveniences."

"But," she continued, "your drawing-room in Naples will be no more furnished than your own kitchen," alluding to the usual kitchen in a semi-detached villa.

"I should rather like that," said I, being fond of our airy kitchen, which I occasionally patronised, and all her arguments failed to deter me from going abroad, and having said "yes" to my friend's proposal, to Italy I meant to go.

In a week I started for Naples, where I was to board in the house of a Roman gentleman and his Milanese wife, who, with their two children and Madame M——'s grandmother, lived on the outskirts of the city. It was September when I started; sending my luggage by sea, and taking only a change of clothes and suitable autumnal garments with me. The journey I will pass over, for although I slept one night in Paris, I was not much struck with foreign customs until I arrived at Turin, where I thought, well may people call Italy the land of music and song, for music was everywhere. The piano organs seemed to be playing in every street, and as this was in 1872, when we were not so accustomed to them in London and the suburbs as we are now, they impressed me very much, and the mellow voices singing Italian operatic airs sounded delightful to my cockney ears; even the street cries I thought musical. However, sleep came to soothe my over-tired frame and excited brain, and I dreamt of operas and all its delights, amidst nightmare-like struggles to make myself understood in Italian or French.

The journey on to Naples was only interesting in so far that I was hurrying on to my longed-for destination, and when at last I heard the cries of "Napoli, Napoli," from the porters, I thought how poetical the word



THE BAY OF NAPLES.

sounded, and visions of what a world of delights was opening out to me passed quickly through my mind. I was to be met, I was told, by Signor M——, a tall, dark man, whom I quickly picked out from the crowd of the shorter Neapolitan men; however, for fear of making any mistake in addressing the wrong person, I was wandering out of the station when I heard "Mees Anna" spoken, ut I hardly knew my own name so distinctly were its two ns pronounced, and I looked up and found that I had been recognised as the "tall girl with red hair," for that was the description to which I answered. A few words in Italian were spoken, but seeing that they conveyed no meaning to me, my dark friend tried French, and speaking it slowly, I could understand what he said, and, bewildered by the foreign talk and gesticulating cabmen asking for fares, and the noise of the porters, and the demonstrative greetings of newly-arrived friends, I followed my future host to the "Carozza." What a pretty word, I thought, but much to my surprise I was taken to a ramshackle old cab which did not at all answer to my poetical views, conjured up by the musical sounding word.

Our drive seemed a long one, and I learnt that Signor M——'s house was a little out of the city, and, as it was dark, I could not tell where we were going, only distinguishing the lights of Naples from those of London by their dinginess and dirtiness. After half an hour's drive we stopped at what looked to me like the entrance to some very old and disused stable yard, and I got out and stood looking round for the house, for I had not realised that I was to live in a flat, when out came a wizened old woman, who looked like a witch, with black hair and wrinkled skin, and two cunning, wicked eyes, peering at the Signorina; she held in her hand above her head a little lamp, which gave about as much light as a night-light, and chattered away in a most remarkable manner in the Neapolitan dialect, beckoning me to follow her up a very dirty stone staircase. I must admit I felt dreadfully frightened of this old woman, who proved to be the doorkeeper, and during my stay I never got over this first impression of her, and moreover soon learnt that she was a mischief-maker and chatterer, and not to be trusted. When I say the staircase was dirty, it will convey no idea to an English girl, but try and imagine the refuse of a farmyard and the dirt of ages, and you will form some idea of the spiral *scala* I went up. Round and round I went, and up and up in the gloom, for there was no light but that held by the old woman, till I began to get dizzy with nervousness and apprehension, when to my intense relief I heard a voice from above call out in shrill tones "Enrico," and I saw looking down a more genial face with another little lamp held above her head and glimmering in the distance; encouraged I hastened up, arriving panting at my destination on the sixth floor. If all the men are dark, I thought all the women are wizened and little and old; for I was warmly greeted, first by a weather-beaten old lady of eighty with a smiling face, next by my hostess, who, though only forty years of age, had the appearance of a little sunburnt countrywoman of fifty, and by a short girl of thirteen—Maria (pronounced Mar-ē-a)—and a little round-faced boy of seven. They all talked at once to me and to Enrico, making—oh! such a noise—until I was quite confused with this Babel—bad French, good French, polished Italian, Neapolitan dialect—all added to my bewilderment.

How funny they all looked to an English girl, accustomed at home to see dainty frocks and little boys in sailor suits. And without disrespect I can say that I felt I was being embraced by the charwomen, so slovenly and untidy were their old skirts and loose jackets; but I soon learnt that it was not the custom to wear anything but this style of attire in the house. I was affectionately led by the hand through the flat, which I thought was a series of sitting-rooms, all very barely furnished; but my room had a bed in it (and a very nice, clean little bed it looked), a chest of drawers, and table with marble top, and a washstand, and with pride my hostess pointed to "the bath"—a small round foot-bath, which she fondly flattered herself would meet my requirements for daily ablutions; but I need hardly say that the next day my first purchase was a secondhand hip-bath, for which I paid twelve francs, much to the surprise of the household.

Dinner was waiting, and I was taken into a large and lofty room they called the "*salone*," with three big French windows, furnished with a very small deal table, which was laid for six; but beyond a few rush-bottomed chairs and three funny settees, which I found afterwards answered for beds, and a beautiful grand piano, there was no other furniture—no curtains, no blinds, only shutters, no easy chairs, no pictures (oh, yes, one very large picture, I remember), no carpet, and only a tiled floor.

We sat down to a roughly-laid table. The cloth was coarse, like our kitchen tablecloths, but clean. There were common moulded tumblers, black-handled knives, and steel forks, common metal spoons, and willow-patterned plates, and dishes of the commonest ware.

Soup came first, and this was followed by stewed capsicums and many other funny made-dishes, and I saw it was the custom for everything to be divided into equal portions, a plate being set aside for the servant, whose dinner was sent out from our table. We used the same knife and fork for meat, fish, vegetables, and sweets! I must not forget that in honour of the English "mees" there was "bifstek"; but I did not recognise this fried leather as one of our national dishes, but for politeness' sake tried to get my teeth through it, and pronounced it very good. I began to wonder whether I should ever be able to eat the food provided, but I soon got used to the foreign diet, and, being rather fond of salads, vegetables, and macaroni, I could always make a good meal.

While on the subject of eating, I may say what astonished me most was the quantity that even the children took at one meal, seeming to think it was a virtue to eat till really they could eat no more, and on feast days they almost starved themselves at first to be able to do justice to the one important meal, dinner; in order (for instance, at Easter) to begin the courses with an allowance of five or six hard-boiled eggs to each person! followed, perhaps, by a soup-plateful of macaroni, then two or three tumblers of water would be swallowed, and they were prepared for the various dishes to follow. Naturally I caused much anxiety by my inability to eat more than my usual quantity, no matter how hungry I was, or how extra good the dinner.

Madame M——, my hostess, spoke French too rapidly for me to follow her, so I was at once told the names of things at table in Italian, and before I went to bed I had had my first lesson in the language.

It was a most lovely night—warm and balmy like an English July evening, and, as it was clear and starlight, I could see the bay and Vesuvius, and imagine what a splendid view I should have in the morning from the balcony. Maria pointed out the different places saying, "Com' é bello, Mees Anna." I thought such a musical phrase could only apply to "Com' é bello," the scena from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and it seemed odd to hear it used in everyday talk. In fact, I was constantly meeting with these little surprises, not realising what a musical ring the language had until I heard it spoken.

The next morning I was awoke by the sound of quarrelling and strident voices shouting at each other till they were quite hoarse, and I wondered what terrible calamity had raised such high words; but I found it was only caused by a little argument between mother and daughter as to how Maria should do her hair, she wishing to imitate my style of hairdressing, and her mother reiterating that she should plait it in long tails, as usual. It seemed extraordinary that they should quarrel about such trifles, but I had not got used to the excitable disposition of the Italians, and I must say I never became accustomed to the terrible domestic scenes that took place on the slightest provocation.

I was up early the next morning and dressed myself, of course, as usual, at which everyone seemed very much surprised, expecting me to appear in a petticoat and dressing jacket, and after some very good milky coffee served in a tumbler and some French bread-and-butter, I began to make inquiries about how I could go to the singing master to whom I had been recommended. Then I recognised the *dolce far niente* side of the Italian character, for I was told not to trouble about that for some time; first, I must get used to the climate, and then I must be able to make myself understood in Italian, and, oh, the horror at the idea of my going out alone! But I managed to make them understand that I must go and sing to him at once, so I was started off with Signor M——, who was going into town to his office; he was sub-editor to one of the daily papers. The *carozella* was announced, which I found to be a small, shabby, open cab, holding two. We lived on the Mergellina, and as we drove along past the Villa Reale, I saw the most beautiful conceivable panorama all round the bay, and Vesuvius smoking, but not looking so imposing as I had expected, the villages of Sorrento and Castellamare, and behind us the blue sea, with Ischia, Nissida, and Capri standing out with picturesque effect. I never got tired of this beautiful view, and being passionately fond of scenery, I could ignore the squalor and dirtiness of the streets and its inhabitants, though I did notice that all the women seemed to perform their toilet out of doors, and 9.30 seemed to be hair-dressing hour, the women doing each other's tresses in elaborate plaits. Gazing up at the windows I saw many smart-looking girls, but I was told they dressed their heads and bodies to be seen, but that in all probability they would have no stockings on, and only the proverbial old skirt. I had indeed come to a land of shams, for the Neapolitans sacrifice everything for show—sham jewellery, sham cuffs and shirt-fronts, a grand watch chain, but no watch to it, and many other incongruities; and I learnt even that many families pinch and screw in the house till they hardly have enough money for macaroni, in order to wear silk and velvet gowns and to keep a carriage.

I found my serge travelling dress and felt hat much too hot in the blazing sun, and much too plain for Italian taste. After passing through the principal thoroughfares, which seemed to me very narrow roads, with still narrower footpaths which were generally occupied by goats, we turned into narrow passages, streets I cannot call them, going at such a pace that I thought every minute we should knock over some of the pretty fruit-stalls that lined the passages. They were artistically arranged, with all the autumn fruits in profusion, and tomatoes on strings hung up in the sun to dry had a most picturesque effect.

We arrived at Strada ——, numero ——, and I got down, Signor M—— driving on to his office. I wondered at the entrance—it was so dark and narrow, and nearly blocked by

an old man who kept an apple-stall; however, I gathered my skirts well round me and proceeded to toil up and up, but this time not round and round, as the staircase was not spiral, but a straight flight of steps with a landing on each floor. I felt horribly frightened, as the place was perfectly dark, and you never knew what or whom you might run against, but as Signor M—— told me to go to the top floor, on I journeyed, treading on every sort of rubbish imaginable, for the inhabitants of each flat had swept out their litter and refuse, dust and dirt, cabbage leaves and potato parings, and this had been trodden under foot by every visitor, including the milkman—not a tidy fellow in white apron with shining cans, but a goatherd, who milks his goats at each door. I mounted the staircase to Maestro S——'s rooms, armed of course with a roll of music consisting of an Italian scena, an English song, and some piece from an oratorio, prepared, I suppose, to show him the versatility of my amateurish talent; but to my surprise he took no notice of my music except to shake his head at it, showing that he only wished to hear me sing a scale. After this trial all he said was "Non c' é male." "What is that?" I said to Miss P——, an English student who was translating for me. He says, "Your voice isn't bad," she replied. Certainly, after being so much praised in England, I felt this judgment rather crushing. I do not think I had more conceit than most girls who are constantly hearing admiring friends praise their musical capabilities, for I used sometimes to wonder how people could care about my voice and singing; but being asked so often to take part in amateur concerts, and to sing at local penny readings, I found myself in request, but I can honestly say that I was totally innocent of how people worked to become professionals.

The "maestro" dismissed me after a few minutes, saying I could stay and hear the lessons given to the other students if I liked, so I remained, and was alarmed for my own future when I heard how particular and careful he was that they should get the exact quality of tone he intended. Naturally I could not understand very much of what he said, but his expressive face told me when he was satisfied. Miss P——, whose voice had been overstrained, and who was then recovering from its bad effects, after two years of patient study with Maestro S——, kindly undertook to be my interpreter until I could understand Italian, and it was therefore arranged that my lessons twice a week should follow hers, and the terms were to be five francs an hour. I found they were given in class, that is to say, all the English students came on the same days; and in order that our voices should not be overtaxed, we took it in turns to sing for about twenty minutes at a time. I was told to get a book of simple *solfeggi*, and the following Tuesday I was to return for my first lesson.

I went away feeling rather depressed at the idea that this voice of mine, of which I had heard so much in London, could be described in a few words as "not a bad one," and also at its being pronounced a mezzo-soprano, and being advised to practise my scales from the low G; but I soon found that Maestro S—— was not a flatterer, was hard to please, but most appreciative of attention and intelligence.

I found on the following Tuesday that I was ignorant of the proper method of breathing and of opening my throat. I had been told of these defects over and over again, but had never been able to attain the desired results, until by pantomime maestro showed me how I should expand my ribs and get the breath from the lower part of the lungs. Of course I did not accomplish this in one lesson, but I took in something of what he explained.

Maestro S—— did not approve of the open quality, holding that it fatigued and wore out the voice, telling me to sing long-sustained notes and scales on "aw," not "ah." Over and over again he stopped me, saying I did not open my throat, until I felt miserable at seeming so stupid. At last he said—

"Sbadigliate."

"What is that?" I said to Miss P——.

"Yawn," she replied.

At this I was fairly puzzled; for how to yawn and sing at the same moment I could not imagine.

It took me three months to find out how to master this mechanism, which he considered of the greatest importance, and I returned time after time, disgusted at my own density, telling maestro that my throat ached.

"That doesn't matter," he replied. "It shows you have been exercising muscles hitherto undeveloped." And he assured me that neither these pains nor those across my ribs were hurtful, as they indicated to him I was trying to find out the two first essentials of the method, namely, of breathing and opening the throat. So I sang my exercises over and over again to him.

"No," he said, "you have not yet conquered these first principles." And nerving myself to keep up my courage, I went home determined to find out how to get the broad tone instead of, as he expressed it, the girlish, undeveloped voice which said nothing—meaning that it was incapable of variety of expression.

Again and again I returned to my lesson with the same result, wondering at the quiet way he dropped his jaw and opened his throat, using breath that seemed never-ending, and all without effort, and contrasting this with my own struggles, which resulted in nothing, until at last one day, practising in the big *salone*, I began to feel I opened my throat like a large cavern at the back. I started off there and then to maestro, knowing he would be in, and begged him to give me five minutes to hear if I had found out the secret.

"That's it," he said. "Now we shall begin to study. Go home and work away in this manner."

And this, girls, was after three months' lessons, and with the assurance from maestro that I was intelligent and quick, when I complained of being stupid and slow.

Of course I thought, "Now all my troubles are over;" but when next I sang to him he said—

"Why open your mouth so wide, and in such a round way?"

"To get the yawning tone you want," I answered.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "When you want to yawn politely you put your hand before your mouth and suppress it, and yawn only with your throat."

"Another complication," I thought.

"Now," he said, "sing that phrase of your *solfeggio* again, and pretend you are suppressing a yawn, and open your mouth at the corners. You English have such round mouths, and not flexible ones, like us Italians. You must now develop the muscles round the mouth, and study to get it slightly open, and the lips smiling and away from the teeth."

Fancy all this mechanism being necessary! I thought, "Amateurs are indeed deceived; and, oh! why was I told I had a voice, and could earn my living as a singer?" I imagined to open the mouth wide was one essential to singing like a professional, and always found great difficulty in singing with a smiling mouth, and was surprised that he considered it necessary to cultivate even the speaking voice; but from this time I began to improve, and had more difficult *solfeggi* to study.

Maestro S——'s method was certainly one that taught me to help myself, for he would never sing a *solfeggio* to me, but said, "No, you bring me your reading," then after hearing it he would say, "It is not bad; now study it in quite a different style for your next lesson." At the third lesson perhaps he would show me the reading he preferred, for he attached a great deal of importance to the study of *solfeggi*. I was now promoted to help a new pupil in her work, which I felt was a great feather in my cap, and besides I found it interested me very much to teach what I had already learnt, and I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall be able to give lessons, and I hope to be able to show some of you girls my dear old master's first principles of how to get a broad tone, how to make the voice equal throughout the different registers, and how to preserve it through long and fatiguing work.

Like many amateurs, I thought that there were two classes of singers—those who could execute runs and shakes and those who sang sustained music, but Maestro S—— disillusioned me from such a childish notion, and made me work at *agilità*, both light and dramatic. He never wrote down our exercises or cadenzas, insisting on the students exercising their memories; nor would he put breath marks or those for expression, saying, "We must remember how to get certain effects."

We had several additions to our class of English students, a young man with a light tenor voice, and another who heralded himself in such a way that we expected to be astonished at his voice and talent. He wrote to our maestro saying his voice was a "tenore robusto," with a compass of two octaves and a half, with various other good qualities, and sent a list of people in London who had spoken in complimentary terms of his ability. When he arrived, maestro heard him three times, and found that he had a voice of bad quality and small compass, and no musical talent whatever, and he therefore advised him to return to England and stick to his business. Wasn't this honest?

(To be concluded.)

THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

"Pretium laborum non tile."

WE have to propose a scheme in which we want every girl who reads THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to help us.

The object of it is to establish a fund, the interest of which will provide three gold medals every year.

These three gold medals it is proposed are to be given by the votes of the subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to those girls or women (being British subjects) who during the year have distinguished themselves most by either their actions or their words.

The money is to be invested in doing honour annually to goodness and ability. It is to be spent in giving public recognition to those who have touched our hearts and awakened our admiration most.

The world-wide circulation of our paper and the enormous number of our subscribers fully justify the starting of such an Order of Merit. They give it a real value and importance.

It is proposed, we have said, to give three medals.

The first is to go to whoever has distinguished herself most in good deeds. It will be in recognition of heroism, loyalty, benevolence, devotion to the suffering, self-sacrifice in the cause of duty—in short, of whatever is praiseworthy in point of character.

The second is for the most distinguished in the fine arts of music, painting, or sculpture.

The third will be awarded to the most distinguished in either literature, science, or education.

The only conditions will be that those who receive the medals are worthy of the honour in the eyes of those who vote, and that they have specially distinguished themselves during the preceding twelve months. They must have come prominently forward during the year.

The right to a vote in awarding each of these medals will be possessed by every subscriber for a year to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. That is to say, every girl who has taken our paper for the preceding twelve months will be entitled.

A special benefit, however, is proposed for all subscribers who have taken prizes at any one of our competitions. These, who represent the aristocracy of our circle, are to have two votes in awarding each of the medals, instead of one.

A voting paper will be inserted in one of the weekly numbers and in one of the monthly parts for each year. These papers will be filled up by subscribers, and returned to the office, when the votes will be counted and the result published as soon as possible thereafter.

Unless thought and discretion are exercised, voting is worth little. In order, then, that it may be gone about with intelligence, and on the basis of accurate information, we shall occasionally insert articles giving such particulars as may be useful regarding the distinguished girls and women of the day, but keeping clear of in any way influencing voters. Our wish is that girls should make up their minds for themselves, and be strong in the exercise of private judgment.

To start such a scheme as this we must have united effort. There must be a solid foundation laid in the shape of a fund sufficient to meet the expense. Without that our project cannot be undertaken.

THE MEDAL OF THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

By way of heading the subscription list the proprietors will give the sum of £10.

The remaining funds required we propose should be found by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, of whose good feeling and enthusiasm in a good cause we have every reason to be proud. All may give something, remembering that every little helps, and that there is a wonderful power in the addition of a long sum in sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns.

The amount collected will be invested under trustees; and girls who subscribe may be sure that they are lending their aid to start a lasting work, and that their contributions will be permanently devoted to a praiseworthy object.

It is proposed to purchase the medals out of the interest of the capital sum raised.

Our Order of Merit will be useful in many ways. To all to whom the medals are given it will furnish a subject of gratification and encouragement. "The applause of a single human being," says Dr. Johnson, "is of great consequence." How much more so the enthusiastic recognition of thousands of those who represent the intelligent girlhood of the country? We may be sure of making brighter not a few hard-working, and perhaps even struggling, lives; of cheering many in a career of well-doing; and of having our medals looked upon as welcome honours by all who follow the path of duty.

The influence of the Order of Merit on ourselves, girls, cannot but be favourable. It will have a good effect on everyone who assists in establishing it. Taking note of noble deeds and well-spent lives will assist in perfecting our own being. Good examples have a wonderful power of winning over people to imitate them, and it will be surprising if the search for those who are to be honoured for doing their best does not rouse some of us to try to do as well, or perhaps even better.

Everyone, too, will find her interest in the world and its doings increased by such a scheme. We shall look about us with more eagerness, feeling that this new subject has quickened all our faculties, and that it may have an important effect on our own destiny.

At the annual election everyone must try to exercise her vote intelligently, and that will have the best possible effect on her own mind. It will help her in every decision she has to make later on in life, and will go a long way to assist in building up a character of discrimination and good sense.

We hope to make the awarding of these medals an annual event of real importance, to be awaited with interest and eagerness by all our subscribers. By your aid, girls, it can be managed, and we therefore look confidently forward to the time when the Girl's Own Order of Merit will boast of a roll of honour including all the good and illustrious women of the day, with whom every girl will feel as if she had come personally in contact.

The first thing is to lay a solid foundation for this useful scheme, by doing our very best in the way of subscriptions. We should never half-do what we take in hand, and we can do anything if we only make up our minds so to do.

Subscriptions for the Girl's Own Order of Merit should be addressed to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The names of subscribers will be published from time to time in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

By AN UNNAMED AUTHOR.

No person shall be named in this narration; that so, no trace of identity may be discerned of anyone who figures therein—myself included. When I was a girl of seventeen, I lived in an old patrimonial mansion in one of the most beautifully wooded districts of England with my father, my mother, a brother and a sister, both rather older than myself. Ours was a very old family — one of the oldest in the county; and we enjoyed the regard and respect of our neighbours, even though we lived a little retiredly and exclusively, giving few large parties, and not keeping up much society. One of us, indeed, devoted herself with pleasure and assiduity to the care of paying visits and receiving visitors. My sister, then nearly twenty, very handsome, always exquisitely and appropriately dressed, dedicated her entire time to writing notes, leaving cards, attending to her birds, and arranging flowers from the conservatory which adjoined our drawing-room. I think, I never remember her other than well-dressed, self-possessed, ready for any chance demand upon her time, unruffled,

perfectly ladylike. I, on the contrary, was often in a garden hat when I ought to have been staidly arrayed for indoors, often with hair blown about when it should have been in orderly trim, and often—very often—impatient of callers when they came unexpectedly; extremely shy, and apt to run away and leave her to fulfil social duties that I ought to have shared. But she was very indulgent to me; so were they all. My father was generally immersed in a heap of London and county newspapers, regularly brought to him every day, and which took him many hours to get through; he, of course, had no time to think much about me, and interfered little with what I chose to do with my own. My gentle mother, given up to her knitting and her work-basket for the poor, rarely did more than nod and smile at me as I flitted past her arm-chair occasionally during the day. My brother, fond of sketching designs for improvements on the large estate which he himself would one day inherit, left me entirely to my own devices for pastime. These chiefly consisted in flying out of doors at all odd moments of the day, wandering forth into the park, lying under the trees, watching the deer or the cattle browsing, lingering by the riverside, where there was a fallen tree that I begged to have left just as it was for my favourite seat, under a spreading oak close by, that had stood its ground better than its weaker neighbour, towards which it still stretched its green protecting arms and gave its pleasant shade. Here I would loll by the hour together through the long summer afternoons, devouring some quaint old volume that I had brought with me from a certain dusky, dusty, musty book room upstairs, where I had discovered a heap of tomes—treasures to me, but cared no jot for by anyone else in the house. I read them one after the other, picking each out with little regard to real selection, but just as the fancy of the moment led me to choose. Some of them were far from being within my comprehension, but I found them curious and odd, and somehow fascinating to my imagination, of which I had plenty. At first I used to try and speak of these old books, hoping to get help and explanation relative to their contents, but I generally got some such answer as, "There, there child, run away, I'm busy; don't tease. How should such a chit as you know anything about grave old books, like those in the closet upstairs, that nobody cares to look into?"

I remember once seeking aid and sympathy in this matter—which greatly interested me—from a cousin of ours, who used to come down during the sporting season, to hunt and shoot with my brother, for a few weeks in each year. But here I was at once disappointed, for my cousin briefly said: "It's well you asked only me about such a book as that you say you have just been reading; these old-fashioned works are often very outspoken, and certainly not fit reading for a girl of your age. Better leave them alone, cousin, till you're older."

"Why should they be fit for me then, if they're not fit for me now?" I asked.

"Oh, nonsense! What a question! Give up reading them altogether; that settles the point without trouble. Come into the stable with me, and see the new hunter I've brought down at uncle's request for his gift to his son on his birthday. It's well to be a son and heir. Nothing too good for a present for him."

"Father's very generous; my brother's a very good fellow; and a new horse is the very thing he has been wishing for. I'm glad that's the thing chosen for a birthday gift. Yes, let's go and look at the new hunter."

But though I gave way to my cousin's wish that we should repair to the stable, I gave no heed to his advice regarding the books. Those I continued to make the companions of my rambles through the park and my rests by the riverside. I thought he gave too little reason for his counsel to make it of much weight with me, and I never found that anything I met with in those old volumes did me the least harm, though much I gained from them gave me deep delight and did me much good. They afforded food for my imagination—which, I have said, was abundantly craving—and they supplied me with knowledge in many things of which I should have remained deplorably ignorant had I not thus picked it up for myself.

This cousin of ours was studying the law as his future profession, and we frequently called him "the young barrister" already. He was not much older than my brother, who had only just come of age, but looked considerably older, and always took an elder tone with us, as being out in the world and living his own life there, while we were thorough young stay-at-homes, since neither my father nor my mother ever cared to leave their own comfortable house and grounds, even for the temptation of a London season. My brother shared their tastes in this, and no representations made by our cousin of the allurements of the Metropolis ever seemed to elicit a desire on the part of "the young squire" (as my brother was commonly styled in our neighbourhood) to run up to town even for a single day. It is true that our place was very far from the great city, but in latter years railways had made it virtually nearer. Nevertheless, it had never been the mode in our family for generations past to go to London for the season, and therefore no one of the present generation ever thought of doing so. We were an essentially unexcursive race, content to move round and round in the selfsame limited circle, and live the selfsame lives over and over again, from father to son and from mother to daughter. I, perhaps—with my active imagination—might have had a wish to see somewhat of the outer world; but my fancy had never taken an erratic direction, finding, as it did, copious sustenance from its rich surroundings of lovely scenery, freedom of thought and movement, with varied pasture of books.

There came a time when it had plenty of additional and far more exciting nourishment to live upon—stimulative and unspeakably delicious to my mental palate. When my cousin was again expected down to see us, he wrote to my father to say that if he did not hear prohibitively from him in the interim, he meant to bring down with him a friend of his, who had been some years abroad, and whom he wished to introduce to the glories of an English park and old family mansion, feeling sure they would far surpass in beauty anything his friend might have seen on his travels. "I think you will like his society," my cousin's letter went on to say; "he is a capital fellow, talks well, has seen much, and is remarkably unaffected and unassuming, though so clever and so looked up to as he is by the bigwigs of the literary clubs and scientific societies with which he has more than once held correspondence. He began life untowardly, poor fellow; but just in the nick of time a rich old aunt died and left him all her money; so that at a period when most young men have to begin earning their bread, he found his ready made, baked, and fit to eat in any way he might choose for its consumption. This he decided by setting out to see foreign parts, which he did amply; for he left England a mere youth, and has not returned till lately, a man of four-and-thirty. He's a curious mixture of excessive sensitiveness—almost morbid sensitiveness, on some points, which makes me call him my eccentric friend—and of extreme frankness and ease and bright geniality. Notwithstanding his many peculiarities, and even eccentricities, I like him; and I think you will all like him too. So, if you do not forbid me, sir, I shall ask him to accompany me to the park, where I hope to arrive next Thursday."

My father read this letter aloud as we sat assembled round the breakfast-table, then paused.

"Quite the modern fashion!" was my mother's placid remark. "Young people nowadays not only invite themselves, but their friends also."

"My nephew has always been made welcome here," said my father; "and he knows I am glad to see him when the sporting season comes round, for my son's sake, who likes someone to go out with him through the covers and into the hunting-field."

"I wonder whether his 'eccentric friend' cares for such things," said my brother. "So much abroad as he has been, I fancy our British pheasants and foxes—to say nothing of hares—must seem poor tame work after hunting in the jungle."

"Four-and-thirty!" said my sister. "Ten years older than our cousin!"

"Just double my age!" I exclaimed.

"Still, he'll be somebody new to see and make acquaintance with," rejoined my sister; "a new visitor here is always worth having; and, if father does not write to the contrary, he will come."

She looked at my father as she concluded, but he was already plunged into last night's debate, and did not reply.

No prohibition being written, when Thursday came my cousin and his friend came also.

They formed a marked contrast with

each other that struck me the moment they entered, and which fascinated me to watch and trace as long as they were in the room together. My cousin, though ten years the junior, seemed the older of the two men. His set, stiff, somewhat hard and dictatorial manner, a tone of half-patronage and condescension towards his "eccentric friend" (which seemed nowise to disturb or even to be perceived by the latter), aided in giving effect to this appearance of relatively-reversed seniority between them; while the frank, easy, almost boyish brightness of the friend himself completed this illusion. I, usually so shy and retiring with strangers, felt at once wholly unafraid and unrestrained with this new guest. He was so entirely unembarrassed, though undergoing the ordeal of undisguised observation from these many country eyes, unaccustomed to see town-dwelling (still less, foreign-traveled) arrivals, that I felt no embarrassment with him.

When my brother took the young men off with him to show them their rooms, a silence ensued which I cared not to break, expecting to hear something said in the way of comment upon the new visitor. But my mother placidly continued her knitting, my sister went on feeding her paroquet with bits of almond from between her lips, and the rustle of my father's newspaper, as he folded it over to begin a fresh column on another page, was the only sound that reached my ear for the ensuing ten minutes.

At last my sister said, "Four-and-thirty! He doesn't look that, certainly. I expected to see quite a middle-aged man, bronzed and lined, and—and—weather-beaten, somehow."

"Weather-beaten!" I exclaimed, laughing.

"Well, travel-worn, sunburnt, you know, as great travellers are apt to be, I've heard. But, on the contrary, he seems quite a fresh-looking, clear-complexioned, ordinary young man."

"Ordinary!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; just a usual, commonplace, everyday sort of person that one might meet anywhere. How the child stares!" she went on, looking at me with my wide-open eyes and my face of amazement.

I laughed outright; I could not help it.

"Really, child," said she, "you are not very polite; echoing one's words and laughing aloud at what one says. I don't know what there is to laugh at in what I said."

"Don't you?" I answered, trying to bring my face into proper seriousness. "To me it seems so very droll to hear you say he strikes you as a 'usual' kind of young man. To me he appears one of the most unusual men I ever saw."

"To be sure, you have seen so very many young men in your long life, child, that you must be an experienced judge," said my sister, smiling indulgently. "I think I have the laugh against you now, eh?"

She seemed so pleased and contented with her own regained advantage that I said no more.

Presently she resumed—

"He's certainly very well-mannered. Gentlemanly—very gentlemanly."

"A true gentleman," I said. "How deferential he was to mother—how courteous to father! He seems to know exactly how to behave to people older than himself—not as some modern young men treat their elders."

"Yes, he's more of the old school, as it's called, than the new-fashioned style; and yet he's not at all fogeyish," said my sister, decisively.

I was just going to echo her words, and to exclaim "fogeyish!" but I recollected in time, and held my peace.

She also remained silent, until, suddenly looking at her watch, she said—

"I declare it's time to dress for dinner. Mind, child, you take a little pains to put on something rather prettier than your eternal white frock. You keep still to those thick plain-made cambric muslins. Very well for a girl in a schoolroom, but horribly unbecoming. Do, for goodness' sake, begin to think a little more about suitable dinner dresses and evening dresses; and put your ruffly curls into more decent and compact condition—more like other people's style of doing their hair—more like what is generally worn."

I felt very much inclined to defend my simple white frocks and my naturally-curling hair, that would take its own way round my head and throat; but I did not care to say any more, as I saw that my sister was eager to get away to attend to her own toilet. Besides, I trusted to my usual good fortune in being allowed to do as I liked in dress, as in most else, if I did but hold my tongue and not attempt to prove myself in the right.

Thus far, however, I deferred to my sister's expressed suggestion on this occasion by choosing a clearer muslin frock that was trimmed round the neck and wrists with some delicate old lace my mother had given me, and by putting a half-blown blush rose among my culpably straying curls, which I tried in vain to bring within seemly bounds.

I was rewarded for my docility upon going downstairs by an approving pinch on the cheek from my father, which told me that in his eyes I looked well, while my sister vouchsafed me a nod and a glance in appreciation of my obedience to her signified wish. During dinner we had some bright and pleasant conversation, our new guest yielding to the evident desire of my father that he should tell us something of the different places of interest that he had visited abroad. But he by no means monopolised the discourse, having the refined art of drawing others to speak on topics with which they themselves were conversant, and which he had the tact to make appear flowing naturally from the subjects already started.

(*To be continued.*)

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

IN the controversy which rages perennially about the limitations of the sphere of woman's usefulness, one vocation has been universally admitted as peculiarly and specially adapted to the female temperament. That is the work of nursing the sick. A work calling for much gentleness, great sympathy, and inexhaustible patience appeals specially to those qualities of mind with which nature has gifted women more highly than men; and it is in the exercise of these qualities that the character of women is seen at its best.

In one sense it may be said that nurses, like poets, are born and not made; one must have the innate tendencies without which the good nurse cannot exist; but at the same time the character is capable of great development; and the really high vocation of a trained nurse can only be fulfilled adequately after years of technical training as well as general education.

Fortunately, however, while in the treatment of very serious disease the highest training in nursing is urgently necessary, in the more common and milder forms of illness less scientific nursing may be almost equally useful; and it is with the wish that every girl who reads THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be able to render some valuable assistance during illness that this and the following papers are written.

Illnesses, small or great, are so frequent in almost every family of any size that to almost every girl sooner or later must come the opportunity of assisting in the care of some relative during a period of sickness and anxiety; and the possession of some knowledge of the art of nursing will not only add very materially to the comfort and wellbeing of the patient, but will give to the amateur nurse a most delightful sense of usefulness which, like virtue, will bring its own reward.

Real nursing includes much more than simply personal attentions to the sick. It should be understood to cover the control of the sick-room generally, attending to such points as ventilation, warmth, clothing, furniture and diet; and as much as anything it includes accurate watching of the patient, and a general intelligent appreciation of observable symptoms. Medical men in charge of any case of illness are only able to see the patient for a limited period once or twice a day, and must trust to reports either from the patient or the nurse for the remainder of the twenty-four hours; so that the satisfactory treatment of the sick person may depend largely upon the accuracy with which the nurse has observed

any occurrences during the absence of the medical attendant.

There is a general and popular belief that the work of nursing the sick is so easy that fatigue is impossible, a belief which mainly prevails among those who have not taken any opportunity of trying the duty themselves.

I remember once the relative of a patient coming to me to complain very indignantly that the nurse had fallen asleep beside the invalid; and on my inquiring how long she had been on duty, I was told, "only twenty-four hours." Now, as a matter of fact good nursing must necessarily be rather fatiguing, and no one can possibly nurse well for more than twelve or fourteen hours at the outside every day. Very often when men are ill I am assured by their wives that they will do all the nursing required, and that they could not think of allowing anyone else to share such a duty; but in cases of serious illness no human being can bear the strain of continuous nursing for any lengthened period; more especially when combined, as in such cases it is, with deep personal anxiety for the wellbeing of the invalid. To maintain one's health during a period of nursing, two conditions are absolutely necessary: the first is rest for a certain number of consecutive hours every day, and the second is a reasonable amount of out-door exercise. Without these two the strongest person is sure in no long time to diminish much in usefulness, and is not unlikely to break down entirely.

For the satisfactory fulfilment of the duties of a nurse certain mental and physical qualifications are requisite. Among the mental qualifications probably patience holds the most prominent place. Although in some ways illness often tends to develop the better side of human nature, it cannot be denied that many invalids, and more especially perhaps those of more advanced age, are apt to be very fractious and impatient. One finds them not unfrequently misconstruing one's best efforts for their comfort and welfare, intolerant of measures which are intended entirely for their benefit, and reluctant to assist in carrying out the means which it is hoped will promote their ultimate recovery. A good nurse must meet these trials and difficulties with constant patience, trying to persuade rather than to order, and keeping such guard over her temper that not even strong provocation will tempt to a hasty word. After training and experience, one generally can regard such ebullitions of temper as simply symptoms of disease, to be watched and studied, and no more to be found fault with than the development of any physical symptom. As a rule I am quite sure that it is undesirable for a nurse to attempt the part of a mentor to the invalid; any remonstrance about undue irritability or display of temper should come from some relative or other friend, and not from the nurse.

Another qualification in a good nurse of almost equal importance is cheerfulness. Among the many influences which, small in themselves, in the aggregate affect so materially the progress and ultimate result of disease, the constant presence of a cheerful and bright disposition is prominent. Not that undue levity is demanded or desired; but the mental attitude which always looks, as far as possible, on the brighter sides of things, reflects a fund of moral sunshine on the sick-room, which is as valuable in its way as the physical rays of the sun which enter by the window. Such an attribute is not only extremely useful to the patient, but undoubtedly it enables the nurse herself to bear the fatigues of her duties much more easily than if they are undertaken under a distressing sense of mental depression.

Strict truthfulness and accuracy of language are also essential qualifications of a nurse. The faculty of observing properly, and describing exactly what one sees and hears, can be cultivated with care and attention, but exists naturally in most people only to a very limited extent. A well-known historian remarks in one of his works that writing history would be comparatively easy if only eye-witnesses of events agreed as to what they actually saw and heard; and nothing in daily experience is more common than contradictory descriptions of the same occurrence by different witnesses. A nurse must strive to report accurately all that she may have seen or heard regarding the patient, and must avoid most carefully the very common fault of mistaking her own views or interpretation for the actual facts. It is the business of the nurse to observe the facts, and the duty of the doctor to arrive at conclusions from what is observed.

It is unnecessary to illustrate the advantages of such other mental characteristics as general intelligence, courage, and presence of mind, as experience in nursing cannot fail to develop these traits of character.

A good nurse should be also fairly strong physically, and should be free from any disagreeable deformities, or any defects of the organs of sight and hearing. The slightest degree of deafness is a very great drawback to any nurse, invalids being often very irritable when what they say is not understood at once. And it is very necessary in many cases of nursing that the slightest movement of the patient or the faintest sound should attract the nurse, so that acuteness of hearing is really one of the most important qualifications of a good nurse.

Any girl, then, gifted to a moderate extent with the qualities which have been already described, has in her the making of a good nurse; and I hope in the papers which through the kindness of the editor will follow this, to attempt to impart such information as will enable the amateur to utilise her faculties to the greatest advantage, so that acting as sick nurse she may both add to the comfort and promote the rapid recovery of the invalid.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

BANNERS AND BADGES.

AGREEABLY to the promise made in our last article on Heraldry, I commence another series on the subject of Flags and Standards; Badges and Devices; Seals, Merchants' Marks, Orders, Knots and Twists, War-cries, Signboards, etc. The reader must not expect to obtain exhaustive information — I only offer as much as might be condensed into a pleasant half-hour's chat with those of our girls who may not have given their attention to these subjects hitherto.

With reference to flags, a greater variety was in use in bygone times than in the present day, and even the names of some are unfamiliar, or at least convey no idea of their character. Their size and form signified the rank of the bearer, and in the case of the improvised banner of the knight-banneret (represented as a "canton" on his escutcheon) it proclaimed to the world some remarkable deed of heroism, and served the purpose of our Victoria Cross. But an important difference exists between them, for, in the first case, the distinction became hereditary, whereas in the second the reward lies by in a box, a forgotten relic in the hero's family, soon after the winner has succumbed before "the last enemy," and laid down his arms for ever.

Some young reader of the chivalrous romances of Sir Walter Scott may remember many allusions made to flags of old-time use, as, for instance, those in "Marmion"—

> "A thousand streamers flaunted fair,
> Various in device and hue;
> Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
> Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square;
> Scroll, Pennon, Pensil, Bandrol—there
> O'er the pavilions flew."

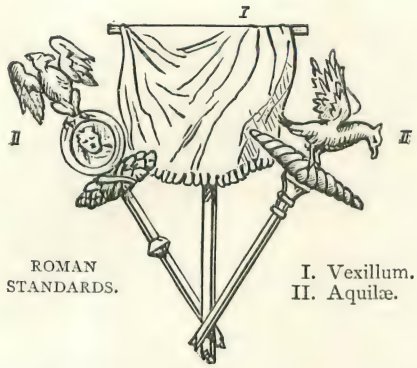
The use of flags is of the most remote antiquity, and they take precedence in point of age of the bearing of charges upon shields.

The banner was somewhat small and nearly square. An idea of them may be formed by seeing a sculptured specimen to be found on the monument of the Standard Bearer of Henry V. in St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. It is represented at each corner of the tomb of Lewis Robsart, K.G. A distant view of the old battle-torn, dust-begrimed remains of such trophies may be seen high up in the dusky mysterious light of many cathedral aisles, and afford more food for the imagination than historical information respecting their characteristics of form and emblazonment.

The subject of standards is very interesting, and quite as much so to women as to men, because, in addition to their historic reminiscences, they were the production (perhaps for the most part) of female fingers, those of the loyal and the loving who were, many of them, rendered immortal in the history of their country by their "cunning work" in her service.

To you who read the Scriptures the term "standard" must be more or less familiar. See the Book of Numbers ii.; and the graphic simile employed by the prophet Isaiah—"and it shall be as when a standard-bearer fainteth"—is indeed most strikingly suggestive, as emblematic of the extreme climax of lost hope, when the very worst of all fears have been realised, and the last glimmerings of waning light are extinguished. Of course, the fall and disappearance of the standard in the hands of the fainting bearer would naturally suffice to turn the tide of the battle, and lead the army to suppose—even were it not probably the fact—that the standard had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and that all was lost.

Of the ancient Roman standards most people have seen engravings. It was first introduced in the country about the middle of the fourteenth century, temp. Edward III. The Red Cross of St. George on a silver shield was usually blazoned next to the staff, and the charges of the owner's escutcheon, or his badge and motto, occupied the rest of the space. But they were specially employed for the display of badges by personages of rank,



ROMAN STANDARDS.

I. Vexillum.
II. Aquilæ.

and likewise for adding to the grandeur of pageants. The edges were fringed; the colours were those of the owner's livery, or the chief tinctures of his coat of arms; and the form of the extremity "swallow-tailed," unless the standard were that of a prince of the blood royal, in which case it was pointed.

The Royal Standard was placed before the king's pavilion at a tourney, or in an encampment. It usually measured from 8 to 9 yards long; those of the nobles were regulated in length according to a fixed scale, determined by their rank, diminishing until it reached its smallest dimensions in that of a simple knight, whose standard was only 4 yards long.

The charges on these were so placed as to meet the eye correctly when the wind blew out the folds horizontally, and so presented an even surface.

Banners in ancient times were often made of some relic, and very many of representations of sacred subjects. It is recorded that King Arthur carried the image of Christ and the blessed Virgin upon his shoulders in his eighth battle against the Saxons.

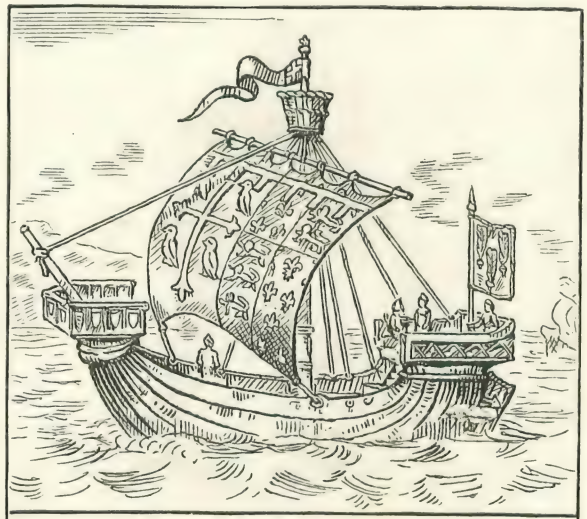
Sometimes votive offerings were made of these trophies of victory, as exemplified by Henry VII., who, after the victory which secured to him the throne of England, went in solemn and gorgeous state to St. Paul's, and there offered three of his standards in commemoration of that event, and as an act of acknowledgment. One was that of St. George; another represented a red fiery dragon beaten upon white and green sarcenet—the livery colours of the House of Tudor; and the third was that of the Dun Cow, probably notifying his parentage from Guy, Earl of Warwick.

It was a very usual practice to employ the sails of our ships to serve the purpose of banners and standards in the display of armorial charges and badges. Of this fact we have illustrations preserved upon seals, such as that of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, "Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitaine," A.D. 1436. The three lions of England are blazoned within a *bordure* of France *(fleur de lys)*. Also the badge of Richard II.—"the sun in splendour"—blazoned on the sail of the ship in which the king returned to England, is to be seen in an illuminated MS. in the Harleian Collection (No. 1,319).

EXAMPLE OF MEDIÆVAL ENGLISH STANDARD.

The standard embroidered by Queen Adelicia, second wife of Henry I., for her father, became of special historical interest. It was worked in silk and gold, and of European celebrity for its great beauty in both design and workmanship. It was employed in the contest to recover his patrimony, and was captured near the Castle of Duras, 1129, by the warlike Bishop of Liege, and the old competitor of Godfrey for Lower Lorraine, the Earl of Limbourg. In memory of their victory this standard was placed in the great church of St. Lambert, Liege, and until destroyed when that church was burnt (during the Revolution) it had for some centuries been carried in procession through the city on certain annual festivals. This beautiful trophy gave the name to the plain where it was taken, *i.e.*, "the Field of the Standard."

The reader may often observe that the vanes or weathercocks employed to denote the direction from which the wind blows, take the form of flags—notably the ancient one to be seen over the Library of Lambeth Palace. The origin of placing these vanes on the summit of castle towers and pinnacles of churches may be traced back to the thirteenth century. They bore the arms of the feudal lords who owned them, and took the shape of banners, otherwise called fanions, abbreviated into fanes, and still further corrupted into vanes.

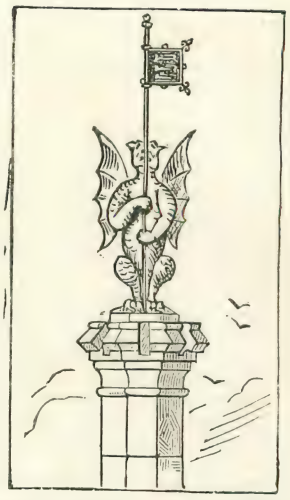


SKETCH REPRESENTING THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF AN ENGLISH SHIP. DATE ABOUT A.D. 1390.

The *Pavon* was a small flag of an oblong square, of which one-half was cut off diagonally from the upper sinister, to the lower dexter corner, and attached to a lance.

The *Gonfannon* was a banner suspended from the centre of a staff by the top corners, and hanging across it. The top was horizontal, attached to a stiff cross-piece, but the corners of the oblong square were rounded off at the lower end, and it was bordered all round the sides and at the bottom with a thick twist of silk, or with fringe.

The *Pennon* was a small narrow flag, forked at the end, or "swallow-tailed," but sometimes pointed, of which an illustration was given in our series on Heraldry. It was hung immediately under the head of the spear or lance, and was likewise called "the Ancient." It was the ensign of knightly rank, and was charged with an armorial device or badge of the owner. A visit to the Painted Chamber, Westminster, will assist the reader's comprehension of our verbal descriptions. Lance flags were in use prior to the period of a regularly organised heraldic institution, and the devices upon them were only decorative and fanciful, having no special signification. The *Pennoncelle* or *Pensil* was probably the very long and narrow ribbon-like flag, which we call "streamers."

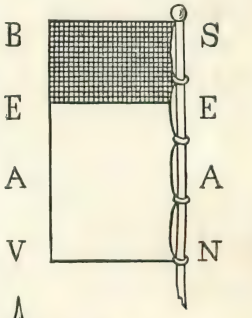


HERALDIC VANE AT HAMPTON COURT.

In modern times the term "colours" has been adopted to denote the flags of the Line, and those of the Cavalry "standards"—incorrectly so-called for banners, the true name. Our Union Jack dates from the year 1606, in a somewhat different composition, but as now existing, and employed to typify the United Kingdom, from the year 1801.

The *Oriflamme* was an ancient banner of France having five tongues, and as of this, so of the banner and war-cry of the Knights Templars, we subjoin illustrations.

Badges must now claim a little consideration. It will be remembered that in one of a series of articles on Heraldry the utter impropriety of displaying family arms or crest on livery buttons was



BANNER AND WAR CRY OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

ANCIENT BANNER OF FRANCE KNOWN AS "THE ORIFLAMME."

discussed; and the use of a badge as a distinctive mark, having reference to the master whose livery is worn, was insisted upon. The badge or cognisance was a figure selected from some part of the family coat of arms; or chosen according to the fancy of the owner, with a special reference to some deed of arms, to his name, his estate, or his office. It was sometimes also a mark of distinction granted by the sovereign. This badge, in whichever way it came to be adopted, was recognised as distinctive and personal; and while employed and worn by the owner himself, had its special use on the dress of his retainers and servants, so that there could be no mistake as to the liege lord to whose service they were attached. It was also embroidered on banners and on the dress, and later on was engraved or embossed on a metal plate, and attached to the sleeve. One of the last memorials still existing of this wearing of a metal badge on the sleeve may be recognised on that of the modern waterman.

More than once allusion was made to badges by Shakespeare, as, for instance—

"Might I not know thee by thy household badge?"
Henry VI., Part 2.

"Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge."
Titus Andronicus. Act i. scene 2.

Badges were of three classes: the hereditary — already described; those of the second class, which were borne exclusively by the exalted personages who assumed them, sometimes for temporary use only, their primary object being to assist recognition. The Device, on the contrary, with its legend or motto, was invented rather with the design of mystifying the beholder, and it sometimes took the form of a rebus, frequently of a very quaint and curious character. Such eccentricities appear to have had their origin on the occasion of the jousts, masques, and such like pageants. The third class was known as "Merchants' Marks."

To deprive a man of his hereditary family badge was a punishment of extreme severity, and constituted a mark of great degradation. Again quoting from Shakespeare you may recognise this fact—

"From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood—
To show the world I am a gentleman."
Richard III. Act iii. scene 1.

While often a charge, selected from the family escutcheon, the badge was in the first instance quite distinct from any coat of arms, since we find that "it was in use, and with decided heraldic significance," prior to the institution of a systematic heraldry. So we learn from good authority, including that of C. Boutell. The badge differs from a charge, inasmuch as it is borne by itself, without any shield or other accessory, a motto only excepted, and that not always united with it. Besides this, while sometimes resembling a crest, it differs from this cognisance likewise, because it is unaccompanied by a wreath, coronet, cap of maintenance, or helm.

Our national emblems—the rose, shamrock, thistle, and leek—are all badges; so were also the roses of York and Lancaster, which were respectively white and red; both white and red of the House of Tudor. According to tradition, they had their origin as badges in about 1450, during the contention between Somerset and the Earl of Warwick in the Temple Gardens. Somerset plucked a red, and Warwick a white one, and they called upon every bystander to declare his party by taking a rose of a similar colour to that selected by him whose cause he espoused. But this idea was clearly taken from the fact that Edward I. had adopted for his badge—"a golden rose stalked proper."

The Plantagenets adopted the signification of their name *(planta genesta)*, derived, it is supposed, from Foulke, Count of Anjou, their ancestor, who wore a branch of broom in his helmet. This was adopted by his descendants, and introduced during the pageants of Henry VIII.

Richard *Cœur de Lion* adopted a star, supposed to be that of Bethlehem, as it bore allusion to Christ, being an emblem of Divine selection ("I am the bright and morning star"), and this star rises from between the horns of a prostrate crescent moon, thus symbolising his conquest of the Turks, and the victory of Christianity over Mahommedanism. He had other devices and mottoes, one of which was "*Christo duce*"—Christ my Leader.

THE EARL MARSHAL IN THE ROBES OF A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

The "Bear with the Ragged Staff" was the badge of the Earls of Warwick (two being united to form one). The bear owes its origin to Arthgal, a knight of the Round Table—the name *Arsh* or *Narsh* in the British language signifying a bear. This was also a play upon his name, for the first lords of Warwick after the Conquest were the Newburghs, his descendants. The "ragged staff" owes its origin to Morvidus, an earl of the same family, remarkable for his valour and prowess; who slew a formidable giant by means of a young tree which, by his extraordinary strength, he had torn up by the roots for the purpose. Wonderful specimens of muscular power and size have appeared amongst the heads or scions of the Warwick family. Anyone who has visited their grand old family seat—one of the few remaining feudal castles still kept up as residences—will remember the helmet and the spear of the redoubtable Guy, reputed to have been seven feet high, and certainly no ordinary gigantic man could have worn the one, nor wielded the other.

Lack of sufficient space must preclude any mention of more than a few amongst the remarkable of our badges. They were in special favour between, and inclusive of, the reigns of Edward III. and Queen Elizabeth, who appropriated many for their own private use; and, being very simple, and placed on the liveries of such a multitude of persons, were better known as distinguishing marks, by the world in general, than the heraldic bearings on the escutcheon of a patrician family, being of a so much more complex character, and far less often exhibited. In France and Italy they were extensively employed, and great ingenuity and much play of fancy was shown in their composition.

All the great orders, hereditary or otherwise, have their distinctive badges. That of the Garter is a medallion bearing as a device St. George and the Dragon, and the motto "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" on a garter encircling it, and buckled below. That of St. Andrew, patron saint of Scotland, a figure of the Apostle holding his cross in front of him, and a border round the device, containing the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," by the way, a somewhat inappropriate motto to be used in connection with the humble martyr-saint, who yielded up his life to his enemies! The badge of the Order of St. Patrick bears a shamrock on a St. Andrew's cross, and, being the great order of Ireland, one cannot but feel struck by the motto which encircles it on a blue band, within an outer border of shamrocks, "*Quis Separabit.*" Doubtless, it was adopted from an ancient motto, employed in those days when passages of Holy Writ and pious sentiments and prayers were significantly adopted by those God-fearing heroes who had sworn to give their lives, rather than deny their faith. But in the present crisis, *apropos* of the union of England and Ireland, "Who shall separate?" is singularly pertinent and appropriate.

The ostrich feathers of Edward Prince of Wales were a badge. It was a very general custom for a knight to show two shields at a tournament: one emblazoned with his coat of arms, the other bearing his badge or "impress." A visit to the tomb of Edward the Black Prince will supply ocular demonstration of this fact; for agreeably to the will of that Prince, three shields, bearing respectively his arms and his badge, were sculptured on each side of the monument—the former labelled with the words "For War," the other "For Peace." To quote his own directions: "*l'un pur la guerre de nos armes entiers quartellés; et l'autre pu la paix, de nos bages des plumes d'ostruce.*" Of the latter shield an illustration was given in one of the articles on Heraldry. The mottoes, "Ich Dien" and "Houmout," are old German; and the former appears to be in pious reference to the words of our Great Example, "I am amongst you as him that serveth"; and again, to the declaration, "The Heir differeth not from a servant," etc.; thus likewise the prince and the heir felt proud to carry that grand motto on his standard into the battlefield, and in times of peace and festivity into the tournaments and the royal processions—"I serve." The second was equally worthy of his greatness, "*Houmout*"—"Magnanimous."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.—1. You will have to pass a test examination, and after that must attend the Post Office Telegraph School during a period of three months. For this instruction no fee is required. You must write to the Secretary, Civil Service Commissioners; office in Cannon-row, S.W. 2. As we do not know from which of the various causes of headache yours may proceed, we could not prescribe for it.

"ONE WHO WISHES TO IMPROVE" had better procure the "Handbook of the English Tongue" by Dr. Angus. It will afford all the instruction she requires.

"SENIOR SCRIPTURE PUPIL" and CAROLINE M. H. wish to bring to the notice of our girls a correspondence society or classes held in connection with Queen Margaret College. It appears that those for the study of Scripture, composition, literature, and modern languages are greatly appreciated; they are open to all persons, irrespective of age.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—"St. John's Training School for Girls," in Westbourne-park, W., might suit your daughter. Information may be obtained from the matron, Miss McEwen, at the school. A good education is given under Government inspection, and the physical and spiritual welfare of the girls is attended to. The "Headington-hill Training School for Servants" is a good institution (three miles from Oxford). For a fee of one shilling weekly, girls between the ages of twelve and sixteen are received; at the latter age they leave the school. They are taught house and laundry work and cooking. Address the secretary, Miss Sherwood, 1, Fisher-row, St. Thomas's, Oxford; or Mrs. Herbert Morrell, who founded the institution. There is also a "Training School for Domestic Servants" at Maidstone; girls received from twelve years old, on payment of £3 5s. a quarter. Situations are found for them when they leave,; they are entirely clothed by the committee; apply to Mrs. Whatman, hon. sec., Vinters, Maidstone. Also the "Industrial Home for Training Servants," where girls are received between the ages of eight and sixteen, at £12 per annum; apply to the Rev. A. Waugh, St. Mary's Vicarage, or to the matron, Miss Clark, Egremont-place, Brighton, Sussex.

YORKSHIRE MAIDEN will find lists of hospitals and sundry information respecting them in almost every month's part of the "G.O.P." under "Educational." There has likewise been an article on the subject of "Nursing as a Profession" at page 454, vol. i. You might write to H. B. Carter, Esq., 5, Hyde-park-square, W., secretary of the "Nightingale Fund," or to the secretary of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W. Full information will thus be obtained, including that respecting vacancies. You do not mention your age. Candidates are generally required to be from twenty-five up to forty years of age. The Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, is an exception. There they are received at twenty-one. Just at present we understand there are no vacancies.

PERPLEXED.—If you be in difficulty as to the vocation for which you are likely to qualify satisfactorily, we are still more so. Perhaps you might succeed at hairdressing, if dressmaking offers neither openings nor attractions; there are at least four independent tradeswomen of this calling, apart from those employed as assistants.

MUSIC.

MARIA L.—Practising for two or three hours daily would not necessarily make you a good pianist; several qualifications are essential to that end. Taste—not to say genius—supple fingers with soft points and wide reach, and a perfect ear for time, tune, and harmony. Manual dexterity is not sufficient. One hour of careful practising by a student possessing the qualifications beforenamed would suffice to make a charming performer. What is called "under song," as found in very old English music, was a sort of droning accompaniment to a song, sustained by a second singer. The effect is very pretty; we have heard street singing of such a character in Italy.

MARY.—Church music was brought to a great state of perfection by Sebastian Bach; the oratorio owes its existence chiefly to Handel; by Haydn orchestral music was made beautiful, and sublime under Beethoven; and the opera was raised to its highest state of perfection under Mozart and Glück. Musical notation was invented by a Benedictine monk of Arezzo, 1022, who originated the idea representing notes on horizontal lines.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—The term "Syncopation" denotes an unequal division of time—yet not out of time, and regular in the method of playing—binding the last note of one bar to the first note of the next; accented notes occurring in the unaccented part of a bar; the treble and the bass being played one after the other, instead of together. Perhaps you would recognise the manner of playing, as described by a friend of ours, as the "lame duck style," halting at every second step. The violin presents the most difficulty of all instruments to the learner. To play the guitar simply as an accompaniment to the voice would not take very much time or trouble, but a good deal of both to acquire it for good instrumental music.

VIOLA.—What is called the "Scotch scale" is one of five notes: otherwise known as the "Pentatonic scale." It is like the modern diatonic major scale, the fourth and seventh degrees being omitted. Its antiquity is very great, being that of the ancient Orientals—Assyrians, and Egyptians—as also of the Chinese. It may also be traced in the ancient Irish music. Instruments of five and ten strings are mentioned in the Bible, for which this scale was employed, the compass of the former involving the repetition of the scale in two octaves.

NORA.—The chief classical composers of the last century were Cimarosa, Clementi, Bach, Beethoven, Cherubini, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Glück, Marcello, Rossini, Scarlatti, Porpora, and others. The musical geniuses of the present century comprise Weber, Auber, Schubert, Meyerbeer, Spohr, Chopin, Schumann, Bellini, Verdi, Wallace, Sterndale Bennett and Gounod. Of course the pioneers, as it were, in any science or art are held in special honour; but this century does not come behind the last in great composers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BELIEVER.—We see no harm in your leisure hours to read instructive books. Quite the contrary. Pray for grace to restrain your bad temper. You will not improve the boy's manners and disposition by letting him see you lose your self-control. Try to interest and amuse him. Kindness will probably have a better effect on him than crossness. If you profess to be a follower and disciple of Christ, He says you must learn of Him, and let your light shine before others in your conduct.

S. THOMPSON.—You should write to the publishing department, which is directed by Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row.

ELLEN MARSH.—There are some new homes of rest, for permanent residence. There is one for young women in business, Ripley Cottage, Bewdley. There is likewise one for "Church workers," at Chapel House, Atherstone, Worcestershire. One or other of these might suit you. But you say so little we scarcely know where you should go.

B. A. C. must write to the office of the B.O.P., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., about part xv., and inquire if it be out of print. Your first quotation is all wrong; the second one is from the poem written by Milton on his blindness—

> "They also serve who only stand and wait."

YARRAVILLE and BRIGHTON (Australia).—The word Easter is derived from Eastre or Eostre, a Saxon goddess, whose feast was anciently celebrated in the month of April. We have several times stated that Sir Bernard Burke gives it as his opinion that the Queen has no surname, Guelph being a family or clan name. Este, we believe, would come in the same catalogue, both having been in existence before family names were known.

QUEEN OF FLOWERS.—We are much obliged for your kind offer, and regret that we cannot help you personally; you must write to a publisher about your book. Translations are of no use to us.

LILA.—There is a strange mixture of ideas and expressions in your sonnet on Shakespeare. The first verse is devoted to the power of Fate, the second to the power of gods—the former being the more powerful. Have you realised what you were writing about?

MAUD.—Look for an article in one of our early volumes called "Earning One's Living"; you may find a suggestion there. Whether you could support yourself as an artist, of course we are unable to judge; this branch of your education is the only one you name. Perhaps the "Englishwoman's Year-book" (Hatchards, Piccadilly, W.) might give you assistance in directing your attention to situations or occupations, for which you would do well to prepare yourself. Your decision is a very wise one.

CLEMATIS.—The best "cure for self-consciousness" is to devote your thoughts, time, and services to others, in little things, for you may never have the power to do more than very little things, such as kindly attentions to those around you. You will then have no time for being shy, or thinking of yourself at all. We think that a really good music master might make a success of his profession in Canada.

AN ORGANIST.—Persons of the upper ranks of society never say "good afternoon" among each other. It would be considered vulgar. But as it is in use amongst the middle classes, they employ it when addressing them; as, for instance, in a shop they say "good morning," and "good evening," "how do you do?" and North-country people sometimes say "good-day."

DAISY V.—We should think you would find what you want in Bohn's Library. There has been an excellent edition of all Sappho's remains published recently by David Stott, Oxford-street.

LADY'S LOCKETT.—The marks and letters you have discovered are generally the initials of the firms who coined the pennies (probably in Birmingham) for the Royal Mint.

A WESTON-SUPER-MARE INQUIRER.—The word "pastoral" is derived from the Latin *pasco-pastum* to feed; pastor, one who feeds, a shepherd. A pastoral is a poem which professes to delineate the scenery and life of the country.

CLAVERHOUSE.—Sorrel is reddish brown in colour, which may be either light or dark in shade of course. Why give up your music when you have studied it so long? Anything which enables you to give pleasure to others is sure to be valuable.

KITTY JONES.—We could not tell the name of the plant from one very dry leaf. If you prefer a fine hand you must use a finer nibbed pen: it is a matter of personal preference.

MARY KENT must always remember to take a long breath before she speaks, and never leave the word until she has said it clearly. Reading aloud will also assist her.

LENORE could not find a better place for spending a quiet restful holiday than Miss Mason's retreat, the Farm House, Little Oddyns, near Horstead Keynes, Sussex. We believe the locality to be very pretty and healthful, and Miss Mason supplies her visitors with an order which will afford a return ticket from Victoria or London Bridge for 3s. 9d., available for a month. The terms for board and lodging are 12s. 6d. a week. A very needy case might be received on lower terms. There are only seven boarders in all, and the life is that of a private family, and the direction and influences of a religious character. We advise you to inquire if there be a vacancy.

JOYCE.—The cup of milk which you take between your early breakfast and your dinner could only do you good. But many people drink too much at their meals, men especially, and this dilutes those juices which tend to promote digestion, and must therefore hinder the work, and prevent the assimilation of the food. There is some defect in the pores, which possibly might be made to act a little more freely by special treatment, of which you had better avail yourself. Perhaps Turkish baths would be of service.

HARRIETT EDWARDS.—We could not take so great a responsibility upon us as to give you advice about your eyes, knowing nothing of the nature of your complaint. We never give private addresses of such a kind. We feel very sorry for you, and can only advise you to avoid using them by candle or gas light. We are glad that our answers give you so much satisfaction.

EDNA.—Your quotation from Shakespeare (*Macbeth*, act iv. scene v.) is not properly stopped, and so written is not intelligible—

> "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell."

i.e., Satan and his angels, the former being called "Lucifer, Son of the Morning"

> "Though all things foul would (hypocritically) wear the brows of grace,
> Yet grace must still look so."

i.e., look like what it is—"grace."

YORKSHIRE LASS No. 2.—See vol. i., pages 259, 400, 416, for articles on the care of the hair. If the hair fall, the cause may be found in 'oss of nerve power; and a skin doctor might do more for you than a hairdresser and pomatums. November 27th, 1872, was a Wednesday. It was Leap year.

MARY S.—The origin of our "Martello Towers" is traced to Dungeness, Kent; and to the circumstance of the approach of a French fleet, of fourteen line of battle ship, anchoring off that point in January, 1744. On the approach of an English squadron, under the command of Sir John Norris, they thought that "prudence was the better part of valour," and sailed away, but were subsequently scattered by a severe storm. Toward the end of that century a lighthouse was erected on this promontory, and in 1807 a series of martello towers were erected all along the coast from Dungeness to Folkestone, for the better watching of the enemy's movements, and the protection of the coast from any unexpected attack. The "Berlin Decree" was an interdict issued by Napoleon I. against the carrying on of English commerce in Berlin, A.D. 1806. It even included the prohibition of any correspondence between England and any country under his sway. All English subjects found in places occupied by French troops were declared "prisoners of war," and English property was liable to seizure, while ships touching at British ports were excluded from those under French control. The jealousy of England at that time was great, and we could scarcely feel surprised at it.

JULIETTE.—There is the "Governesses' Benevolent Institution," 32, Sackville-street, W.; the "Home and Registration Office ' 47, Harley-street, W., and the "Governesses Aged Asylum," Chislehurst, which accommodates ten ladies, who must be 60 years of age, at least. Write to the Lady Principal of each for information and advice, stating all particulars of the case.

GIRLHOOD.

Oh maidens, strong of heart and hand,
In whose bright dreams the years are planned,
With joy for ever at command;

For whom all life with sunlight glows,
And ever-widening days unclose
The folded sweetness of the rose;

Live so that girlhood's gladsome time
May open to a noble prime,
By truth and goodness made sublime!

Be pure and true in inmost thought:
From threads of purpose, deftly caught,
The warp and woof of deeds are wrought.

Be kind in speech; one gentle word
May soothe some heart by trouble stirred,
And be by listening angels heard.

Be brave in action; do and dare
Till other lives your vigour share,
For power is needed everywhere.

And caring thus for other's need,
To love's sweet impulse taking heed,
Youth shall be beautiful indeed;

And heart and hand shall both be strong,
And life itself shall prove, ere long,
A prelude to the perfect song!

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 406. OCTOBER 8, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE diamonds glittering in the jeweller's tray look perfect to the unassisted sight. Use a powerful microscope, and it is discovered that there is hardly one amongst them without some little flaw to mar its brilliant beauty.

The burnished setting may be of fine gold, but, when tested in the crucible, we find that it is alloyed by some baser ingredient.

Those samples of ore are probably rich in precious metal. Examine them closely, and we discern that through each runs a vein or more of dross.

So it is with human lives. The more closely we come into contact with them, the more fully we realise that each contains some flaw, or has in it an alloy or vein of a baser sort, intermingling with it and tarnishing its beauty.

I am now going to write about the little vein of dross which at one time marred the character of him whom, nevertheless, I love and honour above all other human beings—my good husband—and of the trouble it caused to himself and others.

I suppose everybody has some weak spot in his character for which it is difficult to account, just as certain antipathies are born with people, and remain unchanged through life and in spite of reason and experience. My husband's consisted in an unaccountable fear of the person for whom in his early days he entertained the strongest affection—his good mother.

Mrs. Beauchamp was a good mother, though a proud woman. She was an affectionate parent, yet would scarcely admit that the son who had grown up from babyhood under her sole control ought to have a will or wish apart from her own. She was proud of the old name he bore, of the fine estates the Beauchamps had handed down, always unencumbered, often increased, from generation to generation. Above all, she was proud of her handsome only son, of whom she would say, though not in his hearing, that Tom had never caused her an anxious hour through any wilful wrong-doing. It was pleasant for a mother to be able to say this, but the statement involved no little self-glorification. She had brought him up entirely. Tom

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was what his mother had made him. Another of Mrs. Beauchamp's favourite delusions was embodied in the saying, "My son has no thought or wish concealed from his mother." She was mistaken, and in time she found this out.

I ought to have said I first met Mr. Beauchamp at the house of his married cousin, Maud Grant, who had been my favourite schoolfellow. The friendship began between us when we were children, grew with our years, and stood the test of absence and widely differing circumstances.

Maud's mother was sister to Mrs. Beauchamp, and herself a very stately lady indeed. She twice invited me to spend part of my holidays with her daughter, but I felt that I owed the invitations to Maud's importunity rather than to the mother's wish for my presence, and I had an unpleasant sense of social toleration rather than of welcome, when under Mrs. Edgecombe's roof.

I told Maud this, and said: "When our school days are over we shall never meet."

To this she answered: "Wait patiently, Olive. Trust me as I trust you, and we shall not be parted for any length of time."

We were both right in a measure. When our school days ended, Mrs. Edgecombe invited me no more, but we still corresponded, and absence only increased our wish to meet again.

Two years later Maud married Frank Grant, and as soon as she was settled in her new home, she insisted on my fixing a time to pay her a visit. When I arrived, she informed me that Mr. Beauchamp was also expected, but a few days later. I had heard a great deal about Maud's cousin, and was strongly prejudiced against him. A man brought up as he had been, followed by worshipping eyes, morn, noon, and night, led to think of himself as of the first importance in his own social orbit, could only be an insufferable prig and entertain a high opinion of his personal value. Mrs. Beauchamp might boast that she had not spoiled her son, that she had always been able to say "No" to him. But Tom knew that she thought him the finest fellow living, and that society regarded him as the first prize in the matrimonial market of the whole county.

Now that I am an old married woman, I dislike to hear a man spoken of as "a great catch," or "a good match," because of his acres or his money-bags. I feel very angry when I hear of mothers manœuvring, or girls practising feminine wiles, in order to bring rich suitors to their feet. The thought of such tricks makes my cheeks flush with shame for the mothers, and sorrow for the girls. I would rather see my own daughters wash and scrub for bare bread, than that they should thus unsex themselves.

I was present one night when a number of my young friends acted a little fireside play, and in it they represented themselves as trying to attract a handsome, wealthy stranger who had come as a guest to the house of the village squire, and they tried to deceive and outwit each other, in order to win the matrimonial prize.

It was only in play, but it looked very natural, and at the close the schemers were all unsuccessful, the stranger having chosen the one simple-minded modest girl whom he had known from a child and whose heart he had won, though no act of hers betrayed the secret.

Somehow, I felt humiliated that these bright young creatures should even mimic such characters, and I was ready to embrace a dear old lady who sat beside me and who said, when the play was over: "It is all very amusing and makes one laugh. Only I do not quite like it, because it seems lessening to girls to show them in such a light."

But I have run away from my story. I had heard so frequently of Mr. Beauchamp's good looks, fine estate, and accumulated money which had been growing during a long minority, that I quite disliked him in advance for being so much talked about.

One day a young girl made this remark to another in my hearing: "Mr. Beauchamp is such a good match—quite the catch of the county. He has only to make a choice and feel certain of acceptance."

I was angry at the words, and as both girls and I were well acquainted, I ventured to reply—

"You seem to have a low conception of the motives by which girls are influenced in accepting a suitor. I trust there are still some left, even poor ones, who would not call a man 'a good match' because of his good looks, money, or position—girls who would ask first about the life he has led, the friends he has chosen, and what he has been as a son and a brother. Above and beyond all these, which are only the outcomes of something higher and better, they will want to know if he fears God and is not ashamed to own that he loves His house and seeks guidance from that old-fashioned book He calls His Word. A man may be a good match in the opinion of some people, but a very bad one in the eyes of a girl who has been brought up in the faith and fear of God, and desires to find in her life's partner one who will help her to love and serve Him better."

I was laughed at for my plain speaking, and one of the girls offered me a stool to step upon, and promised to gather a congregation, if I were going to preach at greater length. But this ridicule did not trouble me. I had said my say, and my words had come straight from my heart; perhaps some day they might be brought to mind again and prove a warning to one of my companions.

As I have said, my great friend was Maud Grant, but she was Maud Edgecombe in those days.

Did ever two schoolgirls strike up a grand friendship without trying to make it the groundwork of a romance? Is there not always some brother or cousin who figures as its hero, and a matrimonial plan which is to make the girl friends into relatives at some future time? My male relations were not of a sort to figure even as imaginary heroes. They were hard working, matter of fact people, and seemed then most unlikely to step out of the narrow circle in which they moved.

On Maud's side there was this cousin, about whom she had talked to me from the very beginning of our acquaintance. Often when we were at school and she was manœuvring to get me an invitation for the holidays, she would say, "I wish Tom Beauchamp were coming. But my aunt keeps her model good boy tied to her apron strings. Perhaps it is well she does, for my mother and Mrs. Beauchamp would never consent for you and Tom to be guests under the same roof."

As a girl I took little heed of Maud's random talk. She only once coupled her cousin's name with mine, and that was on the occasion already referred to and when I was her guest, after her marriage with Frank Grant. I then spoke so seriously that in a moment Maud's arms were round my neck and she was entreating me to forgive her idle words, though she added, "You are far too sensitive, Olive; but promise to stay, and my cousin shall not come whilst you are here," for I had declared I would leave. Perhaps I was too sensitive, but when a girl has neither money, what the world calls "family," nor any great share of beauty to boast of, it is as well that she should not do anything to forfeit her self-respect.

I met Mr. Beauchamp three months later, not at a friend's house, but when staying with my aunt at a large hydropathic establishment. He was not there in search of health, but because the resident doctor was an old college friend whose society he liked.

Mrs. Beauchamp was from home, but had left her son there, doubtless thinking that he would remain at Castlemount until her return. But Tom, with a bit of that cowardice of which I have spoken, set off as soon as her back was turned, but still allowed her to address her letters to Castlemount, whence they were forwarded to his actual abode.

It was Mr. Beauchamp who hunted me up. He had seen the names, "Mrs. Hesketh" and "Miss Olive Stafford," in the visitors' book, and brought the doctor to introduce him to my aunt and myself.

"I think we have at least two mutual friends," he said. "I have so often heard my cousin, Maud Grant, and her husband talk of Miss Olive Stafford."

Of course I could not deny the fact, and Mr. Beauchamp made himself so very agreeable to my aunt, that I should have found it very difficult to shun him altogether. He was, besides, such a pleasant companion that I could not honestly wish to do so, despite my ancient prejudices.

Instead of finding a self-conscious, conceited, or self-asserting individual in this favourite of fortune, I saw an exceptionally modest young man, extremely well informed, but apparently anxious to keep his worldly advantages as much out of sight as possible. In fact, except for that one failing of moral cowardice in dealing with his mother, I found Mr.

Beauchamp, to my cost, a great deal too nice and attractive.

Very soon after our acquaintance began, the young man fulfilled Maud's wish by falling in love with me, and, had I been the daughter of the Queen, I could not have been approached with more respect.

Yet it is the truth that for two whole years I discouraged this young man, though I suffered a little martyrdom in thus doing violence to my own honest affection for him, and to the God-implanted feelings which gave birth to it.

Tom has often said since that no man ever had harder work to win his wife than he had, and that he should have given up in despair before half the time was over, if he had not thought it was my pride which hindered the success of his suit, and that at the bottom of my heart I did care for him.

In looking back on that time, I am inclined to think that we poor proud people are often more unreasonable and unmanageable than our rich proud neighbours.

At last Tom roundly taxed me with want of straight-forwardness, and said: "Olive, you may think it very brave and self-devoting to send me away, just because of the accidents of birth and fortune, for which I am in no way accountable. But I do not know how you will be able to answer, at the last, for having sacrificed the man who loved you, and whom I do believe you love, just to gratify your own false pride."

"Your mother does not yet know that for two years you have taken every opportunity of throwing yourself in my way, and have repeatedly asked me to be your wife," I replied.

"I ask you again now, and if you consent I will go straight to Castlemount, tell her the whole story, and seek her consent," said Tom, looking as much in earnest as the most exacting person could desire.

"Why have you never mentioned me to Mrs. Beauchamp before?" I asked, evading the real question.

"You have not replied to my proposal, Olive. You simply ask something which is beside the matter. You shall have your answer, dear, and then I shall expect to have an equally straightforward one. You ask why I have never spoken of you to my mother. How could I go to her and say, 'Mother, I have asked a Miss Stafford, a former visitor at aunt Edgecombe's and a friend of Maud Grant's to be my wife? I have repeated my proposal several times,'—and as I wish to be exact, Olive, perhaps you will tell me how many,—'and she has refused me as often.' What could my mother reply to such a communication? She would say: 'Where is the use of telling me this? If the girl will have none of you, there is an end of the matter.' I wish to take a different answer from you, but if, this time, you look me in the face and say you have no love for me, I will go my way and trouble you no more!"

I could not say it, and Tom's downright way of putting the case conquered. I felt that I could not bear the proposed alternative, and Tom left me that day in triumph. I had promised to be his wife, but, only with his mother's hearty consent, which I did not believe she would give.

"I will never creep into any family," I said; "I must have a welcome, and feel that your mother will be my mother, or I will dwell among mine own people to the end of my days."

Tom cordially agreed to this, but at the same time he showed me that weak place in his moral character which it so pained me to discover.

"There is just one thing I want you to do, Olive," he said. "My mother will take it for granted that you are connected with the Staffords of Lyndholme. Do not undeceive her. Of course I would not have you say anything but the truth. All I want is for you to be silent when she talks of those people, and to change the subject as quickly as possible."

I looked grave enough as Mr. Beauchamp was speaking. Then I replied: "If I were purposely to leave Mrs. Beauchamp under a false impression when I had the power to remove it, should I not be as guilty of falsehood as if I actually told one? I must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I do not know much of your family, myself, Olive. I have known you as the niece of Mrs. Hesketh, a lady of whose relationship no one need be ashamed, and as the friend and guest of my own cousin. I should be quite contented to know nothing, except that you are your own sweet self, and dearest of girls to me."

"That would not be sufficient even for you," I replied. "I shall tell you everything about my parents, their home, and position. When you know all, take the particulars to Mrs. Beauchamp, and abide by her decision."

"I will, should that decision prove just and reasonable. But you must remember, Olive, I am not a child, and the best mother in the world may wreck a son's happiness by the very means she takes to secure it."

"You mean that if Mrs. Beauchamp should agree with you, and give a hearty consent to your engagement, there will be no doubt as to the justice and reasonableness of her decision. I intend to abide by it whether she says yes or no."

I tried to look very much in earnest, but I am sure Tom's hopes had risen since the discovery that in one sense I was on his side, and he did not believe, as he frankly told me, that I should have courage or cruelty enough to agree with his mother in any plan to make him miserable for life.

(To be continued.)

REFORM IN UNDERCLOTHING.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

PART I.

THERE is nothing in which a greater interest appears to be taken by women of all classes at present than in the alterations and reforms in their under-garments, which, inaugurated first in America, have been taken up here in a wiser and more thoughtful spirit.

The origins of dress have always been to me a subject of much interest. The chemise, now apparently a doomed garment, has been worn by women from the earliest days, much in its present simplest form, and is in very truth a garment of most unhygienic shape and form. So if it perish, it is because it has ceased to fulfil the needs of those who live in colder climes than those where its use was first adopted. The wonder seems to be that it has lasted in use so long.

The origin of drawers as a part of women's dress is quite modern, and in my opinion does not date very much before the year 1800. None of our great-grandmothers wore them (certainly as a rule), and we may guess this even from the portraits of the last century and the early part of the present one, where Reynolds and Gainsborough depict the petticoat in full play, both on little girls and their mothers and elder sisters, made long and very full, for the former to cling round the feet and supply the needful warmth to the limbs. Even for very little children the petticoat touched the ground. From an American paper I cut the following, which shows that the drawers question was a subject of dress reform seventy years ago:—

"My grandmother," says the writer, "has been telling me something about how the present styles in women's under-garments came into vogue. When she was a child no one wore any lower underclothes except stockings. After a while there came a fashion for pantalettes, which consisted simply of a broad ruffle fastened by a tight band just below the knee. Children used to have two sets—white ones for best and yellow nankeen or calico for everyday wear. She said there was a reason for the fashion for pantalettes, as there is for every decree of fashion. People had begun to think it more sensible to put short dresses on children rather than long gowns reaching below the ankles, and so the extra covering for the limbs was invented. But the presence of a tight band about the leg was objectionable, on account

of its discomfort, and the remedy for this led to the next step in the evolution of the present lower under-garment. To the outside of the broad ruffle was attached the base of a long acute-angled triangle of cloth. This triangle extended up the waist, where it was buttoned to the chemise. This relieved the pressure from the band, but as the support was one-sided, it caused the ruffle to hang unevenly at times. The only remedy for this seemed to be the adoption of the present form, in which the whole of the lower portion of the body is covered. For a long time if anybody dared dream of such an innovation she dared not speak of it, and when at last the bounds were leaped by some courageous woman who donned the first drawers, there was a wonderful hue and cry, compared to which anything in the history of modern reforms is as nothing. Women wear garments like men! Women trying to get into trousers! Horror! Shame! But the reform prevailed."

UNION OR COMBINATION GARMENT, WOVEN OF SILK, WOOL, OR MERINO.

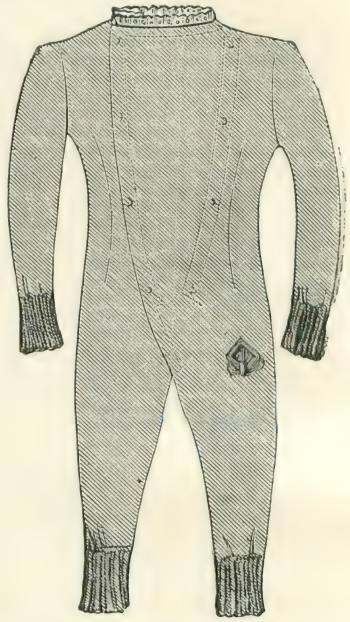
It seems a funny thing that the medical men of that day should have been the foremost amongst the denunciators of the new garment as "eminently unwholesome." To-day, after so many years are gone, the battle still rages over the question whether both legs shall be clothed in one garment, or each leg shall have its own to itself!

Now in the matter of dress there is nothing more difficult to cope with than custom. "We have always worn this," or "My mother wore just what I do, and considered it good," are often considered sufficient reasons to meet you when you urge the subject of some change in clothes which will tend to the health and contribute to the general wellbeing of the wearer. Next to this class of persons comes another, composed of people who read, but, having read, do not apply any new ideas they may see either to themselves or their neighbours. After this class, in somewhat wilful stupidity come the people who are afraid to do anything or adopt an improvement for fear of "what people may say." It is of no use urging with them, first, that their underclothing is not seen, and next that, even if it were, the question is one of purely personal interest and benefit. However, the subject is so widely taken up that people are obliged to think about it, even against their will. Women who work, in particular, are earnest inquirers into the newest ideas of clothing, because in their exposure to all weathers they soon find that their usual dress is unsuitable, lacking in warmth, and restraining the natural play of their limbs. The next thing with most women is to set about reforming it, and I am glad to say these reformers exist in all classes, both of our girls and of older women. It is, therefore, to help them more especially, and the large class engaged in domestic service, that these articles are designed.

Fortunately, we have nearly outlived one bad old idea, viz., that delicacy, a constant headache, and a general look of unwholesomeness is beauty! Health and beauty go together, and generally happiness follows, forming a blessed and blessing-giving trio. For myself, I could not rely on anyone's temper if their stays were laced too tightly or their toes were pinched by pointed shoes. But, alas! in spite of our advances towards emancipation, the general health of women and girls is not too good. Many of them, though not ill, never know the "blessedness of mere living," which follows on the possession of perfect health and a quiet conscience.

One bad old idea dies a hard and lingering death, *i.e.*, the delusion that the flesh must be mortified if the spirit is to be benefited. If you impress on people the duty of the greatest personal attention to dress, diet, and comfort, you are met with the reply, "Oh, it would be selfish and wrong to think so much about myself." Those who are wise amongst us have come long since to the opinion that health is the means to a higher and more certain life of service, and that nothing is too small or puerile to claim our attention that will lead to the acquisition of that health, which will conduce to making our lives full of usefulness in our service to God and man. "Taking care of ourselves," then, so far from showing a selfish disposition, shows a thoroughly considerate and unselfish one; for how great the burden of our sickness to others, and how many the cases of sickness that might have been prevented by a little care and thought!

I must not omit to mention what Dr. Jaeger has done for us here in England, as well as on the Continent, by drawing attention to the necessity of wearing woollen underclothing, and by supplying, through his various depôts, not only the articles themselves, but copies of his valuable little book, at a moderate price, which is full of the latest sanitary information on every subject connected with the clothing of all parts of the body.



DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY COMBINATION GARMENT, WITH DOUBLE THICKNESS IN FRONT. UNDYED, AND WOOL ONLY.

A number of years ago a committee of ladies in Boston, consisting largely of medical women, issued a valuable series of lectures on "Dress Reform," and not only that, but did good service by proposing a series of suitable garments to take the place of those in actual wear. They were the "union under-flannel," the "chemelette," the "Emancipation suit," the "Emancipation waist and dress drawers." These are their trade names, we believe, and we give illustrations of them all, as they are useful and sensible.

(*To be concluded.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

Œufs a la Neige.

Four whites of eggs beaten to a whip, a pint of milk kept boiling; toss a spoonful of whip into the boiling milk; take it out immediately with a strainer, and put it on a dish of custard made of the yolks of the four eggs, and pile it into graceful shapes; bonbons, mille couleurs, may be added.

French Stewed Steak, or other Meat.

The peculiarity of this method is that the gravy is always prepared before putting in the meat and vegetables.

Place in the stewpan two ounces of butter, and when thoroughly melted add a tablespoonful of flour, enough to absorb the butter, leaving sufficient moisture to stir easily about till it becomes of a rich brown colour: this will take fifteen minutes. If you wish for a paler gravy, for what is called a white ragoût, the mixture must be taken off the fire while it is still pale, adding three turnips sliced, two onions sliced, the steak at the top. The turnips to be laid at the bottom of the stewpan, then the onions, lastly the steak. *No water* (this is important); stew them till tender—one hour and a half or more—then take out the steak, strain the gravy from the vegetables through a seive, take off the fat; mix it in a basin with a teaspoonful of flour, add pepper and salt, mix it all well together, then add the gravy to the vegetables; give it one boil up and pour it over the steak, and put the steak in the stewpan till wanted. Be careful to shake the pan occasionally to prevent the steak burning; flavour it to your taste.

How to Boil Rice as in India.

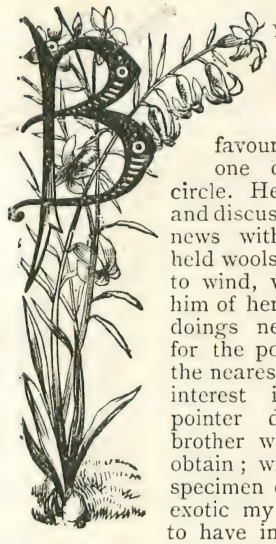
Two quarts of water, one pint of rice, one tablespoonful of salt.

When the water is boiling throw in a tablespoonful of salt, then the rice, after it has been well washed in cold water; let it boil twenty minutes; throw it into a colander and strain off the water. When the water is well drained off put the rice back into the same saucepan, dried by the fire, and let it stand near the fire for some minutes, till required to be dished up; thus the grains appear separately and not mashed into a pudding. Excellent with a little butter.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

By AN UNNAMED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER II.



By the time he had been with us a few days he was an established favourite with every one of our family circle. He talked politics and discussed the current news with my father; held wools for my mother to wind, while she told him of her projected gay doings next Christmas for the poor children of the nearest village; took interest in a certain pointer dog that my brother was anxious to obtain; wrote for a fine specimen of a particular exotic my sister wanted to have in the conservatory; sent up to town for a rare legal work that my cousin wished to consult as an authority; and seemed to have instinctive power to adapt himself to each individual's special predilections, winning thereby their several favour gracefully, quietly, unostentatiously.

But though he found time for all these various dedications of himself to please others, he hardly ever failed to join me in my afternoon rambles through the park, and seemed to know that he should generally discover me somewhere near my favourite seat by the riverside. He, with his own quiet tact, evaded taking part in the sporting excursions which my brother and cousin invariably took every day, and which usually kept them eagerly employed from breakfast till dinner time; when their day's sport was animatedly discussed, and when he showed lively interest in its details. Whatever he talked of, and whenever he talked, he had a peculiarly vivacious way of winning interest, and of entering completely into the spirit of what was being said.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, as he approached the fallen tree, where I was sitting looking at the shining river and thinking of a passage in the book I held in my hand, with my finger between the pages to keep the place. "I don't wonder at your making this your favourite resort, it is a charming nook."

"Yes, is it not pleasant? To me it is perfect; I make it my reading-room. The river, the grass, the trees, the birds, the blue sky, seem to me to give me answers to some of the bits I find in books, which at first I do not understand, but which, as I think them over in this pleasant place, become more clear to me. You know I have no one to talk over book puzzles with."

"Haven't you? Your parents, your brother, your sister, could you not ask their help in your difficulties?"

"You see they are always occupied with things that interest them."

"And do not books interest them?"

I could not help laughing a little, as I said, "Oh, no! My father never reads anything but the newspapers, and really they take an immense time to get through. Then my brother only cares for the sporting journals and magazines; and my sister finds it as much as she can manage to look into the mode-books each month, and even those she only has leisure for the pictures, her time is so taken up with note-writing, and many things that she has to attend to every day, her birds, her flowers, besides all the housekeeping which she does to save mother, and which she knows I find difficult and troublesome. I'm afraid I'm very little of a housekeeper; I like to be out of doors all day when it is fine weather."

"And even to read out of doors, and to find sympathy and comradeship in open-air sights and sounds—a not unwise resource," he said, looking round.

"Well, yes," I answered, looking round also on the delightful environments within sight. "Still, speaking out one's mind to somebody who can understand and explain, is even better. That is why I am so glad that you care to come here and sit or walk quietly with me, a mere girl. It is very good of you."

"Is it?" said he, with an amused smile. "Why?"

"Because you are so much older and wiser than I am. You are exactly double my age, and yet you do not mind giving me some of your time."

"Exactly double!" laughed he. "How do you come to know so precisely our respective amount of years?"

"I am seventeen," I answered; "and when my cousin wrote to my father asking if he might bring you here with him, he mentioned that you were thirty-four."

"Yes, I have reached that venerable age."

"And yet you don't look venerable."

He laughed his frank, delightful laugh, and I laughed with him. He had a way of smiling with his eyes as well as with his lips, and his laugh was so genuine and hearty that it was impossible to help joining in its mirth.

"I fear I'm wickedly glad that I don't look venerable," he said. "I don't want to look either reverend or old while I still feel young, and more inclined to interchange sympathies than inspire respect."

"You don't inspire me with respect, I can assure you," I answered. "At least, I feel respect for what you say, but I don't think I feel much respect for you yourself."

"I really am deeply obliged to you. I should like you to feel just as if you and I were exactly of an age, instead of 'exactly double.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, perfectly; and I think I do feel this. It is odd; but I, who have always been shy and awkward with strangers, am *not the least* so with you, whom I have known but a few days. It seems as if we had been children together, and grown up together, and talked over books together, and been companions to each other. Now, that's very curious—isn't it?"

"Very; and very pleasant too. I think we make excellent comrades, and I'm glad you feel the congenial comradeship."

"That's the precise word—'comradeship.' I have felt the want of a comrade all my life, and now I have found one, and I think it very kind of you—a travelled, clever, grown-up man—to make a comrade of a young country-bred girl like me, without knowledge or experience of the world in any way."

"Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we are comrades who suit each other. When tastes and sympathies are alike, a little extra knowledge and experience on the one side that can be imparted to the other adds zest to companionship. What is that book you were reading when I found you here?"

"Oh, it is one of the old volumes from the book-room—or, rather, book-closet—upstairs. It is divided into separate bits. This one, which I was in the middle of when you came, is 'Of Friendship.' There are others I like very much—'Of Gardens,' 'Of Masks and Triumphs,' for instance; but I find something to like and think about in all the bits."

"You call them 'bits,'" he said, his eyes sparkling with smiles. "They are things that their own author says will 'last as long as books last.' The assertion is so true that the writer was guilty of no immodesty or presumption in saying this candidly in his preface."

"I'm afraid I scarcely ever read prefaces, or even title-pages," I said. "I generally open a book at haphazard, and dip into it for passages I chance to find particularly to my taste."

"You lose much by this, my dear comrade," he said. "A title-page tells you the name of the book and of its writer; and a preface informs you of its scope and its writer's intention."

"There's one of the benefits of having a comrade!" I exclaimed. "Directly I began talking over my books with him, he shows me how imperfectly I have hitherto read them, and teaches me at once how to read them more profitably in future."

"And my comrade shows me how docilely and how promptly she can take a lesson," he replied.

"An unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised; happy in this, she is not yet so old but she may learn," was my rejoinder.

"Ah, that is one of the passages you have chanced upon and found particularly to your taste, is it?" he laughingly asked.

"Yes, it is in a book of which I blush to confess I never read either title-page or preface; but which contained some things I liked, I think, better than any I ever met with in any other of the old volumes upstairs. The book has stories—no, not exactly stories—but plays, I believe; some of them with the most meaningless names, such as 'What you will,'—'As you like it,'—but full of meaning themselves, delightful meaning, very interesting and beautiful! Isn't it strange their writer should have given them such queer meaningless names? Isn't it odd?"

"It is much more odd to me to hear you speak thus unfamiliarly of works so familiar to the world in general," he said, with his eyes full of merriment.

"Ah, but you know I don't belong to 'the world in general,'" I said; "I have lived in a world of my own all my life."

"Indeed you have! and a very charming world it seems to have been."

"Yes, there I met with Pilgrims riding in company to Canterbury, and wandered in a pleasant greenery called 'The Flower and the Leaf,' and where at other times I encountered the Lady Una and her Red Cross Knight, and again at other times that wandering Lady in the midnight wood, alone with Comus and his 'monstrous rout.'"

"You have a decided leaning towards poetic personages and narratives," he said, "and they seem all to be those of a bygone era. I wonder whether you would care for any of our modern people."

"All the books upstairs were bought by our ancestors, and none have been added since my grandfather's time."

"I think I shall introduce my comrade to the fancies of a few writers of a later day, and see whether she thinks they bear comparison with her old favourites. There's a certain Ancient Mariner and damsel Christabel I should like to bring her acquainted with; also a Laodamia and a Tintern Abbey; a Skylark and a Cloud; a Palfrey; an Autumn and a Nightingale; a Miller's Daughter; a Man born to be King; all of which various things and persons are extremely to my own taste, and I should be glad if they prove equally to hers."

I laughed at his running on thus; and said that I, who had owned to being shy with strangers, might find myself embarrassed at finding myself brought face to face too suddenly with too many at once.

"You shall be prepared by degrees, and meet only one or two at a time," he said. "As a commencing taste of the quality of the rest, listen to these few lines called 'An Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath':

"This sycamore, oft musical with bees—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved; O, long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still;
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade;
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here; here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees!"

When his voice ceased from giving utterance to these most melodious lines, my comrade and I were silent, for I could not speak, and he cared not to interrupt my evident enjoyment of the verse.

After a few moments' pause I looked up at him and gave a quiet little nod of my head, which he returned with a similar one—our established friendship making these tokens quite sufficiently expressive of the admiration we felt for this super-exquisite poetry.

"The sun is low under the trees yonder," I said; "we ought to make our way back to the house, or I shall be chidden by my sister for allowing too little time for changing my frock before dinner. She is anxious I should begin to be a little more like young ladies in general with regard to dress; she says most young girls are what is called 'come out' at my age, and she takes kind interest about my appearing in Christian-like style, at least, she says, at the dinner-table of an evening."

"I'm afraid there is something pagan about those roses you always wear in your hair," he replied—"something of the heathen goddess Flora, or Maia, for instance, in the bunch of rosebuds that lurked flush and fresh among your curls last evening. But for my part I find the unorthodox style may very well meet with toleration."

"It is not the flowers she objects to; those she thinks quite right, as showing I have taken at least the pains to 'dress for dinner'; it is that I don't take pains enough, don't study dress sufficiently."

"Ah, that is more Christian-like, is it?" he said, laughing. "I hope you'll keep faithfully to your own 'creed outworn.' But I am forgetting that you do not yet know the writer of the sonnet in which that phrase occurs. I shall hope to introduce him to you to-morrow."

He kept his word. On the morrow he rode over early in the forenoon to the next post-town, and there found copies of most of the books he wanted, which he brought to me at my favourite nook in the park, and read me several of the poems he had named. His reading aloud was so good, so absolutely natural and unaffected, yet at the same time so harmonious and effective, that I enjoyed the music of the poetry as I had never done when reading to myself. There was also the charm of immediate discussion of striking passages, and all the ineffable delight that belongs to reading in sympathetic companionship.

My afternoons passed in a paradise of happy heartease, until half the time for my cousin's visit had elapsed. It had been understood that, as on former occasions, he would stay with us for about a month, and I began to look forward with dread to the termination of the next fortnight.

(To be continued.)

MY MUSICAL TRAINING;
OR,
WHAT I DID WITH A HUNDRED POUNDS.

By ANNA WILLIAMS.

I HAD many difficulties to contend with, but maestro was very pleased with the way I worked, and told me that I had made more progress in nine months than other pupils with talent had made in two years, and he was so satisfied that he urged me to sing in some concerts in Naples; but I preferred to keep on with my study only, and not get upset in my practice by preparing special work.

At our lessons I always sat close to the piano when not singing, to hear and follow the music sung by the other students, and in this manner I had many extra hints as to my work, as maestro would turn to me from time to time, saying, "Don't take this or that as advice to yourself, your voice and style are different;" or, "You see she has not the faults you have." In this way I learnt much from him, preferring to stay and listen rather than leaving immediately, or chatting with one or two Italians who came in to hear the English students sing; but the fact is that when once I began to improve, I became intensely interested in the maestro's method, and the morning finished only too quickly for me.

We had a very handsome Neapolitan girl who came for lessons. She was a dressmaker, and, according to the custom among the lower classes in Naples, wore no bonnet or hat, nothing but her lovely black hair. She did not know a note of music, but had a beautiful voice, and used to laugh and be so amused when maestro wanted her to sing high notes,

gesticulating and protesting that she could not go so high, and all this in the broadest dialect. She was still having lessons—study I can hardly call it—when I left; but I fancy no good result came from them, for her inability to learn except by ear was a great drawback, and I think she looked on the whole business as a joke.

Another pupil who amused us very much was a young man, a Neapolitan, who lived on the second floor. He, on the other hand, was full of conceit, and gave himself the airs and graces of a *primo tenore*. His voice was terrible to listen to, cracked and out of tune, and his get up was a marvel, and truly Neapolitan. He wore patent leather shoes and showy socks, trousers of a large check pattern, the tightest of coats very much squeezed in at the waist, a showy sham gold chain, but no watch, showy links and studs (but maestro told us that the cuffs and shirt-front were sleeveless and shirtless), showy rings on hands that were anything but clean; and this costume added to a small stature and insignificant face crowned with bushy black hair, very much greased, made him anything but attractive to us English girls.

A wonderful contrast was the Russian girl who came to study. What progress she made! She put us all in the shade, learning Italian so quickly, and grasping maestro's method so soon; and singing with such *verve* and intelligence that we were all fascinated by the charming little Véra, who was so bright and vivacious, and, with all her talents and gifts, so warmhearted and generous.

I did not hear much music while I stayed in Naples, as there were very few concerts given, and those principally *matinées* which took place at private houses, and seemed to me very dull affairs, and I quite longed for some good orchestral music, but except at the Opera this was not to be heard. Verdi's *Aida* was produced for the first time in Naples during my stay, everyone was raving about it, and I heard then how strict Verdi was at rehearsals: he certainly had a splendid cast for his opera, including Mesdames Stoltz and Waldman.

My life at the M——'s went on quietly, and I soon picked up Italian enough to make myself understood, and to bargain with the cabmen—a necessary accomplishment, as they always ask three times as much as they eventually take, and as I lived beyond the radius, it was extravagant to enter a cab without first coming to an understanding what I had to pay.

I forgot to mention two other members of the family—two splendid setters, mother and son; the mother was a dear old dog, who knew her master's step directly he put his foot on the first stair, and was obedient to a look from his fierce eyes, and her son a mischievous puppy, only just getting his teeth.

The household arrangements were very novel to me. Madame and Maria did all the sweeping, or rather mopping, for the floors were cleaned with a damp cloth hung on the end of a broom, as well as dusting and cooking, and the great feature of the day, the preparing of vegetables also. The servant only did the roughest work, and the marketing, fetching the drinking water, and drawing the water from the well. Maria had a beautiful voice, and used to sing as she swept, running to the piano and reciting bits from operas which she could not sing, till shouted at by the mother, "Maria, work, and don't sing." The girl certainly had great musical gifts, and, in spite of all the efforts we made not to let her sing too much, sing she would, so I persuaded her parents to let Maestro S—— hear her. Signor M—— did not approve of this, saying that lessons were unnecessary, but after much persuasion he consented, and maestro was delighted with her voice. It was at that time a warm and generous mezzo-soprano, reminding one of Lucca's; and though only fourteen, she accompanied herself with so much grace and finish that maestro predicted a brilliant future for her, and advised her entering the Conservatoire, where he was one of the masters.

It was an anxious day for us when she went up for examination. Of course Madame M—— and I were not allowed to be in the room, but we knew from the applause and "bravos" the success she had, and her mother was called into the room and congratulated on her daughter's talent and voice. She was one of the chosen candidates, placed under our maestro for singing, and was still at the Conservatoire when I left, but I am afraid, owing to her parents wishing her to appear prematurely, her career was not so successful as it ought to have been.

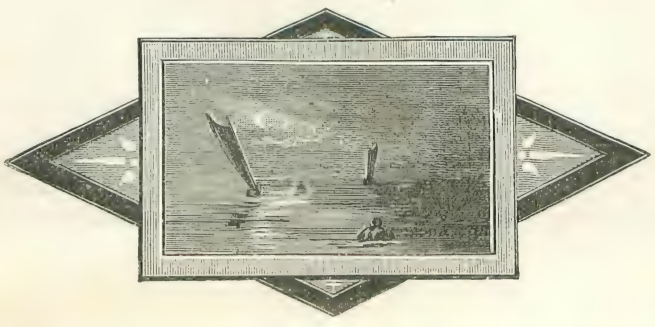
I am sorry to say I picked up a good deal of slang, which I used to repeat without understanding the exact meaning, and Madame M—— used to remonstrate with me, but as I replied to her, "that is always what you say to Maria and the servant when they are tiresome," she could only laugh and curtail her lecture. The constant quarrelling over trifles was most alarming, and such an incident as the breaking of a plate of the value of five sous would rouse such a storm of high words that you would have thought blows would follow.

I had heard a great deal about the dirtiness and carelessness of the Italians, as well as their laziness, but I must say, except in the matter of tubbing, I found them clean and careful to a degree; for instance, the dishes being washed, were always rinsed in water in which sweet-smelling leaves had been steeped; then directly any of the family came in from a walk or drive, off came the dress, which was not only brushed and shaken free from dust, but also ironed out with a warm iron. Naturally I soon fell into the way of doing this, as I did not wish to be thought untidy or lazy. The washing was sent out to be done, but returned rough dried, when we all sat perhaps a whole morning looking over the clothes, and darning and mending and patching most neatly and carefully; after this the clothes were folded and starched and ironed; and I, not to be outdone, used to get up all my own things, even my summer dresses and petticoats. In fact, all this taught me patience and industry, and to show them that I could sew, I cut out and made a shirt, drawing all the threads for an elaborately tucked front, and did every stitch by hand. All these domestic duties, with my lessons and study, made me much more industrious than I had ever been before.

The spring I found trying, with the cold winds and hot sun, but I enjoyed the life in the summer, and the bathing. We hired a large boat, and the six of us and the two dogs used to go out at four a.m. We each took a large sheet with us to serve as a dressing tent, putting our long-sleeved bathing dresses under our clothes to go to the boat, then we undressed, and were soon in the water, and when we came out the boatman held the sheet high above him and dropped it over each one, so that it formed a perfect tent, under which we discarded our wet dresses and put on our dry clothes. It was pleasant bathing, as there was a stretch of rocks a little way from the shore upon which we could scramble, and then return to the sea when we got dry; the water being so calm and warm we could stay in for an hour, and as there is very little tide in the Mediterranean, swimming was delightful. As we went down to the boat we passed families sleeping in the open air outside their hovels, and met the fig runners with their naked brown legs, trotting barefoot into the city with baskets of fresh figs on their heads. This was a most picturesque scene in the early morning light, with the sun rising behind Vesuvius, and throwing a beautiful red glow all over the bay. I used to dry my hair in the funny little terrace garden, which opened out of the kitchen, and by nine o'clock was dressed and ready to go to my studies.

The end of the summer brought trouble in the house, as Signor M—— lost his appointment, and the family was in consequence very badly off, and I was often obliged to advance money for necessaries, but everything for "Mees Anna" was bought first, and I was most kindly treated, and the happy-go-lucky Italian nature prevented them taking their troubles to heart. I was to have returned home in September, but, owing to the economical way in which I had lived, my funds lasted out, and I arrived in time to eat my Christmas fare of 1873 with my father and mother, and to make my *début* at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts on January 17th, 1874.

Now, girls, you will see that I was earnest in doing my best to prepare myself for the life of a public singer; but alas! no sooner had I begun my work than I found I had much more to learn, and the work I did in Naples was nothing compared to what I have had to do since. Thus, when you read these little incidents in my life, I hope that you will realise what an amount of application a singer's profession entails; and if any of you follow my example and go abroad, that you will not commence your studies in a half-hearted way.



THE WEDDING MORNING.

MY WEDDING WISH TO YOU.

NOT riches—and yet wealth is good:
And so of earthly store
I'll wish you—let me see—I'll say
Enough; who'd wish for more?

Not friends—but stay, 'tis well to have
Some friends both staunch and true:
And so I'll wish you through your life
Of friends a goodly few.

Not honours—ah! but stay awhile,
Methinks I see a frown;
I'll wish enough to buoy you up,
But not to weigh you down.

What is my wish then? This it is—
That God His grace will give,
And let you two, to-day made one,
In perfect concord live.

That love within your hearts may grow
Deeper from day to day;
That time may draw you still more near,
As bright years roll away.

That every thought and every wish
Within your hearts may blend,
And changeless love with you remain
From now unto the end.

ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER III.

FAN.

"YOU know it was a story, Nurse True," exclaimed the still exasperated Janet, when the trio in the nursery had righted themselves after the episode in the rocking-chair.

"Perhaps not exactly a story, only a mistake, my dear. You were often troublesome to Mrs. Nunn, and she may have complained to Mrs. Aspenel."

"Then she was a nasty, cross old thing; but I don't believe she did. She left because Mr. Aspenel wouldn't pay her a proper salary."

"Pray say 'my father,' and not 'Mr. Aspenel,' Miss Janet. Whatever has put that into your head? It was very obstinate of you not to call Mrs. Aspenel 'mother.'"

"That was my fault, Nurse True," put in Edith. "I could not bear the idea of a third mother. I cannot remember my own mother, and our mother was so dear that I could never acknowledge another. Janet only followed my lead. I think Mrs. Aspenel does not mind, and my father does not know."

"I don't believe he is our father, for he takes no notice of us," said Janet. "I don't mind calling him papa, for that word doesn't occur in the Bible, you know. There is something very solemn in the word father, and almost all the fathers are kind. So I shall say papa."

"It does not much matter which," returned the nurse, "but if you think of the Bible, remember it tells you to 'honour your father.'"

Janet was silent and sat biting her lip.

"May we go and see auntie?" asked Edith, always nervous at this sign of temper. "I will ask Mrs. Aspenel about Bruce."

"Bravo, Edith! that is more than I could do," cried Janet. "But I won't accompany you, if that young imp—— he is an imp, Nurse True. Look at my poor drawing, and I meant to give it to Mr. Austen."

Edith, who had a mortal fear of giving offence, was anxious to show Mrs. Aspenel that she had meant none when she sided with Janet, so she hastened downstairs. When she reached Mrs. Aspenel's room, however, she stood some time at the door before she ventured to knock, and when she did so, the imperative "come in" frightened her. She found her stepmother with Bruce on her lap, and a plate of sweetmeats before them. She explained that she had come to ask whether Mrs. Aspenel wished Bruce to go out, as it was the usual time for a walk.

"I won't go with Janet," screamed the boy, and the question was settled at once.

"You see how it is, Edith. It is impossible to get on when you all conspire against him, even Nurse True," said Mrs. Aspenel, haughtily.

"We are all very fond of Bruce, when he is good," rejoined Edith. "I am sorry if I annoyed or offended you just now, when I agreed with Janet about Mrs. Nunn. I think they liked one another very well."

Edith was one of those natures, timid when taken at unawares, self-possessed when having time for reflection. Mrs. Aspenel was hot and hasty, and disliked all interference.

"You are always sorry for one thing and another, Edith. I wish you would be just. You must know that Janet rebels against every person and thing, and provokes Bruce until he pays her back."

"Oh! Mrs. Aspenel!" ejaculated Edith, her favourite exclamation when she was afraid to reply more fully.

"The only way out of these complications that I can find is to send Janet to school, and I shall ask Mr. Aspenel about it this evening."

Edith sighed.

"You have no objection to our going to the Cottages to see Mrs. Clarville?" she said, by way of changing the subject.

"I think you generally go whether I object or not; but since Janet's mother saw no impropriety in placing her aunt in an almshouse, and allowing her to

receive charity at her husband's gates, I suppose she is a proper person to be visited. But how you can endure sitting with those old women I can't imagine. It must be *faute de mieux*. Of course we must be civil to Mrs. Clarville, since she is a sort of connection, but the others!—I see them now! Miss Short, pacing up and down the gravel walk, with her long walking-stick and poked bonnet, followed by the maid. Then Mrs. Lucy and her corkscrew curls. She objects to her juvenile maid wearing a fringe, but persists in curling her own hair. I see no difference. I have never had the pleasure of an introduction to bedridden Miss Lorne, but the sentimental Lilyton, and the strong-minded and literary Vigors, are my abhorrence."

"They say you are very kind and condescending when they come to tea," said Edith, smiling.

"One must be polite in one's own house; and since I understand they none of them visit one another, it amuses me to have them here all together."

"Auntie visits them all. Nurse True calls her 'oil on the troubled waters.'"

"She is not your aunt, Edith. Why do you call her so?"

"I suppose because Janet does."

"Then if Janet called me mother, you would probably do the same. I am surprised at your allowing yourself to be led by the nose by a child three or four years your junior."

Mrs. Aspenel flushed, and Edith was silent, perceiving for the first time that there was a grievance under her stepmother's apparent nonchalance. The momentary silence was broken by Bruce, who, having devoured all the sweetmeats, began to think of dinner, and asked, noisily enough, when it would be ready. Mrs. Aspenel looked at her watch, and said—

"There will not be time for your antiquarian researches before dinner, Edith, so you had better go afterwards, and Bruce shall drive with me."

"Thank you; I will tell Janet," returned Edith, and hurried back to her sister rejoicing.

The children dined at luncheon, and it was usually a stiff and silent meal. An occasional guest broke its monotony, otherwise few words were spoken, save by Bruce, who was allowed to say just what he pleased. The antagonism between Mrs. Aspenel and Janet was never laid aside.

But all was forgotten when the two girls and Nurse True found themselves in the Park, with an afternoon before them in which to do just what they liked.

"How nice it is to have you all to ourselves again, Nurse True!" cried Janet. "I am glad Mrs. Nunn is gone, though I maintain that it was money, not I, that sent her away."

And, unquestionably, money it was; for Mrs. Nunn asked for an increase of salary, was refused politely by Mr. Aspenel in person, and resigned her post.

He was in the habit of getting all that he could out of people at the cheapest rate, and reflected that what one would not do another would. Accordingly he was already on the look out for a "cheap governess," knowing full well that in the multitude of unemployed ladies he should assuredly find one who would "teach everything for a nominal emolument."

Edith paused beside the lake to feed the swans. It was spring, and just where she stood grew several pink and white hawthorn trees in full blossom. Sheltering them towered a group of horse chestnuts, also clad in green and white, and it would have been difficult to say which was the fairer—swans, flowers, or pale-faced maiden. Janet left her in hot haste, and before Nurse True could arrest her was running at full speed across a side-walk beneath an avenue of elms, towards a house on the outskirts of the Park.

"We must go after her," said Nurse True; and she and Edith followed Janet.

Looking back towards the house they saw the carriage at the door, and congratulated one another that they had not Bruce to look after as well as Janet, since they knew not which was the wilder. The house looked well from the side avenue. It was situated on a slight eminence, and stood out from its background of trees, a stately mansion, porticoed, pillared, and stuccoed to a shining whiteness. Mr. Aspenel spared no money in maintaining its personal appearance, and neither flaw nor discolourment was allowed to deface it. His own outer man was not more scrupulously attended to than was the outside of his abode. It looked pure as did Edith and her swans.

"How brightly the sun shines into the windows!" said that young lady, as she glanced across at the carriage. "I suppose glass reflects only, since the shine flickers from pane to pane, and the least cloud effaces it. That is just what I am. The sun is in my heart one minute, and gloom the next."

"Dear love! you take things too gravely for your years: just as your dear mother did," returned Nurse True, whose broad North-country accent never deserted her.

"I wish I could do something kind to Mrs. Aspenel," said Edith, reflectively.

"The time is sure to come, lovey. Watch your opportunities, and have patience," was the reply.

They hurried after Janet, but her figure was out of sight in no time.

"No good to hasten. Let her have her joy, poor child," said Nurse True, and they slackened their steps.

They eventually reached an iron swing gate, placed beneath an archway in the park wall, and leading into a country road. This road was a favourite and favoured spot, for it was flanked with hawthorn hedges and adorned with wayside flowers. In summer wild roses bloomed here, in autumn traveller's joy, and always some frond or floweret lurked beneath the thorns. Here, too, were cottages, and here was the big brick school-house, lately built to accommodate many Board schools. But there was another school-house in the village, old and ivy-clad, which the vicar maintained for such parishioners as preferred the voluntary to the Board school system. And it must be confessed that most of the villagers were as conservative as was the Rev. Philip Austen, their "pastor and master," and affected what they called "the Church school."

Edith and Nurse True walked briskly down this road, receiving and returning salutations from the cottagers, till they reached a substantial brick house called Hoplands, probably after the flourishing hop-gardens in the neighbourhood. They went through a swing gate into a large garden surrounding the house, and full of spring flowers. The round bed in the middle of the gravel walk was ablaze with tulips, and in the borders flourished hepaticas, polyanthuses and Russian violets, surmounted by various shrubs, of which the laurustinus had the pre-eminence. The door was open, and they went into the hall. They heard Janet's laugh in the dining-room, and Edith tapped at its door.

"Come in," sounded from a cheery voice, and she entered, Nurse True remaining in the hall. "Miss Aspenel! this is good for sore eyes!" continued the same cheery voice.

It proceeded from a middle-aged man, who was seated in an elbow chair near a large fire, with Janet on a stool at his knees.

"I hope you are better, Mr. Harton," said Edith, going towards him and putting her small hand in his.

"Oh, yes! I am better, but the rheumatism sticks to me like a leech. I was just telling Miss Janet that we have heard from Jack at last. He has fallen on his feet in the wilds of Canada, and says he is already in a fair way of making his fortune. My boys have their father's hopeful temperament, and like Micawber, declare that something is on the eve of 'turning up.'"

"But it does turn up," cried Janet enthusiastically. "I wish Tom would come back."

"My dear child, it will never do for you to call my boys by their Christian names," laughed Mr. Harton, laying his hand on her head. "What would your father and Mrs. Aspenel say?"

"Our mother didn't object, did she Edith?" asked Janet; "and I don't care what Mrs. Aspenel says. Papa never thinks about it, or cares what becomes of us. Where is Fan?"

"Taking my place in giving orders and managing man, woman, and child," said Mr. Harton. "She thinks herself a woman of importance, and is ruining me by bringing in every beggar and his brat that comes near the house."

"That is just what Mrs. Harton did to her," whispered Janet.

Voices sounded in the hall, and in another moment the door was flung open, and a young girl was seen struggling with Nurse True, while several dogs were barking and leaping round them.

"You must come in. Sir will be so angry," she shouted at the top of her voice.

"Pray do, Mrs. Truman. I would get up to escort you if I could, but I am chained to my chair," said Mr. Harton. "Fan, you needn't be quite so violent."

"She won't come unless I force her," cried Fan, still struggling with Nurse True.

Janet ran towards them, and was soon

kissing Fan energetically, while Nurse True advanced towards Mr. Harton. Fan was a born hoyden of sixteen, or thereabouts, of the true gipsy type of beauty. Black hair, black eyes, red lips, red cheeks, a box of teeth as white as the snow in which she was found, and a complexion as dark as if she had really been the Egyptian people supposed her to be; in other words, a stray from a gipsy tent. Everybody called her Fan, both rich and poor, and everybody adopted her; everybody except Edith, who was afraid of her. But as they were in such different positions, they saw but little of one another. Indeed, when Fan perceived Edith she made a little curtsey, and did not attempt to offer her hand until Edith held out hers. Miss Aspenel had the reputation of being proud, as reserved shy people frequently have.

To Janet's mortification, Nurse True proposed their pursuing their way to the Cottages; but before they left, Mr. Harton gave a third account of how he had heard from Jack.

"And he has killed a skunk which smelt awfully, and cleared away yards of snow, and been nearly frozen to death, and felled more trees than ever Mr. Gladstone felled in all his long life, and been half starved—poor Jack!" said Fan, with tears in her big black eyes. "But he is building a log hut, and says I shall go out to keep house for him if Sir can spare me. But that would be impossible."

In a moment her hand was on Mr. Harton's shoulder, and the lustrous eyes looking into his.

"Nobody could spare Fan!" exclaimed Janet, rising from her low seat at a glance from Nurse True.

"We can keep our girls, Mrs. Truman, though there is no holding in the boys nowadays," said Mr. Harton. "Fortunately I have Fan, my books, and my newspapers, but I am half afraid the property will go to rack and ruin."

"Not yours, sir. God will never forsake those who work for their fellow-creatures as you do," returned Nurse True.

"Thank you, Mrs. Truman, for that word of comfort. Remember me to the old ladies—I beg their pardons, they don't like to be called old—none of us do."

Fan accompanied her visitors to the gate, followed by her train of dogs, and as she watched them down the road, muttered, "I wish I was white as a lily, like Miss Aspenel, and not black as a nigger, like—like Fan."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIPSIES.

MR. HARTON was also watching the vanishing forms of the trio from the park, as they passed beneath the low wall that served as boundary between his garden and the road. The garden itself was almost level with the top of the wall, and thus enabled him to watch the passers-by. Many thoughts rushed through his mind while Fan stood at the garden gate surrounded by his dogs. They concerned Mr. Aspenel and his family, as well as his own, for he had known something of the former in his youth, and had marked his rise, progress, marriages, and millionaireism from that period to the moment when he sat a prisoner from rheumatism, following with his eyes the movements of his neighbour's daughters. But he knew no more than other people of Mr. Aspenel's birth and parentage. He had been a successful man, and that was enough for him as well as for the world at large.

He heartily disliked Mr. Aspenel, and whenever he chanced to come in contact with him, they were sure to quarrel. There was one especial grievance between them: Mr. Aspenel was for uprooting the gipsies from the neighbourhood, and kindly Mr. Harton insisted on allowing them to pitch their tents on his land whenever they chanced to come that way. "Live and let live" was his motto; and he would moralise on the short lives probably in store for the strange people that always interested him. He knew that their race was gradually dwindling away here in England, and that few of the genuine descendants of the swarthy wanderers from Egyptian or Tartarian deserts—as might be—still survived. Intermarriage with other vagabonds of British extraction had tainted the pure Asian or Egyptian blood, and he would sigh when he thought of it, for he was somewhat of a dreamer, and therefore not so utilitarian as his age. He had tried to puzzle out the Romany dialect, but no sooner had he dug down to the root of one verb, than he found it crossed by some horrible English or Irish sister, and so, as in the intermarriages, nothing but an unintelligible jargon was left.

"It is hard to drive them from pillar to post till they are hunted out of the world," he would say, when Mr. Aspenel remonstrated, "and they are welcome to my little bits of waste land, so long as I have any left me."

Mr. Aspenel, who never wasted words, would turn on his heel, with the epithet "fool" on his lips; while Harton, who was a strictly religious man, would also mutter the same word, but with an addenda which made it legitimate: "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Thus these neighbours were always at issue, not only on this, but on every subject that ought to have made them more neighbourly. Mr. Aspenel was not, however, the only neighbour who blamed Mr. Harton, and when on a biting winter's day Fan was thrust upon his tender mercies, they all said "Serve him right"—all except his rector and friend, the Rev. Philip Austen, a good man and true, who would fain have made all Christendom Christ-like.

Nobody could doubt that Fan was a born gipsy, but how she came to Roselands in mid-winter not even Mr. Harton could guess. His gipsy friends always visited him in spring, summer, or autumn, but never in winter. During that inclement season they usually migrated to the towns, or lived in their vans, if they had them; at any rate, his land was free of them, therefore he could not account for Fan. His wife had found her one morning outside the garden gate, with her long black hair matted with hoarfrost, and her poor little bare feet covered with chilblains—had found her just where she is standing now, watching her young neighbours, and longing to be "as fair as a lily, like Edith." Ten years or thereabouts before, she had been watching for her mother and a promised cake, but when Mrs. Harton appeared had said, with more of the London than the Romany dialect, "Give us a copper please, mum." "She is evidently a precocious child," Mrs. Harton said. "Much more forward in talking than were either Jack or Tom." All that Mrs. Harton could get from her was, that her name was Fan, and her mother's Clorandy, and that she was to stay by the gate till she got her a cake. But as neither mother nor cake appeared, and Mrs. Harton, who was as generous as her husband, could not let a child die of cold at her very door, Fan was taken into Hoplands and regaled with hot broth, while Jack was set to watch for the errant parent. She never returned, and there was no clue to Fan's history; not even the customary initials or annulet of romance. Mr. Harton closely questioned his friends the gipsies, but either from clanship, or absolute lack of knowledge, he elicited nothing. Clorandy, or Clorinda, was a favourite name, and there were several gipsy women who bore it, but none was forthcoming, so he gradually ceased to inquire, leaving the development of the child's history to providence.

The union was suggested for her abode, and would probably have been accepted, had not Master Jack taken a great fancy to her, and as he was youngest born, and his mother's favourite, she was received into the Hoplands kitchen, pending inquiry. It ended in her remaining there for a few weeks, but finally Mrs. Harton kept her until she should be claimed by the gipsies. As this never took place, and as she proved a very amusing and companionable child, she was allowed to grow up at Hoplands. At first her protectors meant to make a servant of her, but somehow she slipped into their affections, and when Mrs. Harton was taken ill, became a necessity to that good lady. When Mrs. Harton died, she became equally a necessity to her husband, and so, as general messenger for the master, romp and plaything of the boys, and torment of the servants, Fan grew up with a very desultory education.

At first she was sent to the village school with the children of the cottagers, then she was advanced to a superior seminary whither the farmers' daughters went before they were drafted to boarding school, and finally one of the inmates of the Cottages had asked to be allowed to complete her education on the voluntary system, as she refused remuneration, and Fan was terribly trammeled by the reading of abstruse books under the supervision of a lady who had once been a governess in a nobleman's family.

"Why didn't the nobleman keep her, and not let her come down here to bother me?" Fan had frequently asked of her friend Jack. "Because the nobleman was very glad to get rid of her, and have

board and lodging found for her without dipping into his purse," replied shrewd Jack.

Fan was still completing her education with Miss Vigors when she uttered that irrational wish respecting her complexion, and Mr. Harton lived on in hopes that he might eventually find in her an intellectual companion. He was, himself, a great reader, and malicious people whispered that it would be better for himself and his family if he read less, and attended more to his affairs. He looked, indeed, a bookworm, as he sat in his somewhat uneasy chair with a ponderous tome beside him, and a black velvet cap surmounting his high and broad forehead. He was a large man both as regarded width and height, and not having as yet grown the patriarchal beard, his well shaven face was clearly developed. His features were marked, and his dark eyes had an expression of humour that mingled now and again with their more prevailing one of thought. But whatever his mood, nothing destroyed the sweetness of that character-indicator, the mouth, and his boys were wont to say that however cross father might be, his mouth was always good-tempered.

"I don't like Miss Aspenel as well as Miss Janet, but I wish I was as fair as she," cried Fan, breaking in upon Mr. Harton's musings, followed by the dogs.

Tossing off her hat, she took the stool at his feet vacated by Janet, and the four dogs grouped themselves round her.

"You are jealous, lass. Your poor mother always said that was your worst fault."

"Then I will cure of it," said Fan, setting her face and clenching her teeth, and suddenly grasping the shaggy coat of a retriever who lay nearest to her. "All gipsies are jealous. I wish I weren't a born gipsy, don't you, old Rolf?"

She tugged at the dog's hair until he turned round upon her with remonstrating eyes and a whine.

"He'd have bitten anybody else, Fan," said Mr. Harton.

"Of course he would, Sir, and quite right too. But he knows me, and the sort of girl I am, don't you, Rolf?"

Rolf's paws were instantly on her shoulders, and his tongue uncomfortably protruded towards her cheek.

"I wish Jack had Rolf, don't you, Sir? Jack has nobody, and I can't go and keep his house, because you couldn't do without me, could you, Sir?"

She had been taught, as a child, to call Mr. Harton "Sir," and she had now no other name for him. If she inquired for him, it was as often, "Where is Sir?" as "Where is Mr. Harton?"

"What a question, Fan. You are the only one at home just now. Of course I could not do without you. But is not this your afternoon for Miss Vigors?"

"I have just been to tell her that as you have the rheumatism I am wanted at home."

"Naughty Fan. I thought you were interested in that book I lent Miss Vigors on geology."

"It is a bad book, Sir. I don't believe a word of it. It tries to make one think that a day is thousands of years, and I know very well that a day means a day, and nothing more; and I haven't the least interest in old stones, and fossils, and things that happened before the Deluge, and even the Bible. I like the world and the people just as they are, and don't care a straw for the pre-Adamites. It is all bosh."

"Perhaps you are right, Fan. But what does Miss Vigors say? She is pre-eminently intellectual."

Fan burst out into a most unintellectual fit of laughter, in which Mr. Harton joined, for although he delighted in a literary gossip with Miss Vigors, he never thought of her without a smile.

"Here is Mr. Austen," shouted Fan, jumping up and running to the hall door to let in an elderly clergyman, the rector of Roselands.

"Well, Fan, and how is the invalid?" he asked.

"Scarcely an invalid, Austen," came from the dining-room, "but right glad to see you."

"Jack is building a log-hut, and has killed a skunk. What is a skunk, Mr. Austen? Sir won't tell me. He says I must look it out in the cyclopedia," said Fan, preceding him to Mr. Harton's chair.

"Jack killed a skunk!" exclaimed Mr. Austen. "Why, that is more than dogs will do, he has such an intolerable odour. He is a kind of weasel, Fan, happily devoted to home, and, unlike the young people of this age, not as yet finding it necessary to 'make the grand tour.' He hasn't come to Europe, as most Americans do, and long may he stop at home."

As soon as Mr. Austen was seated, Fan ran off, followed by her dogs, and left the two men to the discussion of affairs, public and private.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

How to Read Fortunes.

That a child's fortune might be inferred from the day of the week on which it was born, was an old superstition, and the following nurse's rhyme exhibits the distinguishing characteristics of all the seven days:—

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living,
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blythe and bonnie, and good and gay.

According to another old rhyme:—

Born on Sunday a gentleman,
Born on Monday fair of face,
Born on Tuesday full of grace,
Born on Wednesday sour and glum,
Born on a Thursday welcome home,
Born on a Friday free in giving,
Born on a Saturday work hard for your living.

A Bashful Wooer.

A proposal to the object of one's affections is a serious difficulty to constitutionally timid men. They may, however, resort to some such expedient as that of the youth whose bashfulness would not admit of his proposing directly, but who at length summoned up courage to lift the young lady's cat and say:

"Pussy, may I have your mistress?"

To which the young lady very naturally and cleverly responded, "Say yes, pussy!"

God's Acre.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust. *Longfellow.*

Telling Secrets.—To tell your own secrets is often folly; to communicate those of others is treachery.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Education.—The end of education is to render the individual as much as possible an instrument of happiness, first to herself and next to other people.

Contempt of Court.

A barrister in a court of justice, examining a woman as a witness, said, "Facts are stubborn things."

Witness: "Yes, sir, and so are women; and if you get anything out of me just let me know it."

Barrister: "You'll be committed for contempt."

Witness: "Very well, I'll suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

The Music of the Drum.—The thunder of the drums so took the fancy of Lord Sandwich, a musical amateur of last century, that he had one side of his music-room strained with parchment and used as a huge drum. On being suddenly struck it so alarmed the company that many of them fainted away. This, his lordship maintained, was a certain proof of the boldness of the effect.

Human Life.

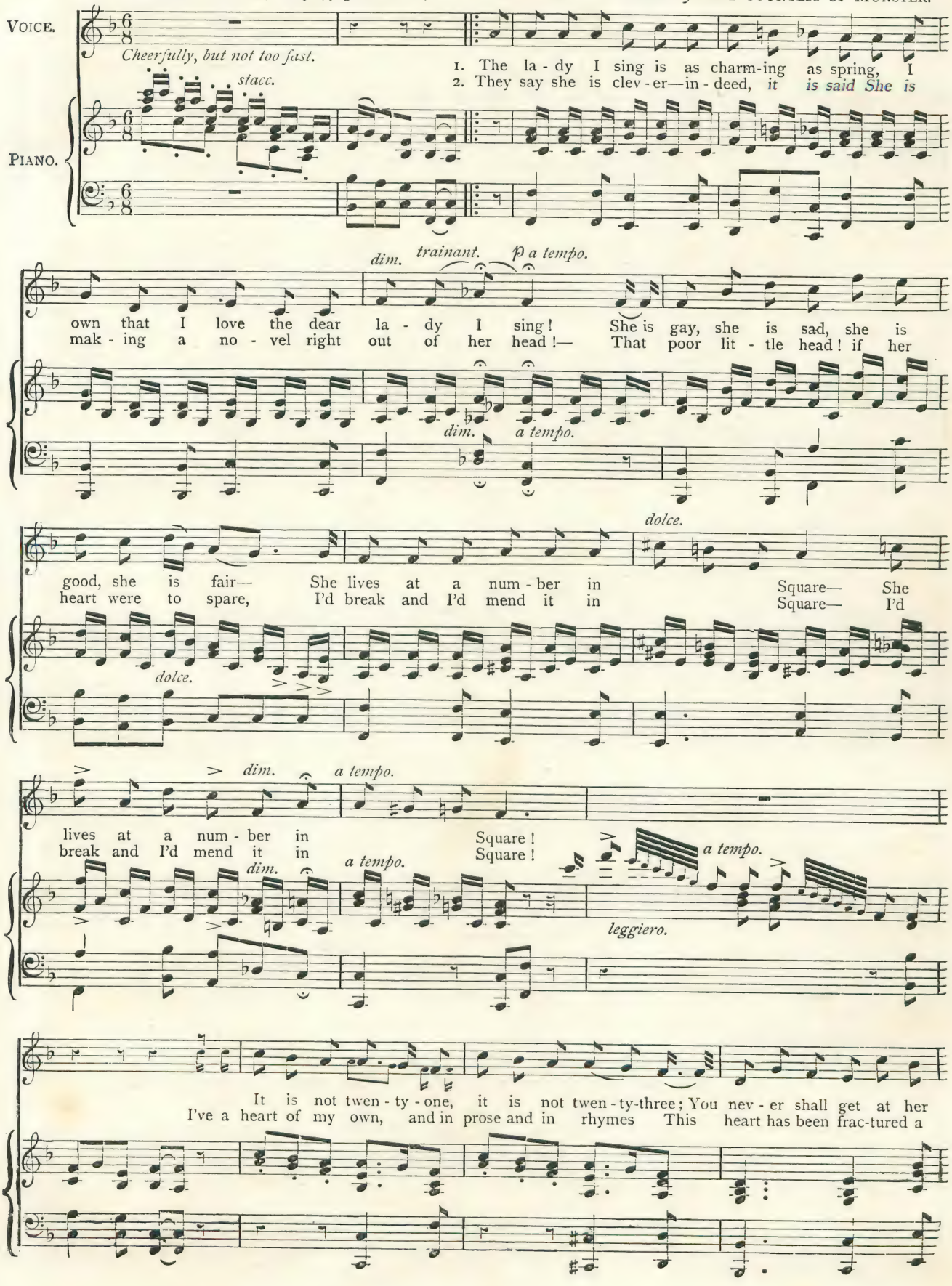
Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.
Edward Young.

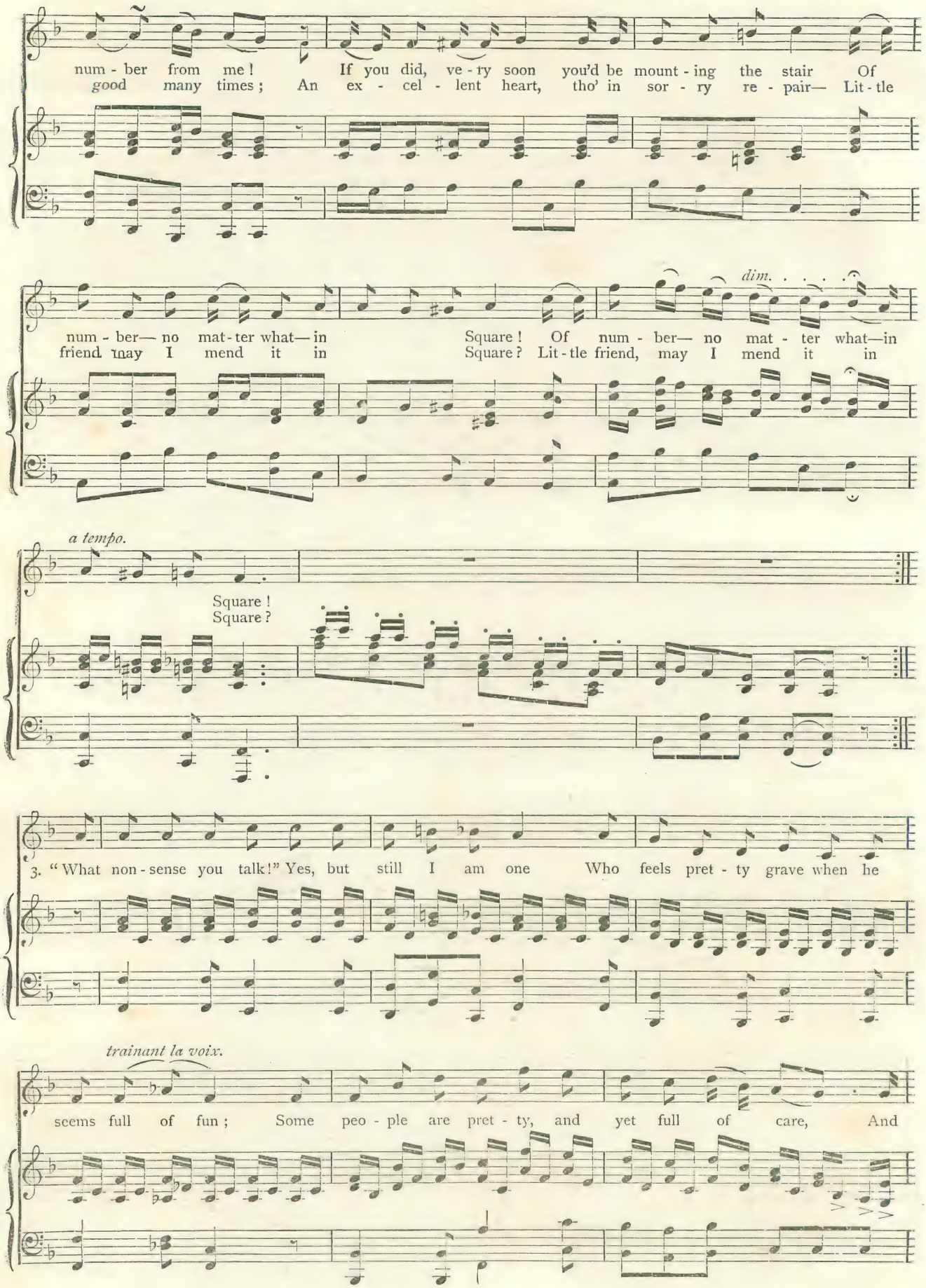
Foolish Expectation.—How can we expect that another should keep our secret, when it is more than we can do ourselves?—*Rochefoucauld.*

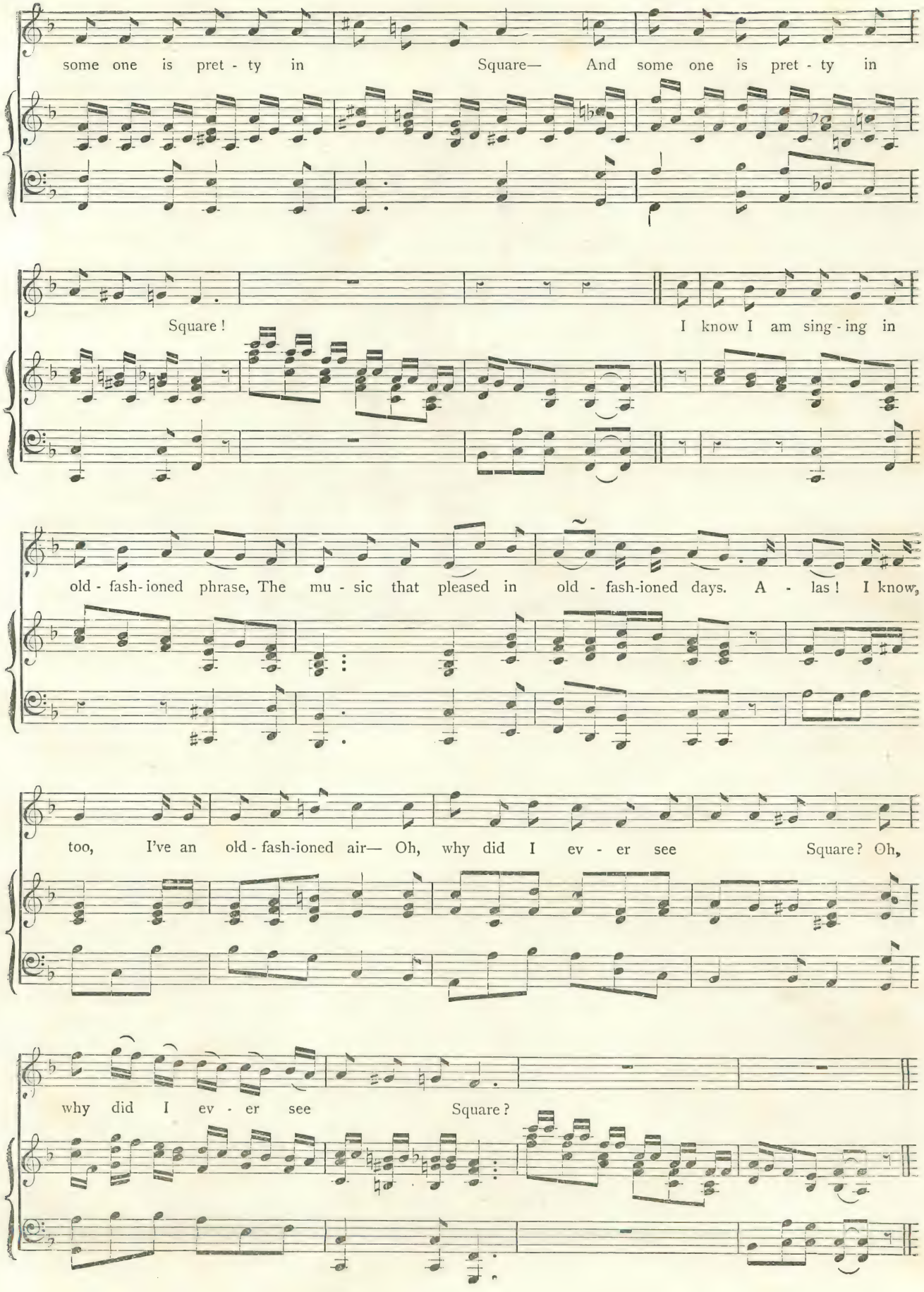
Benefit of Travelling.—To have travelled has many advantages, and one is, that annoyances and dangers, in recollection, become sources of pleasure; add to which, in the language of scripture, "the affliction is but for a moment," whilst the recollection endures for years. I advise those who are beginning their travels to bear this in mind.—*Thomas Walker.*

"THE LADY I LOVE."

Words by FREDERIC LOCKER, Esq. (*by permission*). *Music by* THE COUNTESS OF MUNSTER.




num - ber from me! If you did, ve - ry soon you'd be mount - ing the stair Of
good many times; An ex - cel - lent heart, tho' in sor - ry re - pair— Lit - tle
dim.
num - ber— no mat - ter what— in Square! Of num - ber— no mat - ter what—in
friend may I mend it in Square? Lit - tle friend, may I mend it in
a tempo.
Square!
Square?
3. "What non - sense you talk!" Yes, but still I am one Who feels pret - ty grave when he
trainant la voix.
seems full of fun; Some peo - ple are pret - ty, and yet full of care, And


some one is pret - ty in Square— And some one is pret - ty in
Square! I know I am sing - ing in
old - fash-ioned phrase, The mu - sic that pleased in old - fash-ioned days. A - las! I know,
too, I've an old - fash-ioned air— Oh, why did I ev - er see Square? Oh,
why did I ev - er see Square?

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

ESSAY WRITING ON A GREAT ENGLISH AUTHOR.

THE subject selected for our first competition is

My Favourite Heroine from Shakespeare.

Intending competitors are advised to read or re-read Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's article on "Shakespeare as the Girl's Friend," published in No. 388 of this magazine, and then to decide on the heroine she wishes most to write about.

The essay should be written upon foolscap paper, one side of the paper only, and not more than six pages. The name and address of the competitor are to be clearly written upon the back of the MS., together with the following certificate, signed by a clergyman, teacher, or parent :—

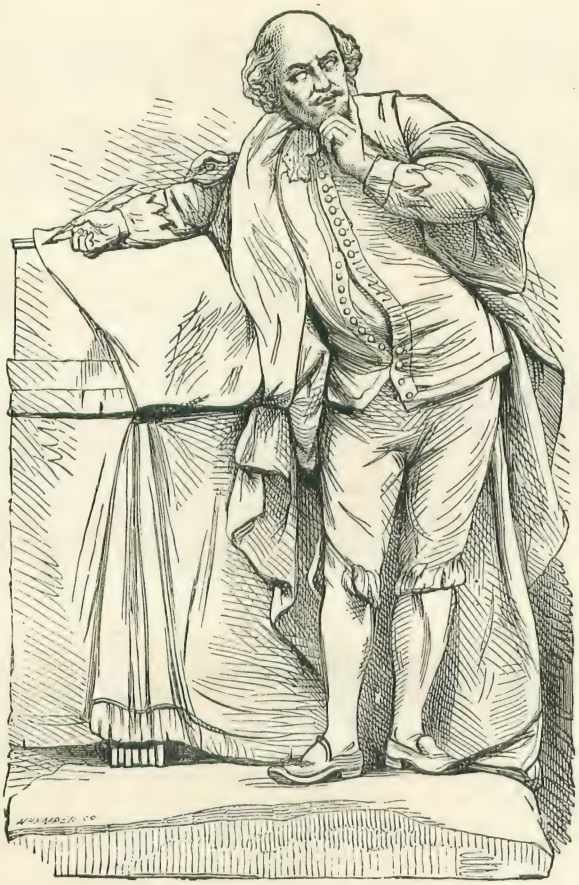
"I certify that this essay is in the handwriting, and is the sole unaided work of (here the competitor's name is to be repeated), and that her age is correctly stated.

"Signed————————."

The prizes will be two in number.

FIRST PRIZE.

TEN GUINEAS.



STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE IN FRONT OF STRATFORD TOWN HALL.

SECOND PRIZE.

FIVE GUINEAS.

Which will be awarded to the two best essays of the competition, in examining which the Editor will always bear in mind the age of the writer of the paper. Certificates of the First, Second, and Third Classes will also be awarded to deserving competitors.

———

All Prize Winners in connection with our competition will be entitled to a special vote in connection with

THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT,

a new society, particulars of which were printed on page 8.

The last day for receiving these essays will be Monday, January 2, 1888.

No letter should accompany the MS., and the words *Essay Competition* should be written on a corner of the wrapper or envelope.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

VIOLETTE FRANCAISE.—Your English does you the greatest credit. As a rule only Russian girls master that language as well as you have. We think that you would derive much pleasure and instruction and a good general acquaintance with the various styles of English literature by reading the "Handbook of Specimens of English Literature," by Dr. Angus, published at our office (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) You could easily order it through Messrs. Galignani, Rue de Rivoli.

JANNETTE.—We could scarcely do better than refer you to the answer given to J. Allen, page 230, Vol. v. G.O.P. (Jan 12th, 1884). The industrial institution at Dresden. Write to the matron, Frau Johanna Knipp, Frauen Industrie Schule, Elias Platz, No. 4, Ecke der Sachsen Allée, zu Dresden, for the prospectus, and all other information.

SYLVIA.—Your acknowledgments, so kindly offered, have gratified us much. The books you seem to require are "The Midnight Sky" (published at our own office), Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Saints," and "Lemprière's Classical Dictionary." Any librarian could procure them for you, or you might hire them from a circulating library.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—We thank you sincerely for your kindness in writing to tell of the great popularity of our paper amongst "our girls" of Australia; and more especially of the use of our articles, and the information otherwise supplied, respecting examinations; as many of them are in course of qualifying for the matriculation examination. We heartily wish you and them all success in your educational studies; and, above all, in their useful application in the future.

MUSIC.

AMY WOOD.—The Royal Academy of Music hold local examinations in counterpoint, harmony, singing, and instrumental music at any place where there are twelve candidates to present themselves. The fee is £1 1s. for each subject; address the secretary, Mr. John Gill.

HER OWN CHOICE.—Try tannin lozenges; or gargle with a mixture of alum, or borax and honey, with a little vinegar. This may clear your throat for singing.

TUDY.—Apply a little oil or grease to the pedals of your piano to prevent their squeaking. At the same time, we recommend you to desist from the too common practice of using them too much.

IVANHOE.—The cantata was invented by a Venetian lady—Barbara Strozzi—in the year 1653. Catalani's first appearance in England was in 1806, and she sang for the last time, in Dublin, in 1828. Grisi retired in 1861, having first distinguished herself in Milan in 1832, thus enjoying nearly 30 years of vocal power; and Catalani 22 years only.

DOLLY.—The dulcimer and psaltery were both wire-stringed musical instruments; and, having no dampers, like the pianoforte, the tone of one string ran into another and gave a rather confused sound. The sackbut was similar to the modern trombone, a species of trumpet of a powerful description. It has a tube of brass which slides within another, to increase or diminish the column of air. It is of a lower register than a real trumpet, and is made in three sizes. With the other instruments named in the Book of Daniel you are, of course, acquainted, *i.e.*, the cornet, flute, and harp.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. X.—Yes, sins confessed and repented of are forgiven for our Saviour's sake; but you must endeavour by His grace—obtained through prayer—to overcome those sins. When you consider that you should love Him above all things—friends, health, happiness, the necessaries of life, and life itself, and that you should daily think, speak, and act as one who thus loves—you will be able to realise your ingratitude, cold-heartedness, indolence, selfishness, unprofitableness. When you feel you need a Saviour, you will soon learn to love Him, and sooner or later you will find rest and peace in Him.

WILDFLOWER.—The bread used at table should either be put into a prettily-folded napkin and laid on the plate, or else laid, informally, on the table-cloth at the owner's right hand. At an afternoon tea, the removal by a visitor of a (single) glove depends on the nature of the entertainment given. If a biscuit, or dry piece of cake, the hand need not be uncovered; but if a muffin, or buttered tea-cake, we should much object to soiling a glove.

LADY BETTY B.—Glycerine does not agree with all skins; and in any case it should be diluted with a little water. It is good for roughnesses, rather than for an eruption such as you describe, which may be due to some weakness of digestion, acidity, poverty of blood, or heat of stomach. We could not decide to which of these causes your complaint is due; but think you should attend to your diet, not eat sweetmeats nor much sugar. A mild course of some mineral waters might be of use; but a doctor should prescribe which, and how much.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 407.] OCTOBER 15, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD LADIES.

EDITH, Janet, and Nurse True pursued their way rapidly when they left Hoplands. They skirted the park wall until they came to that bone of contention, The Cottages. These were half a dozen small houses, enclosed within iron gates, and seated in the centre of a kind of lawn. The builder must have had an eye to the picturesque, for the frontage was pretty, and the verandah that accompanied it light and airy. Beneath this verandah were six doors and six windows, and in front neat flower-beds terminated by a gravel walk. Above the said verandah were six Elizabethan windows, over which protecting eaves protruded. On all sides save that which opened into the road stretched fields, and a more peaceful spot could scarcely be conceived. In summer the houses were a mass of flowers and creepers, and even in this springtide the walls were not bare of leaves. Primroses and violets flourished everywhere, and a casual visitor would have said how happy must be the inmates of this sequestered scene.

Janet was the first to set foot on the verandah.

"Here we are, auntie, at last!" she shouted, as she burst open the door, rushed through the little hall, and upstairs into the neatest, smallest, and most elegant of sitting-rooms. "Not here!" she added. "Then she must be in her room." And she tore off, heedless of ornaments, to a wee and equally pretty sleeping apartment at the back of the house.

As this was also empty, she ran downstairs at once, shouting "Auntie" at the top of her voice, and into a tiny kitchen. Here a juvenile maid-of-all-work was toasting and buttering tea-cakes.

"What's up, Miranda?" she asked. And the girl rejoicing in that high-sounding name pointed to the back door.

She had the toasting-fork between her teeth while she was manipulating the cake, so she

"AN OBSTREPEROUS BRANCH."

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could not speak, and Janet, whose dignity was easily offended, muttered—

'That comes of taking Cousin Gerard's slum children into one's service."

But she entered the miniature and spotless scullery nevertheless, and went out into what was magnificently styled 'the back garden," still screaming "Auntie."

In another moment she had flung herself almost upon the back of a lady in a broad hat and gardening apron, who, with trowel in hand, was stooping over a bed of ferns.

"Wild as ever, Janet!" came from a masculine voice, before Mrs. Clarville was able to release herself.

"Cousin Gerard! How jolly! That is why Miranda is buttering cakes," screamed Janet, letting go Mrs. Clarville and seizing upon a stalwart young man who had his foot on a spade.

He stooped to kiss her, and she nearly upset him by twining her arms round his neck.

"Are there cakes enough for all, auntie? Edith and Nurse True are here, and we are come to tea. Bruce has gone off with Mrs. Aspenel, and we shall have you and Gerard all to ourselves. Isn't it jolly? We can sit four comfortably in the hall, for you know Nurse True never will join us, though you ask her. She always says, 'I know my place.'"

"She certainly does; which is more than we can say of all our domestics," laughed Mrs. Clarville.

"We don't consider Nurse True a domestic, but a friend," said Janet, offended.

"But we are all domestics, Janet, if we are worth anything," put in Gerard. "I become one as soon as I come to Roselands. In town there is nothing to domesticate me."

"Poor Gerard! You should have a cat."

"My landlady's feline friend does pay me a visit now and then, and I begin to feel quite a family man. Where is Miss Aspenel?"

"Let us surprise her. I will bring her here."

Janet rushed off and returned with Edith and Nurse True. There was a hearty greeting on all sides, but shy Edith was not so demonstrative as her sister, though very glad of an addition to the little party. Besides, Gerard was not her cousin, though she almost looked upon him as one.

Mrs. Clarville was a distinguished-looking woman, verging on fifty. She was distinguished in other ways besides her appearance. She was gentle-voiced and gentle-mannered—a gentlewoman, in short. Mr. Austen called her justly his peacemaker, and said that his parish would be paradise if all its female inhabitants were like her. She was young-looking still, and declared that there was nothing to make her grow old, since she had all her wants supplied, and Gerard was the best of sons.

Although she was Janet's great-aunt, the girl treated her as a companion, and a sincere affection existed between them.

As to Gerard, he was Janet's beau ideal of a hero, although she was always wishing that her hero were not a clerk in her father's office. Still, he was a sort of modern hero, for he was content to fight his battle just where God appointed, and he certainly had a hard field for his hand-to-hand combat. He had his aspirations, as we all have, but he smothered some of them for his mother's sake and others for his own. He was personally like his mother, and they both seemed too big for the house they were in. As Janet said, they filled it.

"I shall help Miranda to lay the table, and do everything, Nurse True," said Janet, decidedly; "so you may go and see poor Miss Lorne and Rebecca."

"Do. It will be kind to both," said Mrs. Clarville; and Nurse True departed.

"What have you done with your fringe, Miranda?" asked Janet, while doing her best to hinder that damsel in her work.

"Missus wouldn't let me wear it," replied Miranda, with a crestfallen air. "I don't know what the gals will say when I goes home. You haven't got one, miss."

"No. I don't like them, and they are going out of fashion. They are called the factory system. You were a factory girl, were you not, Miranda?"

"No, miss; I was never nothin' till Mr. Clarville brought me here, and now missus says she'll make a servant of me. I'm the eldest of eight, and father's out of work, and I had to nurse, and wash, and everythink, while mother went out charing."

"Had you a tiresome brother who wore your life out?"

"Bless you, miss! I had seven; but I'm alive still; and Mr. Clarville used to tell us never to mind, if we could help it; and I tried not to mind."

Janet grew reflective, and thought to herself, "She is wiser than I." Indeed, the wisdom of the world seemed to her to be concentrated in that particular cottage, small as it was."

To avoid dirtying the one sitting-room, and to save trouble, Mrs. Clarville took her meals in the miniature hall, and they were quickly disposed of, as the kitchen communicated with it. There was, as Janet said, just room for four at the oblong table, and on this occasion the quartette was very cheerful. Auntie's teacakes and bread-and-butter were always nicer than any at the Park, and certainly superior to what her son got in London; so appetite was not wanting at the feast. It was Gerard, not Miranda, who waited, and not only helped the ladies, but fetched the kettle from the kitchen, tended the small stove, drew the curtain over the door, lest his mother should take cold, and made himself so useful that Janet declared he ought to have been a woman. She sometimes called him a Molly.

"The best compliment you can pay me, Janet, since this is said to be 'the woman's age'; and if we men don't bestir ourselves, we shall be ousted from clerkships and professions by the so-called softer sex," said Gerard.

"How very much frightened the poor women must be!" suggested Edith, to whom the idea of publicity was distasteful.

"On the contrary, Miss Aspenel, they like it; not all, perhaps, but most. You would not."

"I should," interrupted Janet. "I am going in for art, auntie. I am to be sent to school."

"The best thing that could happen to you, Janet," said Gerard; but his mother scarcely agreed.

When tea was over he said he had much work to do before he returned to town by the last train. Janet volunteered to help, and the pair went together to the small plot of ground at the back, belonging to Mrs. Clarville's cottage. They picked off the dry fronds of the budding fern, commenting on the curled-up leaves, unfolding so carefully at the call of spring. They admired the green promise of fruit on the six currant bushes. "The exact number of The Cottages," said Janet. They professed to weed the mustard and cress where not a weed was to be seen, and dug up such bits of ground as still lay fallow.

"It is *multum in parvo*, Janet. How does the mother manage to get so much into so little?" said Gerard.

"It is like her head; it holds everything," was the reply.

Then the cousins went round to the front, and fastened up the trailing parasites. While they were doing this a curious little figure stepped out from door No. 2.

"How do you do, Mr. Gerard? You are so tall and I am so short—short by name and stature—that I cannot reach that tiresome branch of japonica; and if the wind catch it, good-bye to the tree," it said.

Gerard instantly used the hammer and nails he held in his hand to confine the obstreperous branch, while Miss Short and Janet entered into a lively conversation.

The little lady was said to be over eighty years of age, and held a walking-stick as tall as herself, but was as brisk as if she were eighteen. She was an incessant talker, and was sometimes even too much for Mrs. Clarville, who listened to the complaints of her neighbours with exemplary patience.

"Perhaps, my dear, you could prevail on your excellent father to lay down a little gravel in front and send a tiler to the roof. Timms would come at once, if he was sure of payment. And, now the spring is on, he might perhaps paint up the doors and windows for us; for truly we are going to decay. Nothing personal, my dear; I am quite well, thank you. And, as you see, the verandah wants looking to, and the very pavement is cracking. When I see your dear mamma I will represent it to her; for your papa is so much engaged that I never meet him. I don't know what we should do without Mr. Gerard, who is our Jack-of-all-trades, for there's nothing he cannot do, and, my dear, he's willing to do it, which one can't say of all men, young or old."

When the japonica was properly affixed, Gerard said he was bound to go in and see Mrs. Lucy, for she considered

that she had a right to him, being a widow, like his mother. Miss Short tramped off, making a rattle on the pavement with her walking-stick, and Gerard and Janet were soon ushered upstairs into a tiny apartment of the exact size of Mrs. Clarville's, but less elegantly furnished. The chairs and tables were too big for the room, and the portraits that surrounded it must have come from some ancestral dining-room belonging to previous members of the Lucy family.

Mrs. Lucy was sitting bolt upright in one of the big, antique chairs. She held out a limp hand, and welcomed them in a melancholy voice. She always had a grievance, and aired it whenever she could. To-day it was Miss Short's walking-stick, which was too much for her nerves; but not being on visiting terms with Miss Short, she could not take the liberty of telling her how excruciating was the tap, tap, tap of her very ponderous support.

Gerard apologised for a short visit, and she said, with a deep sigh, that everybody was in a hurry in these fast days, but that she could not expect young people to stay with one who could no longer amuse them, and who was reduced from affluence to dependence.

"I'm sure Gerard would stay if he had time," exclaimed Janet.

"I must inquire for the others, or my reputation will be gone," said Gerard, tapping at No. 4.

Miss Lilyton was away on a visit, and No. 5—Miss Vigors—had gone off in search of Fan and to have a gossip with Mr. Harton.

"Mistress will be sadly vexed to miss you, sir; for she says she enjoys an intellectual talk," said a middle-aged woman who had followed Miss Vigors to her present abode from a more pretentious one in which she formerly kept a school.

It was remarkable that three out of the six of these ladies had faithful friends, who had clung to them through good and ill. Gerard always said that this told well for human nature.

At No. 6, the last of The Cottages, they were greeted by Nurse True, who was standing at the door with her particular friend, Rebecca Sure. She was waiting for Mrs. Clarville and Edith, who were upstairs with poor, bedridden Miss Lorne. All the inmates of The Cottages had histories more or less sad, but none interested Janet so much as Rebecca's, for although she was an elderly woman, there was still a romance to be ended in her life; for had she not still a lover, and had not old Stroke, the blacksmith, been waiting for her ever since they were both young, only (how many buts and onlys there are in life!)—only she would not marry so long as her mistress lived That mistress had been the daughter of a previous incumbent of Roselands, and had devoted her life to works of love Amongst these had been the bringing up as servant at the rectory of the orphan Rebecca, who had never left her from that day to this.

At the moment when she and Nurse True were saying their "last words" Miss Lorne was saying hers to Mrs Clarville and Edith.

"Good-bye, dear friends. It seems as if the Lord was long in calling me; but He knows best. He summons the young and vigorous, and leaves the cumberers of the ground, like me. It seems mysterious. I shall have lived ninety years ere long, and Rebecca is nearly sixty—happy years most of them; and now at their close God has sent you to me, dear Mrs. Clarville, and I thank Him heartily. You, Rebecca, and Mr. Austen, and you, my darling Edith—so like your mother!—are indeed very good to me."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the pedlar.

"Well yes, you can if you ain't blind," snapped the woman who had answered the bell.

"Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?"

"Yes, I am. What d'yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next door neighbour, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice-chest?"

"I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter."

"Oh, did yer? Well, that was nat'ral, too," replied the lady of the house. "What d'ye want, sir?"

Then the pedlar displayed his wares, and when he left that doorstep half an hour later, his face was full of pleasure, and his pockets were full of money. He understood human nature, and made a good sale.

A TALE OF A WEDDING.

M. de la Salle married a beautiful Parisian girl, eighteen years of age, whose mild, unassuming manners and amiable deportment had captivated the hearts of all her acquaintances. One of her admirers indeed left Paris at the time in order to forget the girl, who as a married woman was lost to him for ever.

This friend, after remaining absent for about six weeks, returned to town, and, wishing to surprise the happy couple, forbade the servant to announce him, and went silently to the apartment of M. de la Salle.

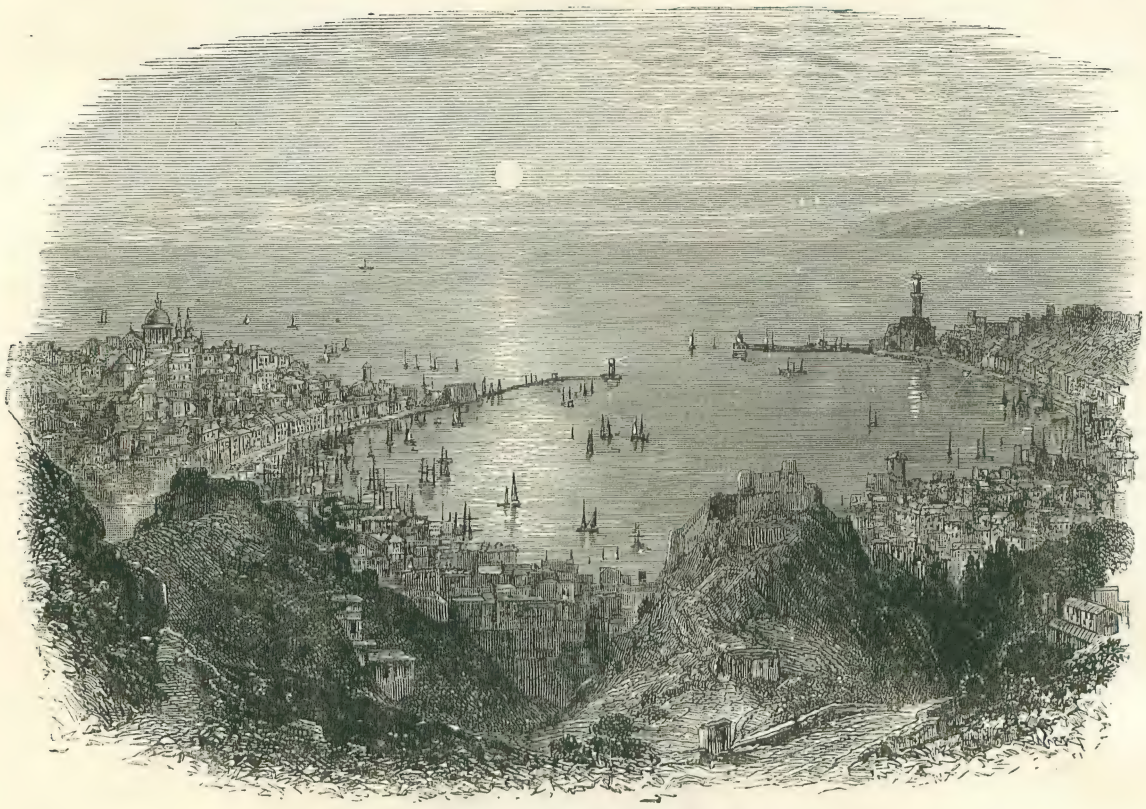
A violent struggle within caused him to stop, and presently the door opened, and the recently-married husband rushed hastily out, a large and beautifully bound book flying past within an inch of the head of the fugitive, who, looking neither to the right nor to the left, tumbled downstairs with the utmost precipitation.

The book fell at the feet of the friend, who taking it up, read upon the title-page "A token of affection presented to the gentle Clémence by Adolphe de la Salle."

It is needless to say that he departed without a spark of envy in his mind.

AN EVEN TEMPER.—Of all personal and mental attractions, the two most permanent are undoubtedly smoothness of skin and temper—a sort of velvetness of body and mind. As they both especially depend upon the digestion, that is one of the strongest arguments for attending to its state. For once that the actions of human beings are guided by reason, ninety-and-nine times they are more or less influenced by temper. It is an even temper only that allows reason her full dominion, and enables us to arrive at any intended end by the nearest way, or at all. On the other hand, there is no obstacle to advancement or happiness so great as an undisciplined temper—a temper subject to pique or uncertainty.—*Walker's Original.*

THE GOOD AND THE TRUE.—There is the love of the good for the good's sake, and the love of the truth for the truth's sake. I have known many, especially women, love the good for the good's sake; but very few, indeed, and scarcely one woman, love the truth for the truth's sake. Yet without the latter the former may become, as it has a thousand times been, the source of persecution of the truth—the pretext and motive of inquisitorial cruelty and partly zealotry. To see clearly that the love of the good and the true is ultimately identical, is given only to those who love both sincerely and without any foreign ends.—*S. T. Coleridge.*



GENOA FROM THE HEIGHTS.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

When two friends start together for a tour, especially for a Continental tour, it is generally supposed that their friendship is put to a severe test. "You never know the character of a man until you travel with him," is a well-known saying; and though it does not follow from this that the result will be unsatisfactory, yet the majority of us have irritable qualities and annoying ways which are almost certain to show themselves whilst travelling.

The petty troubles of life, which Thackeray says are the most difficult to bear, are almost a necessity of Continental travel, and they give rise to exhibitions of temper and angry rejoinders which too often separate friends who, if they had remained at home, would, perhaps, never have quarrelled.

With my friend and I, however, this was not the case. Whether it was because our friendship for one another was of a very sincere kind, or that we possess much in common, certain it is that when we considered ourselves justified in making a second tour to the sunny South, we at once thought of one another, and determined to again put our savings together, and start under the same conditions as before.

My friend is a bachelor of methodical mind, and he said, "We are yet young, and hope to live long enough to go many times abroad together, and as Italy is of all countries the most interesting, we will arrange to visit it four times. North Italy we saw last year, and this year we will visit the Riviera and Central Italy, making Florence the head-quarters of our holiday, but leaving out Rome."

"But are we not going as far south as Orvieto?" I asked; "and that is only a few hours' ride from Rome."

But my friend's plan was to thoroughly "do" the more important places of Central Italy, and to leave the Eternal City and the surrounding country for a third visit, while Naples and Sicily would be visited in our fourth tour, should we be so fortunate as to spend four holidays in the glorious peninsula.

Our delight in visiting Italy for a second time was great. The country would not, of course, be new to us. The beautiful and luxuriant landscape, the grand churches, the marble palaces, the wonderful art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the interesting people, the strange and sad poetry of Italy, "glorious in her decline"—all this would not be novel; but the first tour had taught us to love art and to have a keener appreciation of the beautiful, and it was thus, with a more intellectual (kind reader, pardon the vanity) if less excitable pleasure, that we started the second time for Italy.

And now for one necessary misery—the sea. It was not a smooth passage, and the sea was not blue, as it was when we had arrived at Dover on the previous year. On the contrary, ominously large waves were dashing against the pier, and a piercingly cold wind did not augur well for the comfort of the passage. I am a very bad sailor, and the hour and twenty minutes seemed interminable to me. However, it came to an end at last, and Calais, so old-world and so foreign, was reached. A capital train then took us to Paris, where we rested for the night.

The approach to Italy *viâ* the Mont Cenis, though interesting, does not compare with the St. Gothard route. Of course the latter is a pass from Switzerland, and the train skirts the finest of the lakes, and passes in its course the valleys of the Reuss on the one side and of the Ticino on the other. This is probably the grandest railway journey to be made in Europe; after it the Mont Cenis is disappointing, though some fine Alpine scenery is passed after Aix-les-Bains. From the latter place the line rises incessantly until Modane is reached. This is the last town on the French side of the Alps, and is the seat of the Custom House, the officials of which are the most troublesome and exacting to be found anywhere.

My friend, who had recently read a letter in a leading newspaper cautioning travellers to open all their packages and show the officials everything, insisted that I should take out my packets of tobacco, weighing altogether about a pound. This I greatly regretted to have to do, as the tobacco was of my favourite brand, and I knew it would not be possible to get any like it in Italy. My friend also unpacked his box of excellent cigarettes; he was evidently under the impression that we should regain our goods for a trifling sum. A party of four, who had travelled with us from Paris, was equally scrupulous, and produced a can of biscuits, which had been procured for consumption on the journey.

All this was but ill repaid. My tobacco was the first dealt with; it was put into an enormous scale and weighed. The official then told me I might retain it, on the condition that I paid the duty, naming a most exorbitant sum, almost treble the value of the tobacco. Of course I decided to leave it. The cigarettes were also confiscated. My friend then reasoned with the men, and

declared he had always been allowed to pass a small amount of tobacco; the result of which was that he was condescendingly presented with six of his own cigarettes! The officials had no mercy; they even kept the tin of biscuits.

The great Mont Cenis Tunnel, next to St. Gothard, the longest in the world, is entered soon after Modane. The height of the tunnel above the level of the sea is considerably greater than that of St. Gothard, and, though shorter by about a mile and a half, the transit takes longer. After leaving the tunnel, the line descends, and passes some fine gorges, the views of which, however, can only be obtained at intervals, on account of the number of the tunnels. After awhile the broad plain of Piedmont is reached, and, like that of Lombardy, it is interesting on account of the variety it affords from the mountainous districts.

At Turin we just had time for a very welcome breakfast, and then, changing trains, we proceeded to Genoa. The scenery before arriving at the latter is most beautiful and interesting. The train winds in and out of the Appennines, each turn of the road disclosing fine views of mountain scenery and thoroughly Italian villages and towns. The suburbs of Genoa, however, seemed interminable, and it was almost night before we arrived at the handsome and spacious railway station of Genoa.

We were then put into a rickety old omnibus, and away we rattled over the flagstones to one of the many hotels which overlook the harbour and command an excellent view of one of the most picturesque of Italian ports.

We rose early, for sleep was out of the question after about five a.m. Italian workmen seem to do a great part of their day's work before we tourists are out of bed, and, as if in protest against our laziness, they do all the noisy part first. I am sure if we were to judge of Italians by the rattling, hammering, etc., that goes on in early morning, we should come to the conclusion that they were the most industrious people in Europe. The middle of the day, however, tells quite a different tale. Picturesquely grouped together on the steps of a church, and basking in the sun

MONACO FROM THE MAINLAND.

asleep during many of the hours which we consider among the best in the day. This way of inverting the sleeping hours is certainly a wise one, considering the Italian climate, and we should be reluctant to sneer at the Italians, asleep or resting in the middle of the day, enjoying that *dolce far niente* which English workmen are only allowed to indulge in before and after their day's work, as the Italians may retaliate, and ask about the amount of work done before seven a.m.

After a breakfast thoroughly inadequate in quantity to our wants, we strolled out of the hotel, intent upon getting a general view of the city before visiting the principal sights. This we always like to do; but my friend prefers to hire a carriage and drive through the streets, while I advise a ramble over a strange city on foot. In this instance my advice prevailed, and we decided to climb one of the heights at the back of the city, and get a birdseye view of Genoa and its interesting harbour.

Before we had gone a hundred yards from the hotel we had to return for our great-coats. The cold in London during the early part of the year was very severe; but it was nothing to Genoa. An icy wind rushing down the lofty, narrow streets, seemed to freeze the very marrow of our bones, and the contrast of this to the hot-looking sky, which was of a dark, deep blue, made us feel quite irritable. However, we walked quickly on, passing, now a street of stately palaces, and now a narrow, lofty passage.

Presently we emerged from the city, and climbed a small hill, only to confront a great bastion, which blocked further progress. We descended, and wandered through a suburb, beautifully planted with trees and defended by fortifications, some of ancient date and some but recently erected. Then we started for another hill, but were stopped this time by soldiers, and told there was no thoroughfare that way. Certainly Genoa is well protected. It seemed to our untechnical minds to be the strongest place imaginable. In all directions are fortifications, and regiments of soldiers are continually marching up and down its narrow streets.

Arrived at the summit of a height behind the city, we had a glorious view of Genoa; truly "La Superba." In the form of a crescent, backed by lofty hills, the city rises from the sea, and covers the steep acclivities with its streets, churches, campanili, and marble palaces. Above are embattled forts and a rich luxury of vegetation, and below is the glorious blue expanse of the Mediterranean; while the grand sweep of the harbour, terminated at either extremity by two piers, encloses the interesting scene of a prosperous commercial port; for Genoa is still a place of considerable activity, though, of course, greatly fallen from the time when it held the foremost place in the world's commerce.

Hills rise in all directions, covered with the oleander and olive, and with groves of the orange and lemon; while peeping out from the mass of verdure may be seen either an embattled tower, some remnant of the endless wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, or the graceful and peaceful residence of some Genoese noble.

We descended into the city again, and I suggested luncheon, for I was hungry after the walk and frugal breakfast. We entered a truly Italian restaurant, and had a *table d'hôte* luncheon, consisting of thin garlic soup and macaroni. Neither looked appetising, but they proved better than we anticipated. The macaroni especially—which, by the bye, is not served as it is in England, but cut into thin strips and served with thick gravy—was very palatable.

On emerging from the restaurant we came across a crowd of people going to some show to be celebrated on a neighbouring hill. The Genoese men are robust and handsome, and they seemed to us to be the most excitable of the Italians. In their ordinary talk their gesticulation and gabbling give an outsider the impression that blows are imminent; but this is only their method of carrying on conversation. The women are graceful both in their actions and dress. We noticed that some of them wore a muslin veil over their heads and shoulders, and falling slightly over their forehead, and tucked in under the chin. Most of them are fair, but rather pale.

After wandering about some narrow streets —Genoese geography is very difficult to master—a street of stately marble mansions opened before us.

This we knew to be the Via Balbi, said to be "unsurpassed in Europe." This street, with the Nuovissima and the Nuova, makes one continuous thoroughfare, and contains unquestionably a greater number of fine palaces than any street in Europe. Not but that the palaces are somewhat uninteresting. They are heavy-looking Renaissance structures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and being all of one style there is none of that contrast which is so great a charm in the great water thoroughfare of Venice. The courts and staircases, however, are very grand. One enters a large hall, which leads to a court surrounded by arcades resting upon slender, graceful columns, and frequently beyond this is a charming garden of orange trees, which must look deliciously cool in summer. The staircases also, especially that of the Palazza dell' Universita, are very splendid.

From this street of princes we found our way to a much humbler part of Genoa. Here the roads are very narrow—mere lanes, in fact —and the houses unusually high, with huge cornices nearly meeting across, so that only a narrow strip of the bluest of blue skies is seen. The houses are painted all kinds of colours, and out of the windows are hung bits of muslin, tarpaulin, filthy rags, etc. At the street corners are curious little shrines of the Crucifixion or of the Virgin, and a variety of strange wares are being bought and sold in all directions. All very interesting, and ablaze with colour; but very evil-smelling. All so foreign, so Italian, so wondrously picturesque; but so very dirty.

On we wandered, through many such streets, until an opening to the right showed us that we were near to the coast. At this point my friend suggested that we should turn back and visit some of the churches. "It is four o'clock," he said; "to-morrow we leave Genoa, and we have not yet seen the Cathedral, the Annunziata, or S. Maria di Carignano." So we turned back, and found our way to the former.

The Cathedral of S. Lorenzo was commenced in the eleventh century, under a Pisan architect, but the façade, with its magnificent portals, is supposed to be the work of a French architect of the earlier part of the thirteenth century. These portals are much purer in style than other Gothic work in Italy, although they are not quite free from the influence of an earlier style. They are adorned with a great deal of very beautiful sculpture. The upper portion of the façade is of striped black and white marble, and very inferior to the lower portion. In the interior, which is also striped, the nave is the finest part; it is separated from the aisles by dark marble pillars. Very interesting is the chapel of St. John the Baptist, and into it no woman is allowed to enter, except for one day in the year, on account of the crime of the daughter of Herodias. Unfortunately we were not able to enter the chapel, as it was too late in the day, and a boy, whom we had commissioned to get the keys, never returned.

From the Cathedral we walked to the Piazza Annunziata, situated between the Via Balbi and the Via Nuovissima; in fact, it is the connecting link between those streets. The Church of the Annunziata, which is entered from a portal supported by marble columns, is internally gorgeous beyond all description, and one of the finest examples of its kind in Europe. Basilica in form, and of noble proportions, its walls literally glitter with colour, and that the effect should be as sumptuous as possible the white marble columns are fluted with marble of a darker hue. The Annunziata has been sneered at as "an illuminated snuff-box"; but it is a perfect example of a kind of church only possible in Italy, and is a remarkable monument of the munificence of a single family.

We did not venture out of the hotel after *table d'hôte* on account of the cold, so we had a log fire lighted in our room, which was a great comfort. The bedrooms in Genoa and some of the cities of the Riviera are very long, and the beds are placed at the extreme end of the room, so that the remaining space does very well as a sitting-room, especially when there happens to be a fire-place, which, however, is not always the case. Another thing that struck me as singular was that the beds are hung round with gauze; but my friend explained that this is to keep away the mosquitoes, which are very troublesome in late summer and autumn.

Early next morning we commenced our travels in the Riviera di Ponente. Now the Riviera is a district very much talked about, and visited by great numbers annually; but as is often the case, fashion goes to a portion only of this beautiful coast, and leaves the rest, if not unvisited, at all events but little known.

As can be seen by the map, the Riviera is divided into two portions—that going from Genoa in a south-westerly direction towards Nice is called the Riviera di Ponente, while the south-eastern portion from Genoa towards Pisa is known as the Riviera di Levante. It is as well to subdivide the Riviera di Ponente into the fashionable and unfashionable parts—the former is from San Remo (inclusive) to Nice, and the latter from Genoa to San Remo (exclusive). The carriage road from one end of the Riviera to the other is called the Cornice Road, the obvious meaning of which is a ledge cut out from the steep shore.

Our plan was to take the train to Savona, and then drive to Albenga or Orneglia by road. This would give us an opportunity of seeing the comparatively unfrequented part of the Riviera di Ponente. We could then take the train from Albenga or Orneglia, and visit Monte Carlo and Nice, and on the return journey we might see Mentone or San Remo.

This plan turned out to be a good one with the exception of the first stage—the railway journey from Genoa to Savona. This was unsuccessful, because we could see but little of the scenery owing to the frequency of the tunnels. What we did see, however, was very beautiful.

Arrived at the station at Savona we could not find our guide books—a serious matter considering that we did not know the district. My friend then remembered that the books had been left to my care, and I was "roundly abused" for my negligence. Presently I meekly suggested that we had better telegraph for the books, and my friend acknowledged that this was the best thing to do, so we left the station and found our way to the post office.

Savona, a very ancient city, is, after Genoa and Nice, the largest place on the Cornice Road; but it is not often visited by tourists, and has a very unaltered aspect. The harbour, once so important, is very picturesque, and when we were there its beauty was much

enhanced by an exquisite sunset. Looking towards Genoa the mountainous coast was visible for miles, enclosing a vast expanse of the still Mediterranean. The sky and part of the coast was a deep red, and in the foreground was the grey and venerable tower rising near the harbour, and the picturesque port and shipping of Savona. The scene was extremely beautiful, but looked strangely unreal, very like a well-painted back scene of a theatre. I suppose it was the solemn stillness and the gorgeous sunset which gave it this effect, for when we visited the same place the next morning it did not strike us as being so ideal as on the previous evening.

Before proceeding to Albenga we drove to the famous Santuario, about five miles from Savona. The sixteenth century church embosomed in the mountains, which are covered with a luxury of vegetation truly characteristic of the Riviera, is built on a spot where the Virgin is said to have appeared, and it is enriched with a quantity of gold and silver offerings and other treasure. In the lower part of the chapel, reached from the nave by a descent of steps, is the celebrated statue of the Virgin, wearing the gorgeous jewelled crown of Pope Pius VII., who resided in Savona during the French occupation of Rome.

From Savona we drove over the Cornice Road to Albenga, passing numerous picturesque towns, backed up by the sweetest Italian landscape; the latter not so rich or luxuriant as at Mentone and Monte Carlo, but doubly interesting from the combination of architecture and scenery. No fashionable tourists here, no restoration (except that which is absolutely necessary)—no "improvements," in fact, of any description. Some of these towns, and there are a great number of them, must have remained much as they were two or three centuries back. The inhabitants, a simple and hardworking set of people, live by fishing and boatbuilding, and have been but little affected by the great political changes of Italy. They are also very frugal, and would be comparatively prosperous were it not for the dreadful earthquakes so frequent in the Riviera.

Little did we know when driving through the paved thoroughfares of these primitive fishing towns, that in three days an earthquake more terrible in its consequences than any that had happened for years would visit this district, entirely destroy many of the towns, and decimate the population to a frightful extent. What a curious dispensation of Providence that the earthquake should have visited with such fearful calamity these primitive and harmless spots, and have left almost untouched the gambling hell of Monte Carlo!

The whole way from Savona to Albenga is most interesting. Sometimes the road is on a level with the Mediterranean; at other times it ascends a rock, a veritable cornice road, and from a height overlooks the "tideless sea." Looking back in the direction of Genoa the exquisite coast line in the form of a bay is seen for miles, and to our right is that picturesque combination of architecture and scenery before alluded to.

Our driver from Savona was a merry fellow, rather smartly dressed, and with a feather in his cap. Before arriving in Albenga he lighted a long cigar, put his hat jauntily on one side, and commenced to crack his whip in a most determined manner. Evidently he intended to make an impression on the natives of Albenga. Unfortunately, his little scheme was entirely spoilt by a ragged old man, who saw we were tourists, and mounted the box of our carriage, notwithstanding the threats and entreaties of the driver. It was quite distressing to see the disappointment of our driver, whose entry into Albenga was, of course, completely spoilt by the ragged old beggar.

Not liking the "garlicy" appearance of the inn, we drove to the station, and waited there for a train to take us to Monte Carlo. It was dark by the time we started, and nothing could be seen between Albenga and Monte Carlo. We found out the next morning that the famous gambling centre is placed in by far the loveliest scenery of the Riviera.

But I have now come to the end of my space, and must hold over an account of our experiences of the Casino until next month.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN NOT TO TAKE MEDICINE.

By MEDICUS.

My intention in this paper is to give a few useful hints, not so much about the value of certain medicines, but regarding their indiscriminate use. Some people get into a habit of using drugs without the slightest notion of their utility or mode of action; others, fond of doctoring themselves, and in possession of a medicine chest, open the lid when they feel out of sorts, and their choice of the remedy would be quite as judicious if they shut their eyes and took the first bottle their hands touched, like a person drawing tickets from a bag in a lottery. Some there be again who run their eyes over the quack remedies advertised in the newspapers, and, with a simplicity of faith which would be praiseworthy in a better cause, believe all they read, buy, and begin. This over-weening faith in drugs is greatly to be condemned. Wholesale self-physicing is not only silly, it is positively dangerous. Instead of opening the medicine-box at all, it would, in nine cases out of ten, be better if the would-be patient were to sit on the lid for an hour. That, at all events, would be safe.

Now this paper of mine should come in opportunely, because it is in this month, more perhaps than any other, that people begin to wonder what medicine they ought to take. Were you to ask some of these physic-lovers why they wish to take any drug at all, seeing that they do not seem to be suffering from any particular ailment, you would receive such answers as the following:—

No. 1.—I haven't received the benefit which I expected from the summer holiday, and so something must want putting to rights.

No. 2.—I want to get myself strong for the coming winter.

No. 3.—My nerves feel all unstrung.

No. 4.—I dread the cold weather, because my lungs are weak.

No. 5.—My liver's all to pieces.

No. 6.—My stomach is out of order; I'm tired, jaded, and altogether out of sorts.

And so on and so forth. Well, let me have a word to say to each class. To the first, then, I might remark: When you went on your summer holiday, did you set about the right way to gain benefit? Ah! you know you did not. *Rus in urbe* is very nice and pleasant, but *urbs in rure* is quite a different sort of thing. And that is what I expect you endeavoured to secure. You make the mistake that thousands do, and who consequently return home, after their spell of seaside "enjoyment," ten times more worn out than when they took their tickets to start. Indeed, so stupid are town people in general about health matters, that the only way to compel them to reap the benefits of sea air and sea quiet and sunshine would be to shut them up in the top of a lighthouse.

But there, there is no use crying over spilt milk.

I will grant, then, that the benefit you have received at the seaside is not what it should or might have been. But remember this does not indicate any serious chronic illness, nor any trouble which medicine alone can dispel. You are suffering more from what I may call "fag" than anything else, and this word fag simply means a succession of small shocks to the nervous system; none of them are very great in themselves, but, taken together, capable of causing considerable depression. As long as the excitement lasted, as long as you were breathing pure, bracing air, with the sun shimmering on the waves, and everything gay and gaudy around you, with something new to look at every minute, you did not feel this "fag;" but now that you are back home every nerve in your body seems to ache or be uneasy, and every muscle feels out of place. Well, is yours a case that medicine can remedy? I hardly think so. What you want is rest. All you can get take. You want quiet too. Perhaps you belong to the work-a-day world. Well, the duties of the day being over, do not go out again. Abjure even exercise for a time. Read amusing books, so that the mind may be pleasantly occupied and the body be left alone. Lie on the sofa, instead of sitting up. Take a warm bath at night, and sponge the body with cold water in the morning. Sleep is a great restorer in such cases, but it must be procured by legitimate means. Sleep all you can, when you can, and where you can, the church alone excepted.

So much for "fag."

Now we come to the second class of medicine-mongers—hard-working people, perhaps, who have to struggle with the world, and who have not had the chance to enjoy a summer's holiday. But still I say "Halt!" and I place a gentle hand on your shoulder, as I find you making your way to the medicine chest. You have work to do this winter that you must perform, and you want to gird your loins for the battle. But I do not think you will find in a sugar-coated pill the armour that will assist you in this battle. The irksome, tiresome duties before you will no doubt strain both mind and body. But consider first if some portion of these may not be avoided. If they be duties to an employer, and you have undertaken them, the answer is "No!"

But, as is very often the case, you merely mean to labour for your own ulterior benefit. Then, I pray you, remember that there is no blessing in the world equal to good health. Diadems and wealth of jewellery—aye, a throne itself, were dearly bought if health has to suffer in acquiring *them*. Try, then, how little you can do if you are not strong. There is a still small voice within one that tells us the measure of our strength, and if we turn a deaf ear to that we are bound to suffer.

However, independent of this, it is laudable enough of you to try to get strong. Well, put yourself under training for six weeks. This does not mean such a tax on the resolution as one might imagine. You have only to strictly obey the laws of hygiene, and take an additional dose—not of medicine, mind—of exercise every day the sun rises. Get up at the same hour every morning, and have a bath and an early breakfast, so that you may have time for a good wholesome walk after it. Live abstemiously, yet on easily-digested and nutritious diet, and abjure everything in the shape of stimulant, even sauces. No pastry, no cheese, but fruit in abundance, if ripe. Continue this steadily, and you will grow in strength like a young oak-tree, only a thousand times more quickly.

The nerves of No. 3 have got all unstrung. How have you been living? Pause. Think back. Is the cause of the condition that sent you tripping on tiptoe to the medicine-chest bodily or mental?

If mental, I must leave you alone to Dr. Time, the great healer. I would counsel change and pleasant company, however, and suggest good sleep obtained by reasonable means, and while doing so I lock up the medicine-chest and put the key in my pocket.

Is the cause bodily? You have been overstraining yourself in some way, or you have got—forgive me if I offend you—lazy, and have not been taking sufficient exercise to use up even the food you partake up. The carbon and effete matter in your blood are not burned off, but remain in your veins to poison the whole system and clog life's wheels. You are like a garden, o'ergrown with weeds, whose walks are littered with rubbish. You want seeing to.

Reduce your diet? You stare! You have been keeping up your strength! The greatest mistake in the world. Your face will tell you, if you look in the glass, that if you have been making flesh at all from your mode of living, it is poor, flabby stuff. Not the material at all that healthy nerves like to bore through and recline against. Diet must be restricted, and far more exercise taken in the open air, wet day or dry day. In fact, your getting well, happy, hard, and wholesome is quite a matter of self-denial.

My fourth class of patients dreads the cold of the coming winter. I have real sympathy for ladies, whether young or otherwise, who suffer from cold. There are many causes for such a state of body, but I need only mention three. The system may be a feeble one generally, with a weak heart. Persons so afflicted suffer from cold, but more especially in the hands and feet, with occasional fits of shivering or simply cold along the spine. The weakness of the circulation is often demonstrated in winter by hands that "chap" easily, and feet that are easily chilblained. Even the ears suffer, and the nose as well. These last symptoms are often treated locally alone, but this is not enough, the system must be seen to. They must live by rule. I could not in such cases counsel a cold bath, but a tepid one will do good every morning, drying quickly and rubbing well with a moderately rough towel. Flannels should be worn next the skin, good food partaken off, and as much outdoor exercise as the strength will permit. Now and then medicine—a gentle tonic—may do good, and cod-liver oil always will. I would advise a course of it of two months' duration. Beware of damp feet and draughts generally. Court the sunshine, and do not be afraid of the cold, outdoor air.

The lungs may be really weak. It would, in case anything wrong here was as much as suspected, be best to consult a doctor.

The blood may be impure. This may be caused by errors in diet, or by poisoning by bad water, or want of fresh air.

In any case, avoid so-called blood-purifiers as advertised by quacks. You must get to the root of the evil and remove the cause before you can expect to be well. Grant, for a moment, that there is such a thing as a blood-purifier, which, remember, I deny. Well, is the patient *going to live upon* this wonderful medicine? Is he going to take it always, instead of going directly to the root of the evil, and eradicating that. I'll put the matter in the shape of a parable. There were two millers, and each had a mill-dam and a mill-lead that conducted the water to their great wheels. In course of time a vile chemical from a neighbouring works found its way into the dams, and the water was not only darkened thereby, but it caused the wheels to rust. Both millers set about remedying the evil at the same time. One bought an immense quantity of a neutralising chemical, which he caused one of his men to add by degrees to the lead, so that the water from that point flowed towards the wheel pure and clear. He kept on at this for months, till he failed, and so closed his mill. The other miller went to the source of the evil, and caused the stream of pollution that was pouring into the dam to be stopped. His mill continued to run merrily on. Now, the question is this: Which was the wiser of these two millers?

Classes 5 and 6 may well be taken together, for so intimate are the relations between stomach and liver, and so great the sympathy, that the one cannot be out of order without the participation of the other. The liver is too often blamed, however, for being the seat of mischief, when the origin of the evil may easily be traced to the stomach. Derangement and acidity of the stomach, coming on without any apparent cause, with yellowish tinge of skin, bad dreams, and disagreeable head symptoms, might point to the fact of some real liver derangement.

A day or two of semi-fasting, the avoidance of excitement, with a hot or Turkish bath, will generally put matters to rights. If dyspepsia be the principal trouble, a regular course of hygienic treatment will be necessary, and this the family physician must dictate for each individual case.

I have but to add my protest against the indiscriminate use of what are called "anti-bilious pills," especially the quack ones. Nearly all contain mercury. This alone would render their constant use a source of danger, apart from the fact that if there be any congestion of the liver, rest for that organ is indicated, and not the stimulation of medicines that act directly thereon.

A COMPETITION IN MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

EXAMINER: JOHN STAINER, M.A., Mus.D., Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

THE Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER offers Two Prizes, of Ten and Five Guineas respectively, for the best setting of the following beautiful poem by Longfellow. There will be no Certificates granted in connection with this Competition, and the work will be judged irrespective of age.

The poem to be set in the form of a solo for soprano or contralto, with pianoforte accompaniment.

The last date for receiving the work is February 1st, 1888, and each MS. must bear on its back the name and address of the competitor, with a certificate by a Clergyman, Teacher, or Parent, proving the work to be that of the competitor only.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Longfellow.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER II.

I TOLD Mr. Beauchamp my family history in as few words as possible. "My grandfather," I said, "was a handloom weaver, who lived in a village a few miles from Huddersfield. At first he rented a cottage and owned a single loom. He was an industrious and intelligent man, and, having only two children, my father and my aunt Hesketh, he managed to educate them well and to save a little money. By degrees he bought his cottage and enlarged it, built a weaving shed, and in time stocked it with looms, and employed a few hands to work them. When the shuttle finally dropped from his grasp, he had become a woollen cloth manufacturer on a small scale, and had raised his family a step higher, both socially and intellectually. My father began where my grandfather left off. He had been associated with him in business matters from his boyhood, and, under his guidance, the shed expanded into a mill. Had he been less rich in children—there are nine of us altogether—he would probably have increased his business transactions more rapidly, and become one of the great manufacturers, instead of being still in a comparatively small way. But he does not regret his slow progress in money getting. His troop of youngsters lie nearer to his heart than could the possession of monster mills or money bags. My aunt Hesketh married early, and whilst still young found herself a childless widow with ample means. She wanted a daughter, and after much persuasion my parents allowed me to take the place of one to her. My aunt spared no expense on my education, and to her generosity I owe your cousin's friendship, as we should have hardly met elsewhere than at school. Most of my aunt's present income is derived from property which at her death will return to her late husband's relatives. But she has saved some money which she says will some day be mine. I may have three or four thousand pounds, but I hope it will be long ere I possess it."

Tom first congratulated me on my brilliant prospects, then laughed at the idea of its mattering a pin to him whether I should have anything or nothing in the distant future.

"Do not be rude," I said; "a fortune of three thousand pounds is not a thing to speak lightly of. I wish all my father's daughters were certain of having so much. It may become the heir of Castlemount and the Beauchamp acres to regard it as a mere trifle, but it is a great deal in the eyes of Olive Stafford, one of six girls and nine children.'

"It will be nothing to Olive Beauchamp," said Tom, anticipating the time when I should be entitled to the name. "When you come into your fortune, you shall dower with it the sister who most resembles you. I will none of it."

"I am Olive Stafford at present, and I may keep the name," I replied, sturdily. "Please not to consider yourself as engaged until the conditions are fulfilled."

"They would be at once, if, when you meet my mother, you would just allow her to remain under the impression that you are a relative of the Lyndholme people."

I was really angry at Tom when he repeated this suggestion.

"It is plain," said I, "that you know little of my disposition, or you would consider me incapable of trying to deceive Mrs. Beauchamp, even by silence."

"Olive, you misunderstand me. No one has said a word about this matter to my mother. She has known of you for years, as a friend and guest of Maud Grant's. She has just taken it as a matter of course that you belong to the Lyndholme people, from the fact of your staying at Frank's; because those Staffords and Grant's family are great friends. I rather think that she imagines you to be the daughter of a Stafford who offended his people in some way, a generation ago. Frank's father stood by him at that time, so what more natural than for my cousin and her husband to be friends with you? My mother supplied all the needful links by her own imagination. Do not suppose that I told any untruth in order to bespeak her consent to our marriage and her goodwill for yourself."

"I did not think so," I replied, "but the whole thing is untrue, and if you were to leave Mrs. Beauchamp under this false impression, I should never respect you, and more than that, I would not be your wife. A man who could wilfully permit a good mother to be deceived, even to further a right purpose, would be nothing like the Tom Beauchamp I have hitherto believed in. We must be true, true as in the sight of God. Let us be so at any cost to ourselves. Besides, Tom, I have this great comfort and pleasure in thinking of my kindred. They are not grand people in the eyes of the world, but they bear a good name, and they deserve it. There is neither man nor woman amongst us descendants of the old handloom weaver whose lives will not bear looking into, as well as the life of any Stafford of Lyndholme. I am a little bit proud as well as you, Tom, proud of the upright lives and the high characters of my hardworking kith and kin."

Tom was a little bit downhearted, but he answered in a quiet, simple way: "You are better than I am, Olive, and you have taught me a lesson. Do not think too hardly of me, dear, because I did yield to the temptation presented by the crooked course. It was for your sake, and because it did not at first sight seem wrong merely to hold one's tongue when silence would smooth everything so nicely. We will do right, and trust that all will be well in the end."

I will not give details as to the time and place of my first meeting with Mrs. Beauchamp. We did meet, and that is enough for the purpose of the story.

Tom's stately parent did not hold out welcoming arms or seem in the least inclined to cast a maternal wing over the girl, who, though outwardly calm, met her in fear and trembling.

How could I be indifferent, when I truly loved the man to whom my troth was plighted, and felt how much of his future happiness as well as my own would depend on the impression I might make on his mother?

"I find I was mistaken in thinking you were connected with a family of Staffords of whom I know something," said Mrs. Beauchamp, after we had exchanged greetings.

"I am glad Mr. Beauchamp has told you that I am not connected with the Staffords of Lyndholme, in the most distant degree. If he had not corrected the mistake, I should have done so," I replied.

I was determined not to presume even to the extent of calling Tom by his christian name in his mother's presence, also, that if an advance were made on either side, it should come from hers.

I have often thought since that she must have read me through and through, and that my poor attempt at dignity must have proved a miserable failure. I knew that I was on trial, and the thought was not calculated to put me at ease.

I underwent a polite cross-examination, and answered Mrs. Beauchamp's questions with the greatest possible frankness. I repeated all that I had already told Tom.

I did not spare her the knowledge of my weaver grandfather, and I added, a little proudly, that the Staffords of Lyndholme were not more jealous of their good name than we were of ours, though we were very humble people in comparison with them.

Mrs. Beauchamp smiled at this speech of mine, but made no comment upon it. Then she passed from family matters to educational ones, and was evidently determined to find out whether I had made a good use of my opportunities or not. She was far above the average woman of her day and generation, having studied many subjects for the love of them, as well as for her son's sake.

We passed from one thing to another, Mrs. Beauchamp always leading. She examined my drawings and frankly expressed the pleasure they gave her. She had strong artistic tastes, and so had I, and I had done my best to develop them.

"You have had good teachers and have used your opportunities well, Miss Stafford," said Mrs. Beauchamp, with a look of frank admiration as she paused

over one of my landscapes. "I quite envy you both your natural gift and the results of the culture bestowed upon it. I, unfortunately, can only appreciate the work of others."

"Would not the work itself be to a great extent lost, if it were not for such appreciation?" I asked. "The artist has no doubt a vast amount of enjoyment in the very contemplation of nature, and in his own efforts to reproduce her beauties for those who do not study them as he does. He loves his work for its own sake, but would he be content if it were hid away in a dark room and left there unseen? Or, if those who saw it gave only a careless glance and passed on? The sight of your face, as you looked at my little picture, and your expressions of approval gave me true pleasure. My work seldom satisfies me, because I know better than I can do. And yet I would not be without the enjoyment it gives in the doing, and, when it pleases one who can enter into my meaning, my joy is more than doubled. It is a great gift to be able to appreciate nature's glories, and art, where it reproduces them."

For the moment I was carried away by my own feelings, and spoke in forgetfulness of everything except the subject of our conversation.

Mrs. Beauchamp saw this, and I am sure she was not displeased at my enthusiasm. Whilst putting me through a species of examination, she experienced no little difficulty in this self-imposed task. She must have felt how hard it would be for either of us to be natural under such circumstances.

I need not repeat all that was said about art. Enough, that as we talked about pictures and artists we were drawn nearer to each other, and that, having at least one taste in common, our interview became less constrained and our manner towards each other more natural than at first.

Mrs. Beauchamp was very musical, and asked me if our likings were similar in this respect also.

"I love music, and appreciate what is good, but I have no decided talent for it," I replied. "I am not even an average player."

"I suppose, then, you play a little. Most young ladies say that, in these music-murdering days," responded Mrs. Beauchamp, in a tone which I thought unnecessarily sarcastic.

"I do not even profess so much," I said. "I thought it would be waste of time to attempt what I was never likely to do well. Besides," I added, with a little of my native spirit, "the musician requires an appreciative ear, as much as the artist does the eye. I try to listen and to feel, so that I may be in sympathy both with the player and the composer. Sometimes indeed I see pictures whilst I listen to music. I ought to tell you that I learned singing for a considerable time, but have never been satisfied with the results of my lessons."

My frankness pleased Mrs. Beauchamp. She was just the woman to appreciate a little independence of thought and word in one situated as I was towards herself, and she replied very kindly, "Perhaps you are not on that account less likely to give pleasure to others. Will you sing something for me, if I play your accompaniment?"

I had scarcely calculated on being put through such a round; but I was determined to shrink from nothing. I strove to forget that Mrs. Beauchamp was Tom's mother, and that our future so largely depended on one little word from her. I tried to be in her presence the same Olive Stafford as when amongst my old friends. It was very difficult at first, but it was becoming gradually easier.

I never enjoyed singing anything better than I did the simple English ballad which Mrs. Beauchamp accompanied so exquisitely. It was one which always carried me out of myself, and it had the usual effect on this occasion.

The song happened to be a favourite with Mrs. Beauchamp also, and as she lifted her hands from the keys as the sound of the last chord died away, she raised one to her eyes, to wipe away a tear which hung ready to fall.

Mrs. Beauchamp remained silent for a few moments. Then her only comment was, "I am glad you did not decide against practising singing for fear of wasting your time. Your rendering of that ballad has given me true pleasure."

"And your delightful accompaniment has given me no less. Thank you very much. Usually my accompanist is a very poor one."

"I am glad we have both enjoyed our song then. Who is your usual accompanist?"

"Myself. Living alone with my aunt, I have no choice but to do my best, and, as a rule, she is my sole audience, and by no means a critical one."

"Ah, well! In future I will have the pleasure of accompanying you, when we are within reach of each other and when my son and you sing duets together. Your voices will harmonise well, I am sure. Or Tom will play for you when you sing alone, for he is a really good musician," said Mrs. Beauchamp.

I knew this without being told, for during the last year he had both sung with and accompanied me when I was staying at the Grants'. Having met and learned to care for each other elsewhere, there no longer existed a reason for me to avoid Tom when I was his cousin's guest.

When Mrs. Beauchamp emphasised the word pleasure, and went on to speak of what would be done in the future, my heart gave a bound. Surely she must realise what her words conveyed to me! They should not have been uttered unless she intended to consent to her son's marriage with the little "nobody," whom she had so freely catechised.

Again there was a brief pause, and Mrs. Beauchamp seemed rather at a loss what to say. Then she began rather abruptly, and went to the point at once.

"You know the object of our meeting and of the conversation we have had together, Miss Stafford," she said. "My son tells me that he has asked you to be his wife."

"Mr. Beauchamp may not perhaps have informed you how long it is since he first did me that honour, or how often he has repeated it," I replied, speaking in conventional terms, and again ignoring Tom's christian name, though it went sorely against the grain to do so.

The moment after, I was very sorry I had said this. It seemed that I had been guilty of meanness and boastfulness in telling that Tom had first asked me to be his wife two years before, and that I had repeatedly and persistently discouraged him. I was the more concerned when Mrs. Beauchamp said very quietly, "My son has, I think, left nothing to be told in connection with his wooing, or of the only condition on which he can hope to be accepted. It would be untrue if I were to say that the prospect of such a match pleases me, though I may feel myself compelled to consent to it. With my son's wealth and position, he might choose amongst the best families in the land, and I have lived in the hope that he would mate worthily."

She sighed at the contrast between her own plans and those of her son, and I could not help sympathising with her, as she contemplated the probable failure of her most cherished wishes.

It was, however, a little hard for me to hear Mrs. Beauchamp speak as she did, and at the time I felt ready to burst into an expression of indignation and to declare that I would have none of her son, either with or without his mother's consent. But, after all, I had given my heart to Tom, and I knew how truly he loved me. So I paused to ask myself a question. "Ought I to wreck the happiness of our two lives for the sake of indulging my own pride?"

This pause for self-examination gave me time to conquer my first impulse, and I replied quietly, "No doubt you are right. Mr. Beauchamp's wealth and position entitle him to look for similar advantages with the girl he may marry. But in my eyes, they are of small account in comparison with Tom himself. I have often wished that he was a poor man and obliged in some way to earn his own bread. If he were, no one would be able to insinuate that I care either for wealth or position. I would show what a true-hearted wife can do to help her husband."

I meant what I said, and Mrs. Beauchamp was constrained to believe me. "Child," said she, "you are young in years and in knowledge of the world, and thoroughly in earnest in what you say. But it is only such as you who undervalue wealth and position. Age and experience teach us that in right hands they are the instruments for conferring happiness and lightening trouble. If you should ever become my son's wife, you will need to understand this."

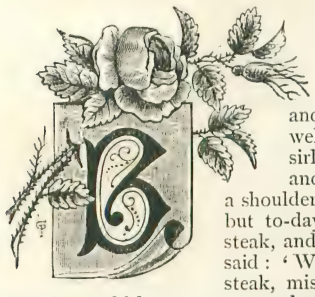
Before I had time to answer, our conference, which had already been a long one, was interrupted by a summons to luncheon, but it was resumed after the meal, as we had by no means come to the end of our talk. The interruption came at a critical moment. The tension was almost more than I could bear, and I should have rejoiced if our conference could have been brought to an end without this midway interval.

(To be continued.)

WHEN GOING TO MARKET.

By MARY POCOCK.

THE BUTCHER'S.—HOW TO DISTINGUISH JOINTS, AND ADVICE ON PURCHASING.



UT I don't know one piece of meat from another! Oh, well, I know a sirloin of beef, and a leg from a shoulder of mutton; but to-day I wanted a steak, and the butcher said: 'What kind of steak, miss?' Then I found I could have a rump steak, a fillet steak, a chuck steak, a buttock steak, a flank steak, or a skirt steak—all really beefsteaks." Such was the complaint I heard from a young housekeeper a few days ago, and doubtless many girls would have to make the same confession were they questioned; yet it is not possible to market properly without knowing the various parts of the animals we eat, and their relative values. As to the joints to purchase, it is difficult to advise, for what would suit one family might be quite unsuitable to another of the same size—so much depends on the appetites to be provided for. I hope the accompanying illustrations will help many young readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to recognise the various joints. A diagram on the next page shows how an ox is cut up for the London market (in some of the English counties and in Scotland the method of cutting up differs from this).

The figures denote—

1. The sirloin, this is the best part for roasting. The two sirloins together, that is to say not divided down the middle bone, make a baron.

2. The rump, which is sometimes roasted: but it is a very large joint. The best steaks (rump steaks) are cut from it.

3. The aitchbone, generally salted and boiled. Not a profitable piece on account of the quantity of bone.

4. The buttock; best beefsteaks are cut from it. A profitable piece for boiling or roasting, but coarser eating than sirloin or ribs.

5. The mouse round roasts, boils, or stews—rather coarse.

6. The veiny piece. I prefer this to the round for roasting.

7. The thick flank. Used for second quality beefsteaks, for pies, etc.; good boiling piece.

8. The thin flank, generally salted, makes good pressed beef.

9. The leg—for stewing, soups, gravies, etc.

10. The forerib (five ribs); prime piece for roasting.

11. The middle rib (four ribs); more economical than the sirloin for roasting.

12. The chuck rib (three ribs); used mostly for steaks; not so good as rump steaks, but more tender than buttock steaks.

13. Shoulder, or leg of mutton piece; used for third quality steaks, for pies, etc.

14. Brisket—usually salted.

15. The clod,

16. The neck and sticking piece, and

17. The shin; all these are used for stock, sausages, and stews.

18. The cheek; for soups, stews, or collared head.

In addition to these there are:—

The fillet, which is the under part of the sirloin and the rump. It is very good for roasting; as small a piece as 2 lb. is very nice roasted, and is not extravagant, as there is no bone to it. Fillet steaks are more tender than any others; there is more fat with them than with rump steaks. In England the fillet of the sirloin is not sold without the joint, but it is always easy to get the fillet out of the rump.

The silverside (which is the piece of salted beef most often seen on table) is the opposite side of the leg to the buttock which it joins.

The skirt steak is from the inside of the animal. It makes excellent gravy; some like it for puddings, but I think it is rather too rich—it is so grained with fat.

The tops of the chuck ribs are sold separately. They are economical for roasting, but much inferior to ribs. They are about 3d. a pound less in price.

The wing rib (or ribs) is the first of the fore-ribs—a very useful joint for a small family, as between 4 and 5 lb. of wing rib makes a nice little joint if the beef is not very large. There is hardly any fat to it, so it is well to order half a pound of beef kidney suet, and tell the cook to skewer it under the bones. It improves the beef in roasting, and I always find that it is eaten with the meat, being like the fat in the sirloin.

The long ribs are best boned and rolled, unless a large handsome joint is required. Generally when not rolled the ends of the ribs get overdone, and are so dry that they are likely to be wasted or go into the stock-pot.

Shin of beef makes a very good pudding or stew, but as it has a great deal of gristle in it, like the knuckle of a leg of mutton, it requires much more boiling than a steak; when properly cooked the sinew should be soft enough to eat.

What is called Scotch roll is part of the neck of beef; it looks something like a rolled rib, but it is a very inferior part; in the winter, when it can be kept long enough to be tender, it is not bad roasted.

The following list of prices will give an idea of the relative value of the different joints. I am aware that the prices are lower than many butcher's, but they are cash prices (no booking or calling for orders), as I invariably go to the butcher's and pay for what I order. The second column gives the price per stone of 8 lb.; it is well if one pays cash to accustom oneself to reducing the stone to price per lb., as butchers always tell their book-keepers the price per stone. Any butcher will supply a customer with a price list, but some days one thing is cheaper than another, depending on the market.

	Per lb. s.	d.	Per stone. s.	d.
Beef—Sirloin	0	11	7	4
Wing rib	0	11½	7	8
Ribs	0	11	7	4
,, top	0	8	5	4
,, whole	0	9½	6	4
Steaks, rump	1	2	9	4
,, fillet	1	2	9	4
,, buttock	0	11	7	4
,, beef	0	10	6	8
Aitchbone	0	5½	3	8
Flank, prime	0	9	6	0
,, thick	0	7½	5	0
,, thin	0	6	4	0
Gravy beef (neck or leg) ..	0	7	4	8
Legs and shins of beef (with bone)	0	5	3	4
Silverside	0	8½	5	8

We must now consider what other parts of the animal besides joints are available for the housekeeper, though these are not all to be purchased at the butcher's; they really belong to that department, and what cannot be had from the butcher can be bought at a tripe-seller's.

Ox cheeks come first on my list; they are good, nutritious, and economical; generally sold for about 4d. or 4½d. a pound. There is a good deal of bone with them. They can be used for collared head, soup, a stew, etc.

Ox brains make a very good dish carefully dressed; some people think they much resemble sweetbreads; they are generally sold for 4d. a pair. One pair makes a good dish for breakfast. Recipes for cooking and preparing (which is an important part) will be found in most cookery books, or directions for sweetbreads can be followed.

Ox palates are good, but are not easy to procure in England.

Tripe is very light and nutritious, but it should only be bought in cold weather. It varies in price from 5½d. to 9d. a pound, according to the part. Always buy the best tripe; it is not the dearest. Tripe does not weigh much.

Ox, or, as it is sometimes called, neat's foot, can be used as a base for some jellies, for soup, and sometimes it is eaten stewed in brown gravy. Ox feet are cheaper than calves', but have the disadvantage of being stronger in flavour. There is a curious custom in the trade: an ox foot put into a saucepan and boiled comes out a cowheel! So should you require a partially cooked foot you must order a cowheel. I need scarcely say it is much better to buy them uncooked.

Some people like bullocks' hearts; they are sold for about 4½d. a pound. I do not recommend them; I think it would require a *cordon bleu* to make them palatable.

Ox kidney is sold for about 1s. a pound. It is very inferior to sheeps' kidneys, but is much cheaper, and very nice for many purposes. A quarter of a pound improves a steak pudding; it is very good stewed, and also makes very good kidney soup; but a rather smaller proportion of ox kidney than of sheep's must be put in soup, as it is stronger in flavour.

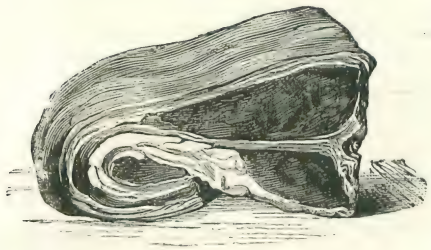
Ox tails make excellent soups or stews. They are from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. each, according to size. They should not be bought in hot weather, as they turn very quickly. Nearly everything from a tripe-shop is better when the weather is not too warm.

I find I have given the uses of more than thirty parts of an ox, which I am sure will be enough for any ordinary housekeeper. I must now say a few words on the quality of meat.

Never buy any but the best meat; but I do not mean by this to exclude foreign meat; for I have frequently eaten American beef and New Zealand mutton that was excellent. But there are good and inferior of these as well as of English meat. Though cheaper, they are often quite equal to English or Scotch meat. Ox beef is the best. Well-fed beef is a good red, ingrained with fat, having a good depth of meat on the loin, well covered with fat. The fat should be light in colour. Do not choose meat with very yellow fat, which is often due to the animals being fatted on oil-cake. Never buy lean meat; it is invariably tough. Cow beef is inferior to ox; it is less red in colour; the fat is almost white.

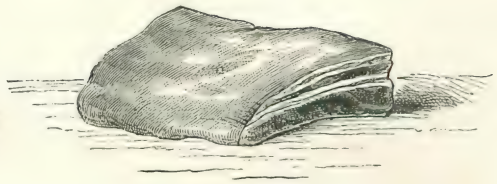
Do not buy the aitchbone or rump if they are bruised, or do not be persuaded to buy anything that is not perfectly good, under the belief that it will be all right when it is cooked. Meat "just ready for cooking to-day" is often too ready.

American beef is generally much darker in colour than English, probably from the animals

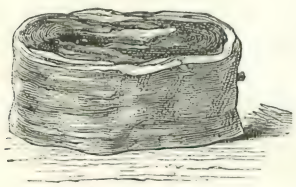


SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

AITCHBONE OF BEEF.

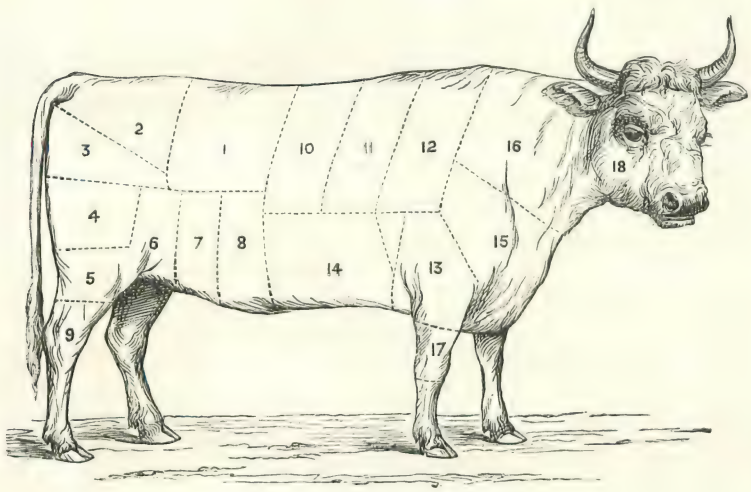


BRISKET OF BEEF

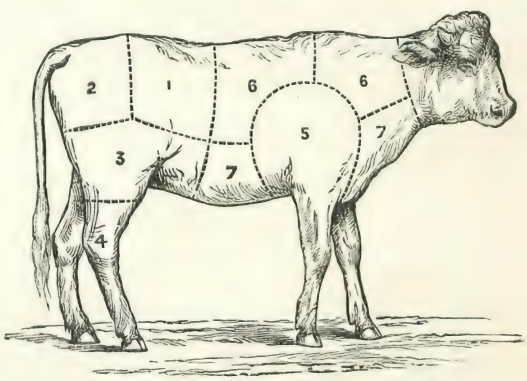


FILLET OF BEEF.

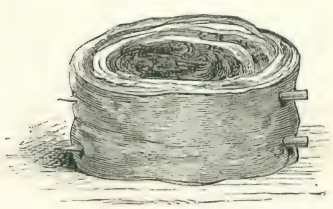
WING RIB OF BEEF.



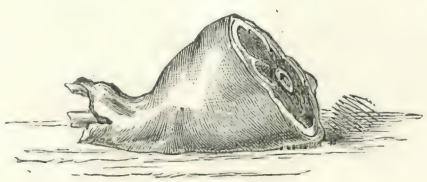
HOW TO CUT UP A BULLOCK.



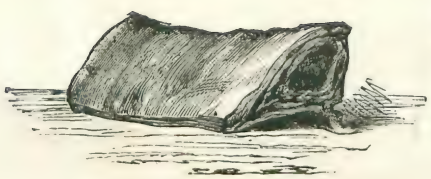
HOW TO CUT UP A CALF.



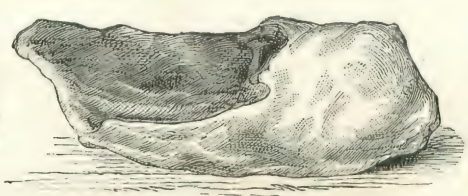
ROLLED RIBS OF BEEF.



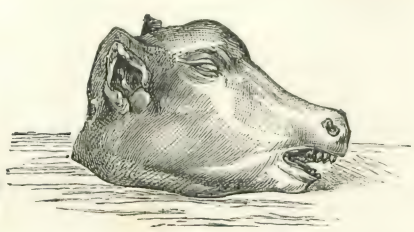
KNUCKLE OF VEAL.



BEST END NECK OF VEAL.



BREAST OF VEAL.



CALVES HEAD.

being older. Much of our beef is killed younger than it ought to be.

Veal, so little esteemed with us compared to what it is on the Continent, will next have our attention. The illustration shows how the calf is cut up.

1. The loin is sold for roasting. It has the kidney and the kidney suet in it. It is a less profitable joint than the fillet, but is rather more digestible. It is also used for chops.

2. The chump, or, as it is generally called, the chump end of the loin, has more bone than the loin, and should be lower in price in consequence. It makes a nice little joint for a small family. Looking larger than it is, it is sometimes convenient.

3. The fillet. This is quite a joint for a family. It contains very little bone and little fat. The bone is taken out by the butcher after the joint is weighed; it should be sent with the meat. Sometimes quite little fillets can be had, cut from the top of No. 4, with a little of No. 3. Note, fillets of veal are from quite a different part of the animal from fillets of beef.

4. The hind knuckle. Knuckles are cheap and profitable. A small dish of veal cutlets can often be cut from the top of a good-sized knuckle. The remainder can be boiled, and the liquor from it makes good white soup, while the knuckle itself can be eaten with white or brown sauce.

5. The shoulder. It is best roasted. It is better only to buy the upper part of the shoulder, which is called the oyster, when you want it for roasting. This is a very nice joint, and much lighter to eat than the fillet. Half a shoulder of veal can also be purchased; it is quite large enough for a small family. The bladebone half is the best.

6. The neck. I prefer the best end of the neck—that is to say, that adjoining the loin—to the loin for roasting, because it is not so rich.

7. The breast. This is best stewed. There are many ways of dressing it that are very good. The worst of it is, there is so little on it to eat. *Tendons de veau* are the gristles from the breast of veal. They are removed and cooked separately when a dish of tendons is wanted. Cooked with the breast, they are never done enough to be eaten. Those who go to market can often buy breasts and knuckles very cheap. Butchers have frequently a great many orders for veal, and not a single knuckle required; so they are glad to sell them for very little.

Veal cutlets are cut from the fillet of veal. Each slice has one little piece of bone in it. A pound of veal cutlets makes a nice little side dish, if the cook does not waste too much in trimming the cutlets, and if the meat is not cut too thick. The butcher should be asked to cut the cutlets thin.

As regards the other parts of the calf, the head is too well known to need comment, but it should always be bought with the skin on. Many people consider that the best part of it. Calves' brains and tongues are sold in the heads. Half a head is enough for most families. The half costs from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., excepting when they first come in in the early spring, when they are often very dear. They are in season until October. They require to be very fresh. A good head should be white and clean-looking.

Calves' liver is superior to sheeps'. It is about 11d. a pound.

Calves' feet are from 8d. to 1s. each. I prefer the small feet, when veal first comes in. Late in the year they get a stronger taste.

Calves' kidneys are sold with the loins.

Calves' sweetbreads should be chosen large and white. They are always dear, but in the season fetch a very high price. So much does the price vary that I cannot give an average.

Calves' hearts are very nice. They are about 1s. each. The ears and tails of a calf are also eaten.

The following list gives an idea of the prices of the various joints of veal:—

	s.	d.	
Fillet	1	0	per lb.
Veal cutlets	1	2	,,
Whole loins (Nos. 1 and 2 together)	0	8	,,
Whole necks	0	7	,,
Shoulders	0	7½	,,
Breast	0	7	,,
Knuckles	0	5½	,,

Veal should be small, the lean almost white and closely grained, the fat should be white, and the kidney ought to be well covered with it. If newly killed, the vein in the shoulder looks blue or bright red. The meat should look dry; if it is clammy or spotted it is not good.

Veal should always be eaten quite fresh. Never buy it in warm weather except on the day you want to cook it; for meat that is killed young will not keep as long as fully-grown animals.

Veal is in perfection in the early summer. The calf should be from eight to ten weeks old when killed; if much older the meat is a little coarse.

In my next paper I purpose treating of mutton, lamb, and pork.

(*To be continued.*)

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

By AN UNNAMED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER III.

ONE morning my brother, having business to attend to relative to accounts and alterations on the farmland belonging to the estate, could not go out shooting with my cousin, as had before been settled. He told him, therefore, to find amusement for the day, and turning to me said—

"Here, child, you can take him through the park woods, and show him your favourite seat by the river-side. It's a whim of hers to have that fallen tree left where it is, and we all make a point of indulging her in her girlish fancies. Don't we, little one?"

"Indeed you do, and I'm dutifully grateful," I said, as briskly as I could, though I certainly felt a little disconcerted at having to entertain my lofty-mannered cousin for so many hours as I feared seemed to be expected.

My cousin walked by my side in his usual stiff stately style until he seemed to bethink himself that he might as well say something to break the silence with which I was beginning to reproach myself for suffering to grow when I had been charged to bear him company, and he remarked—

"I did not see my eccentric friend when we were leaving the house, or I would have invited him to go with us. He likes a walk, I know. It is just one of his odd ways to take himself out of the way at the very moment there's something going on he might like. He's always busy writing letters, or setting off upon some sudden freak or other, when we're setting out for a day's shooting. I wonder what's become of him now?"

"He was disappointed of a book he wrote for to London on the day before yesterday, and he has ridden over to the post-town to inquire whether it is by chance detained there."

"A book?"

"Yes; a book he wanted to read something from that he particularly wished me to hear."

"Upon my word, child, you are as eccentric as he is, I think. Reading books not fit for you to read long ago, I remember, and now, forsooth, listening to books read aloud to you by next door to a stranger!"

"Stranger! A gentleman that you yourself brought to visit us, and who is a friend of your own!"

"Pooh, child! you have been brought up so exceptionally, and so unrestrictedly with regard to the ordinary usages of society, that you really know nothing of its commonest usages."

"I am glad I do not," I answered, laughing.

"Pshaw, you know what I mean—not its lowest, vulgarest usages, but its most generally known customs and conventional forms."

"I don't think I care to know much even of those," I said, still laughing.

"What a mere child you are, after all!" he said, as if leniently and compassionately, while he glanced at my face with a sidelong look. "But, child as you are, you ought to be aware that it is not quite 'the thing,'—not quite becoming in a young lady, to—to——"

"To what?" I said quickly.

"Well, to be quite so independent in your ways, to be quite so free and careless in following out your own ideas, as you evidently are."

"Are independence and freedom wrong things, cousin?" I asked, smiling.

"Well—ahem—that depends."

"Upon what?"

"Well — upon persons; and — and — upon characters. For instance, in a young lady of your position—a daughter of an old county family—it is not seemly to run about wild all day, like a cottager's girl or a milkmaid."

I answered nothing to this, and presently he resumed—

"You seem to be perfectly well acquainted with my friend's movements and his whereabouts, while I knew not so much as what he was doing with himself to-day. How come you, child as you are, to be upon such familiar terms already with him?"

"Oh, very naturally; he likes many of the things I like, and that makes people feel quite familiar together in a very short time."

"Indeed? And pray what may be the sort of 'things' you have so soon found out that you and he both like?"

"Books, and particularly bits in books."

"Really! And pray where did you find time and place to talk over books and compare tastes together?"

"And pray, cousin, what right have you to catechise me in this peremptory style?"

"The right of cousinship," he answered authoritatively.

"I don't admit that right," I replied. "I think sympathy in likings, true comradeship, gives stronger right than even cousinship, where relations have not tastes in common."

"Upon my word! You have fine independent notions, as well as independent ways."

He paused, and then, finding I said nothing, said—

"I suppose I may infer your word 'comradeship' means that you and my eccentric friend are comrades?"

"You may infer what you please," I replied.

"Well, are you and he comrades?"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why not!" he echoed angrily, "a hundred reasons why."

"One will do," I said quietly.

"You are a mere girl—an inexperienced child; he is a man—a maturely experienced man."

"Yet we are comrades — excellent comrades—complete comrades," I answered. "If he is kind enough to consider us on sufficient equality for comradeship, why should you object?"

He bit his lip and frowned heavily. Presently he said—

"If I thought this could be anything more than a child's caprice, a girl's fancy, I would—I don't know what I would not do."

"Fortunately, anything you might do would not have any effect upon me, cousin, and I don't think it would have any effect upon him, in the way of making us less good comrades."

"You defy me?" he said, looking darkly at me.

"Not at all. I only tell you what I think."

"You think so?" he persisted, with the same dark look in his face.

"I do," I answered firmly.

At this point of our walk we came to a small dyke or brooklet, where the ground on either side was somewhat uneven.

"Give me your hand," said my cousin.

"Thank you; I don't need help," I answered.

"You don't want my hand? You won't take my hand?" he said, grinding his teeth fiercely.

"I said I did not require help," was my reply. "I have often cleared that brook before, and I can do so now by myself." And I sprang across.

He stalked over after me, and resumed his place by my side as we went on. I kept silence, which seemed to enrage him, for he burst out with—

"You will not speak to me! You will not have my aid!" Then he added, as if unable to control himself—"Perhaps you would prefer his."

I turned upon him, and was just going to say indignantly, "I don't know what you mean!" but I gulped down the words, and steadied my thoughts and voice to say—

"I prefer walking by myself, cousin."

He muttered something between his clenched teeth, but left me to walk on alone. Thus we reached the house; he in moody silence, I in speechless agitation.

For I did feel considerably perturbed by this strange roughness and rudeness on my cousin's part towards me. We had never been very great friends, but we had never been at all antagonistic towards each other, and it vexed me extremely that the late scene should have occurred between us, as I thought it over in the quiet and solitude of my own room.

But I had become quite composed before it was time to dress for dinner, and I performed this important duty with a scrupulous precision which my wish to please my sister inspired, yet with an adherence to my own tastes which I had found were in accordance with those of my comrade. I even smiled as I used this term in thinking of him, pleased with my own good faith towards our mutual compact, notwithstanding the attempts recently made for its destruction.

The dinner passed off pleasantly, thanks to the sprightly conversation of our guest, who broached a subject interesting to both my father and my brother, they and he being the chief talkers.

In the course of the evening, as I was standing by one of the large windows that opened down to the ground, and was just on the point of stepping out into the verandah before the shutters were closed and the curtains drawn, my comrade came up to me and said—

"It was as I guessed. The book was delayed by some mistake on its way hither. But I claimed and secured it, and brought it to your seat by the riverside, hoping to find you already on the spot."

"I had to take another direction in my walk to-day, and I am sorry I could not be there," I said.

"Yes, and so am I; for the volume contains the story I told you I wanted to bring you acquainted with—'The Man born to be King.' It is so redolent of the freshness and simple grace of the antique time that it might have been written by the eldest of your old favourite poets upstairs—the father of English poetry himself—instead of by a modern writer."

At this moment my cousin approached the spot where we were standing and drew his friend away, telling him that he and my brother wanted his opinion on a design now in hand for an addition to the stables. Interchanging a merry look of reluctant submission to this imperative call, my comrade's eyes made his apology for leaving me thus abruptly, and told me that the interruption was as unwelcome to him as it was to me.

Next morning, after breakfast, my father happened to meet with a case in the newspapers which so much arrested his attention, that instead of, as usual, proceeding at once to another topic, he laid down his journal and began to discuss this one aloud with all our assembled party. It was a case of embezzlement, the abstraction of money from a bank by one of its employed clerks, under circumstances which peculiarly aggravated his crime, inasmuch as he had been long in the service of the house, had been invested with unrestricted powers, and had been trusted to unlimited extent.

As the discussion proceeded, I noticed that my comrade took no part in it, but remained silent and abstracted, while the others talked eagerly and loudly. At length I observed him get up from his seat and walk over to the window, where he stood looking out upon the lawns and trees of the park with a far-away gaze.

"The fellow will surely suffer the utmost penalty the law can inflict," I heard my brother say.

"The better for him," rejoined my father. "Far better die at once than live dishonoured. So miserable as well as so odious a thing is dishonour that no one could wish to survive who has once had a stain upon his name. And so relentless do I feel on this point myself, that I confess no one who has had a stain upon his name and could tamely bear to live afterwards should ever come under my roof."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

MISS WILLIS.—We do not require payment for telling "our girls" that you have a "drawing club," to which members are admitted at the small subscription of 1s. 6d. per annum, and that you have vacancies for more pupils. In the next edition of the "Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran) it will be mentioned.

A. M. D.—If you wish for an account of the sacred architectural remains of England, we think you had better obtain some of the works of the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott. At a circulating library ask for his "Minster and Abbey Ruins of the United Kingdom," "Memorials of Westminster," and "Sacred Archæology." He has written one or more works besides, of the same character; and if a student of ancient architectural art, we think you will find what you want. We believe he is still living.

NARCISSUS.—Take your painted cards to a stationer, or card publisher, and endeavour to obtain trade orders. There is no other way of getting rid of them "advantageously." Your handwriting, not yet formed, promises well.

JOSEPHINE.—The taking of rubbings from brasses needs little skill, but much neatness. Remove all dust from the original, and then lay a sheet of thin poor lining paper upon it, laying heavy weights on the corners of the paper Then press the paper down firmly upon the engraving with the palm of the hand so as to make it enter into every little indentation. When it has taken the correct form of every line, rub the flat surface of the paper carefully over with a piece of the softest kind of shoemaker's heel-ball. The paper should extend beyond the brass so as to ensure its preservation from any touch of the heelball. In the case of very faint and delicate impressions, a thick mixture of lard and lamp-black should be used in lieu of the heel-ball, and applied with a pad made of cotton-wool tied up very firmly in a small piece of soft linen cloth.

AURORA.—You can obtain the instruction you require by procuring a little sixpenny manual, entitled "Hints on Repoussé Work" (T. J. Gawthorp). It is illustrated. The work is by no means difficult of learning, nor of accomplishment.

EDUCATIONAL.

MAYFLOWER.—A new course of lectures open to governesses, schoolmistresses, and pupil teachers commenced on September 12th, which will continue till Christmas, on kindergarten teaching. The classes meet on Mondays and Thursdays, from 7 to 8.30 p.m. An examination will be held at the close, and a certificate given to those who prove efficient. The fees for the course (payable at the first lecture) are £1 10s. for governesses and schoolmistresses, and £1 for pupil teachers. The principal or secretary will supply forms for admission, and could perhaps make arrangements for those unable to attend from the commencement. Also, at the "Home and Colonial School Society's" College, Gray's-inn-road, W.C. A term commenced on September 6th, the course of study preparing for the Cambridge Local Examinations, and likewise providing a special course of training in the science of teaching, with model lessons, class-teaching, etc.

HEATHER AND IDABELL.—Apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, W.C., and you can get their prospectuses.

TROUBLED ONE.—We recommend you to apply direct to Miss Bayley, 17, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C., and she will give you every information respecting the training of kindergarten teachers. She is employed in connection with the "Fröbel Society" for the promotion of the kindergarten system. There are many schools of this kind, where you might perhaps obtain a post as assistant teacher; but, if well qualified, you might possibly be able to set up for yourself in some country town, where you might begin by engaging the patronage of some friends who have young children to be trained and do not wish to keep a nursery governess.

MUSIC.

KATE B.—The term *Bravura* is applied to music requiring great spirit of execution, whether vocal or instrumental. You say you have had two masters for the violin successively; and we should think that persevering and painstaking practice alone might now enable you to make much progress in the art. But we cannot judge of the amount of advantage you derived from your masters; the fineness of your ear, the suppleness of your fingers, and the taste you naturally possess. Possibly—though not certainly—you may need no further instruction.

RUTH.—We owe the "staff" in music to Guido, a monk of Arezzo, who conceived the idea about the year A.D. 1022, of representing the notes on, and in the spaces between, a certain number of horizontal lines. You should write direct for information on the relative value of passing the Senior (Royal Academy) Examination in Music, and the silver medal given to students at the Royal Academy, and whether passing with honours equals the gaining of the medal. We are very glad you find our answers so useful.

FORGET-ME-NOT is certainly not too old, at thirteen, to learn the harp. Take care that you do not put out your right shoulder by supporting the instrument. You are too young to wear a "dress improver."

COOKERY.

A HIGHLAND LASSIE gives a real Scotch recipe for making porridge. When the water in the pan boils (a little salt having been added to it) sprinkle some meal into it with the left hand, and keep stirring it with the right, using a "spurtle." When sufficiently thick, leave it to boil for a few minutes, say from five to ten. The time depends on whether it be liked quickly or well boiled. When the meal is coarse it needs longer boiling. Some people think that half an hour's boiling is not too long. Thoroughly boiling water and continual stirring are essential. We are glad that the two dresses, taken from our "Articles on Dress," have been generally admired, and that you so greatly enjoy reading the Answers to Correspondents.

MISERABLE WRITER.—We should imagine that your mother or the cook might instruct you in the obscure art of making lemonade. We may, however, observe that to cut a lemon in slices and put the whole rind in the water is not desirable, as the white part is bitter. The rind should be cut exceedingly thin, and free from the white part underneath it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRATEFUL MERLE.—We thank you sincerely for your kind letter, and we find that you have succeeded well in the construction of the two "Triolets," although there is not originality of thought, which is an essential characteristic of real "poetry." The second has the most point, but they are both correct in composition. The repetition of the same word to make a rhyme for itself is a grave defect in "No. 2"; we refer to the word "face."

R. L.—Perhaps your inarticulate mode of speech may be due to a defect in the palate, or possibly to a chronic relaxation of the tonsils and throat needing attention, a gargle and tonic. But we could not prescribe without seeing you, and you should have a doctor's opinion.

IRENE.—We much approve of your wish to be of use, and direct your attention to a society called the "Ministering Children's League," secretary, the Countess of Meath, 83, Lancaster Gate, W. Also to the society of "Watchers and Workers for Invalids," secretary, Miss A. Randolph, Bayford House, Hertford. If you write to her, she will send you all particulars. We may also direct your attention to a little publication just coming out, by one of our staff of writers, "Restful Work for Youthful Hands," (Griffith, Farran, and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.) This will point out very many agreeable ways in which young people may be very useful workers.

A HOUSEMAID.—Your verses have been read with much interest, and we approve of the feelings expressed. They need a little revision, as one verse is not always constructed like its fellow; the respective lines being of different lengths, and the emphasis being therefore changed in position from that in the corresponding line. Still, you have an excellent idea of writing verses, and they do you credit. It is indeed well for those who can submit themselves to His will who "doeth all things well."

VERSUS "ALL WORK."—Yes, there is a "Country Holidays Fund." The office is at 10, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C. Apply direct for information.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—If you have a little capital, and in addition to it some knowledge of and much taste for garden pursuits, why not turn your thoughts to horticulture as a means of increasing your income and giving you a congenial occupation? If the idea be agreeable to you, we should recommend you to write to Miss Thorne, of Southover Grange, Lewes, Sussex, for a little advice and such information as her experience may kindly afford you.

GOLDEN FEATHER.—The articles on the subject of "Bookbinding" are to be found in vol. ii., pages 342, 426, and 810. Also see page 14, in the same vol., for the cure you desire, which possibly may prove satisfactory.

ANXIOUS, and L. WOOD.—Perhaps you might find what you require in Yorkshire, where a lady who has a large house and grounds would give a lady of small means a "holiday home." Of course good references would be required from a stranger. The terms would be very low, as gain is not the object in view. They would not amount to more than from 12s. to 15s. a week. There is another "Home of Rest" offered, in quite a different locality, *i.e.*, at Weston-super-Mare, Somerset. The former offers a cooler and more bracing climate, the latter a mild one, with the air much impregnated with iodine—good for special cases. The address of the former is "F. S. L." Skelfield, Ripon; of the latter, Mrs. Pain, 2, Langton-grove-road, Weston-super-Mare. This lady would receive two boarders, at a fee of 12s. 6d. each. The "Rest" seekers in the latter home are allowed no stimulants.

PERPLEXED ONE.—In asking for advice you should make us acquainted with your position in life, your duties at home (if under a parent's roof), which perhaps you have no right to forsake for work elsewhere. It is impossible to advise you in the dark on these matters, as we are. It is certainly desirable to marry later than at the age of twenty. Ask for Divine direction, and a willing heart to follow that guidance. "The trial of your faith and patience (we are told) is precious."

SARAH.—It is impossible to be so wicked as to be unable to approach the Saviour. "I came not (He says) to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." "And him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

UGLY MUG.—Your friend is in an unhealthy condition, or she would not eat dry tea-leaves. Such fancies arise from disease, and produce disease. You should warn her of indulgence of such a nature, and tell her to obtain medical advice. If only a young girl her mother should forbid it, and then she will have to leave it off.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 408. OCTOBER 22, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU must come with me to Castlemount. When we have spent a month together under the same roof, we shall know more of each other," said Mrs. Beauchamp, after we left the luncheon table to continue our conversation.

"I cannot come to Castlemount at present," I replied, "much as I should like to do so. My aunt has been far from well, and out of kindness to me she concealed this for fear of shortening a pleasant visit. I heard of her illness this morning, through one of my sisters, and I must return to her to-morrow."

"Is not my son of more consequence in your eyes than any aunt can possibly be? If you are unable to accept my invitation, I fear your visit to Castlemount may be indefinitely postponed," responded Mrs. Beauchamp. "I have promised to join Mrs. Edgecombe at Bournemouth, later in the autumn."

"I am sorry, but I cannot do otherwise than return home. In one sense Mr. Beauchamp is of more consequence to me than all the world beside. If he were not first and best in my eyes, I should not have given even a conditional promise to become his wife. But what would he think of me if I could be cruel and selfish enough to leave my kind aunt in weakness and loneliness? She has been a second mother to me. Surely, Mrs. Beauchamp, you cannot know what she has done in the past, or you would feel with me in this matter!"

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"I DESIRED TO GET OUT OF MRS. BEAUCHAMP'S SIGHT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE."

"You have sisters. Could not one of them take your place? Knowing your present position with regard to my son and myself, would not your aunt make a little sacrifice in order that you might visit me whilst you have the opportunity?" asked Mrs. Beauchamp.

She laid a stress upon the last words, as if she wished me to understand that, if once refused, the invitation would not be repeated.

"The sister next in age to myself cannot well be spared, and the one younger still is at school. Neither could be to my aunt what I am, nor could the presence of any other person satisfy my conscience," I said. "My aunt would do anything and give up anything for my sake. She always considers others before herself, and, above all, she cares for me. But ought I to take advantage of her goodness? and if I were capable of doing so, would not Tom—Mr. Beauchamp—say that I was showing myself to be a different Olive Stafford from the girl he thought he knew? Thank you very much for asking me. I am sorry I cannot hope to be your guest at present."

"There are not many young ladies who would refuse an invitation given under such circumstances," returned Mrs. Beauchamp. "Your conduct is quite that of a fireside heroine. I presume you have not realised the fact that, as my son's wife, should you become such, frequent intercourse with the members of your own family would be as undesirable for yourself as for your relatives by marriage."

"Undesirable for me to associate with my good parents, my kind aunt, and the brothers and sisters whom I dearly love! You cannot mean that marriage with your son would separate me from them! If there were one amongst us Staffords who had done anything to bring shame upon the honest name we bear, I might be glad to forget that I had ever borne it; but there is not. You and Mr. Beauchamp are not more proud of the name which has been borne by so many generations in succession than I am of that which no Stafford has hitherto disgraced. I would never consent to anything, even for Tom's sake, that would build up a wall of separation between me and my honest kith and kin."

I was ready to cry with pain and indignation; but I pressed my quivering lips together, and fought back my tears, that Mrs. Beauchamp might not see them fall, while in my heart I shrank from any closer connection with her.

"Better," thought I, "to suffer something now than be brought into close, lifelong contact with a cold, purseproud woman of the world."

Mrs. Beauchamp did not leave me long in suspense as to her own views, but merely said—

"Then I presume there is nothing left for me but to bid you good-bye for an indefinite period." She did not reply to me, but in these few hard words seemed to intimate that she wished to bring our interview to an end.

I rose from my seat, feeling dreadfully humiliated by what had passed, and convinced that Mrs. Beauchamp would use my refusal to accept her invitation as an excuse for leaving home at once, and getting Tom far out of sight of me. Would his affection stand the test of absence and the influence which would be brought to bear, in order to make him give me up altogether?

There was in Tom Beauchamp an inward dread of his mother, which, as I have already said, almost amounted to cowardice. I was convinced he would sooner sacrifice his own wishes than go counter to hers. But had he a right to sacrifice mine also?

I had not been lightly won; but, having given him my heart, I could not take it back.

At this moment, above all else, I desired to get out of Mrs. Beauchamp's sight as quickly as possible. She had been, I thought, so needlessly cold and hard. I could not bear to offer her my hand, but, with a mere farewell inclination of the head, I prepared to leave the room, when she again broke the silence.

"Are you so much displeased at Tom's mother that you will not even touch her hand?" she said, holding out her own.

I could hardly refuse to take it, and I felt my hand imprisoned by a firm clasp as Mrs. Beauchamp said—

"Once again, I ask, will you not return with me to Castlemount, where you will meet my son, instead of going to your aunt's?"

I could no longer restrain my tears, and I cried out in real distress—

"Please do not tempt me again. I want to do right, and at all costs to myself I must do as conscience directs me, to say nothing of the love and gratitude I feel towards my aunt. It is dreadfully hard for me, because Tom is very dear to me. You must know that. But I cannot do wrong, even for his sake. I must go home."

"Think again. I will consent to your engagement with my son on condition that you go to Castlemount with me to-day."

Mrs. Beauchamp's continued cruelty, for such I deemed it, restored my firmness. I dried my streaming eyes, and replied—

"Mrs. Beauchamp, you are Tom's mother, and many years ago you knew what it was to be a happy wife. Before you became one you were no doubt sought, as your son has sought me, and you gave a loving, girlish heart to him who became your husband."

I had touched Tom's mother at last. She held up her hand, and was going to speak, but I continued—

"Please let me finish; I will not keep you long. But I do pray you to look back upon your own young days, with their pure and happy love, and ask yourself how you would have felt if you had been called on to pass through such an ordeal as you have imposed on me."

"Was it not natural that I should want to know something of the manners, education, and family of the girl my son desired to make his wife?" asked Mrs. Beauchamp.

"Yes, and so far I did my best to satisfy you; and I almost enjoyed your questions, for they seemed to bring us nearer together. But when it came to a question of right and wrong—when you must have known how hard it would be for me to do the right—when you intimated that so much (my whole future, in fact) would depend upon my 'yes' or 'no' to your invitation—should you not rather have helped me to obey the voice of conscience? Mrs. Beauchamp, you are older and stronger than I am. Was it kind in you to make the path of duty a rougher one to tread? I will go now. I will not see your son; but I leave it with you to tell him exactly what has passed, and to bid him farewell for me. If he and I should meet again, it will be by no fault of mine. I leave him in your hands; plan for him as you will, only let him know everything. I could not bear to lose his respect."

"You shall lose nothing by this interview, Olive—least of all, Tom himself. Let me dry your tears, child. If I have seemed very hard upon you, forgive me. I did not really wish you to neglect your good aunt or turn your back upon your family. I wanted to know what sort of stuff you were made of before I consented to receive you as my daughter in perspective. I am satisfied now, and ready to ratify the bargain you two have made."

These were the next words that fell from Mrs. Beauchamp, and as they reached my ears I could scarcely believe that they were truly reported. But on lifting my eyes I saw a new expression on her face, and a moment after felt myself held in a close, motherly embrace, with my head resting on Mrs. Beauchamp's shoulder.

"You tempted me sorely," I sobbed out, not feeling so forgiving as perhaps I ought to have done. I always disliked whatever savoured in the smallest degree of want of straightforwardness, and I thought I had been hardly dealt with in this respect.

"You resisted bravely, Olive. Thank God that you were enabled to choose the path of right and duty. The future will, I trust, make amends by many a happy year for these short hours of trial."

Mrs. Beauchamp's face seemed transformed, and as I saw on it a glad light of satisfaction and a tenderer look of affectionate sympathy, my indignation vanished, tears gave place to smiles, and I returned with interest the embrace in which I was held.

I went back to my aunt's house that afternoon, but under Tom's convoy, and with Mrs. Beauchamp's maid as a further attendant, for propriety's sake.

It was three months before I could be spared to visit Castlemount; but Tom came backwards and forwards; his mother's letters were kind and frequent; so, in spite of my aunt's serious illness, this waiting-time was not an unhappy one.

A new year had begun before I saw for the first time the home of which I was one day to be the mistress. My welcome from Mrs. Beauchamp was all that I could wish. She seemed to delight in making me acquainted with the past history of the family, and of her

plans for the future happiness of Tom and myself.

Amongst other things, Mrs. Beauchamp showed me a number of magnificent diamond ornaments, most of which she told me were heirlooms.

"You shall wear some of these on your wedding-day, Olive," she said. "They are all mine at present, each Beauchamp having the power to bequeath the family jewellery to his wife for use during her life, though all have not done so. My husband availed himself of his privilege, and in deference to his wish I shall retain possession of them; but I should like you to have the use of them on all fitting occasions. There are more than enough for us both, and I have, besides, some very fine ones which my father gave me, and of which I can dispose as I choose."

I duly admired the diamonds; but I surprised Mrs. Beauchamp by saying that I would rather wear none on my wedding-day.

"Thank you very much, dear Mrs. Beauchamp, and do not think me ungrateful. But until I am actually your son's wife these things would not become me," I replied, quietly returning to their cases the jewels she had selected as most suitable.

She knew that, with the exception of a single ring, more remarkable for good taste than costliness, I had declined all the many gifts that Tom would have showered upon me.

I can see now that it was quite natural for him to be rather hurt at this, for what can give more pleasure to a loving heart than to bestow upon the object of its affection things which the world most highly esteems?

"You are too proud, Olive. You will take nothing," he would complain.

"Nothing for which I have no equivalent to offer, dear Tom," I would answer. "And yet I have willingly accepted the best you had to give—a true heart—and have given you my own in exchange."

He had to content himself, and so had Mrs. Beauchamp, and to let me have most things my own way.

She wished to furnish my trousseau, and talked of Court milliners and dressmakers who were to be employed in its preparation; but I again gratefully declined her offer, and said that my aunt had undertaken to provide everything that would be required before my marriage.

Pride is many-sided, and it was my pride to owe nothing to the family I was about to enter until I was actually a member of it. Beside, my good aunt was able and willing to do all that was needful. She gladly spent a portion of the money she had saved for my ultimate benefit in providing me with a trousseau which to my mind left nothing to be desired. It satisfied Mrs. Beauchamp even; for, though she was extremely fastidious in her tastes, she had no sympathy with the foolish extravagances which some indulge in when a wedding is in prospect.

It was from my aunt's house I went forth a bride, and from my dear father's hand that Tom received the wife he had so patiently wooed and waited for. My young sisters were my bridesmaids, and on Tom's side of the house there were present only his mother and my old friends, Maud Grant and her husband.

Everyone, Mrs. Beauchamp included, said what a pretty wedding it was, and that everything was in perfect taste, though delightfully simple.

Tom's mother made him and me very happy by her marked cordiality towards the members of my family, and notably towards my aunt.

"Mrs. Hesketh," she said, "you and I will be alike lonely now all these wedding preparations have come to an end. Will you come to Castlemount, and help to cheer a solitary old woman during the absence of our children? It will be my last opportunity of entertaining you there; for when the young people return it will be their home."

My aunt knew Mrs. Beauchamp well enough by this time to be sure that she would give no such invitation unless she truly wished it to be accepted. She accordingly went to Castlemount, and not only remained with Mrs. Beauchamp until we returned from our wedding tour, but subsequently accompanied her to Castle Hurst, the dower-house to which she retired in order to leave Tom and me in possession of the principal family residence.

Mrs. Beauchamp felt my aunt's society a great comfort. She was a woman of sound sense, high principles, and a Christian, not only by profession but practice. From my marriage dated the beginning of a real friendship between these two women, reared amid such different surroundings, and each able to benefit the other on this very account.

Tom and I felt that to Mrs. Beauchamp the removal from Castlemount would be a great trial.

"She has been like a little queen there for nearly twenty years," said he. "She managed wonderfully for me until I came of age, and since then she has taught me how to act for myself. It seems such a pity for her to turn out. Could not you and she——"

I am afraid my impetuosity conquered my sense of good manners; for I did not let Tom finish his sentence.

"If you were going to hint that your mother and I might continue joint mistresses at Castlemount, put the idea out of your mind at once," I said. "I should be more than willing for her to remain there, and for us to go to the Hurst. The smaller house would be quite large enough for me to try my 'prentice hand upon. But whether my home be at Castlemount or a single room comprise the whole of it, I must be its sole mistress."

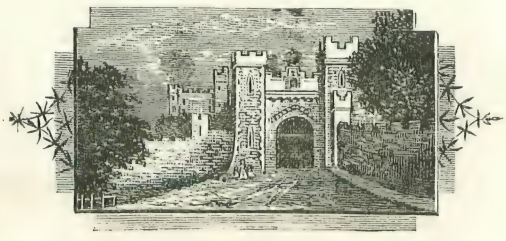
"It would not suit me to leave Castlemount, Olive," replied Tom. "It is the home of my ancestors, and it must be ours. I only thought—— But we will not go over the ground again. I doubt whether my mother would have consented to the plan that came into my mind."

I felt sure that she would not have done; but I was glad that my decisive words prevented it from being mooted or even hinted at to Mrs. Beauchamp.

Perhaps what I have told about myself may have conveyed the impression that I was a rather strong-minded girl in those days. If so, I should like to correct it. My parents first, and my aunt afterwards, had brought me up in habits of obedience, and trained me to consider first the question of right or wrong as regarded every decision I might be called on to make; but they trusted me, and so helped to make me trustworthy, and desirous to be true in word and deed. They encouraged me to give my reasons for any course of conduct I might wish to decide upon, and if these were mistaken or childish, they did not treat me to a course of ridicule or arbitrary contradiction. On the contrary, they patiently showed me where I was wrong, and then sent me, or at times knelt with me, to ask God's guidance, and to pray that He would lead me in a plain path and keep me in the right way.

I can truly say that on my marriage day I was not carried away with the thought of the wealth I should share or the position I should occupy in the world's eyes. What I did wish and pray for was, that I might be a faithful, loving, helpful wife to Tom, and use every worldly blessing I might possess with a deep sense of my accountability to God, and to promote His glory and the good of all around me. I had no wish to rule, but to work with my husband, to be fearless in doing right, yet to possess "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

(*To be continued.*)



ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FIG. 1.

THE taste of the day in art needlework has now become more educated, needlework is fast growing into a real art, and we whose pleasant task it is to help with suggestions those who desire to make their homes pretty, are always learning, by our own failures and successes, that the surest means of doing so is to show how articles can be produced which will outlive the ephemeral fancies of mere fashion. I have given you, therefore, two specimens of very dissimilar styles of design, which, for the sake of convenience, I have put into the form of panels.

Fig. 1 might be used as a panel for a screen, or for a cabinet door, or, in fact, for anything which, having a flat surface, would seem to lend itself for purposes of decoration. The material is fine cream, or self-coloured Roman satin, on which the design is worked throughout in "couching" or "laid stitch" with silk.

FIG. 4.

The success of this work depends, firstly, on the choice of colours and shades of colours; and, secondly, on the smoothness and regularity of the threads, which are laid from side to side of the pattern, and evenly stitched down; a great variety of shades can thus be blended together.

All manner of delicate and harmonious colours are needed in the piece of work which the sketch suggests; browns and greens for the scroll and leaf part, and reds, blues, and yellows for the flowers and birds. It must, of course, be worked in a frame, and I will undertake to say that any girl with a feeling for the harmonies of colour would find the execution of such a panel a most fascinating employment; whilst its artistic appearance when finished would amply reward her for the time and patience which must needs be bestowed upon it. The writer, who has lately been studying most beautiful old specimens of this style of work in the South Kensington Museum, finds that in many of those worked in Italy, not only the pattern itself, but the entire ground of large surfaces is covered with needlework in the same stitch, the material used being strong linen. No doubt this ground is more durable, and it certainly must have been more costly; but to our advanced taste, controlled by the more practical minds of the nineteenth century (which would not sanction the bestowal of more time on one thing than is really necessary), the silken ground of the material is all that is needful for the working out of the design. The Spaniards, as well as the Italians, of the same period seem to have

FIG. 3.

used this couching stitch, or laid work, very frequently for covering large surfaces with embroidery.

Fig. 2 is another specimen of the revival of old style in designing; though in the form of a panel, it could be used equally well as a quilt or *portière*, or for any large and important piece of needlework. A girl with some inventive talent could draw such a design for herself, and put into it such flower and leaf forms, and such variety of stitches as she fancies. It gives a greater scope for imagination and skill than almost any other style could do, and, if carefully stretched and mounted afterwards, it can be worked in the hand.

The material should be strong, evenly woven linen, and crewels should be used for working. A great variety of colours can be used, but dark blue and Indian red should predominate. The stems might be worked with dark blue, and the fringe of stitches along them put in with dark red. Some of the larger leaf forms might be worked with shaded blues, and

FIG. 2.

others with greens; the smaller ones only should be solidly worked in ordinary stem or satin stitch. Some of the leaves can be filled in with seeding stitches, others with thickly worked veins and French knots; the pears should be raised by inserting a little cotton wool under the work, and the round flowers, which are worked round and round in a manner somewhat resembling the rosette-like petals of roses, are also slightly raised.

It is only for these smaller details of the work, and for filling in the large leaf forms, that light and delicate colours should be used. A large piece of work executed in this manner has an indescribably quaint and old-world appearance, and I think the result would amply repay any of our girls who have the courage and skill to embark in such an undertaking.

The other sketches which I give will present an idea less formidable to amateurs.

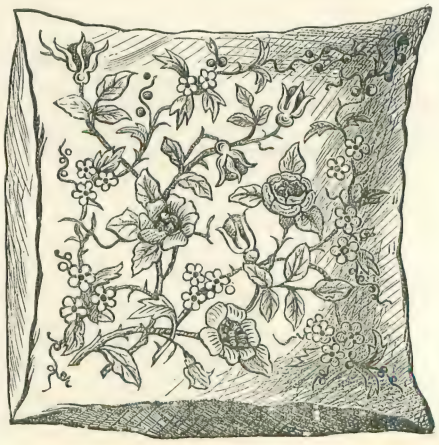


FIG. 5.

Fig. 3 could be adapted and used either for a round cushion, the top of a milking stool, or for the footstool for which it is intended. The colours used must be determined by those of the room in which it is to be used; and if for a footstool, by all means use contrasting colours—they may still be in harmony; but a footstool which is too nearly the colour of the carpet is a trap for the feet of the unwary to trip over, and is simply a trial instead of the comfort it is intended to be to its possessor. The material may be of dark blue cloth, with the conventional carnations in the centre "on-laid," in appliqué work in some gold-coloured material which will wear well. The veins can then be put in in terra-cotta toned reds and pinks, the leaves around the edge can be either appliqué of gold colour also, or worked with olive green crewels shaded to gold.

This would make a very pretty stool; but its material and colour can, of course, be varied according to the requirements of the worker.

Fig. 4 is a blotter, which may please members of the Primrose League. It is a quaint and pretty fashion, borrowed from bygone days, to mark historical events by pieces of needlework bearing reference to them. Thus the present Jubilee year of Her Majesty the Queen has become the *raison d'être* of an immense number of articles worked with our national emblems, crowns, monograms, and dates, which will render them interesting mementoes of a great event in years to come. So, also, banners and innumerable pretty trifles bearing primroses will serve to mark the formation of the Primrose League.

The blotter before us is of olive green velvet or velveteen, with the primroses and leaves solidly worked in natural-coloured silks. They are tied up and connected by a ribbon, which must not, however, be of the crude violet colour which really belongs to the badge of the League; various tones of bluish purple shaded into quite light grey might be used to suggest the desired colour, which is too violent in itself to be admissible in artistic work. Ribbons, in some form or other, are to be found in connection with flowers, both natural and conventional, in almost all specimens of Italian needlework, and are so pretty and graceful that it is a pity they are not more used in the designs of the present day. The motto can be embroidered in Japanese gold thread, or in pale olive green silk to match the lines round the edge. When complete it would not be difficult for neat fingers to mount the work on millboard, and line it with satin, thus finishing it off entirely at home.

Fig. 5 is a cushion, in which again we have a revival of old days, and the result is not unlike such a specimen of handiwork as might have been produced by an industrious dame of the early eighteenth century, though both in design and execution it is somewhat Japanese in style.

The material is of pale, greyish green satin, very soft in tone, and the pattern of roses and hawthorn is worked in satin stitch; the silks chosen are various delicate shades of red, pink, blue, and green, such as one sees on old china plates, and when worked it gives very much the same effect as the sprays of fruit and flowers one is familiar with on old china, and has a most dainty and artistic appearance. Some of the hawthorn flowers should be nearly white, whilst the buds are shaded to a dull red; a good deal of the same dull red is worked into the stems. It should, of course, be executed in a frame, but when finished it could be made up at home with a cord of the same colour as the material, or of some of the shades used in working, sewn round the edge.

I have seen large pieces of beautiful old work done in this manner, of which the ground was threadbare and tattered from age, so cleverly transferred that it is almost impossible, unless by very close inspection, to discover that they are not entirely new productions fresh from the needles of the workers, especially as the silks with which they are embroidered are still as fresh and pure in tone as they were upwards of a century ago.

In some future chat on the subject of art embroidery, which opens up to us such large possibilities in the way of decoration, I hope to suggest some other objects on which the skilful fingers of our girls may work out the fancies of their clever brains; meanwhile if any of them wish to commence work on the hints I give them here, I would advise them first to visit the marvellous and beautiful specimens of ancient needlework which are to be found in our Museums, as a guide to their choice of colours and the best manner of using them.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VI.

A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.

No one knew exactly how Gerard Clarville had got into Mr. Aspenel's office. Neither he nor his mother could account for it. He was, in most respects, quite unlike his patron, and had to use much circumspection in his dealings with him; but how it was that he had been actually chosen by him as clerk, and how he had managed to keep his situation for six years, he could not understand. His mother had been with Mr. Aspenel at the time of the death of his second wife, and he had, in some slight degree, relaxed his constrained and formal manners towards her; but why he had selected Gerard, of whom he knew literally nothing, as one of his acting aids, was a riddle both to him and his mother, who had merely mentioned once that she had an only son struggling for a maintenance.

Gerard was five and twenty, and, like most active-minded young men, often kicked against the goad of his wearisome and subservient life; but his watchword was duty, and his love his mother. He owed everything to her, for she had sacrificed literally "all her living" to give him a fine education; and to make of him a gentleman and a Christian had been the paramount desire of her widowed life. He had not realised that to send him to college she had sold out of the funds and otherwise crippled her own means; but when he did realise it he declared his intention of accepting the first situation that offered. Her wish was to see him take orders, but as he felt no special call to the ministry, and did not see how he could complete his collegiate course, she was obliged to yield her will to his. When she finally anchored at The Cottages, he knew that he had done right.

Mr. Aspenel kept him, as well as all his other dependents, sharply to their work. He grudged them their holidays, and doubtless would have found enough to employ them on Sundays as well as week days, had that been discreet, or, rather, had it looked respectable in the world's eyes. As it was, Bank Holidays and the Saturday *congé* were an abomination to him, and Sir John Lubbock would not have been gratified had he heard what he said of him. Not that he always granted his people their Bank Holiday, since he was pleased to affirm that he was not a banker, and that his dealings all over the world necessitated work all the year round. And we need scarcely say, in these days of overflowing population, that he found people willing to work and grumble from year's end to year's end.

Not so Gerard. He held his own and received his due in the way of occasional recreation, and he always spent it at Roselands with his mother. He was a Sunday institution there, and helped the rector in choir, school, and evening class; he even read the lessons for him. Mr. Austen's children, male and female, were all married and settled at a distance; so that Gerard became almost as great a necessity to him as to the old ladies, who equally adopted him. The latter began to assume that they had as great a right to him as his mother had, and nothing went on in the six small dwellings without reference to Mr. Gerard. What he would think of the planting of such a flower, or the arrangement of such a picture, or the settling of such a difference, was a constant resource to these forlorn females, who often asserted that "had all men been like Mr. Gerard now, they need never have been reduced to live upon charity." How ungrateful we all are! We even complain of the warmth of the hand that feeds us.

Mr. Aspenel sometimes honoured

Gerard with an invitation to dinner of a Saturday night, when he and his mother went in state to the Park. Mrs. Clarville looked on Mr. Aspenel as a twofold benefactor, and always did her best to uphold him when behind his back other people knocked him down; and she never ventured to decline his invitations. Thus Gerard had become tolerably well acquainted with Mrs. Aspenel, her son and step-daughters, who generally welcomed him kindly. He was a good-looking fellow, and probably that had something to do with it. Miss Short was not far wrong in calling him a jack-of-all-trades; but none was more perplexing than that of being factotum to three widows and three spinsters.

Not that he was their only masculine consolation. Contrary to custom, widowers preponderated in the village, and the rector and Mr. Harton, being untrammelled by the fair sex, were always ready for a gossip with the ladies when they came across them. Mr. Harton's sons, particularly Jack, had been the plague of their lives; but they were happily dispersed or dead, for he had lost two, and The Cottages were at peace. Of Mr. Aspenel they saw nothing, with the exception of Mrs. Clarville, who, being a connection, was of course privileged. But they were even more bitter against him than were his clerks, for, like the dog in the manger, he would not take the management, repairs, and ornamentation of their small abodes upon himself, nor let Lord Beechton take it. His lordship was very kind, nevertheless, and often sent them game, which was more than Mr. Aspenel ever did.

At about six o'clock of the day of our introduction to Roselands, Nurse True interrupted a merry quartette in Mrs. Clarville's pretty sitting-room, by saying that it was time for her young ladies to depart; and the little gathering walked together to the big iron gates that enclosed the miniature park containing six houses instead of one. Prudent Mrs. Clarville had prevented Gerard's accompanying his young friends home from their earliest acquaintance; because, she said Mr. Aspenel might not like it. Accordingly they parted at the gates. Just as they were shaking hands, Miss Vigors appeared. She seized Gerard's hand and held it in both hers, to Janet's great amusement. She was the strong-minded and literary member of the sisterhood, and, like Gerard, helped Mr. Austen in the parish. She would have managed the world had she had her will.

"Fan is entirely spoilt. They let her have her way in everything," she began, as she and the Clarvilles turned towards The Cottages. "Only think, Mr. Gerard, she begins to argue upon pre-Adamite and pre-diluvian matters with Mr. Harton, and he encourages her."

Gerard laughed, saying Fan was Fan, and he supposed she must have her way.

At last he and his mother were alone, and they had still an hour or more before his mile's walk to the station. They had much to talk of when seated side by side on the couch opposite the window. The aspect of The Cottages was west, and they could just see the setting sun beyond the far-stretching fields, and through the trees of the wide-reaching Park. On the left was a grove in which the nightingales were already beginning their wonderful song: for the evening was warm and spring well advanced. All the harmony of the bird-spheres swelled about that befriended spot, and, as Mrs. Clarville often said, nature had conspired with man to bless it. Her son once added maliciously, "But mother Eve's progeny conspire to introduce the trail of the serpent."

"You still get on with Mr. Aspenel, Gerard?" asked the anxious mother.

"I believe so; I do my best. He is too cautious either to praise or blame; but when he finds any defalcation, he dismisses the offender. I had hard work to get him to raise my salary, but he has done so, and I begin to think myself as rich as he, with two hundred a year and no particular anxiety."

"He finds you of use, Gerard."

"Perhaps so; but he will not make a cat's paw either of you or me. He wants us to have an eye on the gipsies that are beginning to frequent Mr. Harton's land; but I can't meddle with them, and ventured to say that you only visited them occasionally in a philanthropic sort of way. He mentioned one known as Wandering Will, whose movements he was anxious to follow, and said that mischief was sure to arise wherever he appeared. 'As to that fool, Harton,' he added, 'he will be—the means of getting us all robbed, if not murdered.'"

"Brotherly love and not persecution is the best antidote to the poison he fears," said Mrs. Clarville. "I will do my best to instil it."

"He asked me if I would accept a position in South America with a still increased salary, and I said I could not leave you, mother."

"Oh, Gerard! Don't let me ruin your prospects. It will never do to offend Mr. Aspenel."

"He was not offended, I hope; but he dismissed me——"

"Gerard!" interrupted Mrs. Clarville, alarmed.

"Not from his service, mother, but from his presence."

"When did this take place?"

"Yesterday, and I have not seen him since. But there are hundreds of his slaves ready to go to the world's end for money, so he can easily supply my place. Money is the 'golden idol' that this our Nebuchadnezzar has set up; and his subjects are ready enough to fall down and worship it. I question if even the 'three children' could be found to withstand the bait."

"You have, my son!"

"For your sake, mother. But for you, perhaps I, too, should yield."

Mrs. Clarville took Gerard's hand, and they sat a few moments silent, gazing through the leaf-encased window at the dying day. The picture of St. Augustine and his mother, Monica, might have represented the pair.

"Is this enormous wealth gathered honestly?" asked Mrs. Clarville. "Are your hands clean?"

"Honestly as the merchant world counts it; that is to say, wealth somehow breeds wealth, but it would be difficult to give an account of its accumulation. I who have to reckon up a portion of it day by day, should not like to know the history of each sovereign. But, happily, my hands are clean enough, unless the touch of the pen and ledger defile them, like pitch."

Again there was silence. Mrs. Clarville broke it. "I would rather you lost your situation than that you should be corrupted by gold."

"No fear at present, dear mother. Two hundred a year will not demoralise me."

Gerard laughed merrily, and his mother caught the infection. There was a tap at the door.

"I am so glad to hear you laughing, and that you are here, Mr. Gerard. I have just come home unexpectedly, and find that tiresome Julietta out, and no fire anywhere."

This was said by Miss Lilyton, who was the youngest, weakest, and prettiest of Gerard's six allies. She had a drooping figure, flaxen hair, of which she was justly proud, since it had survived unscathed the wear and tear of youth, and a pale, interesting face.

"Let me help you," exclaimed Gerard, starting to his feet. "I constantly light my own fire, and Miranda can come and help also."

"Oh, no, if you please, Mr. Gerard Julietta is already jealous of Miranda, and she would leave me at once if she knew."

"All right; I can manage it. I have a box of safety matches in my pocket."

In less than no time Gerard was on his knees before Miss Lilyton's tiny grate, and had soon kindled a cheerful flame. Julietta slunk in during the process, and he administered a lecture, which he knew Miss Lilyton would fear to do, and departed.

Thus ended his holiday, and when he returned to his mother he told her that she must look after Miss Lilyton, because she seemed worse than usual, and he knew not what the rector or the choir would do without her. She played the organ and helped with the choir during the week, when the organist, who was also schoolmaster, was otherwise engaged. Gerard was wont to say, "You might travel the world over, and not find six more useful ladies than ours; only I wish they would not interfere with one another's work."

At eight o'clock he hastily took some refreshment prepared by his mother for him, and, as the night was fine, he prevailed on her to walk with him to the station. Miranda followed, carrying pompously her mistress's mackintosh and the door-key. The moon was up, and looked brightly down upon the mother and son as they hastened on arm-in-arm. The nightingales were harmonising the moonlit twilight, and all save they was repose. Nature at rest calms the soul, and Gerard almost whispered to his mother, as if from fear of arousing her.

They skirted the park wall, went through the village, past the old church and schoolhouse, and into the country road. They reached the station just as the train dashed in. An embrace, a

fervent "God bless you!" and a "Good-bye, Miranda," and Gerard was off.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS DAUGHTERS' EDUCATION.

SEVERAL days elapsed before Mrs. Aspenel could speak to her husband concerning the desirability of sending Janet to school. He had remained in London two or three nights, and had brought friends, or, more properly, acquaintances, to the Park on the others. She broached the subject at breakfast, when Mr. Aspenel suddenly looked up from his paper and inquired if Mrs. Nunn were gone.

This ill-matched pair sat opposite one another in a delightful breakfast-room, he engrossed in some calculation induced by the shipping news, she reading her letters. He was, as usual, scrupulously got up, and, personally, at least, he was unobjectionable. Save for "the ferrets," as she called his eyes, he would have been even good-looking. She was decidedly handsome, and a stranger would have said, "What a prosperous, happy couple!" But strangers always make mistakes. First impressions are delusive and hasty judgments unsound. At least, it is best to think twice in most cases.

"Mrs. Nunn left last week, and I wish to consult you on what it is best to do with your daughters. At their respective ages they cannot be left to the exclusive instruction of their nurse," said Mrs. Aspenel.

She always spoke to her husband satirically; she could not help it. She neither knew nor cared whether he understood her manner or not, and he never gave sign of doing so.

"My daughters! Can't you teach them, Mrs. Aspenel? You are very accomplished," he replied, returning to the shipping interest.

"I! What will you propose next? I think Janet, at least, should be sent to school. She is beyond my control, and treats Bruce abominably. They are always squabbling."

"Bruce! School!" repeated Mr. Aspenel, who had a habit of saying over the last words of the person to whom he was speaking, while his mind was intent on its own particular problem.

"Yes; Bruce will do better without Janet, and she may perhaps be controlled at school."

"But schools are so expensive. Some run you up bills of a couple of hundred pounds. I could not afford it, I have had so many losses lately. I may be on the verge of ruin."

"Then it might be wise to give your daughters such an education as might enable them to support themselves. As you are polite enough to consider me accomplished, I might also turn my talents to account."

"Account! It is difficult to make up one's accounts, Mrs. Aspenel. Mine are so complicated that it is impossible to keep them distinct, and, although you will not believe it, I may be ruined any moment. I wanted to send young Clarville to look after my affairs in America, and he won't go. I call that ingratitude, seeing that both he and his mother owe everything to me."

"A heavy debt, indeed, Mr. Aspenel! A nomination to a charitable institution that you do not support, and a clerkship that probably costs you little!"

"Two hundred a year. And he declines to oblige me, because he can't leave his mother."

"I hope Bruce may turn out as good a son, Mr. Aspenel. But what are we to do with Edith and Janet? I have written to Lady Ascham, and she recommends several schools."

Something like a smile passed over Mr. Aspenel's enigmatical face as he replied—

"Lady Ascham! She has a registry office, hasn't she? What percentage does she get?"

"Really, Mr. Aspenel, you insult Lady Ascham. She is very philanthropic, and interests herself in finding situations and canvassing for votes for all sorts of people. She knows all the institutions and schools both at home and abroad."

"Depend upon it, she doesn't work for nothing. Nobody does. But she needn't expect a percentage from me, since I am not to be taken in. The aristocracy are just as fond of money as the rest of us, and go into trade, or drive coaches and omnibuses, or keep cabs and job them, or do anything to keep them above water. You would be surprised at the applications I have from them for positions that they could not fill. But I am wide awake."

Mrs. Aspenel laughed satirically.

"In business, perhaps, but not at home," she said.

"Which school does Lady Ascham recommend?" he asked.

"Here are the prospectuses she has sent me," she replied, passing a heap of papers across the table.

"I will look them over, Mrs. Aspenel. It might not cost much more to send Janet to school than to keep a governess at home."

"You must do both; for Edith's education is not finished, and Bruce must be taught."

"I cannot be bored by another governess, always complaining and wanting an increase of salary. Why can't Edith have lessons of the old ladies at the Aspenel Homes? They are all highly educated, and would be glad of an extra pound or so. There is Miss Lilyton for music, Mrs. Vigors for general literature, Mrs. Clanville languages, and——"

Mr. Aspenel's calculations were arrested by a laugh so unaffected that he looked at his wife in astonishment. Natural laughter was not her tendency.

"Poor Edith!" she exclaimed. "Miss Short might teach her how to use a walking-stick, and Mrs. Lucy give her lessons in deportment."

"Precisely. Will you settle it? I daresay twenty pounds a year would cover it all; and money is a consideration just now, when one's ships are going to pieces like cartridge-paper. What with the storms and the shocks of earthquake, and the tidal waves, and one confounded thing and another, there's no calculating either distance or atmosphere. A fog comes on, and an ironclad goes down, and with it one of one's own vessels. I don't see what use the weather forecasts are, when one's ships are in mid-ocean. You may laugh, Mrs. Aspenel, but these are serious times—very serious times."

"Providence circumvents plans. Still, a few hundred *thousand would not* be of much moment to you, who have millions at your disposal."

"Millions! Where did you pick up that notion? Why, the times are so bad that we may soon be without a house over our heads. I assure you the failures are enormous, and my speculation in West Indian sugar plantations has been worse than a loss. Those rascally Germans, with their beetroot sugar, undersell and ruin us."

"Ah, I hear there are great complaints against the influx of Germans in London and elsewhere."

"Capital fellows! They work for next to nothing, and live on less than that. If Clarville doesn't take care—and you may tell his mother so—he will be superseded by a German, who won't want his salary raised."

"You will let me know about the school, Mr. Aspenel; for there is no time to lose, if your daughters are to be made fit for their station in life."

"Station! Ah, to be sure. I will look over these; but you can settle with the old ladies about Edith. She is better at home."

If there was a vulnerable part in Mr Aspenel's gold-encased heart, his daughter Edith had found it. His wife knew this, and with that strange inconsistency attributed to human nature, was jealous of it—jealous on her own and her boy's account. While her husband was gathering up the prospectuses, she cast another arrow at him.

"Is Bruce also to be consigned to the old ladies?"

"I should think you could teach him for the present, Mrs. Aspenel—until, at least, I am more at ease concerning my foreign investments."

"From India to Peru, Mr. Aspenel?"

"Just so; or from Australia to Chili. As soon as Harton's son Tom returns from abroad, I think of asking him to undertake Bruce. He wouldn't charge much, and would be glad of a little help. His father's going to the dogs."

Further discussion was cut short by Mr. Aspenel's glancing at his watch, and finding himself five minutes late. He bustled off with a hasty "Good morning, Mrs. Aspenel," and left that lady to her thoughts. She did not indulge in them long, however, but went to her morning-room, and bade her maid summon Edith.

"What have you been doing, Edith?" was Janet's exclamation when the summons reached the schoolroom.

"You stopped out too late last night. Mammy said so," shouted Bruce.

"We weren't out at all last night, you story-teller," said Janet, following Edith from the room, and detaining her in the passage with the following cautions:—"Hold your own, Edith. Don't be a white mouse any longer. Say you're nearly grown up and want

finishing masters. Say I must have lessons in painting, and am ready to go to school. Say we will both go to the same school. Say——"

"Dear Janet, I pray to say what is right. I have learnt this from Nurse True. But I have done nothing wrong, and have nothing to fear."

"But she never sends for us at this hour, Edith, and it is a shame you don't breakfast with her and—papa."

Mrs. Aspenel soon quieted Edith's mind by telling her what her father had said concerning her education. She had a malicious pleasure in this, for she could never rouse the girl to cast a stone at her father. She was, however, deceived in her notion that she would give annoyance.

"What do you say to your finishing mistresses, Edith?" she asked, with her mocking laugh, which always grated on the nerves of the delicate girl.

"I should like them better than masters," replied Edith, smiling as she thought of Janet's injunctions.

"You would like to be taught by those rusty pieces of machinery?"

"I would rather not leave home, and as papa objects to another governess, I might pick up learning enough from the ladies, if they would undertake me. They have all been teachers in their youth, except Mrs. Clarville and Miss Lorne. But they will not like to begin again."

"Why do you prefer so doubtful and desultory an education to a school?"

"Because I could not leave Nurse True. And I might, perhaps, in time, be of use to papa, and to you and Bruce."

"Thank you, Edith, for including us. Even the last dregs of sympathy are welcome when the full cup is denied one."

"I wish I could be of any use. Indeed, I should dearly like to love you if you would let me"

Edith spoke these words timidly, for she was afraid of her stepmother, but she had long been waiting an opportunity to say them, and now they came. She had not realised that there are many people who resist the encroachments of love until no further inroads can be attempted; some from pride, others from coldness, all from lack of sympathy. In Mrs. Aspenel's case, however, these encroachments had not hitherto been attempted, and they came upon her with surprise. She believed Edith to be hypocritical in making them, and put her to the test.

"If you are sincere in what you say, you will undertake Bruce's education till Mr. Tom Harton returns from his tutor tour. He will not learn of me."

"I would do my very best. If only I could please papa, and be of some use to you, I should be quite happy—at least, if Janet were happy."

Mrs. Aspenel was silent a minute, and looked at Edith with some surprise. She still misdoubted her. She had a suspicious nature, and the circumstances of her married life tended to foster it. She did not believe it possible that any girl approaching womanhood could be satisfied with the life she led. She asked, therefore, "What do you expect from this self-sacrifice?"

"I do not quite understand you," was the reply. "I should not be separated from Nurse True, who has been with me all my life. I would try to win Bruce's and your love, and to help papa. I should still visit the poor people and teach in the school. The animals and birds would not miss their little treats, and my dog True and my dove would not pine after me. I am happier here than I should be at any school, and it might amuse our ladies to help me, as Miss Vigors helps Fan."

Edith always called the inmates of The Cottages "our ladies." She had an instinctive dislike to "the old ladies" and "the old maids," as employed by others.

"I wish you could talk over this matter with your father as you are doing with me, Edith," said Mrs. Aspenel, with a voice out of which had died all sarcasm and asperity.

"I should be afraid. Still, it is wrong to fear one's own father," replied Edith, going close to Mrs. Aspenel, attracted by the voice.

"You might perhaps soften him, and prove that there are better things in life than gold."

"My mother tried, and failed. But, as Nurse True says, God can bring to nought the treasures of this world, and open the soul to receive those of another and a better."

As she spoke, Edith bent over Mrs. Aspenel and kissed her forehead. This involuntary action touched her feelings. The cold kiss, night and morning, impressed on her cheek by her step-children, had been all the signs of affection hitherto interchanged; and this spontaneous act, and the pressure of a small hand on her shoulder, she felt to be genuine.

"I am not so hard-hearted as you think me, Edith," she said. "But Janet exasperates me, and between her and your father I know not how to endure the life I lead. I should end it but for Bruce."

"Oh! Mrs. Aspenel."

"I do not mean that I should destroy myself, but——" Mrs. Aspenel paused, then added: "Thank you for the first sympathetic word I have heard since I married your father."

Again Edith kissed the forehead, and felt a slight quiver run through the shoulder which her hand pressed. It was transitory, and the old satirical manner returned when Mrs. Aspenel spoke again.

"We will ask the old ladies to tea, and see what they think of your father's original plan. Suppose you all walk down with the invitation this afternoon, for to-morrow. They are not so overdone with engagements as to object to short notice. Five o'clock, of course. You might sound Mrs. Clarville. If her son chance to be with her, tell her to bring him. What dissipation for Janet! Five calls in one day!"

"We shall all like to go," said Edith, and returned to the schoolroom.

(To be continued.)

THE OAKEN STAIRCASE.

I HAVE a picture in my heart
Of one I loved in days of yore,
And now that Time has soothed the smart
Of that old pain that once I bore,
'Tis passing sweet, at eventide,
Across familiar hills and dells
To watch the veil of gloaming glide,
While fancy on that picture dwells.

A girl comes down an oaken stair,
Athwart the gorgeous rainbow beams
Of painted windows, rich and rare,
Through which the fire of sunset streams,
And falls in rain of fairy flakes
On gown of white and face so fair,
While round her gentle head it makes
A glory of her golden hair.

I think one day from her sweet home,
Where love is always pure and new,
Adown the starry stair she'll come
To meet me, as she used to do,
Down that old staircase long ago,
With welcomes when the day was done,
Past painted windows all aglow
With the last kisses of the sun.

"ONE I LOVED IN DAYS OF YORE."

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

By AN UNNAMED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER IV.

I SAW my comrade turn deadly pale as he passed through the open folding window and walked straight out into the park, disappearing beneath the trees. My father, who had not perceived this, turned to the chair where our guest had been previously sitting, as about to address him; but seeing he was no longer in his place, said to my cousin: "Your friend took no part in our talk, though he is generally so ready in conversation, and has so much to say that is shrewd and sensible and worth listening to upon every subject, that I should have liked to hear what he has to say upon this one."

"He is not likely to have spoken at all about it," was the answer. "The case too nearly touches him, and has too many points in it that recall painful events in his own life, for him willingly to enter upon its discussion. I told you, uncle, that my eccentric friend was morbidly sensitive upon some points, and this is one of them."

"This! What? Speak out, nephew."

"I will, sir, since you bid me. Else I generally spare my friend as far as possible."

"Speak out, I say," repeated my father, sternly.

"Well, then, when my friend began life, still quite a youth, he was taken as a clerk in a mercantile house, where his father had been managing clerk for many years. Soon after the lad was engaged, a sum of money was missing, and suspicion fell strongly upon him. Out of consideration for the father, the house did not press the inquiry, and the son was still kept in his situation, though an eye was strictly maintained upon him. Time passed: another sum was found to be missing. This time the house took active measures for discovering the culprit; but still nothing could be brought home to the suspected person. Soon after, the father died; a rich old aunt also died, leaving her wealth to the son, who resigned his clerkship and went abroad immediately. Within a few days after he left England the two missing sums of money were transmitted to the mercantile house from an unknown source; and the natural conclusion drawn was that a desire to retrieve past errors had induced this act of justice as soon as it was in the culprit's power to restore what he had purloined. For the sake of the father, the son's transgression was never alluded to, and the whole story died out of men's remembrance."

"But you remember it, you knew it, nephew; and yet you dared to bring this man into my house, to let him become the associate of your young cousins, to let me treat him as a welcome guest, a friend, an intimate!"

"He is received everywhere, sir; his presence is sought by some of the very best people, he is invited into the most distinguished society."

"He may be received wherever brilliant gifts are allowed to compensate for want of principle," said my father, sternly. "I am very old-fashioned, I daresay, in my ideas; but I will not suffer a dishonourable man to come into my house and make part of my home circle. I desire you will lose no time in letting him know that his farther stay here will be unwelcome."

"But, surely, uncle, this is somewhat curt, somewhat uncivil; it is an awkward thing to turn a man out of the house at an hour's notice."

"Whatever there may be of awkward or uncivil, nephew, is your affair. You brought him hither, knowing what he is—or was; it is for you to rid me of him as best you may. You made your own difficulty; it is but fair that you should take its consequences."

So saying, my father took up another newspaper, as if to put a stop to farther colloquy, and my cousin left the room. I went straight up to my own, that I might calm my thoughts, which were in a tumult of bewildering emotion—an emotion such as I had never known in all my life. Strange to say, no misgiving with regard to the character of my comrade occupied my mind: his frank eyes, his clear, truthful voice, had made it simply impossible to me to believe that dishonour could be in his nature. What chiefly occupied my perplexed imagination was how my father's resentment and forbidding him the house would affect him. Would he quietly endure such a direct insult? Would he accept dismissal without remonstance? How would my cousin convey the intimation of my father's will? In what terms would the offensive mandate be couched?

Unable to rest in this conflict of feeling, I took up my garden hat and wandered forth into the open air. My steps involuntarily led me towards my favourite seat on the fallen tree, where I sat motionless, lost in thought, absorbed, unconscious of surrounding objects. My eyes remained fixed on the grass beneath me, and were not raised even when I heard an approaching footstep. I knew it well: no need to look up. It paused beneath the oak, and I felt that he leaned against its bole looking down upon me—as so often before.

In a voice—ah, how different from the joyous cheery ring of its usual tone when speaking to me!—now full of deep mournful earnestness, I heard him say:—"Your father's words this morning have opened my eyes to two cruel facts: one, that I may never dare ask a woman to love me and to be my wife; the other, that I ought never dare to love. The first I can yet avoid; for the latter it is too late. I have seen the only woman I can love, the only woman I shall ever love; and I cannot help wishing her to know it. But I content myself with this."

He stopped, with an eloquent break in his voice, then he added:—"God bless you for ever!"

Farewell was in every syllable, and fell like a knell upon my heart. Still, I could not look up. But, though my eyes were not raised, I knew that he was gone. Stonily, frozenly, I sat there I know not how long, incapable of moving or looking up. It may have been some hours, for the sun was sinking and fading, when my brother passed by, but suddenly stopped on seeing me.

"Hallo, little one! You here so late! What ails you, child? You are looking white and poorly. It must be the heat, and you've been taking too long a walk, I'll be bound. Here, lean on my arm, and I'll go home with you. I just stepped down here to take a look at the stream for to-morrow's fishing; and it's well I did, to give you an arm back."

I took his arm and gladly leaned on it, quietly listening to his talk about the fish, the flies, the favourable weather for a "good bite." We had not proceeded far, however, when my cousin joined us, and my brother said, "Here, give the child an arm on your side as well; she's faint and tired, and will be glad to have all the support she can."

"No," I said, hastily; "yours is quite enough, brother."

My cousin scowled for a moment, but recovered himself, and said with an attempt at a laugh, "She does not care for my help; I know that well. She accepts it only from those she chooses."

I could not, for the life of me, keep from saying, "True, I like it only from my own chosen aids; from my brother, for example, who helps me quite to my taste."

"Or from a favourite comrade," sneered my cousin.

"Exactly," I retorted, "and you and I, you know, have never been comrades."

"What are you two sparring about?" said my brother. "I suppose the child is offended because you're more of a companion to me than to her little ladyship. She can be mighty high and dignified, I know, sometimes, and has her own high-flown notions, but we let her have her own way."

"Too much so, I think," said my cousin.

"Do you think so? Well, I don't know; she's a good tractable little creature on the whole, and we all love her dearly, that's the honest truth of it. We take pains to spoil her, so what wonder she's spoilt?"

"What wonder, indeed!" muttered my cousin.

"Mind you lie down and rest before dinner, child," said my sister, when she met me in the hall, and my brother told her how faint and white-faced he had found me. "Never mind dressing for dinner to-day, there's no one dining here but ourselves."

I took care, however, to be downstairs in excellent time before our family party assembled, as I thirsted to hear what was sure to be said then. My father

and mother, my brother, my sister, and myself were all in the drawing-room ere my cousin entered. The moment he appeared, my father said, "Well, nephew?"

"Well, sir!" was the stiff rejoinder.

"You know what I would ask. How did you manage to let your friend know my wish? I hope you worded it properly. I should not choose to have discourtesy added to the strictness I feel compelled to use."

"I had no need for any words, uncle; when I sought my friend, I found he had already gone. He left a note for me, saying he was compelled to return to town by the earliest afternoon train from here. He desired me to present to you and to all your family the sincere assurance of his grateful sense of your kind hospitality, and to beg you to accept his excuse for this abrupt departure on the plea of absolute necessity."

"Best so," said my father. "The subject may henceforth be dropped."

And it was so; no word farther was uttered by anyone, either during the remainder of my cousin's visit, or after he was gone. The knitting went on, the newspapers were read, the designs were sketched, the birds and flowers were attended to, with no kind of allusion to the guest who had made everything assume fresh zest and brilliancy while he was among us, to light all up with animation and sympathy. In the drawing-room nobody seemed to miss him, but in the green nook by the riverside was one who felt the void, the aching blank, that had now for the first time cast its shadow upon her young life. His voice was gone, his frank clear laugh was gone, his smiling eyes were gone, his cheerful or serious comment on her books were no longer there to give them their chief charm. But she took one or other of them with her invariably, and tried to gather strength and comfort from them, recalling carefully whatever he had said of each and all. Often she would sit, her finger between the leaves—as once when he found her there—pondering over and over again his every word, his every look, his every varied tone and inflection of voice.

I believe I must have fallen into an absent brooding habit at this time; for once my mother called me to her, as she sat knitting after breakfast, my father being beside her as usual reading his papers, and bade me sit on the hassock at her feet, while I took up some stitches for her that she had dropped. After this was done, I remained quietly on my low seat, and fell into my wonted state of thinking, thinking. Presently I felt my mother's gentle hand upon my hair, smoothing it softly and caressingly.

"What is my child thinking of? A silver penny for her thoughts! She is growing too thoughtful for her age, my little one."

I put up my hand and laid it tenderly on hers, to let her feel the thanks I could not speak.

"Our little daughter is wise; she will not put her thoughts into words. Best not. She knows they should be kept in silence; our little one knows her duty as a daughter of our old house, and she does her duty bravely, well. I am pleased with her—I am proud of her."

This was said by my father, who I had thought immersed in his newspaper. But both his words and my dear mother's did me good; they stimulated me and strengthened me. They gave me assurance of her loving sympathy and of his discernment, at the same time that it showed me his delicacy and discretion when penetrating my heart's inmost feelings.

Weeks went by; spring returned. I took long invigorating walks, and made my visits to my favourite nook less of lingering and brooding than of needful rest for body and mind. Once my brother happened to find me sitting on the fallen tree. Instead of remaining there languidly, I started up with energy and joined him in his examination of the stream as regarded trout fishing. He seemed pleased by my evincing interest in one of his favourite sports, and fell into an eager discussion of its delights.

Suddenly he said: "Our cousin was a capital companion in all these things. By the way, I heard from him the other day; he mentioned that that eccentric friend of his had gone out with some Geographical Society fellows somewhere; let me see, where was it now? In the Arctic Regions, or the Torrid Zone, or something of that kind, I know. A long way off, at least; that, anyhow, I remember."

I could not help laughing, though my heart beat fast. My brother laughed loudly, too, at his own words. "The letter will settle the matter, of course, if you want to verify. But hang it, no! I recollect now, I tore it up to light a cigar, as soon as I had read it through."

And this was all I had for my imagination to feed upon, until another actor came upon the scene of my limited life-stage, who diverted my thoughts somewhat from their chief source of interest. A young baronet, whose estate lay next to ours, and who had just come down to take possession of his country seat, after having passed his previous years abroad as a student in a German college, came to call upon my father, making favourable impression upon our entire family circle.

In return, he seemed equally pleased with us, and asked leave to renew his visit soon. I could see that my parents and my brother thought he was particularly struck with me, but I had my own ideas on this point. I was sitting by my mother's knee, on the hassock at her feet, when my brother said, "Our little one will find out she has to make up her mind soon on a serious question, I fancy."

"She need not be hurried, I think," said my mother, fondly passing her slender white hand over my curls.

"She shall not be hurried," said my father.

"Why should there be any question of hurry at all?" said my sister.

"We shall see," said my brother.

And we did see, certainly, and quickly too. The very next time the baronet came he at once proposed to my sister, was accepted by her, and the engagement was there and then sanctioned by our parents. The satisfaction with which I witnessed my sister's happiness and the joy it gave to all concerned, occupied my thoughts very delightfully on the surface, as it were; while deep down in my heart there dwelt one constant supreme source of idea for fancy to weave her webs around and conceal from view.

Autumn came round again, and I found that my cousin was expected to spend his usual month during the sporting season with us. The only thing that made me look forward with anything like gratification to his coming was a hope that he might perchance say something to my brother in my presence relative to the spot of earth whither the eccentric friend had betaken himself. But I felt that this was most unlikely; and on all other accounts my cousin's visit was entirely unwelcome to me. When he did come, it is true, he showed nothing of the roughness and rudeness with which he had on one occasion treated me; neither was he by any means so lofty and patronising as he was in former years, when I was younger—a mere girl, indeed. But the manner for which he had now exchanged his former one towards me was even more repugnant to my taste and feelings. It was oppressively attentive, objectionably marked in its courtesy and studious desire to gain my approval.

Fortunately there were only a few hours of the day which brought my cousin and me into company with each other; for the most part he was out of doors with my brother, engaged in the hunting-field or the game-covers. One morning it so chanced that I was in the hall, collecting my garden-hat, gloves, and flower-basket, on my road to gather blossoms for my sister to place in her vases, when my brother and cousin crossed at the other end, with their guns in their hand, ready for sallying forth. At the very moment they passed—which they did without perceiving me—I heard my brother say, "By the bye, coz, where did you say your eccentric friend was off to, when he went on his exploring trip with those Geographical chaps?"

"Oh, to the other end of the world, I believe—half over the globe, I fancy; the last I heard of him was from some port with an impossible name, on the coast of Norway. The expedition was to stay there some time, I believe, but——"

At this point I heard no more, for the two sportsmen went out through the hall door, just as the last word was spoken.

I indulged myself that morning—after I had conscientiously culled the flowers for my sister and taken them to her—with a long linger in my favourite nook, musing over all the incidents of my happy "comradeship," recalling every look, and word, and tone, reviewing the past with an intensity that made it vividly and acutely present.

Suddenly I was aroused and startled by the sharp report of a gun close at hand. I heard the voices of my brother and cousin, and the loud laugh of the former. Then came another bang of the gun, and then—oh, horrible!—a cry of alarm, a shout of consternation from my brother. The tone was not to be mistaken, and I rushed in its direction to learn its cause.

(To be concluded.)

REFORM IN UNDERCLOTHING.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

PART II.

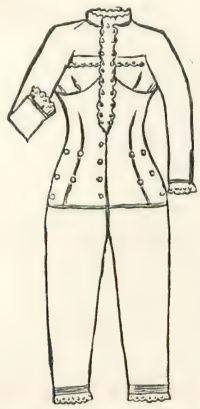
THE next garment that the Dress Reform Committee approve of is called the "chemelette" (fig. 1), now very generally known and sold in England under the name of the "combination garment" (chemise and drawers combined). This is to be the second garment worn.

A GARMENT COMBINING CHEMISE AND DRAWERS IN ONE, OR IT IS MADE SEPARATE, WITH DRAWERS TO BUTTON ON, CALLED BASQUE WAIST AND DRAWERS.

The "Emancipation suit" is a variation of the chemelette, or combination. It consists of a bodice made separate, with drawers to button on—a basque bodice and drawers (fig. 2), in fact—the bodice to take the place of stays. It can also be arranged to support skirts and stockings from the shoulder, and may be made of cotton, linen, or woollen. To make it, about five yards of thirty-six inches of material is required, and it can be made either in one piece or separately, as preferred. It can be lined and made sufficiently warm to take the place of all other garments.

The "Emancipation bodice" shows the bodice made up without the drawers usually attached to it, and with buttons for fastening on the skirts or drawers.

The dress drawers are intended to be worn in place of the underskirt, for extra warmth



THE EMANCIPATION SUIT.

in riding or walking, and during extreme cold, in and out of doors. This article is made of coloured flannel, waterproof, or of the dress material, as may be preferred, made to fit the ankle closely inside the boot, or with gaiters to go over the boot, and to fasten by buttons arranged for the purpose on the bodice.

Very similar garments have been long worn by ladies for riding and mountaineering.

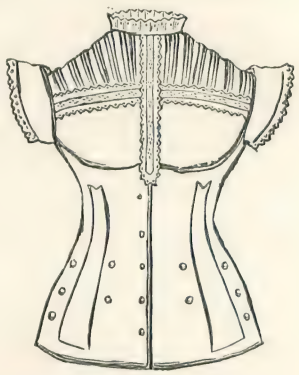
A new magazine published in New York, called *Dress*, is conducted by Mrs. A. J. Miller.

"It assumes to become an authority on the subject of healthful, beautiful clothing for women and children. While repudiating the title of dress reformers, the leaders of the New York Association evidently advocate, as strongly as does Lady Harberton, equal distribution in the weight of garments. On the other hand, the Jenness-Miller system of dress allows the skirt of the gown or outer garment to be undivided, lets the bodice be moulded more closely to the figure, and likewise admits of concessions in the matter of ornamentation. The promoters of the association supply no less than five different articles of clothing, to each of which is given a name so suggestive as to be in itself a description. The jersey-fitting garment worn next the body is woven either in wool or silk, so as to completely cover every portion of it save the throat, hands, and feet. Over this is donned a combination cotton or linen garment, known as the 'chemelette.' This, by means of seams, fits the body smoothly but without pressure, and presents waist and drawers in one piece, free from band and binding. It is, moreover, finished both at the neck and ankles with embroidery, lace, and ribbon. Next come the leglettes—a divided garment designed to clothe each leg separately, to supersede the petticoat, and to be made in either silk, wool, or cotton. Leglettes are mounted on a yoke, which fits perfectly over the hips, and obviates the necessity of band pressure or weight upon the waist. The final garment, to which is given the name of 'gown form,' bears close affinity to a robe princesse, and, while having the upper portion shaped to the figure, is devoid of much fulness in the skirt. Upon this outline dresses of various styles of drapery and trimming can be adapted. Fashion can be followed as far as is deemed desirable, while scope is given for individual taste and fancy. A support, which is, in fact, a compromise between a bodice and a corset, but without the objectionable features attributed to the latter, provides for those women whose physical development exceeds the limits of popular taste. The use of this is only advocated until such time as the coming generation be educated to an appreciation of the beauty of fine, massive proportions and general shapeliness. The magazine promises that the dress subject will not be confined to an advocacy of the particular ideas of the editress, but will contain suggestions from all who have made the subject a study. It undertakes to draw attention to correct ideals, and to give models adapted to the means of ease and health; also to help in avoiding singularity by differing as little as possible from prevailing models."

This concise account of the newest American departure is taken from the columns of the *Queen* correspondence.

The five different articles, *i.e.*, (1) combination in stockingette, (2) woollen or cotton combination, (3) divided skirt (as we in England call it), and (4) princess robe, with no fulness, but which can be trimmed in any manner deemed suitable, have all been illustrated (except the first) in our dress articles of each month, as well as the dress bodice worn instead of stays.

There may be some, however, of our readers who desire to have a petticoat instead of the divided skirt, which would not be a difficult thing to manage, as any well-gored shape would answer. Questions on all these subjects have been asked by so many of our correspondents, and it will be a pleasure to the majority, perhaps, to have all the last new ideas and all the information thereupon that can be procured.



THE EMANCIPATION BODICE.

One great change that will be brought about must not be overlooked, and that is in the work of women. Plain needlework, as applied to underclothing, will be much circumscribed in extent, and with the extinction of the chemise and drawers the demand for fine embroideries and trimmings will also be reduced.

But perhaps the greatest change of all will be in the direction of the much-abused and long-suffering washerwoman. Few of the community at the present time can wash woollens well, and it is to be hoped that the new departure will bring with it some washers of wool. But who knows that great alterations may not be expected in this department of work also? for I hear that there is no difficulty in performing the operation at home when the proper directions are followed, and aided by a small wringer to accomplish the most arduous part of it. Woollens are no longer rubbed. If very much soiled, a brush is used to aid in cleaning them. They are ironed when wet, and are carefully pulled the long way, to avoid stretching them out of shape. The first thing to do to prepare for

DRESS DRAWERS.

the washing of woollens is to cut up the soap into small pieces and boil it in water. The proportion should be about three-quarters of a pound of bar soap to six gallons of water.

When all the soap is dissolved, put into a tub to cool. When ready (at about 100 deg. Fahr.), add three tablespoonfuls of liquid ammonia, or four ounces of lump ammonia. Soak the clothes for an hour, rinse twice in clean water of the same temperature as at the first washing, removing all the soap. Wring out thoroughly. Cover the clothes up when soaking, and hang them out to dry lengthwise.

But when the inner garment is always of wool, many ladies will feel it unnecessary to wear also woollen combinations, so coloured silk, cotton, batiste, and linen will all be available for the purpose of making this combination, as we in England call it, instead of the American name of chemelette. In this case trimmings of all and any kind will be available for the neck, sleeves, and legs, and the garment may be beautified to any extent. Some ladies have used it for the winter made of winsey, with a cotton lining, and consider it comfortable and useful.

The idea of the gown form or princess robe, which may be used as the invariable foundation of all the dresses required, is a very excellent one, especially for working women. In these days this is really what the highest fashion itself has arrived at—*i.e.*, that the foundation is really the skirt, the draping being added. Any style of draping may be thus adapted to the same foundation, and the wearer of the gown form may follow the fashion of the moment as nearly as she likes. A good pattern of a princess gown is really the question, and in these days of good and reliable paper patterns that is not difficult to find; and the princess, like the polonaise, when well cut, will prove becoming and suitable to everyone.

The divided skirt has, I think, happily failed in its first intention of being the dress, and as such being visible when in movement. It is more suitable and comfortable as an under petticoat, and has been adopted and found to answer admirably by many women workers, who thankfully declare that the days of wet, miserable, draggle-tailed petticoats are over for them, and will "come again no more," and that they never have any more wearyful holding up of petticoats, which made arms and shoulders, back and sides, ache alike. How delightful to think that the days of "The Little Health of Women," as a well-known writer entitled her article in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine, are nearly over—at least so far as dress is concerned! Of all the women I have seen for years not a quarter of them were well and warmly clad, or sufficiently covered to resist the damp and searching cold of an English winter.

NEW MUSIC.

Novello, Ewer and Co.

Love and Summer. Four-part song. By John E. West.—This bright, well-written little work forms one of the latest additions to that marvellous collection of cheap and good choral music, the *Musical Times*.

Valse Caprice. Composed for the piano by Charlton T. Speer.—This musicianly concert piece has a most bewitching first subject in A major, and a most effective contrast later on in F major. Grace and delicacy are maintained to the finish.

Metzler and Co.

"*Alas, so long!*" Words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; music by Mary Augusta Salmond.—A very effective setting of the words; equally suitable for contraltos and baritones.

C. B. Tree.

The Changeless Love. Poetry by the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, M.A.; music by Arthur Briscoe.—The words are beautiful, and point out the fact that whilst all things around us change,

"One changeless gift was sent below,
The power of *selfless* love."

The melody is simple and natural.

Alphonse Cary.

The Millstream. Impromptu for piano. By George F. Sharpe.—A good piano piece, with the constant movement suggested by the title, but not difficult to play.

Joseph Williams.

Les Huguenots. One more of the operatic fantasias by E. Davidson Palmer, Mus.Bac., for violin and piano, several of which have already received notice in these pages. Mr. Palmer has arranged over a dozen favourite operas, and he always treats his subjects in an interesting manner.

Suite de Danses, Anciennes et Modernes. Par Benjamin Godard.—From a suite of six dances we select Nos. 3 to 6, viz., gigue, mazurk, polka, and valse, as the best numbers. The polka is most original.

London Music Publishing Company.

Five songs, for baritone. By Walter Frere.

Diaphenia (words by H. Constable) is charming in its simplicity and quaintness.

A Cavalier War Song has plenty of dash and spirit about it; and all five songs are interesting. They are published together at a small price.

Kalékairi. Song for mezzo-soprano. By Claude Barton.—Contains a fairly difficult but most beautiful accompaniment, and is altogether a song requiring more than ordinary study. It is worth learning.

Two pieces for violin and piano. By Marie Mildred Ames. 1. *Barcarolle.* 2. *Song without Words.*—Of the two the second is undoubtedly the best. Besides being free from technical errors, such as persistent and uncomfortable consecutive octaves between the bass and the violin melody, it is more spontaneous and less pretentious.

Sketches in Dance Rhythms (second series). By Erskine Allon.—The first series we know, and this second set appears to be quite equal to them in points of interest. Most charming is the slow waltz. A *Bourée* following it is curiously Swedish in character, and the *Saltarello* bristles with life and energy.

Orsborn and Tuckwood.

Tripping through the Meadows. Published as duet or solo. By Michael Watson.

Night and Morning. Duet. By Vernon Rey.

The Mystic Melody. By Theo. Bonheur.

Three compositions belonging to a harmless drawing-room class of vocal music.

Genista, Danse Royale. By Celian Kottaun.

Minuet de Napoleon. By Jules Thérése.

These are two fair specimens of the drawing-room dance piece of the present day.

Stanley Lucas and Co.

My Love for You. Song. By Odoardo Barri.—Very vocal and effective.

Youthful Happiness. Jugendglück.

No. 17 of a series of Liszt's songs, translated by Constance Bache. To lovers of Liszt's vocal music this edition will be welcome.

Thy Roses and *Resemblance.* Two songs. By R. B. Addison.—All that Mr. Addison writes is musician-like, and in both of these works will be found freshness of idea and wonderful novelty in harmonising.

Sonatina, No. 3 in D. By Oscar Beringer.—Having a pleasant recollection of Nos. 1 and 2, we anticipated enjoyment from the inspection of this third one, and were not disappointed. In a short compass Mr. Beringer manages to compress all the interest of a sonata, and yet the subjects are simple enough for a child to master. A concise little analysis of sonata form accompanies the copy before us, and should be read by every pupil. How many little players struggle through these classical pieces without knowing what the forms are!

Souvenir d'une Mazurka, for piano. By Glinka.

Polonaise, for piano. By César Cui.—To tell you that these two pieces are played by Rubinstein may suggest that they are beyond your powers, but that is not the case, especially in regard to the piece by Glinka, which is comparatively easy, and very nice.

J. and J. Hopkinson.

Mary Stuart is a cantata for ladies' voices by Gustav Ernest, on the romantic subject of the escape of Mary Queen of Scots from Loch Leven Castle.—Both Mary Seaton and the page Rolandi have parts in it, the latter as contralto.

My True Love. A setting by Ernest Birch of the oft-used lines written by Sir Philip Sidney.

Till the End of Time. Song. By Oliver King.—A ballad, above the average merit.

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

A TALK ABOUT A GOOD WIFE.

By AGATHA HART.

"That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, and never lost her lustre.
That loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with."
SHAKESPEARE (*Henry VIII.*).

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."—*Proverbs* xxxiii.

"I needs must disobey him for his good:
How should I dare obey him to his harm?
Needs must I speak out, though he kill me for it."
TENNYSON (*Enid and Geraint*).

THIS is essentially an age of crazes, and perhaps at the present moment the most universal craze of all is that of novel writing. Be we titled ladies or briefless barristers, Girton girls, Broad Church clergymen, or esoteric Buddhists, one and all we have discovered that we can write something in the form of a story; therefore we will and do—some to creep languidly through one-third of our first edition, thence to oblivion; some to be in large demand at Mudie's, and to blossom forth gloriously on Mr. W. H. Smith's bookstalls down all the lines. As a natural consequence, there are a great many "heroines" (for so we call every insignificant miss who happens to form the centre of a story), who one after another come forward and claim the attention of the novel-reading public.

There are many species of the genus heroine; we have the philanthropic girl, who by living six months in Whitechapel, and the rest of her life in Park-lane, effects the long-postponed union of East and West; the American girl, who is so marvellously beautiful, and talks such execrable English, and is a living advertisement for M. Wörth; the mesmeric and theosophical girl, whose extraordinary knowledge of the wisdom of the Egyptians and of Indian and Assyrian lore is only surpassed by her horrible uncanniness; the religious girl, who converts the Agnostic and marries the curate; and a host of other girls, perhaps summed up best under the head "Eccentric."

Now, whatsoever these young ladies achieve or whatsoever they suffer in the first and second volumes, I often feel when I close the third volume, losing my heroine in a mist of white satin and odours of orange blossom, a certain dissatisfaction. It is all very well, and I hope—indeed, I sometimes believe—that Dorothy and Ethel, and all the rest of the dear creatures, were really good girls, and would make capital wives. Nevertheless, I cannot help wondering about their after life, and what they felt like when Hubert and Arthur began to grow bald and look portly, and to take naps after dinner. Seriously, though, I want to know, have they been put to a thorough test? Have they gone through the real trials of a woman's life, and come out truly ripened into heroines? And to this question I am too often reluctantly compelled to say "No." The burdens they have had to carry through three volumes were laid on strong young shoulders; the sorrows came upon hearts that were too irresistibly young and hopeful to be permanently injured; the glamour of their own youth and beauty sweetened all their life for them, even though they did not recognise it. They have done well as far as they have gone, but, after all, have we not only followed them to the great doorway of woman's experience, and there bidden them adieu? Over this threshold the majority of our novelists persistently refuse to lead us, and have thereby done some mischief; for with the thoughtless and unobservant many, who look on life from the three-volume-novel standpoint, married life and middle age have come to mean at best a humdrum, "unromantic" affair, and most usually a gradual disillusioning and a settling down to "make the best of it."

This silence of our novelists betrays to my mind a certain cowardice in themselves and unreality in their writings; they are afraid of the seeming unattractiveness of middle age and the quiet of old age, not having sufficiently studied the human beings around them to learn that the truest tests, the possibilities of purest heroism, of deepest tragedy—surely good materials for romance!—are contained, not so much in the third as in the fourth volume of life.

With this fact in view, I am going to put before my readers a little pen-and-ink sketch of a character that I know and love well—the character of an old wife.

She and her husband have had what most people call "a hard struggle" all their married life—a harder struggle for her than for him, for she was not going to let him know how difficult it often was to dress the children warmly enough, to give them meat often enough, and to keep any fire in the grate after coals had "risen." Many is the time that she has left him in his study in a blissful unconsciousness of the true state of the household funds, to rack her brains and contrive all the morning how to make those two vexatious ends meet—and how to avoid debt, which to her upright soul means disgrace.

It is true that they have had brighter times, but they have been but opportunities for them to help others less fortunate than themselves—much poorer relations, and in two instances their own children (one who had heavy business losses, and the other an unfortunate marriage)—who have drained their resources heavily, and have never been able to repay.

He (the husband) is a poet, with in some degree the virtues and vices of a poet. He is sensitive, generous, with a certain noble way of looking on men that has made him free of all uncharity. He cannot believe that anyone will ever swindle him until he has been thoroughly "sold," and even then he can forgive and forget much sooner than that good wife of his. Yet he has a poet's selfishness added to that of the man. He has often done a rashly generous deed, for which his wife and family have suffered afterwards, probably more than he; but she has never complained. His is a dependent nature, partly because his study has been all his world to him, and outside of it he is like a bewildered child, partly because her strong, protective, responsible love has made him so. Yet is he sometimes obstinately independent, when to lean on her were the better way. He has led a good life, thanks partly to his gift, that has kept him dreaming very purely in the midst of a too wideawake world, partly to the sturdy uprightness and purity of his wife, and partly to his own innate refinement.

But this is not all. This man is a disappointed man. His art, to which, God knows, he has been as faithful as his wife has been to him, has, it is true, been acknowledged to be of a high order; there was a great run on his earlier work; but things have been going badly for some time past, and though some of his most recent work is probably his best, he has had to recognise the fact that he is fading out of notice. "They are burying me before I am dead," he has said, sadly enough. His exquisite music, his fine restraint in feeling and in form, are losing all hold on a public whose literary palate is vitiated with the startling and striking productions of the writers of *vers de société*.

It is hard for an artist to always realise that true art will exist long after the silly novelty-seeking generation that now ignores it has gone to its own place, and, possibly, to judgment, for its stupid sins. At all events, this man cannot always realise it, and his mild nature has become changed by disappointment, like sweet milk soured under wrong conditions.

Herein lies the difficulty of the wife. This is just the time when if all that had been owing were paid, if things went still well in the book way, they would have been able to take that dear little cottage in the country, and to buy that charming little pony chaise of which she has secretly dreamed so long a time. It would have been so sweet to settle down with him to a quiet country life; to sit and knit in that bright, old-fashioned garden, while he smoked his pipe in the little rose-mantled porch or wandered dreamily about the common beyond; to be free of the terror of tradesmen's books; to be able to devote every instant of her time to tending him, instead of in planning and worrying how to pay the servants' wages and keep up a little appearance; to have a pony trap to rest the limbs that are getting undoubtedly rheumatic however fiercely the brave heart may try to deny it. It is just the time when to have these things would be very, very delightful; but, as she says, God has willed otherwise, and, instead, she finds this is the very time when she must buckle to for the last and hardest struggle—a double struggle, with want and with a moral failure in her husband. She sees with terror in her heart that he is seeking a false comfort, that he is striving to forget his present disappointment by building up for himself a future despair.

Now must she put herself—not for the first time, certainly, but firmer than ever before—in exact opposition to him. What pain it is to her, who would fain run smoothly with him to the end, is past description. It is true that the rebuke of love is a weapon whose handle hurts more than the blade. She knows only too well that it will make a breach between them; but she is determined, because she has an old-fashioned faith in God that He will show her dear one why she did it in the day when He wipes away all tears. It is difficult, though; for his treatment of her was indifferent enough before, though she has scarcely owned it to herself. She has so often seen him courteous and affectionate with friends when he has been careless in his manner to her. He is accustomed to her; there is such an ordinariness about their relations. When things go wrong in the study, he visits it upon her. He shows her every passing cloud of depression, but is not so particular about sharing his sunshiny moments with her. The tender graciousness of the old love-time seems dead within him, except she be ill and broken down. Then there seems to open a long-closed chamber in his heart full of memories—her light-hearted youth before he married her, that look in her eyes when he awoke from his

long illness and found her bending over him, her patience in her own suffering—all these things float before his mind like the odour of faded roseleaves, and he wanders about the house like a disconsolate child with tears in his eyes and a sickness at heart. Yes, he needs her terribly, he loves her deeply; but when she is well again he is as ordinary, nay, as indifferent, as ever.

People are always saying of this old white-haired poet: "How wonderfully young-hearted he is, how fresh his art, how exquisite is the romantic atmosphere of his books!" And she who sees daily only too much of his prose-life, rejoices in their praise, and stores it away in her heart. These same people sometimes wonder among themselves, however he came to marry such a good, prosaic, unromantic little body as she! Prosaic? Why, her love for him is part of the great poetry of the world—a great spirit that has become incarnate from time to time to save the world from becoming a howling wilderness, and that will never leave it. You know it and love it in Penelope, in that patient Griselda, in that dear Nutte-browne Mayde, in sweet Enid; and her: it is fully as deserving of your attention and love, in this quiet nineteenth century housewife. Unromantic? I tell you she looks on him with the eyes of a girl, his white hair to her has all the glory of a halo, his face is still to her the type of all that is purest and dearest and goodliest in manhood, and one word of ordinary love from his lips is to her dearer than precious stones. Her love will be a clear steady flame when his books are ashes.

Perhaps he does not know it, but it is a fact, that he could if he liked make her life a far lighter and brighter one. A little compliment, a little expression of regret if she be obliged to leave him for a day—these set her heart singing for days. If he had only eyes to see he would note the quick flush on the worn face, the tears that spring to her eyes at the unaccustomed tenderness; but either he cannot or will not see it: and so this old woman, whose large and loving heart is as hungry as a young girl's for an answering love, goes mutely and patiently on starvation rations.

Sometimes, alas! it is worse then this; because he is rather ashamed, he grows angry when she is standing between him and his temptation, like a guardian angel with face of flint and a heart weeping tears of blood, and he will say a cruel and a bitter thing. I once saw a daisy that had thrust its bright little face through the earth, yearning towards the sun, and glad to add another beauty to the world; and then some careless passer-by pushed a stone from the path upon its face, and I found the patient thing underneath, with its stem broken, and all the hope stricken out of it—it seemed to me a type of the strangest ingratitude.

She cannot often in word betray her great and full love for him; he is not demonstrative, so she fears to worry him; though, if he but knew it, her arms are always round him, everything that meets his eyes is the result of her careful study of his wants, and her secret service thereof. But, if he be ailing or unhappy, she has the right to open all the floodgates of her great love; she waits upon him day and night; she takes his head upon her breast, and watches him with the divine look of a mother looking on her child; she soothes, and comforts, and binds up, and leaves him only to weep with joy and gratitude that trouble has driven him back to her heart again, and to pray for greater wisdom in guiding and helping him.

Her greatest happiness is to see him happy; her greatest fear is lest the stress and strain of life should wear her out, and she should have to go and leave him behind—despite her strong faith in God, her passionate belief in her hero, an awful question looms ever before her: What would then become of him?

It is a strange, a difficult position that she has to maintain: this man she loves has failings; if she had not loved him as angels love, they would probably have been sins; if she had not loved him at all, they might have been crimes. He has been a good man always, but the finer restraint of manhood is fast slipping into the querulous, self-indulgent weakness of disappointed old age, so she must place herself between this man—whom she has loved and honoured, whom she ever will love and honour, who has been her hero, her type of good manhood, and who must and shall be her hero to the last—between this man and his faults, and must bear, too, the consequent unjust reproach, and the anger, and the misunderstanding.

She can but see the greater cause for loving him in all this, and strangles the suggestion of disappointment at the moment of its birth as if it were a poisonous viper, and clings like the obstinate creature she is to her old ideal. She is praying, imploring, her idol not to come down from his pedestal, which he is only too willing to do; and then with an innocent deceit, that almost deceives herself, she turns round triumphantly to her children and to the world, and bids them see how firm he stands.

Well, I have given you a slight sketch of the life of an old wife. I have made no story of it, related no one particular incident, and yet I cannot help hoping that I have in some way succeeded in showing you what matter of intense interest—the truest heroism, the completest self-sacrifice—is contained in the unpublished fourth volume of life.

I have not touched on the subject of the influence of good husbands on wives, not because there are few of the former, for there are thousands and thousands of wives who would do well to daily go "down on their knees and thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love;" but because I am writing chiefly for girls, to whom it is always well to hold up types of good womanhood, for one thing; and because, if this should meet the eyes of any man who may be growing a little indifferent, if only in manner, to the wife whom he really loves and needs, I would wish to put before him the case of one of the many wives who, with a little more love and recognition of their services, might, in the words of the quaint ballad, be made more "comfortable." That,

> "Here may he see that women be
> In love meek, kynde, and stable;
> Let never men reprove them, then,
> Or call them variable:
> But rather pray God that they may
> To them be comfortable."

Such a man as I have alluded to will not learn much of the truth from his novel-reading, for, as Chaucer says, "clerkes preisen women but a lite." This is quite true in one way: these "clerkes" write fairly and chivalrously enough about a girl in her teens, but they forget her or do not "preisen" her much in her married life. She is only then introduced into their books as a background mamma of the heroine, or in the very undesirable character of the ill-used or the fast wife who falls in love with her husband's friend.

These facts, I think, furnish sufficient reason why I should have called attention to the good wife rather than to the good husband.

One word more before I lay down my pen. Let not my readers imagine, from the way in which I have spoken of this wife, that I do not recognise that other side of the love of a woman for a man. I know only too well about it, but I feel little need for dwelling on it, seeing that it gives the keynote to a large percentage of the novels of to-day. There is far more truth and good to be learned from the brighter side of the question. Women have certainly made men brutes and devils, but they have also made—thank God, they are always making—bad men good men, good men heroes, and heroes saints.

And this is the secret of their power. Through trouble and loss, advancing age and all the prosaic trials of life that are turning the glowing heart of a man into ashes, the wife holds with one hand so passionately firm him she loves best in all the world, and with the other clings with such a grand persistence to her young undimmed ideal that, in spite of himself, the man is constrained to rise at least halfway into the measure of its stature.

VARIETIES.

THE VALUE OF LABOUR.—Cast iron of the value of £1 sterling is worth, converted into ordinary machinery, £4; in larger ornamental work, £45; in buckles and similar kinds of fancy work, £600; in neck chains, £1,300. Bar iron of the value of £1 sterling is worth in the form of knives, £36; needles, £70; penknife blades, £950; polished buttons and buckles, £890; balance springs of watches, £5,000.

THE COOK'S LESSON.

Dean Swift had a shoulder of mutton brought up for his dinner too much done; he sent for the cook and told her to take the mutton down and do it less.

"Please your honour, I can't do it less."

"But," says the Dean, "if it had not been done enough you could have done it more, could you not?"

"Oh, yes, very easily."

"Well, then," said the Dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be mended."

THE MARRIAGES OF FAMOUS MEN.

Shakespeare was 18 years old when he married; Bulwer, Dante, and Franklin, 24; Burke, Mozart, and Sir Walter Scott, 26; Lord Byron, Napoleon I., and Washington, 27; Rossini, 30, and a second time at 54; Schiller, and C. M. von Weber, 31; Chaucer, Hogarth, and Wieland, 32; Aristophanes, 36; Wellington, 37; Talma, 39; Martin Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Goethe 57.

WINGED TIME.

"Tell me," said Laura, "what may be
The difference 'twixt a clock and me."

"Laura," I cried, "Love prompts my powers
To do the task you've set them:
A clock reminds us of the hours,
You cause us to forget them."

A WELL-MATCHED COUPLE.

A headstrong wife, who oft came in for blame,
When charged with scant obedience would reply—
"Why snarls my spouse? Our wishes are the same.
He would the ruler be, and so would I."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

CLEOPATRA.—A recipe for Swiss rolls was given at page 47, vol. vii.

MARJORIE should wash her Dresden china in cold water in a wooden bowl, using a little soap, and rinsing in cold water, then drying with a piece of wash-leather. Never use soda, nor, indeed, for any delicate china, Oriental or otherwise. Even that in ordinary use should be washed in a wooden bowl, but with hot water, and dried with a soft dry linen cloth, washing only one cup or piece at a time, so as to avoid chipping, and secure the removal of all grease. Dirty servants put several pieces into the water together, and ruin the gilding and colours by using soda.

COOKERY.

L. M. BEALE.—We thank you for your recipe for "cocoanut biscuits," which we give for the benefit of many who ask for it. Grate a cocoanut, add half a pound of castor sugar, mix well together. Beat two whites of eggs thoroughly into a froth, and continue beating, adding gradually the sugar and cocoanut. Mix sufficient flour to enable the paste to be handled. Then roll out very thinly, and cut into shapes, and bake in rather a quick oven. As the paste is very troublesome to roll, it is necessary constantly to sprinkle flour on the paste-board and rolling-pin. A few drops of essence of lemons are a great improvement.

ELEANOR.—What is called Indian or "Madras anchovy paste" needs no paste or whole anchovies to make it. Put a piece of butter the size of a moderate sized apple on a very hot water-plate, add the yolks of two raw eggs well beaten up with a fork, add cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful of anchovy essence, and half a teaspoonful of white wine. Mix well, and then soak hot toast in it, the crust neatly cut off, and the toast thick enough to soak up the mixture. This used to be rather a celebrated recipe amongst officers of the Madras army. It is a satisfactory dish to serve when there is a sudden call on the larder, and the housekeeper finds it empty.

MARY L.—We think that we have given directions for making stone cream already. However, as you have not subscribed for the early numbers we will give the recipe. Put some apricot preserve at the bottom of a glass dish, and pour over it the juice of half a lemon, some of the peel grated very finely, and a glass of white wine. Dissolve three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass in a little water, strain, and add it to a pint of thick cream, also two ounces of powdered sugar, and place it in a small saucepan on the fire until it boils; take it off at once, and stand till nearly cold; put it into a jug, and pour gently over the preserve, and leave to grow quite cold and firm before serving.

S. D. (South Wales).—When puddings of milk, &c., are put into too hot an oven, the milk curdles and forms whey, in the manner you describe. The oven should not be very hot for the first half hour.

WORK.

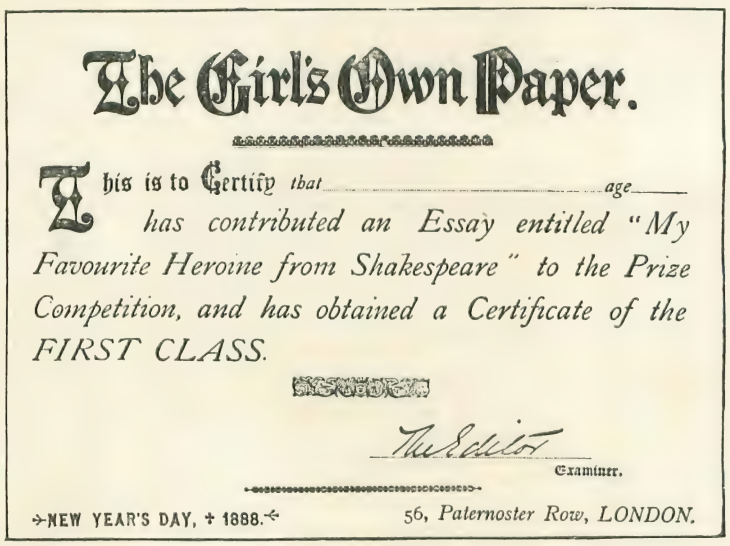
EDITH GREY.—It gives us much satisfaction to hear that your sister has derived so great an amount of assistance in "making nearly all our dresses" (as you tell us) from the monthly series of articles on "Dress in Season and in Reason."

MARGARET.—You may find it difficult to find time for the repair of your clothes; but we think that you might arrive at some fixed plan for so doing. An hour on a certain day might be set apart for it; many select Saturday for the purpose. Try to be methodical. Certain descriptions of work can be taken up at odd minutes of leisure, such as when waiting for meals; but of course this could not be managed with reference to the mending of clothes, which, if underlinen, had better be attended to in your bedroom.

IVY.—We know that there are many work societies in London and the country, but in none of them, so far as we know, is constant employment in "fancy work" sent to their homes, either promised or provided, for reduced gentlewomen. You would be more likely to obtain work in your own neighbourhood by going and looking for it yourself. The address of the Royal Society of Musicians is 12, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W. Of the Royal Society of Female Musicians we cannot find address. Both these are mentioned in Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" as "Charitable Musical Societies." We know nothing more.

INDIAN INK.—It would be impossible to tell you what a fair workwoman would earn daily. She might be very quick and clever with her needle, and yet the market might be overstocked with seamstresses, and the demand very small. Some make 1s. 6d. for ordinary white work, or 2s. But food, and the length of journey to the employer's house, must be taken into account. Good wood engraving is well paid for.

SELF-HELP gives some practical suggestions *versus* tight lacing, and offers a substitute for the ordinary stays. Unpick the lining of a well-fitting dress-bodice, and from this pattern cut a piece of fine jean to the shape of a pair of stays, of from ten to twelve inches in depth, using an old pair of corsets as a guide for the outline. Then cut some soft lining according to the same pattern. Join all the seams, cutting open and ironing them flat. Tack the pieces together. Nine whalebones for each half of the corset may then be cut, and run between the lining and jean, three close together at the edge in front, two over the hips, two over the shoulder-blades, and two at the back—one of the latter at the edge. Secure all in their places by rows of stitching on each side of the bones and between. Then comes the novel method of fastening, which is done by means of six small hooks sewn on their backs down the outside of the half of the stays, and six loops to correspond, of about one and a half inches long, of very narrow white elastic, sewn to the inside of the other half of the stays. Pierce twelve holes at the back, and work with narrow white elastic. This corset will wash and wear well. It may be feather-stitched, or edged with lace. Petticoats may be buttoned to the corset.



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A FORTHCOMING "GIRL'S OWN" CERTIFICATE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRACE DARLING.—Not being "licensed to kill" we dare not prescribe drugs, "the proper quantities," nor "how you should mix them." This is quite outstepping the limits of the counsel we give. General rules, of a hygienic character, as also for religious and moral guidance, we gladly offer; but to prescribe drugs, the proper quantities, and the method of mixing, and that for an utter stranger, whose constitution and habits, circumstances and surroundings are perfectly unknown to us, even if a qualified medical practitioner, we could not do. We are glad that our answers to other correspondents have been of service to you.

ANGLO-CATHOLIC.—You might present your kind friend with some nice book. As you probably know his pursuits and his tastes, you might select one that would be useful, as a work of reference, if not simply interesting. You could write in it, "In grateful memory of much kindness," or something to that effect.

MARIGOLD K.—No, you could not visit at the house of your intended husband without a lady *chaperone*. He should invite some married or middle-aged lady-friend to come and act as his housekeeper, to receive you, and attend to you, during the time of your visit to him. Your handwriting is a pretty one.

AUNT KATE.—Whatever degree of intimacy the lady you name may accord to her confidential maid in private, she has no right to force any friend on the same level of intimacy, by asking her permission to let the maid take tea with them both. Of course the friend could not refuse, but such a liberty with another person should not have been taken.

JOHANNE YOUNG.—We regret that your story is unsuitable for our magazine.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER had better write to the military chaplain of the Aldershot barracks for information; he will be able to inform you where such registries are kept. Tell him your age, to assist him in advising you. If entered in the local parish church registry, you will have to send a fee of 2s. 6d. for a copy of the entry of your baptism.

PEG.—It is usual to serve both the meat and the sweet course together at a luncheon, and dessert is likewise placed on the table. The ladies leave the room when their hostess likes to go to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen—any or all—may accompany them, or remain for a short time in the dining-room, to take their coffee alone together. Luncheon is an informal meal, like afternoon tea, and people may do much as they please.

GERTY WOODMAN and MAY BURTON send us a very nice little letter. Perhaps in course of time they may both be able to write real poetry. Tell your "big brother" we did not laugh at our dear little girls' nice letter.

BOSCOBELL.—The meaning of the old legal term applied to married women, viz., *femme couverte*, may be gathered from the ancient usage of gentlewomen wearing their husbands' arms on their mantles, while their own family arms were embroidered on the inner dress or kirtle. This typified the fact that the husband was as an outer shield, and his name and authority were for the wife's protection, and with all his honours and distinctions he encompassed her. Thus, being married, she was a *femme couverte* with her husband's mantle. However, while this seems clearly to be the origin of the phrase, we find that in ancient representations, when the mantle only is emblazoned, the arms are those of the lady's own family.

CISSY.—If you have wronged your mother in any way by evil speaking, or telling falsehoods about her or your sister, you are bound to repair that wrong; but if otherwise, you need only confess to God and amend your ways towards them. You would only add sin to sin by leaving your home and its duties, just to escape the humiliation of a confession. Commit the keeping of your soul to your Saviour, and He will help you.

JOEY.—There is a hospital for paralysis and diseases of the nervous system at Portland Terrace, Regent's Park (near St. John's Wood Road station), N.W., where patients pay according to their means and position. There are also free patients; apply to Mr. Howgrave Graham, secretary. Perhaps this institution would suit the poor lad.

MIGNON.—1. Get a small round-hand copperplate copy. 2. Never wear any description of braces that cut you; it may result in producing curvature of the spine. Lie down when tired, and wear a face and back board. Place your book—if you have a lesson to learn—on a stand of some kind, and commit it to memory as you walk up and down, looking at it from time to time.

CASSANDRA.—Amy Robsart was murdered by her husband, who employed Sir Richard Varney—a dependent of his, and his servant, who invaded her room, in Cumnor Hall, at night, and strangled her, her head and face being much injured, and then threw her downstairs, to make her death appear the result of an accident. The neighbouring gentry, however, were assured of his guilt, and Burleigh represented to the Queen that "he was ill-famed by the death of his wife."

APRICOT.—1. We have never heard of any such tradition about the bones of Samuel. 2. One of the new cures, said to be very successful, consists of "sun baths."

SEAWEED.—We are inclined to think that some dye has been used. At any rate, the piece you send is very carefully prepared, each frond being laid flat and straight with a pin, while wet.

VOL. IX.—NO. 409.] OCTOBER 29, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ON THE BORDERLAND.

BY LILY WATSON.

THERE is scarcely a more favourite subject for delineation by poet and artist than the period when childhood is just melting into womanhood. Longfellow's maiden,

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet,

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse,"

has won the sympathy and interest of two hemispheres of readers. How the elder travellers long to help her on her way with advice, warning, encouragement! They cannot foresee what will be her lot in that undiscovered country, but this much they can tell her—that vast issues depend upon her directing her steps aright. They know the unspeakable value to the world of even one sweet, high-souled woman, and the harm that may be wrought if she falls beneath her lofty vocation. Therefore they would fain do all they can to help her to fulfil her destiny in its ideal sense.

It is a very delightful thing, on the whole, to be an English girl. Ruskin says that the last and worst thing that can be said of a nation is that it has made its young girls sad and weary. And although there are, alas! many even in England who have never enjoyed their birthright of innocent happiness, we may hope that the majority of girls who read these words are in circumstances that allow them to be innocently blithe and gay as girls should be, not anxious about the future that lies beyond, but willing, nevertheless, to consider how best to enter upon it, and to play their part as good and noble women, in whatever station of life they may be placed.

So, dear readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER—whom by this time I seem to know as friends—we will glance together, first, on the general outlook from this borderland where you may be standing; afterwards, on some of the pitfalls and dangers you may encounter by the way.

As I begin to write upon this subject a mist seems to fall upon the Present, and I see far, far back

ON THE BORDERLAND.

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into the recesses of the Past. There is before my vision a beautiful city, with temple-crowned heights gleaming with marble and gold. The men who walk her crowded streets are handsome and graceful, clad in flowing garments; but there is one exception, an elderly man, conspicuous by the plainness of his face and the simplicity of his garb. All turn to look at him as he passes by; and now, see, he is in the open market-place, in close conversation with a young stripling, while other citizens crowd around them. Listen to his words, which are being eagerly treasured up by the throng. He seems to be quoting the lines of an ancient poet:

"Evil may be found easily and by crowds; the way is smooth and her dwelling-place is near. But before virtue the immortal gods have set toil; the way thither is long and steep, and rough at first, but when the summit is reached, easy does it become, though all was hard before."

The speaker is Socrates, the place is Athens, the time is nearly twenty-three centuries ago. The story with which he followed up these lines to his disciple, the young Aristippus, may be familiar to some of my readers. He spoke of Hercules, the type of the Helper of Men, who in his youth sat down at the point where two ways met, pondering which he should take. Suddenly two women appeared before him, tall and stately of aspect; one fair and seemly to look upon, clad in pure white raiment, with graceful and modest bearing; the other of more brilliant appearance, with a complexion enhanced by art, and arrayed in shining garments marvellous to behold. She ran before her companion, and said to Hercules:

"I have seen thee wondering which path to take in life; follow me, and I will lead thee along the easiest and safest road, and thou shalt taste of all delights, and never know a hardship. Thou shalt think neither of conflict nor of toil; but enjoy the softest of lives, and obtain without labour all that thou desirest."

"What is thy name?" inquired Hercules.

"My friends," quoth she, "call me Pleasure, but my enemies call me Vice."

Then stepped forward she of the modest countenance.

"I will not promise thee easy delights," said she; "for the gods give nothing good without labour and diligence unto men." She proceeds to show him how, if he will obtain honour from his friends, from the State, and live a manly noble life, he must labour strenuously, directing his powers of body and soul unto lofty aims. The misnamed Pleasure sneers at her rival. Such a way, she says, is a hard and dreary one compared to her own flowery paths. Virtue then eloquently retorts, exposing the hollowness of the selfish allurements set forth by Vice.

"Through me men become dear to the gods, beloved by their friends, honoured by their Fatherland; and, when the appointed end shall come, not in forgotten graves shall they dishonoured lie."

The story goes that Hercules chose Virtue for his guide. And through all the legends, that are well worth study, of his subsequent labours and conflicts with dread shapes of cruelty and ferocity for the benefit of mankind, there runs a beautiful allegory. Only the choice of the Unselfish Life can lead to successful and honoured work for the good of others; and, strange as it may seem, the paradox is true that happiness comes best when unsought. It would not be correct to push the fable too closely to a modern analogy, and to say that girls of the present day are at a given period necessarily confronted by two opposing influences, and have to make their choice once for all between Right and Wrong. No; the point of similarity lies here. The old Greek hero had to decide between a life of self-pleasing, and a life of what is expressed by the curious modern word "altruism"—caring for others. And that choice sooner or later presents itself, or ought to present itself, to every girl.

The little child in the first years of life is the centre of the universe to her tiny consciousness. The rain falls, the thunder roars, to disappoint or terrify her personally, and to favour her infant enjoyment the sun shines forth; while the animal kingdom kindly conspires to furnish her individually with clothes and food! With advancing years and education these ideas pass away, but very gradually, until at last the girl sees herself as a member of a corporate whole. No longer the centre of the creation, she is a member of a vast family, embracing—but extending far beyond—her own home circle; the other members of which call, in different degrees, upon her sympathy, her care and help. Duty now assumes a different aspect. Hitherto it has been sufficient if she has fulfilled her own daily tasks, learned her lessons, kept herself from transgressing rules; now she learns that there are wider claims by far, and she begins to understand the meaning of the words—

"No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

It is difficult to imagine that there are any to whom this hour of awakening does not come. But it is only too possible to see the path of the nobler life, and wilfully to close the eyes upon it. There are many girls and women who still remain the centre of their own universe; and woe betide those who are linked to them in the closer relations of life!

One may compare the change of outlook that takes place between childhood and womanhood to that which comes to a traveller after he has been wandering hither and thither in some lovely upland Alpine valley, careless whither it should lead. Delighting in the flowers by the way, listening to the music of the torrents as they dash from clouded heights above, he thinks of nothing but the present enjoyment, till suddenly the path leads aside to a little eminence, and the whole extent of the vale is laid before him. Shall he press forward to ascend the pure white terraces that rise aloft like steps into heaven itself? or shall he follow the downward slope of the valley towards yonder distant marshy plains where insects sting and noxious vapours rise? Either direction may be his; but hitherto he has not been in a position to make his choice. So the girl, who first obtains a view of her life in its full scope, its different relations to the life of others, can no longer wander on in utterly thoughtless glee. Hitherto this has been right and natural; now it can be so no longer. She may not be the less happy; but she must be more earnest in the future.

This hour of insight comes at widely different periods to different people. Some may be very young when they are bidden to realise life in its responsibility; but more generally, if circumstances are propitious, it would seem to coincide with the time when childhood is finally left behind. No rule can, of course, be laid down. And it is not necessarily coincident with what is usually termed "religious conviction"; for the heart may be given to Christ in very early years, and yet the child rightly remains a child.

Well is it, when the time of awakening comes, if the Guide and Friend of the soul be already known and loved; for the ideal life is that of rightly fulfilling relations to God and man; and what is this but Christianity?

So, when the question comes to you, as come it surely will—"What am I going to make of my life?"—determine this first of all, that your standard shall be high. We women are set upon a pedestal, whether we will have it or not. Brothers, lovers, husbands, children may look to us in time to come as their inspiration; and the period when the graver duties have not yet begun to engross leisure and strength is the time to prepare for such possibilities.

"When the thread of Life's beginning
There is need of meditation,"

says the eldest of the Fates in the second part of Goethe's *Faust*.

There is a lovely poem, "Irene," by Russell Lowell, in which he describes—

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

He says:—

"For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought and word and feeling so to live
As to make earth next heaven."

If that were the aim of all modern English girls, the coming generation would be transformed. It is worth while endeavouring to do something at least to make the poet's vision a reality.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUIDE.

A STORY OF A LONDON FOG

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH, Author of "Carrots," etc.

THEY had all come up to grandfather's for Christmas. They had been delighted at the idea of leaving the country, even with all its winter enchantments, for to children who knew nothing of London except what they had seen from the windows of a four-wheeler, as they drove from one station to another, the anticipations of toy-shops and pantomimes, of possible visits to the Tower and to Madame Tussaud's, threw skating and snow-balling, school feasts and mummers quite into the shade. Patty went so far as to confide to Louis that merely to watch the lamplighter going his rounds, or to hear the rat-tat-tat of the peremptory postman at the door was worth coming to London for; and Louis, though he did not own to agreeing with her, at least refrained from snubbing her, which from him meant a good deal.

And the first two or three days were in every sense a success. Even the weather was propitious. It was clear and bright; so clear and bright that grandfather told little Gwen, his special pet, that he felt sure she had privately brought away a bottleful of country sunshine and uncorked it on her arrival. Gwen stared at him.

"A bottleful, grandfather!" she repeated. "It would have to be a very big bottle to hold enough to go all over London."

"Perhaps it's like the smoky stuff in the bottles in the Arabian Nights," said Bryan. "It puffed out and puffed out, you know, till it was a great giant that filled all the sky. But I hope it won't be sunshine all the time we're here, grandfather. I want to see a fog—a real good London fog."

"My dear boy!" his mother exclaimed.

And "speak for yourself," said his father. "When you have not only seen but smelt and tasted and felt a fog, I don't think you will wish to repeat the experiment."

But this warning only made Bryan more curious to experience a fog for himself.

He had not long to wait.

One of the peculiarities of fogs—London ones, it seems to me, especially—is their extraordinary suddenness. We go to bed, remarking to each other as we say "good-night," "What a lovely, clear starlight or moonlight sky!" and we wake up the next morning thinking we have made a great mistake in waking up at all; that it cannot possibly be "to-morrow morning," or at any rate not to-morrow morning in the sense of getting-up time. And then comes the housemaid's tap at the door; and though still too sleepy to ask any questions, we become slowly aware of the true state of things. For the blinds drawing up makes no difference; the room remains as gloomy as before. "It must be a fog," we murmur to ourselves, with a sort of despair.

And much more suddenly than in the course of a night do they come sometimes. I remember once entering a shop in clear, afternoon daylight, and by the time my ten minutes' shopping was over and I turned to leave, lo and behold! the gas lamps were being lighted along the avenues of counters, and the street outside was black, as if some ill-natured fairy had suddenly drawn a thick curtain over the roofs of the houses, so as to shut us out from sky and sun and light altogether.

Bryan's fog came on almost as suddenly. It was the fourth morning of the children's visit, and, like its three predecessors, it broke clearly bright and frosty. But as they were finishing breakfast the daylight began to fail, and almost before the children understood what was the matter, the servants were calmly placing candles on the table, and their grandfather turned to Bryan with a smile.

"There, my boy," he said; "you're going to have your wish. We're in for a fog; a regular pea-soup one, too, I fancy."

And so it was. At first the children thought it very good fun; they ran about the house, staring out of the windows to see at which side it was thickest; they helped the servants to light the gas and lamps, and were finally caught at the front door, which they had opened in the ardour of their curiosity, thereby letting all the fog into the house. And they were very much disappointed when their mother most firmly refused to let them all go out for a walk.

"It would be such fun!" said Bryan and Patty, and Louis looked as if he agreed with them, though he would not condescend to say so.

"Great fun!" mamma replied; "great fun, indeed, to have you all laid up for the rest of our time here with sore throats, and coughs, and ailments of every kind!"

Patty opened her eyes.

"Do fogs give illnesses like that?" she said. "It must be very bad for papa to go out then, for his sore throats are worser than ours."

Louis nudged her, for he saw his mother's face grow uneasy.

"What's the good of your saying that?" he whispered. "Don't you see mother is already vexed at papa's having had to go out. Will papa be back soon, mamma?" he asked.

"I hope so," she replied. "He had to go to the City on business, but I hope he will be back, if not to luncheon, at least soon after. He wrapped himself up well, I hope. Did any of you notice?"

"Oh, yes," Bryan replied. "He put a handkerchief round his throat, and he turned up the collar of his coat. I was at the door when he went. I saw several people passing, looking so funny, all muffled up; and they seem so big somehow. There's a lamp just outside, and it's lovely to watch the figures passing. I wish we might open the door just a teeny chink, mamma, to peep out by."

"No, indeed," hard-hearted mamma replied; "you must content yourselves by peeping out of the dining-room windows."

And so they had to do, though it was not so charming as the front door would have been, as it was further back from the street, with the area intervening.

Long before luncheon-time Bryan began to modify his ideas as to the delights of a fog.

"Of course," he said to the others, unwilling to allow that he had changed, "it would be awfully jolly if we might go out and see it all for ourselves. Nobody could like to be mewed up in the house all day."

And by luncheon-time all four were looking so tired of themselves and of everything, that mamma had to set to work to find some amusements and occupations for them, to help to pass the time; and they got on pretty well till the hour for tea, which again took up some twenty minutes or more, after which, as usual, they all went to the drawing-room.

Grandfather and mamma were there alone. Mamma looked rather pale and anxious. But everybody looked more or less pale. What wonder!

"Will the fog be gone by to-morrow morning?" said Patty, disconsolately. "I don't know what we shall do if we have to be a whole 'nother day in the house and in the dark."

"'Cept for the candles and the gas," said Gwen.

"I hope it will be gone," said grandfather, "and it is not often that it lasts so bad more than a day. Geraldine, my dear," he went on, turning to the children's mother, who had pulled back one of the window-curtains, and was standing pressing her face against the panes, looking out, or trying to look out, "I wish you would believe me. You need not be uneasy about Arthur. There is really no cause for being so."

Mamma drew the curtains together again, and came back to the fire.

"I know it is silly of me to be uneasy," she said. "It is not so much any possible accident I am thinking of, as Arthur's throat; and he did say he would be back by three or four at latest."

"A hundred things may have detained him," her father replied; "and, of course, locomotion of any kind is not easy in a fog like this. I hardly think I have ever seen a worse one—not certainly for a great many years. That reminds me——"

And grandfather looked round the little group of his daughter and her four children. On her face he could still read anxiety. By the children's expressions it was easy to descry that they were feeling both tired and disappointed. But a sudden gleam of interest woke up in their eyes at his last words.

"Reminds you of what, grandfather?" asked Bryan.

"Can you think of a story to tell us, p'raps?" added little Gwen, coaxingly.

Grandfather smiled. He was glad that the idea had been started, for he was very anxious that this, the children's first visit to him in London, should be a most thoroughly happy one, and a story, however simple, might beguile away some of the interval till bedtime, and serve the purpose, too, of making their mother forget her anxiety.

"It's not worth calling a story," he replied. "It was a curious thing that happened to me once many years ago. I had almost forgotten about it till your all talking so much about the fog—we Londoners, you see, take fogs in a more matter-of-course way—and your uneasiness about Arthur, Geraldine, put it in my head. It must be now—let me see, how many years ago? — twenty, thirty — no, indeed, still more——"

"A hundred, do you think, grandfather?" whispered Gwen. "You are more than a hundred years old, ain't you?"

"Gwen, how rude you are!" Patty exclaimed; but grandfather and mamma only smiled.

"She doesn't mean to be rude," said mamma, and grandfather drew Gwen close to him, and stroked her head, for she almost looked as if she were going to cry.

"No, my little girl," he said. "I am not quite as old as that. Still I am 'getting on,' and I feel this more when I look back and remember that thirty-five years ago—for it

must be as long as that—I was already a full-grown man. I had at that time lived very little in London, for I had been a good many years on the Continent, first at school, and then again, after a few years' interval, as attaché at one of our embassies; and though I had returned to England, and had taken up quite another line, still I was not often in London, for my home was by this time in one of the northern counties, though now and then I had to come up for a day or two together on business. This was the case at the time I am going to tell you about. It was late November, and in those days I really do think fogs were much more confined to that month than they are now. As it happened, it was the first time I had ever been in London at that season, and, like Bryan, I had rather a curiosity to see a regular good pea-soup fog. I was staying with some cousins in one of the even then rather old-fashioned squares, which are now almost quite deserted by the upper classes. More's the pity, I often think, for the houses were excellent ones, warm in winter, and cool in summer. You don't see such building nowadays. And I had had to spend most of my time in the City. But this particular day I had not required to go quite so far, as it was my last before returning north, and all my business was finished. There only remained a visit to the lawyer of the firm in which I was a partner, and whom I had been asked to see to explain some matters to. His office was in Lincoln's Inn, and I had quite enjoyed my walk there early in the afternoon, for it was a clear and pleasant day, especially considering it was November."

Here Gwen, whose face had been growing longer and longer, suddenly interrupted.

"Grandpapa," she said, "I don't mean to be rude, but I don't like your story much. I don't understand all you say."

"I'm very sorry, dear," said her grandfather, "I'm afraid I have been forgetting whom I was telling it to. Never mind, however, I am coming to a more interesting part now. Well, as I was saying, it was a pleasant enough day when I went in to see the lawyer; but while I was talking to him I noticed that it was getting darker and darker, till at last we could not see each other's faces, and the gas had to be lighted.

"'We're going to have a fog,' said Mr. Greene, 'and a pretty bad one, I fancy, by the way the wind is. We've had a few days clear, so I suppose we mustn't grumble.'

"'I have never seen a regular London fog,' I replied, 'so I shall not be sorry.'

"'Indeed,' said Mr. Greene, just as I said to Bryan this morning, 'I don't think you'll care to repeat the experience.'

"And so saying he opened the door of the room, and accompanied me to the front one.

"'I'll have a look out myself at the state of things,' he said. 'Yes, indeed, we're in for it and no mistake, Mr. Murray.'"

"That's you! Mr. Murray's you, isn't it, grandfather?" said Gwen, feeling sure now that she was beginning to understand it all.

Grandfather nodded and smiled.

"I really felt quite startled myself when I looked out. It was not so bad as it got to be, but to me it seemed pretty thick.

"'You'd better make the best of your way home,' Mr. Greene said. 'It is evidently getting worse, and even for those most familiar with the streets it is very bewildering.'

"'Oh, I'm not afraid of losing my way,' I replied confidently, and then I set off.

"I got on pretty well for a while, even though the fog kept coming down thicker and thicker. At least I thought I was getting on all right, when I came to a certain corner, where the lights of a shop gleaming out a few paces off into the brown murky mist made me pull up.

"'There shouldn't be a shop here,' I said to myself; and, after considering a moment, I went in and inquired where I was. The shop people named a street I had never heard of, and a little more inquiry proved to me that I had been coming along in an exactly contrary direction from what I had imagined. They explained to me where I had got wrong, and of course but for the fog it would have been easy enough to get right again; but as it was I felt rather disheartened when I found myself once more in the street.

"'Upon my word,' I said to myself, after a step or two, 'I don't believe I shall get to —— Square to-day! It is very awkward.'

"I spoke aloud, almost without knowing it. Suddenly a voice came out of the fog, and a figure drew near me.

"'Do you want a guide, sir? To —— Square, I think you said. I'll take you, as straight as an arrow, for half-a-crown, or whatever you please to make it.'

"I looked at the man—at all I could see of him, that is to say. He was decently dressed, and, though muffled up like everybody else, there was nothing rough or forbidding about him.

"'How will you manage that?' I said.

"The man drew an old silk handkerchief out of his pocket.

"'You hold on to one end of this,' he said, "I'll hold on to the other. You just come after me: that's all you've got to do, sir. I'll take you safe and sound to —— Square, you'll see.'

"I did as he said, and we set off. We would have looked very funny had it been possible to see us, but as it was, if anyone had walked along the streets on his head, the fog was now so thick that it would not have been distinguished. Once or twice we nearly bumped against other foot-passengers—carriages of any kind by this time there were none—but we did not hurt ourselves or them, as everybody was coming along very cautiously. It seemed to me that we—my strange guide and I—got over the ground much more quickly than other people. He never hesitated, but kept on steadily at the same pace. This I could feel rather than see, for except for the handkerchief, we should long ago have been separated. I could only occasionally distinguish the figure before me at all. He rarely spoke, only now and then I felt him tug the handkerchief to make sure, I suppose, that I was still there, to which every time I replied—'All right!' at which he would say—'Thankee, sir,' and be off again with renewed energy.

"I had not the least idea where we were, nor even how far we had come. The man might have been leading me into some thieves' dens, for all I knew; but I did not feel afraid, for I had only to let go of the handkerchief at any moment to be free; and besides this, there is one advantage in a fog—you can always escape from anybody.

"On and on we plodded. Oh, dear, how cold and uncomfortable it was!

"'Catch me wishing for a fog again,' I said to myself. Suddenly I felt the strain of the handkerchief loosen; my guide had stopped.

"'We're close to it, now, sir," he said; "this is the corner of—— Square. Your place must be near the corner—No. 99, I think you said.'

"'Yes,' I replied, and as he moved on a little more slowly than hitherto I pulled up.

"'Hullo, stop there!' I cried. "Here's No. 99,' for the light behind the glass at the top of the door streamed out sufficiently for me to distinguish the figures. The fog, too, seemed to me to be clearing a very little.

"In another moment I had rung the bell; the door was opened almost immediately. My aunt had been getting rather uneasy about me, and I can tell you I was not sorry to find myself in the well-lighted hall, where a fire was burning and the air was fit to breathe. I looked round for my guide; he was following close behind.

"'Come in and shut the door,' I said. 'You may as well warm yourself for a moment.'

"'Thankee, sir,' said the man, shutting the door as he spoke, rather clumsily, it seemed; and he did not come near the fire. I got out my purse; I felt sorry for the poor fellow, and grateful to him. So instead of the promised half-crown I held out a five-shilling piece.

"'Here,' I said, 'I've been better than my word, you see.'

"He did not come forward; he only stretched out his hand in a vague sort of way.

"'What a queer fellow!' I thought; 'can he be a little out of his mind.' But even as the idea passed through my head the mystery was explained.

"'Would you,' said he, 'would you kindly put it into my hand, sir? I am quite blind.'

"'Blind!' I exclaimed, 'and yet you guided me here?'

"'Of course,' he replied, with a rather melancholy little laugh. 'Fog's no matter to me—can't make it darker than I is already. And I know my way in this part of London that perfect I'm never put out. I've had a good few jobs as fog-guide in my time.'

"I put the five shillings into his hand. I was just going to repeat my invitation to the poor chap to warm himself and rest a little, when I heard my aunt calling to ask if I had come in. The servant hurried towards her, and I followed, and a moment later, when I came back again, the man had already gone! Poor fellow! he seemed to have thought himself well paid, and so perhaps he was; but I always felt sorry not to have spoken to him more, and found out something of his history and circumstances. For I never saw or heard of him again; and even when, happening once to find myself near the street where I had met him, I inquired at the corner shop about him, I could hear nothing. The people had never heard of such a person, and stared at me as if I was rather out of my mind, when I related the story."

"How very curious it was!" said the children's mother.

"I'd awfully like to try," said Bryan, "whether I could find my way better in a fog if I tied a handkerchief round my eyes, and pretended to be blind."

"Rubbish!" said Louis; "pretending wouldn't be the same thing at all. Really blind people, I've heard, have it made up to them in a way, by their other senses becoming quicker, and——"

But Louis's further dissertation was cut short by the door opening.

"Arthur! Papa," exclaimed the children and their mother all together, joyfully; "how did you get home?"

"All right," he replied; "the fog is nearly gone, the cabs and carriages are going about again. But what a day of it we've had! There has rarely been a denser fog known."

"Not for thirty-five years; isn't that right, grandfather?" said little Gwen, to everybody's surprise. "Oh, papa, grandfather's been telling us such a queer, nice story about a fog, and it's made the time pass so quick till you came home."

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

By AN UNNAMED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER V.

WITHIN a few yards, in an open space among the trees, on the thick tangle of bracken and tall grass, lay my cousin, bleeding, prostrate, dying!

"His gun went off, ill-held, and hit him here," said my brother, pointing to my cousin's left side, as he raised him carefully and supported him in his arms. One of the gamekeepers, who chanced, by good fortune, to be in attendance on the young men that morning, helped to lift him from the ground, and he was beginning to be borne towards the house, when he opened his eyes, looked at us, saw that I was there, and rallied sufficient strength to say, peremptorily, "Stop! set me down here. I have to say something which must be said, ought to be said, shall be said."

He fixed his eyes on me, and a strange look of softness came into his face. "You never cared for me," he said, "but I cared for you, always." He gasped, then went on with more strength than his wounded state seemed to render possible. "I meant to have you for my wife, and how could I see another step in and foil me in my intention? I stuck at nothing to put him out of my path, and I succeeded."

Here my brother interfered and begged him not to exhaust his remaining strength.

"Let me speak while I can; I tell you, it must be spoken." He dropped his voice, and whispered in my brother's ear, "Send the man away."

My brother bade the gamekeeper step aside, but wait till he called him.

"I gave your father the version of his guest's former life, which I knew would ruin him in his regard, and which really was the version known to those among whom he had lived; but I kept back facts known only to myself. By a singular chance, some papers belonging to the father fell into my hands, as a lawyer, at his death; and from these I learned, beyond a doubt, that the son had suffered the suspicion of the crime actually committed by his father to rest upon himself. He, of unblemished honour, chose rather to bear the stain of dishonour than allow it to sully his father's fame, so long held in respect, and free from even a breath of suspicion. I told you my friend was morbidly sensitive, chivalrous, eccentric," faltered my cousin with a ghastly attempt at a smile. Then, by another effort, he recovered force to add, "But forgiveness—yours, yours, yours, is what I cannot die without. Give it me, cousin, oh, give it me!"

For a moment I felt so bitter against him that I thought I could not honestly say I forgave him; but the next, there came to my mind the immense debt I owed him for this voluntary confession, and I held out my hand, saying, "Yes, I forgive you, cousin!"

He tried to take my hand, but movement was too much for him, and he fell back powerless. He was conveyed to the house with all care, and surgical aid was summoned, but nothing availed, and my cousin died that evening.

The event naturally cast a deep gloom on our family; and for some time it delayed the marriage of my sister and her betrothed. But in the spring the wedding took place, and it rejoiced me to see the restored brightness and cheerfulness of my father and mother.

A few days after the young couple had left for their honeymoon-tour, my father laid down the county paper in which he had been complacently reading through the detailed account it gave of the late gay doings at our place, and said, "Ah, well, I suppose I shall have to part with another of my daughters some day!"

"You do not part with even one of them now," said my mother. "We shall have our eldest girl still with us; she will be our next door neighbour, you know, quite near, almost as good as if she were under our own roof."

"That's true," said my father. "It is quite a piece of good fortune to have her settled so close to us, as well as so happily. I shall think I am indeed favoured if my son and my younger daughter should chance to find their new homes equally near to their old one, when they marry."

"I don't think I'm much of a marrying man," said my brother, with a grave tone of conviction that made us all smile. "And I sometimes think my sister there will be as particular as I am in making up her mind to marry. I don't know—I may be wrong—but I have an idea that both she and I are difficult to please in the way of marrying."

"You are right, brother," I said, giving him a little nod that made him laugh.

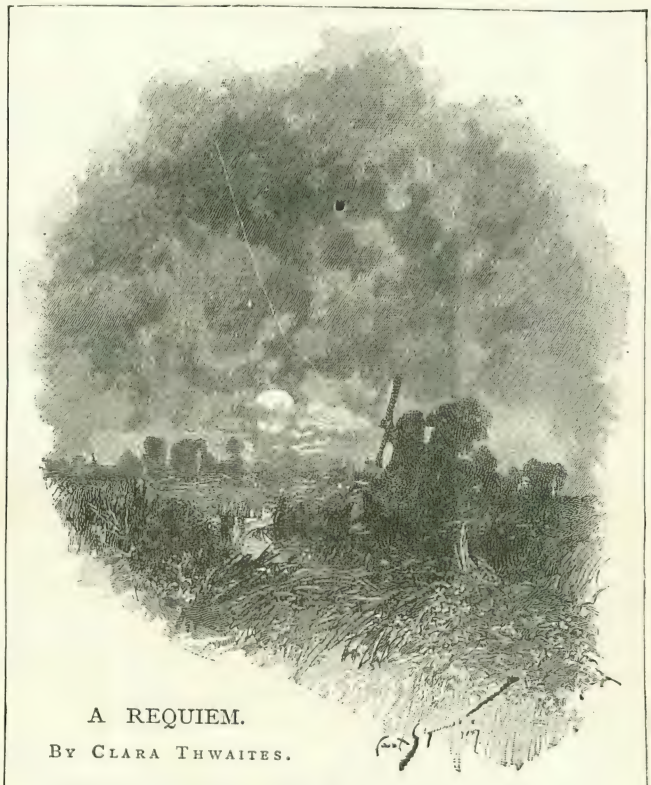
"Your brother has told your father and me what your cousin said to you before he died," said my mother, in her gentle tone; "and we both regret we did not know the whole truth, the exact truth, when he was charged to bid his friend leave this house so summarily."

"I do not like even the appearance of inhospitality in so old a family place as this of ours," said my father. "Still less can I bear to think of having committed an injustice."

I went and knelt down at my father's and mother's feet, and took a hand of each, kissing it fervently.

"What does this mean, child?" said my father.

"It means, father," I said, with a courage that astonished myself, "my joy to find you seeing clearly at last something that I have long seen—that



A REQUIEM.

By CLARA THWAITES.

I MARVEL at the mystery of life with all its tears,
And sing amid the singers the requiem of the years.
But not with sigh or moan will I the sweet sad years embalm:
I muse on them with wonder and a soft thanksgiving psalm.

How silently, how solemnly, they onward, onward rolled!
We spend our years—our fleeting years—e'en as a tale that's told!
The saddest hours that well-nigh broke our hearts with anguish sore
Seem but a woful tale to-day—they will return no more.

And are these quiet hearts of ours the same that throbbed with pain,
And could tumultuous joy be ours, and laughter come again?
What anguish keen has quieted th' impetuous pulse of youth!
What aspirations passionate led to the fount of truth!

My requiem turns to prophecy. I know the golden years
Are crowded with the glories for which we yearn with tears.
I know that for each hope laid down a fairer joy is given,
I know the years are bringing near the wonders of our heaven!

friend's true character, his nobleness, his goodness, his true worth. Had you seen it as I did—that it was simply impossible he could be dishonourable in any act of his life—you would never have forbidden him your house. But I know him well enough to feel sure that a word from you, expressing the regret you feel at the insult he received, would suffice to atone to him for all. Say it, father. Send him this word."

"You are warm, child," said my father.

"I feel warmly, dear father," I replied; "more warmly than I even tell you in words."

My father looked steadily into my eyes. They did not fall beneath his gaze, but returned it fully, faithfully.

"You're a staunch little creature—a brave little lass! I said so before, and I repeat it now. You are worthy to be a daughter of our ancient house. But tell me, child—and I know you will tell me truly, even when I say that on this depends my entire good opinion of him—tell me whether he ever made love to you."

"He told me his love, but he never asked me for mine. He left me the moment he had told me, and I have never seen him since. He is the soul of honour."

"He's a right good fellow," said my father.

I kissed my father's hand with even greater fervour than before, as I exclaimed—

"Oh, send him the word I asked, father!"

"Where am I to send to him?" was the reply. "We don't even know where he's to be found."

"I'll go; I'll find him. He was last heard of in Norway. I'm sure I could find him," I said, eagerly.

"That's rather quixotic, my child—isn't it?" said my mother, with her gentle smile.

"Very quixotic," said my father, laughing.

"Not altogether quixotic, I think," said my brother, with that quiet gravity of his which often amused us. "He's proved to be a good fellow; we did him injustice, and we're bound to tell him so. It is the best reparation we can make, and we owe it to ourselves as well as to him to make amends. I'll go myself to Norway."

"Well done, my boy!" said my father, good-humouredly. "You're as quixotic as your sister. At your age I believe I should have been the same."

"It runs in the blood," said my brother, drily. "As soon as the young couple come home, and you and my mother have them to keep you company, I start for Norway."

"Let me go with him, father," I said.

"We'll see about it," said my father; and he took up a fresh newspaper.

I could well rest contented with this; I knew that this phrase from my father generally signified all but consent. My brother had gone over to the table at the other end of the room, and I followed him, thinking he might have something to say as to the Norwegian expedition. But no; I found him intent upon a design for a new henroost. I stood quietly by, watching his pencil, and recognising in myself a curious eagerness of disposition, blended as it was with a power of suppressing any outward token of it when unresponded to by those with whom I found myself.

After a few moments, seeing he did not even look up from his drawing, I would not disturb him, but went upstairs to the book-closet, where I remembered having once seen a map of Norway in an old map-book there.

I succeeded in my search, and was just on the point of lugging this cumbrous tome downstairs, hoping my brother was disengaged by this time, when, happening to look through the window, I saw him cross the lawn in the direction of the poultry-yard.

With something like a sigh, I put by the big map-book, and went downstairs into the hall for my garden hat and gloves, thinking I would go and try and interest myself in my brother's plans that he was so full of.

On reaching the poultry-yard, however, I was told that the young squire had been there, but that he had since taken his horse, and was now gone for a long ride over the hills.

Smiling half-sadly, I turned away, and wandered through the park towards the riverside.

"Oh, my comrade, my comrade!" I said, almost aloud, "how I miss you! You, ever ready to think my thoughts with me, to enjoy my books with me to listen to my fancies, to help me with your superior judgment! Oh, my true comrade!"

He was so strongly present to my imagination that as I approached my favourite nook it seemed scarcely strange to see a figure under the oak, leaning with folded arms against its bole, and looking down upon the fallen tree.

"You here!" I exclaimed, as I sprang forward.

The eyes were raised, and a look of rapturous joy leaped out to meet mine; but the figure remained motionless, held back, as it seemed, by force of will. Then I heard the voice I knew so well, and thirsted so to hear again, say—

"Forgive me. I went away, meaning to stay away. I wandered far, but nowhere found peace, and at length I could no longer resist the aching desire I had once more to look upon this spot before I left it for ever. Forgive me."

"Forgive you! It is we who need you to forgive us. My brother and I were going over the seas to tell you this, and to ask you to forgive the wrong we did you when we had not learned the truth, and knew not our injustice towards you. We were going to you, but you come to us. I find you here."

"Ay, here," he said, looking round; then, resuming his earnest gaze at me, "Ay, even here."

"Where you told me you loved me," I replied; "but where you did not wait to hear that I loved you."

He uttered my name with passionate vehemence.

"Yes, loved you. I loved you then; I love you now; I shall always love you."

He caught me to his heart, where I have lived, its wedded mistress, ever since.

We have been married now some years, but we are lovers still, and I feel that we shall remain lovers to the end of time.

L'Envoy.—The "unnamed author" has not been accustomed to write anonymously. She therefore now declares herself to be no other than her readers'

Old and faithful servant,

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

[THE END.]

THE PRIZE COMPETITION IN PLAIN NEEDLEWORK: CLOTHING FOR THE POOR.

THE clothing competition consisted of four hundred articles, sent by three-hundred and ninety-four competitors, for many of our kind-hearted girls sent two or three extra garments out of mere sympathy for their suffering little brothers and sisters. The judges have every reason to be satisfied with the competition, as the average work is excellent, though in special classes there is still much to be desired. In the competition we numbered girls from most of the colonies, including New Zealand, South Africa, and New South Wales; and in view of the want and suffering during the approaching winter, we have arranged for the competition to be repeated, and for the things to be sent in up to the first Wednesday in February, 1888, so that our girls will still be able to add their mites to the usual flow of Christian charity at Christmastide. The price of each garment is found to be about one shilling, but the Editor leaves the utmost margin, as the little flannels may be more, or our girls may like to send in two articles. The extreme cleanliness of the articles deserves great praise, and the Editor is much pleased at the number sent by those of our girls who are domestic servants.

AGE NINE.

One Competitor.—Work excellent for her age.

AGE TEN.

One Competitor.—Gathering and stitching both good.

AGE ELEVEN.

One Competitor.—Pretty good; not so remarkable as the younger ones.

AGE TWELVE.

Eleven Competitors.—Work generally good, though not so good as the work of the younger girls.

AGE THIRTEEN.

Twelve Competitors.—The work of prize winners and certificates beautiful; hemming particularly good; also feather stitching and button-holes.

AGE FOURTEEN.

Twenty-one Competitors.—The work at this age not so good; but the prize-winner deserves much praise for the beauty of her work; exquisitely clean and well cut pattern.

AGE FIFTEEN.

Twenty-four Competitors.—Button-holes very defective; work generally not so good as that of the younger ones.

AGE SIXTEEN.

Sixteen Competitors.—Work still faulty.

AGE SEVENTEEN.

Thirty-four Competitors.—Work not so good as the girls of thirteen years of age.

AGE EIGHTEEN.

Thirty-one Competitors.—Work fairly good. One of our competitors in this class was from South Africa, and one from New South Wales.

AGE NINETEEN.

Thirty-one Competitors.—The work at this age the best we have seen. The judge went four times over the competitors' work, and the prize winner may be proud of her well-earned prize. Miss Edith Jane Lewis deserves our warmest commendation.

AGE TWENTY.

Thirty-two Competitors.—Work not so good; the button-holes generally very faulty.

AGE TWENTY-ONE.

Thirty-three Competitors.—Button-holes still faulty; hemming and stitching extremely good. An extra prize given in this division to one of our Irish girls for a shirt. On this shirt were some excellent specimens of hand-made buttons, an art still acquired, we believe, in the admirable Irish schools.

AGE TWENTY-TWO.

Twenty-nine Competitors.—The work of these competitors generally very excellent. And in the winner of the prize here we found also the winner of the "Golden Jubilee Brooch," which is given by our Editor as an extra prize to the *very best needlewoman* of the girls competing. Miss Elizabeth Lucy Marsh holds her high place amongst them without difficulty, the selection of work, a flannel petticoat with cotton bodice, showing every stitch in cotton and flannel work.

AGE TWENTY-THREE.

Nine Competitors.—The work here generally shows a falling off in care.

AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

One Competitor.

AGE TWENTY-FIVE.

One Competitor.

AGE TWENTY-NINE.

One Competitor.—Work excellent.

Amongst the articles sent in for competition were nine flannel petticoats with bodices, shirts, chemises, drawers.

Although some of the papers were fairly well attached, the judges had to begin their work generally by pinning on the certificates; and six articles were sent in with no competitor's age attached at all, an unfortunate omission when competitors are judged by ages.

LIST OF PRIZE AND CERTIFICATE WINNERS.

CHAMPION PRIZE—GOLD BROOCH, VALUE £5.

Marsh, Elizabeth Lucy, Aldershot. Well deserved.

AGE NINE.

PRIZE.

Bennett, Mary Gertrude, Doncaster.

AGE TEN.

PRIZE.

Milnes, Bertha, Barnsley.

AGE TWELVE.

PRIZE.

Gasking, Ada, Aldershot.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Giffin, Louisa, Phillip-street, N.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Stevenson, Elizabeth, Rugby.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Watson, Ella, Crediton.

AGE THIRTEEN.

PRIZE.

Buckley, Nellie, Torquay.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Knights, Edith, Diss.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Cook, Lizzie H., Pollokshields.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Neville, Edith K. N., Norwich.

AGE FOURTEEN.

PRIZE.

Barker, Nora Eveline, Appleby, Doncaster.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hankinson, Nellie, Scarborough.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Riseley, Annie, Cirencester.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Todd, Amy Rebekah, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

AGE FIFTEEN.

PRIZE.

Jameson, Mary Alice, Seaham Harbour.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Wood, May, Uttoxeter.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Sadler, Edith M., Wells.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hankin, Ada, Hampstead.

AGE SIXTEEN.

PRIZE.

Jones, Selina, Liverpool.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Wood, Louie Gertrude, Uttoxeter.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hopkins, Mary Elizabeth, Wolseley Bridge.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hill, Lizzie, Redditch.

AGE SEVENTEEN.

PRIZE.

Hill, Julia Mary, Clifton, Bristol.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Fowler, Hannah, Stoke Newington.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Forward, Emily, Stanford le Hope.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Arthy, Florence Sarah, Earl's Colne.

AGE EIGHTEEN.

PRIZE.

Howlden, Ethel, York.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Marshall, Jessie, Wanganui, New Zealand.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Herbert, Minnie, Green Point, Cape Town, South Africa.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Wagstaff, Florence, Sheffield.

AGE NINETEEN.

PRIZE.

Lewis, Edith Jane, Swansea.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Brindley, Carolina A., Birmingham.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hunt, Sarah Ann, Harlington.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Barrett, Kate, Epsom.

Hance, Ellen, Havering Green.

AGE TWENTY.

PRIZE.

Dean, Lettie Maude, Adelaide, South Australia.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Neville, Florence Neville, Norwich.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Mapleton, Grace E., Bury St. Edmunds.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Light, Louisa Kate, Fareham.

AGE TWENTY-ONE.

PRIZE.

Barnes, Rosa A., St. Heliers, Jersey.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Stevens, Annie R., King's Langley.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Chappell, Sarah, Ware.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Entwisle (?), Edith, Bawtry.

Ellison, Frances E., Shillelagh, Ireland.

AGE TWENTY-TWO.

PRIZE.

Marsh, Elizabeth Lucy, Aldershot.

This competitor is also the winner of the CHAMPION PRIZE GOLD BROOCH (value £5). Well deserved.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hewlett, Frances Louise, Coleford.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hodgson, Edith, Leeds.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Chambers, Thomasine, Scarborough.

AGE TWENTY-THREE.

PRIZE.

Noltie, Mary Anne, Alford, Aberdeenshire

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Rodocanachi, Arghiro, Gloucester Terrace, W.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Manger, Alice B., St. Martin's, Guernsey.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Tibballs, Annie, Richmond.

AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hunter, Frances Alice, Rockcliffe.

AGE TWENTY-FIVE.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hodgkinson, Martha, Ludlow.

BY THE SIDE OF THE LAKE IN AUTUMN.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

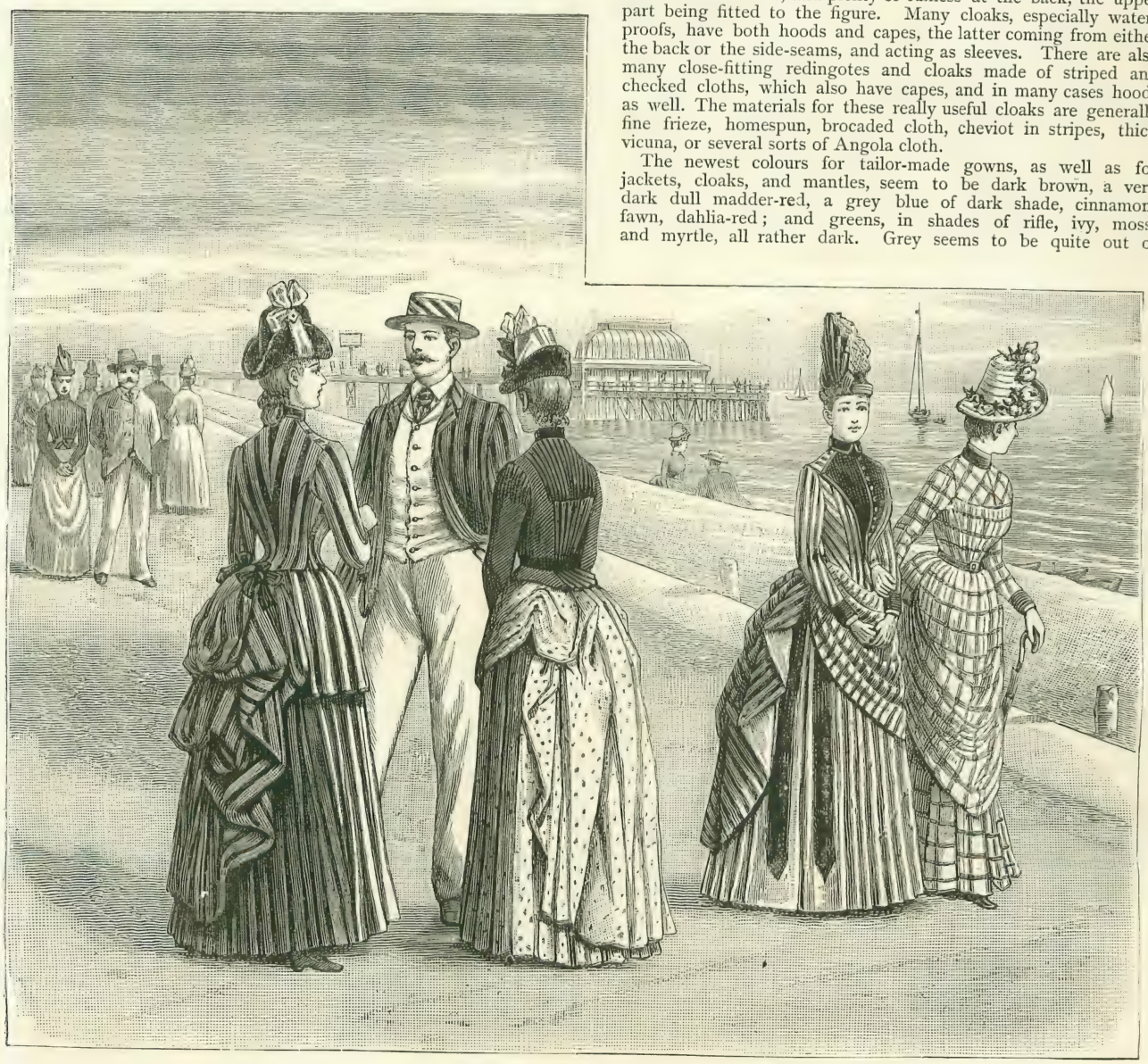
So far as the changes of the autumn season are concerned in dress, they are not very many, and consist more in alterations in the form of garments; and in materials great attention has been given to the weaving, and never have woollens been so beautifully manufactured as at present. Some of them, indeed, equal in costliness the best velvets and silks, and are brocaded, many having bold designs carried out in velvet, both cut and uncut. The ground for these brocaded woollens is cashmere, with a well-marked twill in it; and in some of them the brocading is woven like braid, and describes bold arabesques. These are used for cloaks. What is called "ladies' cloth" or "habit cloth" seems likely to be more in vogue than ever, and is made in every tone of colour. Almost all the good woollens are made in double width, which is better for the present system of draping gowns, and there is no doubt it cuts, when wide, to far better advantage. Frieze is now made in thin, fine qualities, and will form an excellent material for the ordinary dresses of winter for country wear.

Small jackets seem likely to be as popular as they ever were; and this autumn they appear to be adopted by both old and young alike. For the country there is a rough-looking pea-jacket, which is made of a thick, soft cloth, unlined, and sometimes a little braided with a bold design of fairly wide braid. Some of these jackets are called "middy," when they are made of either blue or black pilot-cloth, but a good plain beaver cloth seems both popular and ladylike. Some nautical jackets are to be found of thin blue cloth, with white braid, and even brass buttons. These are perhaps a little *outré* and peculiar, a bad fault in any article of dress for which a good price has been paid, and which has to be worn some time.

Covert coats have changed their colours, but not their shape. They are not now liked in the fawn, grey, and drabs that they have been made in hitherto, but are made for autumn and winter use in velvet, black, chocolate, smoke, chesnut, brown, snuff, and darkish claret, being the most useful as well as the most fashionable colours. The newest shape is closed in front, but some of them are made open, and show a full front of silk of the same colour as the velvet, or a waistcoat. There are also some tight-fitting jackets, which have basques from about half a yard to a little over a quarter of a yard long. These are made after a new method, rather like one of the coats worn under our Hanoverian kings. They have two side-pieces, and no darts in front, so the fitting is obtained by the slope of the side seams and the form of the hem in front.

The shapes of cloaks are not much changed; most of them have sleeves of some sort, and plenty of fulness at the back, the upper part being fitted to the figure. Many cloaks, especially water-proofs, have both hoods and capes, the latter coming from either the back or the side-seams, and acting as sleeves. There are also many close-fitting redingotes and cloaks made of striped and checked cloths, which also have capes, and in many cases hoods as well. The materials for these really useful cloaks are generally fine frieze, homespun, brocaded cloth, cheviot in stripes, thick vicuna, or several sorts of Angola cloth.

The newest colours for tailor-made gowns, as well as for jackets, cloaks, and mantles, seem to be dark brown, a very dark dull madder-red, a grey blue of dark shade, cinnamon, fawn, dahlia-red; and greens, in shades of rifle, ivy, moss, and myrtle, all rather dark. Grey seems to be quite out of



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

date for the winter—indeed, we have had quite enough of it during the summer; and I am very sure it is not becoming to everyone. In Indian silks people are wearing, for quiet home dress, a pretty blue called "marine," but white continues to be the most liked of anything else, and what is called "silk waste" is very popular, also silk serge. Both of these make very pretty dresses or cloaks, and dye wonderfully well when soiled. All the old blues called "Gobelins" will be much worn this winter, and they are pretty as well as becoming to most people. Heliotrope has not wholly disappeared, but really the single colours do not seem of so much importance as the mixture of tones, which is so remarkable, everything being in shades of colours, and sometimes many of them.

I think that velvet will be more worn this winter than for a long time before; and this material has been so altered and improved that one hardly knows it. The watered velvets are new, and will make pretty trimmings, also the velvets with narrow satin lines which form checks, plaids, and stripes of all sizes. There are also a number of new velvets copied from old designs of the Medicis and Tudor days; and several historic dames give their names to the various patterns.

Silks are seen of all descriptions, and I think watered ones, or what is really *moire*, —as it used to be called—in large and irregular watering, will be much used both for trimmings and for whole dresses; also twilled silk of that very strong make peculiar to English manufactures. Shot silks and ribbons seem likewise amongst the new things, and we find all kinds of silks and ribbons woven after the well-known styles to which Madame de Pompadour gave her name—in delicate hues of maize, pink, and blue, and chintz patterns of flowers, and brocades of great beauty and softness.

There seems no doubt but that we shall have a return of polonaises to favour this winter. Many of the prettiest are opened in the front, and all of them are long and very fully draped, but in many different ways, all of them having plenty of fulness at the back. Redingotes are also in much favour, and are distinguished from polonaises by having a seam at the hips, and by the perfect plainness of the fronts. Both the redingote and the polonaise must be made in good materials, not flimsy thin ones, to produce their best effect. We shall probably see many of them (the polonaises) in velvet, made to be worn over skirts of lace, or thin materials, for evening wear. On the other hand, many people dislike polonaises, but like to produce the effect of one when they are worn; so it is quite possible to arrange the drapery of the skirt over the edge of a basqued body; or, indeed, over one with long points, so as to give the effect of a polonaise without entailing the trouble of making one. This will be a hint perhaps to many who wish to make a change in the shape and appearance of a last winter's dress.

Plain tailor-made bodices seem more in favour than waistcoats, and are sometimes made with one point at the back, or both fronts and backs have double points, the fronts, sides and backs being short. White vests, cuffs, and collars of *moire* have been adopted by some people, but will not be very popular. The old coat-shape of sleeve seems quite out of favour, and full sleeves of all kinds have come in, with no seams at all on the outside of the arm. These have tight-fitting cuffs, with the sleeve fulled into them, but not fulled into the armhole. One new sleeve has pleats running down the front of the arm only, and another is a revival of an old shape, running up in a point into the neck. Tucked yokes and sleeves are very much worn by young ladies, and look very well on slight figures, in the thicker stuffs suitable to the cold weather. Some of the newest sleeves, called "jockey," follow that idea, and are of quite a different material to the bodice. However, this sleeve is of a perfectly plain material—of velvet, woollen or silk; and the same material is introduced elsewhere into the skirt of the dress as a trimming. One of the things that have returned to favour again this winter is piping round everywhere—the bodice or basque, the collar, and the cuff. It is sometimes double and sometimes single.

The newest jerseys are thicker, with a woolly or fleecy surface inside, and will be, I should think, very warm. Norfolk jackets with pleats back and front are still in high favour, but are furnished with collars and cuffs and velvet belt, which look very well; a great deal of braiding is used, and the wide military style called "Hussar" is the most liked. Both jerseys and jackets for out-of-door wear are decorated with it.

Ribbon is still more in favour than anything else for making tuckers in place of collars, and the picot-edged ribbon can now be purchased everywhere at very cheap rates. A small bow of the ribbon is generally worn on the neck and on the sleeves. Small bows of squares of embroidered silk seem coming in for the neck; indeed, there seems to be a fancy for bows of all kinds at the present moment.

PLAIN WINTER BODICE, WITH FULL SLEEVE WITH ONE SEAM ONLY.

There is nothing apparently new in the way of stockings, but black ones seem to be the greatest favourites; and such is the improvement in the dye, that woollen and Balbriggan, as well as thread, can all be obtained in such good colour that it will not come off on the feet—a great comfort to those who wear them. There is one cause for congratulation also this winter, *i.e.*, that the new descriptions of woollen underclothing which have already appeared in the market are much cheaper, and seem good as regards material and weaving. They are undyed, and can be had at most drapers'.

Swede gloves, though not entirely out of date, are giving place to French kid ones, which are far more durable; and some of the new "chevrette" gloves are quite wonderful with four buttons—the colours and the making being much improved, and the price moderate. Gloves with fur cuffs are very comfortable, and are now sold with small collarettes of fur to match. And now that I am speaking of fur, I had better touch on the whole subject, as at the present time it is an interesting one to most people.

The new fur is called "mouflon," and is grey in colour. It is used for boas and cape plastrons, which is the new style of cape for this year. They are like a waistcoat in front, and are pointed at the waist, while they are shaped like a large collar at the back. The new boas are very long indeed, and some of them quite touch the ground in front; and there seems to be no change in muffs, which are made of fur as well as of all other materials. Another new cape is exactly like a lady's habit shirt, the same in front and at the back; but it is handsomely trimmed with silk cords, which form epaulettes, and a decoration for the front. It is said that fur will be worn on dresses later on in the winter round the edge of the skirt, the long basque, and as *revers* in front, with a high, straight collar. The number of fur-lined cloaks has greatly increased in the shops, and they are of much superior cut and style, and generally have sleeves also. The coverings are not always black, but very often brown, dark grey, or of a deep tone of red, which looks very handsome, and not at all too vivid.

Our monthly sketches show the generally received methods of draping the skirts and of making the bodices and basqued-bodices, for the autumn and winter. The sketch at the seaside shows one of the new bodices we have written about, which forms a yoke of tucks; the top of the sleeve being also tucked, and the fulness below being drawn into the waist equally under the band. The plain yoke is also shown—a bodice which is much liked for young girls, especially those who are very thin. Several methods of making tailor-made dresses are shown at the lake side view, and it will be seen that a studied plainness is the thing at present most desired in a bodice, especially if made of a thick material.

The general shape of hats is shown in the two pictures. There is not much change in the shape, save that perhaps they are more determinately turned up behind than was the case in the summer. The bands round the hats are also wider, but the fancy for high trimmings still prevails. Red hats are not so much worn, and as they were not always becoming, it is not to be regretted. Both in bonnets and hats there is an immense choice of shapes, and so the quietest taste can be satisfied. The new felt hats are, I think, likely to be very stylish and lady-like; and many people who cannot afford a bonnet for every gown, will find themselves quite in the fashion with a black bonnet of any kind. Many of the new cloth dresses have bonnets of rows of pinked-out cloth, to match the dress; but velvet seems likely to be the material most used for both hats and bonnets. The newest velvets are all shot, like the newest ribbons. The picot-edged ribbons, and those with a laced or corded edge, are rather going out of favour, and will probably give place to plain-edged satin and velvet ribbons. But one side of these ribbons will be shot in bright hues, which are all so woven as to be beautifully softened. There are not many bonnets to be seen without strings; generally the new bonnets have strings three inches wide, which, after being tied, leave a few inches to hang down below the chin; but long ends are nowhere seen. I am so grieved to see the prevalence of feathers, and even of whole birds, on this season's bonnets and hats, and I do hope that all the readers of the "G.O.P." will abstain from wearing them.

Our paper pattern for this month shows one of the new short bodices with short leaf-like points at the back, the front being in double points, and very little basque on the hips. The sleeve is one of the new full ones, with a cuff, and is cut in one piece only. The pattern is in seven pieces—sleeve, cuff, collar, front, back, back side-piece, front side-piece.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings; and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker,

care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.;" price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may be always obtained*, as the Lady Dressmaker selects only such as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's and plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; new tea-jacket, or *après midi*, for indoor wear; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back; bathing dress; new polonaise.

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

"How difficult it is," said Lucy Franklin, "to live sensibly. Here have we three been done with school for fifteen months, and one would think we were satisfied with the fashionable finishing we got there. No study since of any kind; not even a book thoroughly read."

Florence Dalrymple and Edith Crawford, to whom Lucy was talking at the garden gate of her father's house, had confessed to as much wasted time as herself, and all three were a little uneasy about it.

They were three firm friends, belonged to the same neighbourhood, had been educated at the same school, and, having gone together through a score of scrapes, quarrels, and reconciliations, possessed many interesting recollections in common.

But there was not much resemblance between them, either in person or character. Florence was a girl with large dark eyes, arched eyebrows, flowing hair, slender waist, and stately demeanour. She was not of a practical sort, but lived in an ideal world, which she had framed for herself by force of imagination. Edith was simple and open-hearted; in fact, hers was one of the best dispositions in the world; an excellent housekeeper, too, her mother said. She was not good-looking at all, but always had a sunbeam of a smile playing about her mouth. She was rather short, but with a peculiarly neat figure.

The most marked in character of the three, and the most marked in appearance, with her thin, colourless face, was Lucy, who from her birth had never been known to do things like other people. She was a little capricious and excitable, fond of imposing her will on others; much interested, too, in an outspoken way in everything and everybody. Indeed, some said she bade fair to be as great a gossip as ever drank tea.

"I tell you what," said Edith, "our education seems almost like waste; and what an expense it has been, too! We really should try to do something to keep up what we have learned."

"And add to it," chimed in Florence.

"In this quiet place," remarked Lucy—and certainly the Royal borough of Claybrook was a quiet place—"there are no educational advantages whatever. We must found our own college and play the part of our own professors."

"It would be a great blessing," said Edith, "if, some way or other, we could alter our present way of living. People may talk about having a 'daily beauty' in one's life; but it strikes me we lead just now a very whimsical existence."

"Of course," said Lucy, with a laugh, quoting what her father had often told her, "of course a young woman is nothing who is not whimsical."

This conversation set them thinking, and when they met again two days afterwards Lucy had a plan which she thought would answer.

"It is not very ambitious," she said, "and stops short of establishing a university in the parlour; but my impression is that it might end in making us better daughters, sisters, friends, companions—in short, better everything. What I propose is that we should work for a year in company, following a common course of self-culture and mutual improvement."

"They say," remarked Edith, "that the best part of our education is that which we give to ourselves, and that there is a peculiar charm about mental gains secured in a special manner by our own diligence. I vote we try it."

"We shall adopt the calendar as a basis," said Lucy, "and call our year the Girls' Year."

"It will be January to December," Edith observed, "spent with pleasure and profit."

"Then, Lucy," said Florence, "you propose to wait till the beginning of the year?"

"Not I. This is the end of October, and what I say is that now is the best time." A gust of autumn wind rustled the trees outside just then, and put it into her head to add, "At the fall of the leaf is the best time for turning over a new leaf."

"And what," asked Edith, "is to be the programme of the Girls' Year?"

"First of all," answered Lucy, "there should be a course of reading—something for every month in history, biography, science, and literature. In time we should get over a great deal of ground."

"And who is to tell us what to read?" Edith inquired.

"Oh, we can easily ask those who know more than we. Then every month we shall lay our own heads together, and choose a subject for a short essay, and when the essays are written everyone will criticise her neighbours'. In music we shall fix on a piece to be studied every month—studied, mind you, not merely scrambled through."

"You are moving by monthly stages, I see," remarked Edith. "Don't you think we might take up a point every month in domestic economy, and discuss it thoroughly together?"

"Not a bad idea," said Lucy. "The next suggestion," she added, "is that we should take regular walks in company, to pick up an acquaintance with the common objects of the country, and notice all the changes that come over the face of Nature as autumn fades into winter and winter wakens up into spring."

"Is that all the programme?" asked Florence.

"No; an important point remains behind. I proposed that we should take the calendar as a basis. Now it has struck me that we should draw up a calendar for each month, putting into it a maxim for every day of the month. We might make these maxims deal every month with a different subject—say one month with the Religious Life, the next month with Thrift, the next with Friendship, and after these with Happiness, Education, Good Breeding, Music, Character, and any other subjects we thought of sufficient interest and importance."

"It would be," said Florence, "a collection of things to be had in continual remembrance."

"Your object," Edith observed, "is evidently to furnish a leading thought for every day, and an opportunity for making a good resolution."

"Exactly so," replied Lucy. "And, in addition to the mottoes, my idea is to make every day the anniversary of something. It should either be made to commemorate the birth or death of some famous woman or a remarkable incident connected with her progress through life."

"But on some days," suggested Florence, "your remarkable women will be conspicuous by their absence."

"In that case we can fall back on remarkable men. But let us put women first. We should begin at home, and the duty of us girls is to understand the women of the world first."

"Each of us should have a copy of the calendar," said Edith.

"That is just what I intend. We shall write out three copies, and each of us will come under a promise to commit to memory every morning the motto for the day, and try to discover at least one fact in addition to what is given in the calendar regarding the famous woman or famous man of whom that day is set down as the anniversary. With the biographical books we have at home that will not be difficult."

"I like your anniversary notion," remarked Edith. "It will be interesting work hunting for information."

"We ought to meet regularly," continued Lucy, "to exchange notes, talk about what we have done and are doing, and discuss any difficulties we have met with. Once a week will be enough for that. Then at the end of every month let us meet to draw up a report of our progress, and arrange the programme for the following month."

"You have planned it all very methodically," Edith said; "but you must not work us too hard."

"Not the least hard," said Lucy, nothing being so at first sight to her sanguine temperament. "It won't have the feeling of task-work at all, but only of enjoyment. I met this quotation last night in an old *Quarterly Review*:—'Above all things, study; whether for the sake of learning, or for any other reason, study; for whatever the motives that impel you at first, you will very soon love study for its own sake.'"

"Well," said Edith, taking fire at her enthusiasm, "I shall be very glad to keep you company in living through this Girls' Year. And you, Florence?"

"So shall I," answered Florence, after thinking for a minute; for Florence was always given to enter into engagements with deliberation.

"Now that is settled," said Lucy, "we must fix what the duties of each of us are to be. Each one must be saddled with some special responsibility."

It was then agreed that Edith was to compile the collection of mottoes, that Florence was to undertake the memorial days, that all three were to lend a hand in settling the details of reading, music, domestic economy, and natural history, and that Lucy herself was to act as secretary, general manager, and perpetual president.

It is through her that we have obtained the following account of how the scheme was carried out:—

"The particulars of what we did," she writes to us, "may be interesting to others and specially encouraging to those who think themselves wasting time, and are in want of suggestions as to how to improve themselves and lead wiser and better lives."

The first steps in this confederacy of learning were taken by the three friends at their next meeting. They settled what the course of reading was to be. Three short poems were set down to be thoroughly gone through between the 1st and the 30th of November. The first was the "Ode to a Skylark," by Shelley; the second "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe; and the third the old ballad in "The Percy Reliques" of the "Nut-brown Maid," in which, as the last stanza says:—

"Ye see that women be
In love meek, kind, and stable."

"The Fair Maid of Perth" was to be the first work read in the shape of fiction.

In biography they chose the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" to start with.

A discussion arose as to whether they should read through the history of a country chapter by chapter, or whether it would not be better to select every month some remarkable historical event or historical epoch, and make a special study of that. The latter plan seemed the more interesting, so it was carried at last unanimously. As a good November subject, it was thought nothing could be better than the Gunpowder Plot.

"There is no reason why the gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot,"

In science the choice fell on Mr. J. N. Lockyer's interesting primer on astronomy.

Music, it was resolved, should commence brilliantly with the Moonlight Sonata of Beethoven, and they all promised to practise that work over and over again with "as much care as if a master were listening," to quote from one of Schumann's Maxims for Young Musicians.

In domestic economy all three undertook to assist in drawing up an alimentary calendar for November, showing all the foods in season, and how the month makes up for its proverbial gloominess by being conspicuously rich in good substantial fare. It was also agreed to make a special study of the art of cleaning furniture.

As guides to their rambles they chose two handy little books—the "Common Objects of the Country," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, and "Our Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges," by W. S. Coleman.

Last of all they selected a subject for the essay to be written by all three. Their choice was "The best use of Odd Moments." This completed the programme for the month, and how it was carried out we shall see in our next article.

We now give the Calendar for the Girls' Year for November, the joint production—it was drawn up a few days later—of Edith and Florence.

For the sake of simplicity, the mottoes and anniversary days were kept apart—first, thirty mottoes, and then thirty anniversaries. We print these exactly as they were compiled. One of the wise sayings on the Religious Life collected by Edith was committed to memory every morning, as had been agreed, supplying a starting-point for many good and profitable thoughts throughout the whole day.

WINTRY WEATHER.

Thoughts on Religious Life for the Girls' Own Year.

I. *The right order.* Holiness before peace.

II. *The guide of life.* Faith is the only guide of life.

III. *Living long, and living well.* Vanity it is to wish to live long, and to be careless to live well.

IV. *The Scriptures.* Turn the Bible, and turn it again, for everything is in it.

V. *Living prudently.* Let us live each day as if it were to be our last.

VI. *Lost days.* Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do evil.

VII. *Faint hearts.* A faint heart is the consequence of a feeble faith.

VIII. *Appearances.* The appearance

of religion only on Sundays shows that it is only an appearance.

IX. *True Christianity.* The whole Christian life consists in dying to sin and living to God.

X. *Compromises.* A feeble compromise between God and the world will satisfy neither.

XI. *Cheerful submission.* We have not only to submit to God's will, but to submit cheerfully.

XII. *Time and eternity.* Those who know the value of time use it in preparation for eternity.

XIII. *Profitable displeasure.* Be always displeased with what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not.

XIV. *The first question.* Ask always first whether this or that is in conformity to God's will, not to your own.

XV. *A condition.* No cross, no crown.

XVI. *Above all.* Christ is not valued at all unless He be valued above all.

XVII. *The word of command.* On the way to heaven there is only one command—Forward.

XVIII. *Faithfulness.* Be faithful to God, and He will be faithful to His promises.

XIX. *Spiritual health.* A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

XX. *Temporal and eternal.* Use temporal things, and desire eternal.

XXI. *The true value.* What thou art in the sight of God, that thou art, and no more.

XXII. *Ceaseless praise.* We praise God at intervals with our lips, but our whole life should be a ceaseless song of praise.

XXIII. *Quick returns.* Those that trade with heaven by prayer grow rich by quick returns.

XXIV. *Business and blessedness.* If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.

XXV. *Light-hearted.* If once you love God with all your soul, you will always be cheerful and light-hearted.

XXVI. *Forsaken.* If friends forsake us, let us think on Christ.

XXVII. *To-day and to-morrow.* You cannot to-day have to-morrow's grace; that will only come with to-morrow's need.

XXVIII. *Fruitful sorrow.* Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss, if it issue not in a resolution to do so no more.

XXIX. *Resignation.* Be always resigned and content under the dispensations of providence.

XXX. *Words and deeds.* The practice of virtue does not consist in words.

The list of anniversaries for November which accompanied this collection of mottoes was as follows. It was intended, as we have said, to furnish a series of biographical subjects about each of which our three friends bound themselves every day to discover from the books at their command one or more additional facts. Florence, who drew it up, in most cases added a fact or two on her own account, "just to give a start," she said, and to make it a little more interesting than a dry list of names and dates would be.

November Anniversaries of the Girls' Own Year.

1. Lydia H. Sigourney, the famous American poetess, born in 1791. She was "almost from infancy remarkable for a love of knowledge and facility in its acquisition. She read with fluency when but three years of age, and at the age of eight she wrote verses which attracted attention among the acquaintances of her family."

2. Marie Antoinette, the unhappy Queen of Louis XVI., born in 1755. Though only fifteen years of age when she married the Dauphin of France, she was accomplished in the French, Italian, and Latin languages, besides her native German, and was also a proficient in music and drawing.

3. St. Winifred, or Wenefride, martyr, a noble British maiden of the seventh century. The most famous holy well in the three kingdoms is that dedicated to her at Holywell, in Flintshire.

4. William, Prince of Orange, married his cousin, the Princess Mary of York, in 1677. The two came afterwards to the throne as King and Queen of the United Kingdom. When the marriage was being performed, at the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," William, in accordance with the Dutch custom, placed a handful of gold coin on the Prayer Book. On his doing this, Charles II., the bride's uncle, cried out to her, "Pick it up! pick it up! It is all clear gain!"

5. Maria Ann Angelica Kauffmann, remarkable for her talents in painting and music, died in 1807.

6. The Princess Charlotte died in 1817 at Claremont.

7. Mrs. Ann Grant, of Laggan, died in 1838. The writings of Mrs. Grant did much to awaken that taste for Scotland and its scenery, its traditions and its superstitions, which was at once stimulated and gratified by the works of Sir Walter Scott.

8. Madame Roland executed in 1793. She rode to the guillotine clad in white, her glossy black hair hanging down to her girdle. On the scaffold she asked for pen and paper, "to write down the strange thoughts that were rising in her," but the request was refused.

9. Prince of Wales born in 1841.

10. Martin Luther born in 1483. "The home life of Luther, as husband, father, and head of a household, was a scene of love, peace, and happiness of the highest Christian type, such as this world has seldom seen surpassed."

11. St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, 397. The chief legend connected with this saint records his dividing his cloak with a poor naked beggar whom he found perishing with cold at the gate of Amiens.

12. Amelia Opie, poet and novelist, wife of the artist, John Opie, born in 1769. "Mrs. Opie's liveliness of character and goodness of heart seem never to have dimmed, never to have been chilled to the last hour of her life."

13. Lady Caroline Lamb, poet and novelist, born in 1785.

14. Anne Boleyn married Henry VIII. in 1532. She was the mother of the famous "Queen Bess." Beheaded 19th May, 1536.

15. Gluck, the famous musical composer, died in 1787. "All his French operas show him to be a noble musician, a true poet, and a deep thinker."

16. St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, of Scotland, died in 1093. An epitome of her moral excellence is given in what is told of her, that "in her presence nothing unseemly was ever done or uttered."

17. Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558. This day was in consequence long known as "Queen Elizabeth's Day," and celebrated with great rejoicing. It was usual in the reign of James I., when people compared it with the preceding glorious one, to distinguish him by the title of *Queen James*, and his illustrious predecessor by that of *King Elizabeth*.

18. Dr. T. F. Dibdin, an enthusiastic lover of books and author of numerous works about them, died in 1847. He was the son of Thomas Dibdin, the sailor brother of Charles Dibdin, the song-writer, whom the latter has immortalised in his song "Poor Tom Bowling."

19. Elizabeth of Hungary died in 1231. From her earliest years she is said to have shown an aversion to worldly pleasures, and, making the early Christians her chief model, to have devoted her whole time to religion and works of charity.

20. Caroline, Queen of George II. of England, died in 1737. She presented a striking contrast to her husband in her pure moral character, her love of literature, and her tact and common sense.

21. The Princess Royal of England and Crown Princess of Germany, born 1840.

22. St. Cecilia, the patroness of church music, martyr, 230.

23. Thomas Tallis, the father of English cathedral music, died 1585. He is supposed to have been born in the second decade of the sixteenth century.

24. John Knox, the Scottish reformer, died in 1572. His last words were, "Now it is come."

25. St. Catharine, martyr, fourth century. She is said to have been of royal birth, and was one of the most distinguished ladies of Alexandria. She is always figured in pictorial representations with a wheel on which an attempt was made to torture her.

26. Dr. Joseph Black, the eminent chemist, died at Edinburgh in 1799. He passed away so quietly that a cup of water which he had held in his hand remained unspilt after he had breathed his last.

27. Chancellor d'Aguesseau, of France, born in 1668. It is told of him that, finding his wife always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner-bell had rung, he resolved to devote the time to writing a book on jurisprudence. This project answered so well that in course of time he produced a work in four quarto volumes.

28. Baron Bunsen died in 1860. "Let us walk in the light of the Lord" was the text which Baroness Bunsen placed on his tomb.

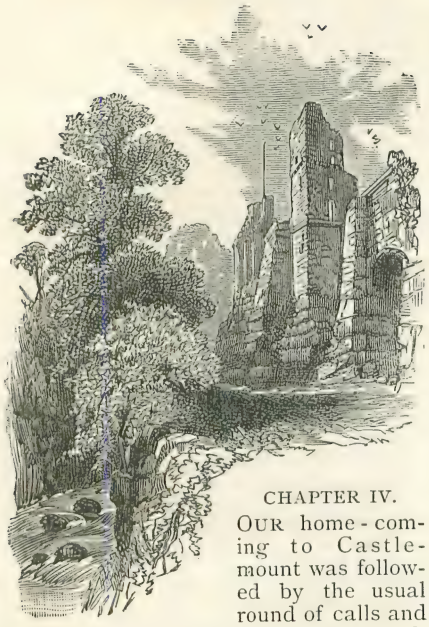
29. Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and Queen of James IV. of Scotland, born in 1489. She was married to James IV. in the Chapel of Holyrood in 1502. A hundred and one years later this union sent the great-grandson of James IV. to be King of England.

30. St. Andrew's Day. This apostle has always been looked upon as the patron saint of Scotland. This day is a favourite occasion for social and national reunion amid Scotchmen and Scotchwomen in England, and, in fact, all over the world.

(To be continued.)

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.



CHAPTER IV.

OUR home-coming to Castlemount was followed by the usual round of calls and invitations; more than the usual round, perhaps, for the marriage of the "great match" of the county had excited a vast amount of curiosity to see the bride, of whom nobody knew anything, except that she was neither remarkable for wealth, family, nor beauty. Yet all concluded that young Mrs. Beauchamp must possess the qualifications to fit her for county society, otherwise she would not have been received at Castlemount before her marriage, and so evidently welcomed as a daughter by Tom's mother.

Mrs. Beauchamp was not the person to do anything by halves. Having given her consent to our marriage, she took care to let her approval be seen by the little world wherein she reigned as a social queen. She was far too important a personage to be lightly offended, and both before it took place and after we were settled at Castlemount, it was well understood that no person could look slightingly at me and hope to retain the friendship of Tom's stately mother. So callers came in shoals, and the best people of the neighbourhood vied with each other in their attentions to myself, and in saying kind things of me to Mrs. Beauchamp.

The invitations were inconveniently frequent and numerous. Many of these I should have thankfully declined, and I used to appeal to my husband with the inquiry: "Must we accept this?" or "May I refuse that?" as I passed on the dainty notes for him to read.

The rueful expression in his face would reflect that on my own, as he groaned under the burden of perspective hospitality which we should have rejoiced to shift to more willing shoulders. O how gladly would many have stooped to relieve us of it! There are always such numbers who long for a share in festivities they never have a chance to taste, and others who are satiated and weary through having too large a portion of the so-called good things of this world.

Tom would glance at the cards, then shake his head ruefully and reply: "It is of no use to try and shirk these affairs, Olive. We must accept or give deadly offence to kind neighbours and worthy people. This note, for instance, comes from the Barfs. They are not so well off as they used to be, and they would think a refusal from us was owing to their altered fortunes."

"Would it not be really kinder to refuse?" I asked.

"In one sense, yes, for these dear people cannot now afford to give grand dinners, but they will not be outdone by their neighbours. The feast will be in our special honour. They will spread their table bountifully for a day, and pinch for a month afterwards to restore the average," replied Tom.

So I wrote an acceptance, and it may be imagined with what feelings I sat at that table when the time came. I felt the more sorry, because the Barfs were such a delightful family in themselves, that a very simple entertainment, combined with their society, was a thing to be coveted. There was no need for great expenditure or display.

My husband and I went to other places, our visits involving long dreary rides and our arrival at home in the small hours, a waste of time and needful rest which we both regretted. Indeed, I began to feel the ill-effects of this unrestful life, so contrary to all my previous habits. It told upon my health, spirits, and occupations. Late hours affected the first, a sense of much wasted time disturbed my cheerfulness, and my favourite pursuits had to be suspended for matters of far less real value.

"Oh, Tom," said I, "if only some of these good people who will persist in manifesting their goodwill to us by lavish and almost incessant invitations, would spend even half as much time and money on those who are in need, what blessings would they call down on themselves! They go on calling together their friends, kinsfolk, and rich neighbours, who have already far more than enough, and would be thankful to be spared this round of festivities. Let them only try for the blessing promised in the very words of Jesus, by calling the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. They would be happier themselves, and how much gladness and brightness they would spread around them!"

"My dear Olive, most of these good hospitable friends *do* entertain their poor neighbours, though in a different way. They give freely and liberally towards all sorts of institutions for the benefit of those who are in need. You did not spend Christmas at Castlemount, or you would have seen how the poor were cared for."

"But do the rich people feed them by hundreds in a big building, and just look in upon them and make speeches? Or do they sometimes ask them as real guests under their own roofs?" I said.

"I think you go a little too far, Olive, if you expect that we are to invite our gardeners and our ploughmen to sit down with wives and children at our own tables," replied Tom, rather gravely.

"I did not mean that at all, dear. What I meant was, that it would be possible to give poor people a taste of our home life, without losing their respect or wounding our self-importance. You know I used to teach a large class of girls who came for instruction, after a hard day's work in the mill. Once in the year these girls all met together and had a tea, when little addresses were given and prizes distributed, and these things were much valued and enjoyed. But some of the teachers would plan little separate treats for their scholars. One would invite her class to her own home, stipulating that each should come neat and clean. And sometimes, knowing how hard it was for a very poor scholar to comply with the first part of this injunction, the teacher would hunt out a plain gown from her own stock, and show the girl how to remodel it for holiday wear. During the summer little excursions were planned by the several teachers for their own special charges. Very short, cheap journeys were these—just long enough to take the young toilers out of sight of tall chimneys and away from their smoke. The simplest food, eked out by new milk bought at a farmhouse, and eaten beneath a sheltering tree, and with the green grass for seat and table, was as much enjoyed as ever was royal banquet spread for honoured guests. For entertainment, were not the fields like an open book, into which they seldom had a chance of looking? A girl would, perhaps, notice a number of little piles of earth, and ask why they were there. Then the teacher would tell about the ways of the little velvet-coated mole that formed them; or, hearing the song of the lark, she would bid them listen, and point out the tiny musician, looking like a dark speck beneath the blue heaven above. You can fancy, Tom, dear, how many things there were to talk about, and how eagerly the girls listened; for they knew so little about the myriad wonders to be found in Nature's widespread book. We teachers got a reputation for wisdom far beyond our merits; but it was because those with whom we had to do were so very ignorant. And when they came to our homes as guests, Tom, a class at a time, it was very touching to see their delighted enjoyment. One of them was so charmed with my aunt's garden—not at all grand, you know, only teeming with flowers—that she cried for very gladness, and said, 'Oh, teacher, do you think heaven will be as pretty as this? It can't be nicer to look at.' It was wonderful what a difference was wrought in the girls' tastes and manners by these simple means. They became ashamed of the bits of tawdry finery in which their souls formerly delighted; they ceased to in-

dulge in loud talk and coarse jests, and became noticeable, not for these things, but for their quiet, orderly conduct in the streets. In their homes they tried to reproduce, in a simple way, some of the articles which gave a charm to the larger houses in which they had been received. Brought into familiar contact, even for a few short hours, with the comforts and refinements of such houses, they shrank with disgust from the dirt, disorder, and ugliness which had hitherto seemed the only things possible to some of them. They began to make little efforts after cleanliness and order first, because these cost little, and yielded much and immediate fruit. Next they bethought them of the minor matters which gave beauty and brightness to their teachers' room and table, and in a very humble way began to imitate them. You would be surprised if you could look into the cottages of some of these girls who are now married, and could at the same time glance back at the surroundings which contented them before they had a glimse of better things. I visited one of these homes just before we were married, Tom, and the young mistress showed me all her little household treasures with a beaming face. I told her how delighted I was to see that her home displayed not only neatness and cleanliness, but that good taste and good sense had been manifested in all its arrangements. 'It's all through you, teacher,' she answered. 'I used not to care a bit about having things neat at home. I liked to dress up smartly when I went out, but all else I cared for was to get through my time as pleasantly as I could after working hours. What did I care if the house was untidy, the teacups unwashed, and the ashes under the grate? Hadn't I been working all day at the mill, and wasn't that enough, without troubling myself as to how I could mend matters at home? One day you asked all your scholars to come to Mrs. Hesketh's to tea, me amongst the rest. We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw how pretty everything was made, just for us working girls. There were posies on the table, and plants in pots about the room—not fine flowers, such as I have seen in glasshouses belonging to grand people, but some that the poorest amongst us might pick up in the fields without asking leave. There were bits of moss, and ivy, and suchlike, and the flowers were daisies, buttercups—the commonest things. Do you remember, Miss Stafford, how you took a dandelion to pieces, and showed me how beautiful it was, and how it and the daisy were made up of ever so many little flowers set close together, and with a fringe round them?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I remember that day quite well. Also that I chose those common flowers and plants on purpose to let you dear girls see how easy it is to brighten up a room and table with what costs nothing but a little trouble.' 'That was what I learned by your tea-party at home, miss, I said to myself that it wasn't money that made places bright, but a bit of painstaking. I never rested till I got a flower in a pot, and then I was forced to clean the window, so as the sunshine might get at it. When the sunshine came in, it showed how every single thing in the place looked dirty, and I just could not bear the sight. That flower shamed everything else, and me most of all, and I had to set to work and tidy up whether I wanted or no. Next I found out that ragged clothes did not match with cleanliness, so I was bound to help my mother to mend for the children.' 'So one improvement brought about another,' I said. 'Yes, miss, and when I had begun I felt forced to go on. When the house was clean and the clothes were mended, I began to teach the children to put things in their proper places, instead of throwing them down anywhere, and to be careful not to tear their frocks and suchlike. So both work and clothes were saved. Now you see, teacher, it was all through you making ladies of us scholars for half a day now and then that made some of us try to be more like real ones in our talk and ways. It is all through having seen what your home was that mine is as you see it to-day. As to my husband, he takes such pride in the place that he often denies himself of things that other men think they cannot do without to get little matters which will make it brighter still.' "

I paused as I finished quoting these words of my old scholar. When I began to speak of the girls and the work amongst them, in which I had always felt so deep an interest, I had no intention of running on to such a length. But the sight of my dear husband's kind face encouraged me to open my heart to him. Tom listened with so much patience, and looked so interested, that I was stirred into saying more and narrating some of the experiences of my early life with my aunt Hesketh. The thought of it as I looked back gave me far more satisfaction than did my present one. With far greater means and wider opportunities of usefulness, my days were being frittered away, and I seemed to have nothing to show in return for the time and talents God had given me.

Tom was full of sympathy and willingness to help.

"If you want more money for your poor people, Olive, dear, you have only to say it. I shall be delighted to help. Who could be otherwise than interested after listening to what you have just told me?"

"Money is just what I do not want," I answered. "It is very useful; but your generous care has always kept me abundantly supplied. I was wishing for your sympathy, and that I can see you have given me already." And I gave him a grateful kiss.

Tom drew me tenderly towards him, and looked at me with a whole world of love in his honest eyes as he returned the caress with interest.

"I am willing to help, and be sympathetic, too, I hope; but I am wofully inexperienced and ignorant in the line of good doing you spoke of just now. I suppose people like myself, who have never been real workers in such a field, are apt to think that we need only put our hands in our pockets, and our duty will be done. Money has seemed all-powerful in times of need."

"It is a great power, and it is because I feel that it may be one for evil, as well as for good, that I want to use my time and watch for opportunities of dispensing it judiciously. It is not wise to scatter it broadcast. There are many good objects and works which can only be helped through subscription lists; but there are others where money is needed; yet I should not think it rightly bestowed unless it went from my own hand and was accompanied by loving looks and cheery words. In carrying this kind of help, I would go as Christ's messenger, if I might be so blessed as to carry His message, and I would try, as of old, amongst my scholars, to prove myself the friend of those I sought to relieve. But what can I do now? The dressing calling, driving, dining, the solemn banquets and the nightly gatherings, absorb all my time, strength, and energy. I do no good to anyone. My conscience reproaches me, and says that I am living as if this world were everything. I seem to hate myself for it all."

Tom began to look quite distressed. I think he could scarcely comprehend the meaning of this outburst; but he replied tenderly and soothingly.

"My darling," he said, "all this gaiety is telling upon you, and doing you harm. I heartily wish we could run away from it. But wealth and position have their penalties, and we are paying ours after the fashion usual in the early days of married life. You will get used to these things in time."

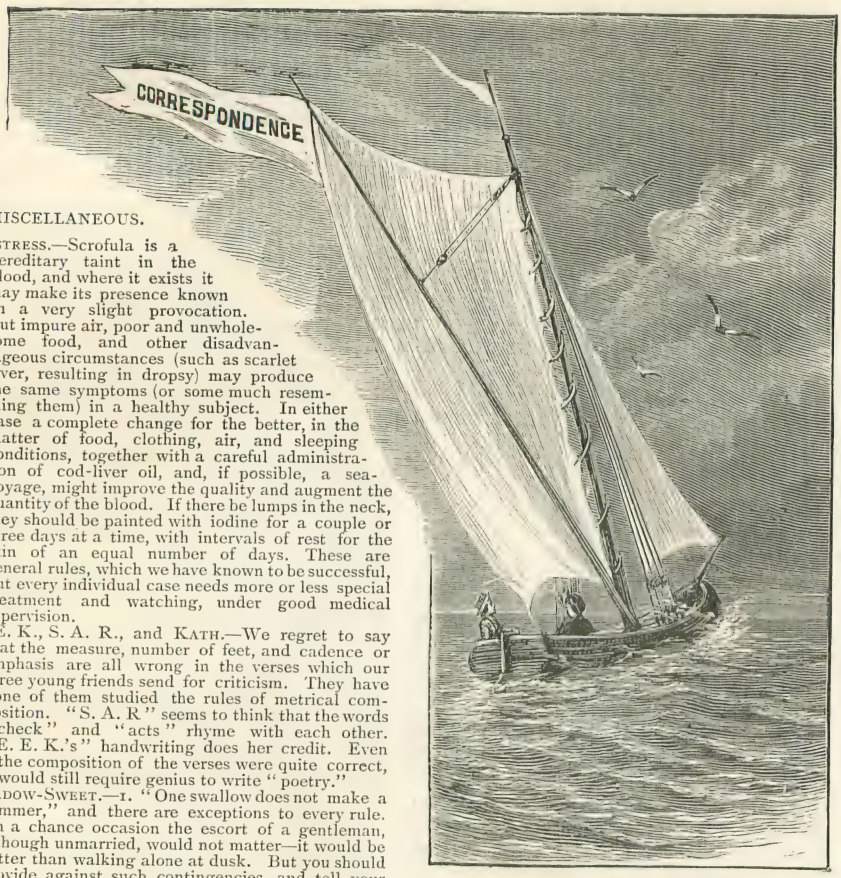
"That is just what your mother tells me, Tom. I do not answer her in so many words, but with all my heart I hope and pray that I never may. Ah, my dear, I often feel afraid that I shall fall far short of the requirements of my position as your wife and mistress of Castlemount. I am quite sure that I was never intended for the *rôle* of a fashionable lady."

"I believe that you will perform your duties far better than most do," replied Tom. "My mother is already very fond and proud of you, and often makes me smile by the tone in which she speaks of 'my daughter' or 'my son's wife.' She declares you possess in a high degree the cultivated mind and the refined manners which so well suit the position you have to fill. For myself, I rejoice that you possess far higher qualifications than these, though I am only finding out your value by degrees. You have eyes to see and a heart to feel for those who are far beyond the narrow circle to which mere society rules would limit your actions and your sympathies."

My own heart gave a glad bound as my husband spoke. He evidently understood me, and each day was drawing us nearer to each other and perfecting the union between us. He would gradually enter more and more into my hopes and aims, and in due time even be my fellow-worker.

I must not be too impatient, however. When a few more weeks had passed we should be able to shake ourselves loose from the chains which now bound us, and have an opportunity of living more quietly and more in accordance with our sense of accountability to God.

(To be continued.)



MISCELLANEOUS.

DISTRESS.—Scrofula is a hereditary taint in the blood, and where it exists it may make its presence known on a very slight provocation. But impure air, poor and unwholesome food, and other disadvantageous circumstances (such as scarlet fever, resulting in dropsy) may produce the same symptoms (or some much resembling them) in a healthy subject. In either case a complete change for the better, in the matter of food, clothing, air, and sleeping conditions, together with a careful administration of cod-liver oil, and, if possible, a sea-voyage, might improve the quality and augment the quantity of the blood. If there be lumps in the neck, they should be painted with iodine for a couple or three days at a time, with intervals of rest for the skin of an equal number of days. These are general rules, which we have known to be successful, but every individual case needs more or less special treatment and watching, under good medical supervision.

E. E. K., S. A. R., and KATH.—We regret to say that the measure, number of feet, and cadence or emphasis are all wrong in the verses which our three young friends send for criticism. They have none of them studied the rules of metrical composition. "S. A. R" seems to think that the words "check" and "acts" rhyme with each other. "E. E. K.'s" handwriting does her credit. Even if the composition of the verses were quite correct, it would still require genius to write "poetry."

MEADOW-SWEET.—1. "One swallow does not make a summer," and there are exceptions to every rule. On a chance occasion the escort of a gentleman, although unmarried, would not matter—it would be better than walking alone at dusk. But you should provide against such contingencies, and tell your servant to come for you, if not returned home by a certain hour. In that case it would be all the better if the gentleman accompanied you both. 2. The hair is more usually dressed high than otherwise, and turned up with a vertical twist at the back.

F. E. N. (Edinburgh).—See our answer to "Diana Vernon." The charge for board and lodging at the Convalescent Home at Epping is only 7s. a week, and we think that a shilling a day is as little as you could expect to give. Write to Miss Marten, 13, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. We hope that this may suit you.

HENRIETTA and Co.—As the editor of the G.O.P., we are very glad that the articles of any of our staff have been of service to "our girls." We cannot make promises of "a paper quite to yourselves;" nevertheless, we hope to offer very many yet, quite as useful and interesting as any we have before provided.

DIANA VERNON.—Write to Miss Marten, secretary for the Convalescent Homes at Epping and at Folkestone—Friends' Institute, 13, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C. At Epping the charge is only 7s. a week, at Folkestone 8s.

A COUNTRY LASSIE.—Your verses run smoothly, although not sufficiently original to be poetry. In reference to your partiality for a working man (he being a religious man), we think you would not only act in an unseemly way, but a most reprehensible way, to set aside the natural feelings of your father and your other relatives, by marrying a man in a lower position in life, however respectable in character. We are all placed in the respective stations in life which we occupy by our Heavenly Father's appointment. You will be spared much trial and suffering as a single woman, and you had better leave your future altogether in the Lord's hands.

GREY PARROT.—The 3rd of February, 1876, was a Thursday. Write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, for the plates, and send the money.

DESIGNER must show her work to the publishers that purchase such illustrations.

SUNDAY S. TEACHER.—The Temple of Solomon lasted about 424 years, but it was plundered by Shishak, King of Egypt, after its first thirty years of existence; and at last utterly destroyed by the King of Babylon, B.C. 588. Some 52 years after that, Zerubbabel, the Jewish governor, and Joshua, the high priest, commenced its restoration, and it was completed in about 73 years. But it differed from the first in having no Ark, Mercy-seat, Urim and Thummim, or sacred fire; and no visible revelation of Divine glory. Once more, falling much into decay, Herod the Great undertook to rebuild it, as it had then stood nearly 500 years. This was some 17 years B.C. The chief part of the building was finished in ten years, and the whole completed in 46 years. This temple was razed to the ground by the Romans, in the year 70 or 71 A.D.; and when an attempt to rebuild it was made by Titus, miraculous fire burst out of the ground and put a stop to the work.

E. M. G.—"God's token" was not a coin, it was a spot which appeared on persons struck with the plague, and which was a certain token that God's hand had been laid upon them, and death inevitable. Your writing is exceedingly good and artistic—no angles, no vulgar flourishes, and no space wasted.

PEARL.—The air of Davos-Platz is very dry, and said to be suitable to the early stages of threatened consumption; but the climate is treacherous, and the drainage used to be faulty. The site is 5,200 feet above the sea level. We could not venture to recommend a place to an invalid being a perfect stranger to us.

FIVE-FEET-NINE.—Wash the crewel-embroidered "oatmeal cloth" in water in which bran has been boiled. Use it tepid, and without soap, and wring it while wrapped in a clean dry cloth. With reference to sending a young man a Christmas card, wishing "the compliments of the season" in return for one from him, we can only say, consult your mother. She knows who he is, and all the circumstances of the case; we are strangers to all.

ANNIE LAURIE.—There is no desirable method for interfering with the course of nature. The hair grows darker with advancing years, till the colouring process under the skin fails, and the hair becomes grey, and then white. Keep the skin and hair well washed, and for any further advice consult our articles on the subject. See "How to Paint in Oils," by John C. Staples, vol. vi., p. 657; No. for July, 1885.

EILEEN.—We regret to say that your verses need correction. For instance,

> "Mid heartfelt tears, to mark the *still green bed* of her who slept."

You cannot break the sentence at the end of a line and begin another line with a broken one. Also, the last line in both verses has no rhyme. We thank you for your kind expressions respecting the G.O.P.

THE DAISY sends us a well-known recipe for an ointment to be used for chapped hands; but we will not disappoint her by declining to give it to our readers, although not exactly the season for such troubles amongst them. Dissolve one ounce of spermaceti, half ounce of camphor, and one ounce of beeswax in a little gallipot by the fire, and cut up into small pieces, with enough sweet oil to cover it. When cool, rub on the hands.

EDITH BRIGNAL sends us a queer little composition, but not suitable for our paper. We are sorry.

A. E. E. L.—Your verses express good feeling, but they are insipid, and incorrect in composition. We wish our dear good girls would not send us such a quantity of verses to be criticised. If they wish to excel they should study the art just as carefully as they would study music or mathematics. What would they think of a girl who attempted to play a piece for the entertainment of her friends, and played wrong notes, and broke the time in every two or three bars?

MISERABLE GIRL very clearly disapproves of the evil thoughts against her Heavenly Father with which she is assailed and tormented. Thus we have no doubt as to their authorship, and that they are not her own, but simply wicked suggestions of the evil one. Confess all to your merciful Saviour, and ask Him to deliver you from him, and to give you His Holy Spirit to teach, help, guide, and comfort you. "He is able to save to the uttermost," and says "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

MOTHERLESS GIRL.—If the sea voyage and change of air have not restored your nerves to a healthy condition, we regret to say that we do not know what to recommend. You are right to pray about it.

CONSTANCE GWENDOLINE (Canada).—You will find several recipes for making good butterscotch in our volumes, by referring to the indexes. There is plenty of recreative entertainment to be found in reading, working, drawing, wood carving (in relief, or perforated with a little saw), music, or battledore and shuttlecock, &c. Dust your books, sort and destroy old letters, put your wardrobe in order, and ask in a friend to play chess, or some such game, in the evening.

OUIDA.—The "pudding course" is separate from dessert. According to the Russian fashion, now long and much in favour in England, the white cloth is left on the table at dessert, and only the long slips down each side and the napkins at top and bottom of the table removed. But many people still keep up the old-fashioned style of removing all, and showing the polished mahogany or oak. The table napkins are never removed from their owners. The latter should leave them on their chairs when quitting the dining-room.

A COUNTRY MAIDEN.—Considering that you cannot go to school, your letter does you credit, and we are very glad you find our papers are of use to you. If you look for comfort and strength in the right quarter, you have the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

A RESIDENT IN INDIA appeals to English girls to help missionary schools in that country, more especially because utter infidelity is spreading amongst the rising generation. This the "Resident" attributes to the fact that "the most elementary facts" taught them in schools under Government inspectors (where no form of religion is promulgated)—"facts in geography, astronomy, and history—contradict Hindoo religious beliefs, and while the child's faith in the religion of its fathers is thus destroyed, nothing else is offered."

IRENE.—1. Consumption is hereditary. There are accidental cases which are quite capable of cure, by means of climatic influences, and a milk and cream diet. But even in families afflicted with hereditary consumption, a generation or an individual will sometimes be passed over, and it will reappear in the next. Persons who know that they have such a taint in the blood are highly reprehensible if they marry. 2. The Young Women's Help Society is what you require; central office, 29, Queen Square, W.C. The amount of subscription is dependent on the means of the member who seeks admission. In some cases it is only 2s. 6d. annually. The benefits conferred are five-fold: 1. Help in daily life; 2. Help in sickness; 3. Temperance; 4. Thrift; 5. Literature. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are the presidents, &c. Write to the secretary.

ONE OF THREE.—There are many Egyptian obelisks, besides our own specimen. The real significance of the original name, *tekken*, is obscure (the root of the word is "to hide"), but they were symbols of the sun and of the god Amun, or "the unrevealed." They were placed at the gates of temples, in the twelfth dynasty, and raised as triumphal monuments in the 19th. But at an earlier date than the above-named small ones were erected at the tombs of kings. At Rome there are twelve Egyptian obelisks, and there are others at Constantinople, Florence, Paris, and Arles. Our own came from Heliopolis (the *On* of Scripture), where, round the Temple of the Sun, six of them once stood. Two of these were of the twelfth dynasty, and others of the nineteenth, only one, and that of the twelfth, now standing amidst the ruins of that city. In the year 1777 the celebrated traveller, Eyles Irwin, H.E.I.C.S., speaks of our own obelisk as lying half buried in the sands, having been blown down by a violent storm some years previously, and expressed surprise that no attempt had been made to remove it to Europe. Subsequently it was formally presented to England by Mehemet Ali, 1820, and the gift was renewed by the Khedive in 1867. And exactly one hundred years after Irwin wrote as above in his "Series of Adventures" (Dodsley, 1780), the Needle was removed for transport to England.

VOL. IX.—No. 410. NOVEMBER 5, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A GOOD GIRL."

THE ladies from The Cottages accepted Mrs. Aspenel's invitation. They all arrived separately. There was no *esprit de corps* amongst them, and they took some pride in being independent of one another: and what is independence, if it is not to have a house of one's own, which each of them had? Mrs. Aspenel, who was by nature hospitable, had provided something more than a five o'clock tea for them, and they partook of a substantial meal. Unfortunately, Gerard was not at The Cottages, but the rector answered Mrs. Aspenel's summons, and joined them, so that they were not quite doomed to female gossip. He, like them, dined early, and rejoiced in cold chicken and pigeon pie when he could get it: so did Edith and Janet, to say nothing of Bruce, who made a second male ingredient in what Janet called *le pâté aux femmes*. Edith had hinted to Mrs. Clarville the plan for her education, and that lady had judiciously sounded her fellow "cottagers." All were quite excited at the chance of turning an honest penny and the prospect of the honour in store for them; all save Mrs. Clarville herself, who foresaw disagreeable complications, and thought the idea absurd.

When the tea was over, and the party adjourned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Aspenel broached the subject. The fact was, she said, that her husband would not part with Edith; indeed, none of them could do without her. At this

"AND FORCIBLY STOPPED HER."

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assertion Edith looked at her step-mother in astonishment, and Janet covered her mouth to suppress a laugh.

"Mr. Aspenel thinks," pursued Mrs. Aspenel, "that with so many clever ladies at hand, Edith might be educated at home, and that if she could receive lessons from you in the branches in which you excel, she might remain at the Park while Janet goes to school."

"I should be most happy to impart such knowledge as I possess to one who endears herself to me as she does to everyone," said strong-minded Miss Vigors, holding out her hand patronisingly to Edith. "Fan only reads with me occasionally, and Miss Aspenel might come on alternative days."

"It would be jolly to learn with Fan," put in irrepressible Janet.

"I am afraid my style is old-fashioned," remarked humble Miss Lilyton. "My school, both in music and singing, was the Italian; and now nothing but German goes down. But I suppose the rules and rudiments are always the same."

"Why, you understand music from beginning to end, tonic sol fa and all," said Mr. Austen.

"And she plays and sings beautifully," ventured Edith.

"Old Lucas said the other day Miss Lilyton had the prettiest pipe in the village," put in Janet, demurely, at which the performer blushed.

"I'm afraid I'm past work. One can't settle to teaching at eighty," said Miss Short, "but I hope the dear child will look in upon me, and nurse Sampson, as she has been used to do."

Everybody laughed, for Sampson was a huge Persian cat with a tail of abnormal size.

"And on me," said sentimental Mrs. Lucy. "I should be delighted to help her with her embroidery: but perhaps Mr. Aspenel might consider that waste of time."

"And Mrs. Clarville?" asked Mrs. Aspenel, doubtfully.

"Edith knows that she can come to me whenever she likes; but I am too desultory a person myself to promise to give regular lessons; indeed, I should not know how to set about it."

"I will undertake the divinity, and we will make a genius of you amongst us," laughed Mr. Austen, who perceived that Mrs. Clarville was in some difficulty.

"We may do more for her, Mr. Austen, than all these colleges and high schools could do," said Miss Vigors, authoritatively. "I do not believe in them. No individual teaching, and probing the mind, and exercising the judgment; but all superficial, just to get a degree. These modern innovations on time-honoured institutions make me ill. Cramming, and nothing else."

"Poor Edith! poor Fan!" muttered Janet.

"You are all so kind," said Edith, flitting like a white butterfly from one old friend to another. "If you will undertake me, I feel sure that I shall get on. Mrs. Nunn said I was beginning to improve when she left."

Nothing conciliates so much as an interchange of benefits. It is cold work when they are all on one side. The ladies grew conversational and at home when they found that they could oblige those to whom they were under obligations, and when Mrs. Aspenel said she would tell her husband of their willingness to oblige him, they displayed more of their natural manner than Mrs. Aspenel had ever seen before. Miss Vigors began to talk of the nobleman's family in which she had been so many years governess; Miss Lilyton of the organ of infinite stops she had once played; Mrs. Lucy of her ancestors; and Miss Short of the wonderful health and vigour she enjoyed at fourscore. Mrs. Clarville, with Bruce on her lap and a girl on either side, did not join; but Mr. Austen, with proper clerical tact, made up for her reticence. As to Mrs. Aspenel, all her guests affirmed they had never seen her so agreeable before, and when they rose to take leave thanked her for "a delightful afternoon."

Just as this ceremonial was concluding, who should appear but the master of the mansion. He had returned earlier than usual, and his wife's manner, which was waxing cordial, suddenly relapsed into frigidity. He shook hands with the ladies—that is to say, their palms touched—and spoke to Mr. Austen with as much friendliness as he ever displayed.

"Another ironclad sunk. An emigrant ship. Have you seen the account? Frightful loss of money. It is on all the placards," he said.

"What lives lost?" asked Mr. Austen.

"I was in a hurry and didn't stop to look," replied Aspenel.

The ladies departed and Janet and Bruce fled from the paternal presence, leaving the gentlemen in discourse. Mrs. Aspenel took Edith aside, and told her she must speak to her father, and make the best she could of the novel arrangement for her future education.

"I cannot, I dare not," said Edith; but her step-mother gave her no choice, for she left her alone with him when the rector took his leave.

He seemed unconscious of her presence, having taken a pocket-book from his pocket, and being instantly engaged with his accounts. She summoned courage to interrupt him. Some unflattering epithet rose to his lips, but stopped there when he perceived that it was Edith.

"Thank you, papa, for letting me remain at home," she began, timidly. "The ladies are quite willing to help me with my education, and I shall be delighted to do what I can for Bruce."

"A good girl. You will save money, which gets scarcer every day. I suppose the old ladies won't charge anything?" said he.

"I think they will expect to be paid. But there will only be two, Miss Vigors and Miss Lilyton. I will ask them about it."

"About it; no, you had better let it remain uncertain. What did Mrs. Clarville say?"

"I am sure she will help me, but she cannot undertake regular tuition."

"Like mother, like son. An ungrateful couple."

"Oh no, papa. They are excellent people. Everybody says so."

"Everybody! ha, ha! What do you know about it? But I'm glad you are settled, as well as Janet and Bruce."

"Have you decided for Janet, papa?"

"Yes, I've seen Mrs. Aspenel's 'Universal Provider,' Lady Ascham, and she recommends a school where they don't run you up such frightful bills as they do in some places. This is a French school; that is to say, the principals are French. 'A gentleman and lady of the old *noblesse*,' said Lady Ascham. As if that mattered, so long as they don't ruin one. But she didn't ask for a percentage, as I expected—indeed, still expect. People don't work for nothing in these days of competition."

"I don't quite understand you, papa."

"I daresay not. Women never do understand pounds, shillings, and pence, and that's why they ruin the men. My number three would soon ruin me if I would let her."

When Mr. Aspenel was at his ease, he would occasionally affix numbers to his wives, as a shorter and easier means of distinguishing them than the first, second, or third Mrs. Aspenel. This was one of his very few jokes, for he was not jocular.

"When is Janet to go, papa?" asked Edith, waxing bolder as her father grew communicative.

"The next term, as they call it; and as she and her mother and brother don't get on, I have arranged for her to spend her holidays with this Monsieur and Madame de Belleville. They go to Paris most years, and will take her with them."

"Oh, papa! Will she never come home?"

The despair in Edith's voice attracted her father's closer attention. Looking at her, he perceived that her hands were clasped and that her face expressed absolute terror.

"Come home! Oh, yes, now and then, of course. We shall all do better without her. She wants more discipline than she has ever had from that foolish old woman Truman. I should have sent her off, had I not promised your——. Well, I promised to keep her, and I suppose I must."

"She is our best and most faithful friend," said Edith, whose pulses were quivering with the excitement caused by what she had heard. "Perhaps I had better go now," she added, fearing to give way before her father, who brooked no tears.

"Perhaps. Tell your mother—I mean Mrs. Aspenel—what I have arranged for Janet. She will be pleased, for once. Tell Miss Vigors that she must be particular in teaching you arithmetic thoroughly. Many a man is ruined because his family know nothing of £ s. d. I shall be, if we don't take care."

"I hope not, papa. I will help you if I can. I wish to be of service to you."

The "ferrets" were turned sharply upon Edith, and when Mr. Aspenel perceived that she was really in earnest his face relaxed. It seemed usually strained

to the uttermost, like a working machine.

"That is what your mother used to say. But she was delicate, like you, and nothing came of it," he said. "Nobody is of use to me. I can only trust as far as I can see."

Edith looked disappointed, and he muttered something about "a good girl," which raised a smile. She left him and went to Mrs. Aspenel. Bruce was with her. She told her what her father had done as briefly as she could, and it was evident that Mrs. Aspenel was delighted, while Bruce clapped his chubby hands, and cried, "I'll tell Janet." He was halfway up the stairs before the others knew what he was about, and in the schoolroom in no time.

"Let him alone," said Mrs. Aspenel. "He will only break the news, and Janet has not much feeling."

"You do not know her, Mrs. Aspenel," said Edith.

"I know a great deal too much of her, and shall be thankful when she is under proper government."

"I will go to her, if you please," said Edith.

"We will both go," replied the stepmother.

To their amazement, they found Janet dancing round the room with Bruce, and Nurse True expostulating. Both were shouting "Hurrah," and appeared to be on the most amicable terms and in uproarious spirits. When Janet perceived Mrs. Aspenel, she danced up to her, exclaiming—

"Is it true? Am I really going to school?"

"Oh, Janet!" sighed Edith.

"You will all be better without me. You know I am the plague of your lives. I shall learn painting, and have nobody to smudge my drawings. Bruce will torment somebody else——"

"Let us dance again, Janet," interrupted Bruce, tugging at her skirts.

"You see, he doesn't hate me, after all, Mrs. Aspenel," cried Janet. "We quarrel and make it up—don't we, Bruce? You'll have no playfellow when I'm gone."

"You are certainly very provoking, Janet," said Mrs. Aspenel, leaving the room as suddenly as she had entered it.

Janet's spirits were soon calmed when she heard the actual state of the case, and that she might possibly be separated from Edith and Nurse True for a long time. She saw, besides, that Edith was very unhappy.

"You will have companions, I none," said the latter.

"You will have the six juveniles at The Cottages, who are devoted to you, and Nurse True, and Bruce, and Fan," returned Janet, telling them off on her fingers, "and Cousin Gerard, who is worth them all. I wish I weren't going," she added, throwing her arms round her sister, and beginning to cry.

"You have your wish, Miss Janet. Don't make Miss Edith miserable," said Nurse True. "You must try to improve for everybody's sake. It is better to learn than to idle, my dear, and I daresay this mounseer and madam will be kind. I only hope they ain't Papists, and that you won't come back Frenchified. I can't understand why English people want their children to be brought up French."

"I don't care which I am, for my part," said Janet, recovering her spirits. "I'm not so proud of my parentage, and don't seem to have any ancestors."

Nurse True was wise enough not to reply to this sally, and Janet began to question Edith closely as to what their father had said, Bruce listening with those long ears said to belong to little pitchers.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ASSAULT FRUSTRATED.

BEFORE Janet was sent to school, Mrs. Aspenel managed to have an interview with Lady Ascham. She was only too glad of an excuse for a visit to London, and appointed a day to have luncheon with her friend in Belgravia, in order, as she expressed it, "to talk over the matter on which Mr. Aspenel had consulted her." These ladies corresponded chiefly on postage cards, for Lady Ascham was always too busy to fold a letter, place it in an envelope, and gum it down, and preferred being spared the trouble of opening and unfolding similar missives. Thus, they sometimes found it difficult to throw a veil over their language, in order to make it invisible to the curious eyes of domestics. Not that such a veil is necessary now-a-days, since concealment is impossible where education is universal. We can no longer say, "The best servant I ever had could neither read nor write," but must change it to, "The best servant I ever had minded his own business."

Lady Ascham was wont to enunciate this in the presence of her household, and being indifferent to its opinion, found good results. Mr. Aspenel was not far wrong when he called her "The Universal Provider," quoting from an advertisement he was in the habit of seeing; for as she sat awaiting Mrs. Aspenel, she might have been Secretary of State. She was a widow and childless, and employed her time, energy, and superfluous feelings for the good of the public. On the library table at which she sat, and on every other available chair and table, were scattered prospectuses, voting-papers, appeals, petitions, letters from every quarter of the globe, presentation copies of pamphlets concerning charitable institutions, reports of all known and unknown charities, and postcards without end. Her face indicated the perplexity into which this philanthropic undertaking had cast her. Her forehead was much wrinkled, and she looked worn out by the multiplicity of her self-imposed duties; for nothing accumulates like charity. The appellants have no compassion, and are like so many cormorants pouncing upon their prey. It must be confessed that Lady Ascham liked to be a victim, and nothing pleased her better than to sigh out her fatigue after a hard day's work to some sympathetic friend in such words as, "I am really exhausted with the appeals I have had to-day. I have no time for private or personal affairs," etc., etc.

"Always at it, Selina!" said Mrs. Aspenel, as she was ushered into her friend's presence.

"No diminution in my responsibilities, dear," replied Lady Ascham, embracing her warmly. "I was never so surprised in my life as by that visit from Mr. Aspenel. He was really quite agreeable, and amused me by saying that he might have to make an appeal soon on his own behalf, for he was on the verge of ruin."

"He is always saying that. I should like to know something of the school he has chosen, for we don't quite want a Do-the-Girls Hall," said Mrs. Aspenel.

"I have nothing of the kind on my books, Dorothea. But we will talk it over at luncheon, for I have not a moment to lose. I have a committee at three, and I am obliged just to look in at a charity concert afterwards, and in the evening there are the theatricals by the Roaming Roysterers, in behalf of the Home for——I positively forget what at this moment, but an excellent institution."

Mrs. Aspenel laughed. It was pleasant to see her show her white teeth, and reveal a dimple that was usually hidden. She seldom laughed when at home. Still, in spite of her grievances, she was a much more cheerful-looking woman than was her friend, who made her own grievances, if she had any, and looked pale, careworn, and anxious, years older than Mrs. Aspenel, who was about her age.

At luncheon she dismissed the servants, and began at once upon the subject of Janet's school. Food, like everything else, gave way before work, and people wondered how she existed.

"The De Bellevilles are old friends of mine. Not teachers who want to be kept afloat, exactly, but refugees of the old *noblesse*. You understand, Dorothea They don't pester me with prospectuses, but I send them a pupil when I can; for '*il faut vivre*,' as M. De Belleville says, ironically. They take daily pupils, and have only three or four boarders, who live entirely with them, and have the benefit of their pure Parisian French. They have a vacancy just now, and I hope your—what shall I call her?—step-child may fill it."

"Call her Janet. She is a very disagreeable girl, and quite unmanageable."

"That is what I hear of all the girls, and boys too. I am told that they are men and women before their time, and parents obey them, thus reversing the commandment."

"Mr. Aspenel's children are not exactly that, but they set their faces

against me, and now that their governess has left, I don't know what to do with them."

"Perhaps you set your face against them, Dorothea. I remember you had always strong likes and dislikes. But Mr. Aspenel seemed to jump at the De Bellevilles when I told him that a hundred a year would cover all expenses."

"I can quite imagine that. Where do they live?"

"At Clifton, in the Paragon, where, I believe, Hannah More lived—a good precedent. At least, people who want my nomination or recommendation make a point of telling me about the reputation of the place or people for a century back."

Lady Ascham then proceeded to describe her foreign friends, and had Mrs. Aspenel been really anxious about Janet, she would have been satisfied with the account. As it was, she thought the school would be as well as another. She did not, however, think it would be strict enough, and plied Lady Ascham with questions as to rules and discipline. Of these she knew nothing—indeed, she had not time to go into them, for her carriage drove up, and she exclaimed—

"I shall be late for the committee. Where can I drive you, Dorothea?"

"To Regent Street, if convenient."

Lady Ascham suddenly bethought herself of her want of hospitality, and entreated her to remain until she returned from the committee, to go with her to the concert, stay to dinner, do any and everything, save interfere with her engagements. Your busy people have no time for friendship. But Mrs. Aspenel declined. She had her own plans. She wanted to make the best of a brief afternoon by doing a vast amount of shopping and calling on several friends.

Somewhat against her inclination, she had promised her husband to return home with him, therefore she had not much time, and she got through her engagements as quickly as possible, in order to join him. Just as her cab drew up at his office in the City, a strange-looking man came out of it. He was ill-clad, and had a bold, defiant air; still he was handsome, and attracted her. Beneath his slouched wideawake glanced piercing black eyes, and a bushy black beard and whiskers covered and concealed an oval, olive-complexioned face. As she was about to enter the huge, many-storeyed house, dignified by the name of office, or more properly, offices, this man accosted her.

"You are Mrs. Aspenel; may I have a word with you?"

He accompanied her into the hall, and forcibly stopped her as she was about to mount the staircase, in the hope of escaping from him. Her husband's offices were on the first floor. The hall was dark, and although she knew she was in the very centre of life, she was frightened.

"You needn't be alarmed," said the man. "It is of your husband I want to speak. If you have any influence with him, tell him that his life isn't worth a penny if he doesn't do what I say; neither is yours, for that much. He doesn't care to see me starve and die—and—and—he has known me all his life. Give me money or food, for pity's sake."

"I have no influence with Mr. Aspenel, but here is money. Let me pass," she said, producing her purse.

He seized it with the words, "Tell him I have taken what he refused to give," and, before she could utter either cry or remonstrance, was gone. Her fear was now heightened by the fact that she had lost not only her money but her railway ticket; but she ran upstairs, nevertheless, preferring rather to face her husband than to turn in pursuit of the robber.

She found Gerard Clarville with Mr. Aspenel, and heard the words—

"That is the Wandering Will whom you and your mother object to looking after."

"Is he the man I have just met?" she exclaimed, not noticing in her excitement that the men she saw before her were as flustered as she, and that the room was in confusion.

"Whom do you mean?" stammered her husband, whose hands and voice shook equally.

"An awful wretch, who told me to tell you that neither your life nor mine is worth a penny unless you comply with his demands; who snatched my purse from my hands, and said he had taken what you refused to give."

"Give! Your purse! What was in it?" gasped Mr. Aspenel, recovering his strength.

"Not much, only my railway ticket was there also."

"Then you will be obliged to get another. Why did you let him have your purse?"

Gerard could not help smiling at the sudden transition from terror to greed. He had been at work in the next room, when he heard a scuffle and loud cry. He rushed into Mr. Aspenel's office, and found him struggling with the man who had just left, and getting the worst of it. He separated them, but before he could seize on the assailant he was gone. He was about to pursue him, when Mr. Aspenel stopped him with a "Let him go; he is not worth catching."

The trio stood a moment looking at one another. Gerard spoke first—

"You should have let me run after him, sir. Once caught, he wouldn't have needed watching. A thief in handcuffs is worth two on Roselands Common."

"I want nothing public; but if he threatens life and property, he must be watched—watched."

"Get a detective. Set the police on him," said Gerard.

"I must know my own affairs best, Mr. Clarville."

Gerard felt himself snubbed, and was about to withdraw, when he perceived that Mrs. Aspenel, usually cold and self-possessed, looked pale and frightened still, and signed to him to remain.

"Would it not be well for Mr. Clarville to go with us to Roselands?" she asked, timidly, of her still more timid spouse "We hear of such terrible tragedies in railway carriages, that one scarcely feels safe after that ruffian's intimidation."

"Well, it might not be amiss. I suppose you have no engagement, Clarville. Your mother would be glad to see you We could come up together to-morrow."

"I shall be delighted, sir. Only I shall not be able to finish that extra work."

"Never mind, for once. You can work later to-morrow. But we have lost the train. However, there is another in half an hour."

Gerard said this would just give him time to run to his lodging and meet them at the station. His rooms were not very far from the office. They were snug, decent apartments, and he was wont to argue with his friends who lived farther afield that he was better off than they were, since he had within reach "forests of masts and the silvery Thames." He certainly had good experience of human nature round about him, and, being energetic, he spent some of the scant leisure granted to him amongst the so-called "dangerous classes." He believed that it was every man's duty to help his neighbour to the extent of his ability, and was not of the opinion of the multitude that a philanthropist could not be a hero of romance just as well as the sentimental or sensational individual generally approved. But people are beginning to appreciate the self-denying efforts of the City clerk or curate who devotes himself to the good of his fellow-creatures, and is of much more use in his generation than monk or devotee.

So when Gerard hurried to his first-floor lodging in his "close," several workmen touched their hats to him, and when he entered the house his landlady received him with maternal effusion. The house was one of the relics of the past, and had been once an important mansion, just as the great warehouses which surrounded it had been, maybe, princely dwellings. But Gerard lived more in the present than the past, and considered a human soul of more value than all the bricks and mortar of a city that contains more bricks and mortar than has any other since the Creation. Thus his neighbours had, perhaps, a higher opinion of him than his patron and master, Mr. Aspenel.

Be that as it may, he gathered together one or two things that he wished to take to his mother, and left his somewhat untidy apartment to the care of Mrs. Pottle, his landlady, who, despite her name, had, as she expressed it, "seen better days."

While he was threading his way through the ever-shifting crowds to London Bridge, Mrs. Pottle began to "tidy up" his room, assisted by two juvenile Pottles, who hindered more than they helped.

"Bless his heart! how he do leave his things about!" she said. "But all the men's alike; they just throw down a purpose for the women to pick up. I, for one, should be a deal better without 'em. As well to be a maid-of-all-work."

To be continued.)

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

II. –THE SICK-ROOM.

OFTEN think that if I were building a house for my own occupation, I would arrange specially one room so that, while it should answer as an ordinary bedroom, it should be well adapted for occupation during illness. The largest bedroom available would be selected, and an aspect either south or south-west would be preferred, with as large a window as could be obtained—when possible a window would be placed at each end of the room. The windows would be fitted with double sashes, so as to admit of ventilation between the two, and one would be removable during warm weather. Outside these would be lattice blinds—at least, on the south side—and inside venetian blinds would be hung. The floor of the room would be of polished hard wood; what is known as *parquet* flooring is very suitable. The walls would have a dado of polished wood, above which they would be either painted in oil, or papered with a well-varnished paper, and the ceiling would also be covered with varnished paper. No pictures would hang on the walls, but a few engravings might be pasted on and varnished over so as to relieve the monotony of the colouring. Curtains would be hung in such a manner that they could be removed from the room in a few minutes; and the bareness of the floor would be relieved by a few Persian or Turkish mats.

A room fitted according to this description would be always ready for the reception of any case of illness, even the most infectious, and the patient in it would be under the most favourable conditions for the promotion of recovery.

The selection of a room with a south or south-west aspect for the reception of cases of illness is recommended on account of the great value of sunshine in the treatment of disease. Both in health and illness the rays of the sun are as necessary for the healthy growth and development of human beings as of plants; and, just as many flowers will lose their colour and droop if kept always in the shade, so men and women and, most of all, children become pale, thin, and unhealthy if they live continuously in rooms into which the sun's rays do not penetrate. The advantage of the south-westerly exposure of a room is that the sun will not reach it too early in the morning, when it might disturb the sleep of the invalid, and the rays of the setting sun will be enjoyed before it is time to retire to rest.

External lattice blinds protect a room from the heat of the midsummer sun much more perfectly than any blinds inside the room, as they intercept the rays before they fall on the window glass, which, being a better conductor of heat than wood, does not arrest the heat waves so efficiently. Internal venetian blinds are better than any other kind, on account of the facility with which by their means the amount of light entering can be regulated to suit the wishes of the invalid; and they are useful also in diverting currents of air entering through the open windows in any direction upwards or downwards.

Almost all hospitals built in the present day have the floors made of some variety of hard wood, closely-jointed, and with some kind of polish on it. What is required is the absence of any spaces between the boards in which dust might lie, and a condition of surface which will allow at all times of perfect cleanliness. Any kind of carpet is quite inadmissible, except loose strips which can be lifted and beaten and removed at any time, as all carpets harbour dust, which may be very injurious in some forms of illness. Wall papers have a similar disadvantage, and are only admissible when varnished so that dust will not adhere to them. Ornamental tiles make a very handsome wall for a hospital ward, and are now much used for this purpose.

As, however, comparatively few of us have the opportunity of building and arranging the houses we live in, it will be desirable to consider how to place any ordinary bedroom in the most favourable condition for the reception of an invalid; and how to maintain it during occupation in the most healthy and sanitary condition possible.

In the first place, all superfluous furniture should be removed, so that the most can be made of the size of the room. It is scarcely possible to have a room too large in cases of illness, and every article of furniture occupies some valuable space. Then, except in cases of very slight illness, the less carpet there is in the room the better. While adding to the apparent comfort of a room, carpets absorb dust and other impurities very rapidly, and are exceedingly difficult to keep clean. It is most undesirable that any carpet should be swept in the room where an invalid is lying; and what is best is to have simply a few strips of carpet or a few rugs lying loosely on the floor, which can be removed from the room at any time for the purpose of being shaken or brushed. Heavy curtains to the windows or round the bed are open to the same objections as carpets, and have the additional drawback of generally interfering very considerably with ventilation; they should always be removed. There is no objection, however, to white curtains for the windows, which add much to the appearance and finish of the room; and toilet tables may be covered with white washable covers: all thick stuff material should be removed.

It is much more easy to nurse a patient on a narrow bed than on a wide one, and the bed should be rather low. In most hospitals beds three feet wide are used, and the height from the floor is just sufficient to allow of thorough ventilation underneath. Within late years the different forms of wire spring mattrasses have come into universal use, both because of their comfort and because they admit of thorough ventilation and cleanliness. Neither side of the bed should ever be placed against any of the walls of the room; there should always be a free passage round both sides and the foot of the bed; but there is not much objection to the head of the bed being in contact with one of the walls. In most rooms there are always currents of air in straight lines between the window and door, and between the window and grate, and the door and grate when a fire is burning. So far as can be arranged, the bed should be placed so that the invalid may not be directly in the course of any of these currents of air.

Having the room thus properly arranged, the next question to be considered is the maintenance of efficient ventilation.

However large a room may be, if it is inhabited by living beings, the atmosphere in it will become unhealthy unless some arrangements exist permitting of the escape of impure, and the entrance of fresh air.

For the purposes of ventilation air may be considered as a mixture of three gases, which are known separately as oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid. Other gases exist in it in small quantity, such as vapour of water, but these need not be considered at present. Of every 10,000 cubic feet of fresh air, about 2,100 consists of oxygen, 7,896 of nitrogen, and the remaining 4 of carbonic acid. Although the quantity of carbonic acid is comparatively very small, it is not by any means an unimportant element, as it is chiefly by alterations in its amount relatively to the oxygen that one can judge of the purity or impurity of the air in any room. It is found that when people are living in a room insufficiently ventilated, the quantity of carbonic acid increases while the quantity of oxygen decreases, and as carbonic acid when breathed in a concentrated form is poisonous, while a proper supply of oxygen is essential to health, and even to life, it is obvious that breathing air in which the carbonic acid is increased and the oxygen diminished, must be injurious, if not dangerous. Most people are familiar with the depression and headache produced by remaining long in what is called a "close" room, which means generally a room with an atmosphere deficient in oxygen. It has been found by experiment that this sensation of closeness is usually felt if the carbonic acid in the atmosphere is increased from 4 to about 8 cubic feet in the 10,000 cubic feet of air, and becomes very oppressive if there is as much as 10 cubic feet in the 10,000; and it is generally agreed that any quantity of carbonic acid beyond 6 in the 10,000 should be regarded as injurious. In the process of breathing a grown-up person produces about half a cubic foot of carbonic acid every hour. If then two grown-up people were shut up in an airtight room 20 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 12½ feet high, which would be a room of considerable size, and would hold 2,500 cubic feet of air, in one half-hour the atmosphere of the room would become very impure and oppressive if no fresh air were admitted. For during that half-hour the two occupants would have added 1 cubic foot of carbonic acid to the 2,500 feet of air in the room, which would be the same in effect as adding 4 to 10,000 feet; and as the air at first contained carbonic acid in the proportion of 4 to 10,000 cubic feet, at the end of the first half-hour the proportion would be 8 in the 10,000, which is always perceived as distinctly close. The necessity of a continuous supply of fresh air into even a large room if occupied is thus quite apparent; and in a future paper we hope to show how much is required, and in what way it can be best introduced.

THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

is a singular fact that many of those songs which seize on a nation's heart because they are the expression of its own feelings and interests—songs which are quite apart from the "newest music," and transcend fashion, because they are not for a day, but for all time—have been written by those who have written nothing else, or, at least, whose other productions have been unworthy to escape the oblivion which has overtaken them. Some—nay, most—of these sweetly simple and natural lays date, too, from a time—the last century—when art and literature both ran on stilts and in narrow and conventional ways; and of their writers, many who sang most truly of humble life and love and sorrow belonged to the upper classes, and looked upon the cottage, as it were, from the castle tower.

But the cottage and the castle had many sympathies in common in those days. Dean Ramsay tells us that in Scotland a great familiarity prevailed between members of the greatest families and their domestics, and he bids us observe natural reasons for this, in the simple modes of life which discarded ideas of ceremony or etiquette, the retired and uniform style of living in the best country houses, the hereditary attachment of lord and vassal, and the fixedness of the servant's tenure, often lasting from early youth to old age, "when he cannot forget the days when his younger master was a child." An old domestic of this class illustrated the position, by the reason he assigned for his having his own way in some matter:—"Ye needna find fau't with me, Maister Jeems; I hae been langer aboot the place than yersel'."

Such a state of things, existing in its degree all over Britain, was fraught with touches of delicate humour and poetry. To the subtle sentiment of the educated master the humbler friend contributed some quaint and original turn of expression, some odd or unexpected point of view, or even the unconscious, matter-of-fact simplicity which often gives such pathos to the doings or darings of humble folk. Common things would find expression in picturesque or taking language. This was especially the case with the Scottish dialect, now only to be found in the more retired parts of the country, but lingering in all its grace and pathos in old Scotch ballads.

No part of Scotland is richer in historic reminiscence nor in quaint "character" than that easterly district locally known as "the kingdom of Fife." It has no striking features of natural beauty, except what must pertain to quaint, Dutch-like towns, low green hills, stretches of yellow sand, and the blue waters of the frith. But this district is the very cradle of Scotland's poetry. One, at least, of her earliest poets was born there—Sir David Lindsay, of The Mount, the friend of one king and the mentor and guide of another, the satirist of a corrupt clergy and Court, and the promoter of purer faith and manners. He died about 1567, and we only introduce him here because he is, perhaps, the brightest name on "the family tree" of that Lady Anne Lindsay, the story of whose inimitable lyric, "Auld Robin Gray," we purpose to tell.

Lady Anne was born in December, 1750, the eldest of the large family of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres. He was sixty years old at the time of her birth, the elderly husband of an energetic, imperious, but well-meaning young wife, with whose severe discipline of their children the more indulgent father was fain to interfere. But the young ones were healthy and happy. Lady Anne could accept a bread-and-water diet with the greatest philosophy. They lived a wholesome, quiet life, knew and loved all the animals about the place, dined with their parents on Sundays, were treated to sweetmeats by the earl, received tuition in solid matters from a dreamy divine, and in the lighter acquirements from sundry genteel ladies, poor relations, humble friends, and the like, who in those simple days found anchorage in great houses in return for such services.

The old library, accumulated by many generations, was open to the young folks. Lady Anne wrote afterwards that they had leave "to drive through the sea of books without pilot or rudder." Probably they were somewhat guided by their father, who was very fond of his little girls, was full of true, old-fashioned courtesy to all women, and seems to have risen superior to the coarse habits of conviviality too common at that period.

The girls saw many pleasant and cultivated people as guests in their own house, and occasionally crossed the frith, then romantically called "the seas," on visits to Edinburgh.

The earl, their father, died an easy, happy death when his eldest daughter, Anne, was only seventeen. But the orphaned family continued to live in the ancestral home, of which their brother was now the master, and it was about four years after her great bereavement that Anne Lindsay wrote her famous ballad. She had tried to fill the blank in her life caused by her father's death and the marriage of a favourite sister, by scribbling for her own amusement, thriftily writing on the backs of old letter-covers. It was in her own little room, high up, and commanding wide views, that she composed her lyric. It "came into her head" to supply verses to a pretty air which one of the relations was in the habit of "lilting" about the old mansion, to words of which the young lady, pure in her simple tastes, could not approve. She thought she would compose a tale of humble sorrow. "Robin Gray" was a real name in the neighbourhood: it belonged to an old shepherd who had once somewhat disobliged some of the young folks of Balcarres. This selection of a "real" name certainly justifies the queer theory of a great French writer, that names which have been borne by living people, when used in art, possess a greater vitality than those which are pure inventions.

Lady Anne piled up the agonies round her hapless heroine, sending her lover to sea, crippling her father, enfeebling her mother, and persecuting her by the attentions of "Auld Robin Gray." But she felt that something was needed as a climax—the "last straw" to break down "Jeanie's" constancy and fortitude. Little Lady Elizabeth, a child of about ten years old, suggested the stealing of the cow—a hint that was instantly adopted.

It is odd to think how long and how well the secret of the song's authorship was kept. To write in those days subjected a woman to be deemed "a blue-stocking," and to be held apart from common human sympathies and kindliness. Lady Anne wisely shrunk from such uncomfortable celebrity. The song soon acquired wide popularity. Lady Anne herself sang it without awaking more suspicion than she easily averted. There were disputes as to its "period." It was even imputed to David Rizzio, the ill-fated favourite of Queen Mary of Scotland, and the Society of Antiquaries vainly offered a reward of twenty guineas for information as to its source. It can be imagined that all this was intensely delightful to Lady Anne.

We think we may venture to give a copy of the song exactly as Lady Anne wrote it. It may not be known to all our readers, and to others it may be interesting to see the changes—not necessarily improvements—which have crept into modern versions:—

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's a' at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething else beside;
To mak' the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
An' the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

"He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick, my Jamie was at sea,
An' auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

"My father couldna wark, my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win.
Auld Rob maintained them both, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, 'Jeanie, for their sakes will ye no marry me?'

"My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship was a wrack!—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry 'Woe is me!'?

"My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looket in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gi'ed him my hand—my heart was in the sea,
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

"I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.'

"Oh, sair, sair, did we greet, and mickle say o' a'.
I gi'ed him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
For though my heart is broken, I am young, woe's me!

"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin.
I darena think of Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me."

An old Scottish lawyer confided to Lady Anne that he was sure the song must have been written by some "lassie that didna ken the nature o' the Scotch money," since in the old dialect a Scotch "pound" was only twenty pence; and so, as the song ran, Jamie went to sea to lessen his gear. But Sir Walter Scott sets this criticism aside, since the terms could not have referred to Scottish money at all, as such a coin as a "crown" was not counted among it. And the great novelist defends the song from any charge of anachronism by declaring that he could bring forward dozens of old papers to prove that French "crowns" and "pounds" were current denominations on the coast of Fife, where a brisk trade was carried on with Holland and other continental countries.

In verse five, the heroine's wailing question—

"Why didna Jamie dee?"

is now usually rendered—

"Why didna Jeanie dee?"

But Lady Anne herself was prepared to stand by her own version, saying that she meant the heroine to imply: "Would he not have been happier dead than seeing my wretchedness and feeling his own?"

In the fourth verse, the "no" in "auld Robin's" petition is usually omitted, marring its wistful pleading.

One cannot understand the reason for the common variation in the seventh verse—

"Sitting so mournfully at a neighbour's door,"

from

"Mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,"

which is a touch of true local colour, as anybody who knows the old cottages of the locality can testify.

A commonplace repetition is also often substituted for the intensely pathetic line—

"For though my heart is broken, I'm young, woe's me!"

The old lawyer who criticised the coinage was also guilty of the suggestion that it was "Auld Robin Gray" himself who had stolen away the cow. This false tint in the portrait of the "kind gudeman" was incorporated in a sequel to the song, which Lady Anne was tempted to write years afterwards to please her aged mother, who had frequently pleaded—

"Annie, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended."

And it was probably in filial deference to the tender feeling of the aged countess that a tragic end of the sad story was averted—in defiance alike of the stern decrees of Nature and the canons of Art. For the strict parent, who had not "spared the rod" on her children's early days, became the fondly treasured darling of their later life. She lived to be ninety-four, and there are few pleasanter pictures of old age than the glimpses we catch of her in her daughter's letters.

Perhaps we should give part of this sequel, as it is somewhat of a curiosity, being printed comparatively seldom. The writers of "The Songstresses of Scotland" (to whose researches we are greatly indebted, and who do full justice to Lady Anne's genius), while feeling, as we do, that "it was a grievous blunder to write a second part," yet admit "it has verses not unworthy of the author of 'Auld Robin Gray.' The first three verses have beauty of their own . . . and the concluding verses."

"The winter was come, 'twas simmer nae mair,
And, trembling, the leaves were fleeing through the air;
'Oh, winter!' says Jeanie, 'we kindly agree,
For the sun he looks wae when he shines upon me.'

"Nae longer she mourned, her tears were a' spent;
Despair it was come, and she thought it content—
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she bent like a lily broke down by the gale.

"Her father and mother observed her decay;
'What ails ye, my bairn?' they ofttimes would say;
'Ye turn round your wheel, but you come little speed,
For feeble's your hand and silly's your thread.'

[The old countess used to fondly quote the last couplet as a true description of her own valetudinarian condition.]

"Her father was vexed, and her mother was wae;
But pensive and silent was auld Robin Gray;
He wandered his lane, and his face it grew lean,
Like the side of a brae where the torrent has been."

Then follow ten stanzas descriptive of the old man's last sickness and dying confession of his dishonest strategy. These scarcely rise above the level of conventional doggrel; but a touch of genius falls on the picture of the widow's freedom—

"The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa',
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie o' a'
Was thinkin' she couldna' be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e while her heart was sae light."

Yet we cannot feel the same interest in Jeanie when—

"She has a' that her heart can desire,"

as we did in the brave girl who was determined to do right, and discharge her duties, which, however reluctantly, she had herself consented to fulfil.

Lady Anne Lindsay lived the life of a maiden lady of distinction and leisure until she was fully forty years of age. Then she married Mr. Andrew Barnard, and accompanied him to his official post at the Cape of Good Hope. She rose to the difficulties of her position in a colony then new and rough. Her old love of a country life and of animals asserted itself strongly. She and her husband returned to this country at the beginning of the present century, and Mr. Barnard died in 1808, after fourteen years of happy married life.

She survived, a childless widow, till the year 1825. But she was a bright and thankful woman, "grateful," as she wrote, "for what remains of friendship and affection still on earth to cheer the evening of life . . . My friends press me to go out to amuse myself, but I should go without any interest beyond the charm of getting home again . . . By the side of my fire I have got into the habit of living in other days with those I loved; reflecting on the past, hoping in the future, and sometimes looking back with a sorrowful retrospect where I fear I may have erred . . . In the affection of my two nephews I find the tenderness so unusual in young men, which is ever ready to fly to be my prop and support when I feel a want of it. No ostentation is to be found in their attentions. They do not tease me with their solicitudes . . . I have great, great reason to bless God, who, in taking much from me, has left me so much."

It was only a year before her death that Lady Anne fully and frankly confessed the authorship of "Auld Robin Gray." In his novel, "The Pirate," Sir Walter Scott quoted the second stanza of the second part, and boldly ascribed it to Lady Anne Lindsay or Barnard. Lady Anne's own curiosity was roused to know how he had got possession of this sequel, of which she had given no copy even to her dearest friend. She conjectured that he must have taken it down from the lips of a friend of his, who had resided with the old Countess of Balcarres in her last years. In writing to Sir Walter, Lady Anne hints that there was another version of the second part, in which Jeanie is again the speaker, as she was in the first part. But she adds that after the honour Sir Walter's quotation had conferred upon the sequel already extant, she should leave the other in oblivion. We cannot but regret that this seems all that is known of this set of verses, which, if they were written under a spontaneous impulse, may have been of superior quality, though it is little likely they would have rivalled the original ballad.

Lady Anne died on the 6th May, 1825, in Berkeley Square, London, a busy, animated woman to the last, leaving, among what she called her "vagrant scraps," a little paper in which she cheerily declared—

"When alone, I am not above five and twenty. I can entertain myself with a succession of inventions . . . What is the moral of this? That . . . occupation is the best nostrum in the great laboratory of human life for pains, cares, mortifications, and *ennui*."

Her last task was to "sort family papers for family perusal—carrying them forward by her own recollections, and by procuring from her brothers narratives and anecdotes of their experiences." This was done in pursuance of the conviction of old Earl James, her father, that—"as every man has felt, thought, invented, or observed, a little of that genius which we receive from Nature, or a little of that experience which we buy in our walk through life, if bequeathed to the community, would ultimately become a collection to do honour to the family where such records are preserved." We think Earl James was a wise man, and we see no reason that such archives should be confined to families highly placed in rank and power.

It is a curious fact that the air to which "Auld Robin Gray" is now sung is not that which, as we have seen, originally inspired the ballad. The composer of the melody which seized the popular taste was a Rev. Mr. Leves, rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire. He was devoted to music, and composed several songs, but none of the others gained the least notice. The air of "Auld Robin Gray" has given his name the same immortality which the ballad won for Lady Anne. Dean Ramsay says that it was composed for the use of his daughter, Miss Bessy Leves, who was a pretty girl and a pretty singer. The Rev. Mr. Leves died in 1828, aged 80. So the ballad, Scotch alike in spirit and in dialect, goes echoing down the future in the music of an English parson.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" HAS A PROPOSITION TO MAKE.

THOSE who know anything of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will not think it an exaggeration if we say that it has become a power for good among the girls of all lands, wherever the English language is spoken.

There is scarcely a household even in remote corners of our country where it is not received and valued.

Its readers embrace all classes and all ages, and number many hundreds of thousands.

But power, success, and influence entail duties and responsibilities which, if neglected, detract from all three.

This powerful instrument for good is the girl's very own, and in order to obey its teaching and support its authority, each individual reader should recognise that as by its means the good has come to her, so she should by its means perform the duties and responsibilities incurred.

Many a kind act has been done by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; and many a burden has been made less by their self-denial and generosity. What is now asked of them is to combine for a great object, viz., to endue their own paper with life, and hand it down to future generations of girls as a source of comfort, help, and health to the weary and sad among them.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has made acquaintance with many a one overburdened with incessant labour and home cares, and who, strive as she will, cannot put by a shilling towards a little rest and change at the seaside, and so she goes on from year's end to year's end with almost a hopeless persistency, till at length she breaks down altogether, and those depending on her drift often into pauperism. All this might have been different could a helping hand have been offered, and the overworked girl sent to the seaside now and then, free of expense and free of care.

It is only necessary to go to some of the institutions now in working, either at the seaside or inland, to see their value, and the impossibility of taking in the crowds of those who are losing their power for work just for the chance of such a benefit as these institutions bestow.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has great sympathy with those whose physical and mental powers are overtaxed in the struggle for independence, and it has a proposition to make, on their behalf, to its readers.

It is this—That a cottage should be rented, or, better still, bought either at Bognor, Scarborough, Seaford or Margate, and that it should be cleansed and fitted up for a Convalescent Home, say, at first to receive ten such girls as described, and that it should be registered as the "Girl's Own Convalescent Home."

Organised help for the carrying out of such a proposition will be necessary, and, should it find favour among our readers, it is suggested that every individual supporter should give one penny at once, and without a day's delay.

There is great strength in numbers, and if the readers are put down at 250,000, and every one gave a penny, it would result in a return of over £1,000.

Such a sum would warrant the commencement of the work, for which not only our own but future generations will have reason to be thankful.

Should any of the readers be well off, and desire in consequence to give sixpence or a shilling instead of the penny, so let it be—the Editor will be thankful; but let this first offering toward the object be speedy, as the penny or the sixpence will be a sign of the approbation and co-operation of the givers.

If those who had the means would guarantee a small sum yearly, it would be very helpful, and give an enduring character to the Home. The carrying out of the work must, of course, be undertaken with the utmost skill, care, and thought, and this may be well entrusted to the Editor and his staff.

Let no one fear, but remember what great things have been the result of small beginnings, provided the work be undertaken with earnest devoted hearts; it is only necessary to look at many of our Hospitals and Convalescent Homes to be sure of this.

The Hospital for the Paralysed, now so grand a building in Queen-square, was commenced in one small house, and with a capital of only £200, by two women.

The desire would be that the girls selected should be sent and returned, free of expense, to the Home, and remain there a fortnight; and thus, allowing that only ten at the time could be received, 250 would enjoy the privilege in the course of the year.

It would help to make the coming Christmas a happy one, if the necessary sum required for commencing the work were subscribed by that time.

Subscribers of pennies, sixpences or shillings might kindly group themselves, respectively, in a body of ten, twenty, thirty, or any such proportionate number, and send the total amount in postal notes to the Editor, under the name of the chief collector, to whom the acknowledgment will be made in the magazine.

DECEMBER.

THIS is the best time of the year for studying lichens and mosses. Wherever we walk now, even in dirty towns, we notice that old walls, trunks of trees (either living or dead), and sometimes patches of earth, are tinted with varying shades of colour. These bright patches will repay minute inspection; for, on looking closely at them, we discover that the bright tints are in reality produced by plants—very tiny, it is true, but many of them of beautiful forms, as well as strange and brilliant colours. They should be examined first with a pocket magnifier, in order to select the finest specimens to take home for closer inspection under the microscope.

Many fungi may still be found in woods and pastures growing half hidden among dead leaves. Their brilliant colouring is all the more welcome from the absence of flowers and bright leaves.

In the summer, when every field and hedge-bank is gay with flowers, we are apt to overlook many of the more insignificant plants, and it is only now, when flowers are scarce and the hedges are bare, that our attention is attracted to the common beauties of the roadside. Every bank, and nearly every garden lawn, will supply us with a daisy root, and there is much in it to be studied. No plant can flourish without a proper supply of air and light for its flowers; but the daisy grows so close to the ground, that it would surely be covered and smothered by the long grass around it if it could not protect itself in some way; but its very humility saves it. It has a circle of green leaves, pressed very closely on the ground above its root—so closely, that no grass can grow under them—and in this way the little daisy secures a clear space for itself, just large enough for the air and the sunlight to reach it. It flowers nearly all the year round, and is one of the earliest plants visited by the bees.

The thrush usually begins to sing this month; but it has sometimes been known in a very mild season to sing all the winter.

"Are Animals Happy?" is the title of a paper in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Probably most girls have wondered vaguely to what extent they share the feelings of human beings. We feel few doubts that they are happy when we hear birds singing and see young animals at play, or watch the flight of a swallow or a seagull. But the question takes a different aspect in very cold or long-continued wet weather; but even then perhaps their sufferings are not so acute as we sometimes fear.

"It is undoubtedly true," says Briggs Carlill, the author of this paper, "that every

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year a certain number of animals are condemned to starvation, crowded out of existence by the pressure of surplus population, and this process must be attended by a certain amount of suffering. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether the suffering is of that intense and dramatic kind which is popularly associated with the struggle for existence. It is not the case of a strong healthy animal going alone out into the wilderness to struggle with the agonies of starvation; it is a process which takes effect principally on the very young or the very old. The very young perish because their mother is too ill-nourished herself to supply them, or because they are not sufficiently vigorous to fend for themselves; the old go perhaps somewhat before their full time. In the one case life is stopped before much pain can have been felt, in the other it is stopped after the greater part of its pleasure is past; in either case with very much less than the maximum of suffering."

There is very little to be done in the open garden now, and even that little must depend greatly upon the season. We often have our coldest weather in January, and when this is the case care is needed to protect delicate plants from the frost. If, on the other hand, it is a mild, open season, the aim must be to avoid keeping delicate plants too warm, thus encouraging them to grow, as frosts will probably come later and nip all the young shoots.

Peas and radishes may be sown in some warm sheltered corner of the kitchen garden towards the end of January, and it is time to sow mustard and cress in boxes indoors.

All indoor plants should be moistened with tepid water during the cold weather. They must not be made too wet; very few plants can bear to stand in water; but at the same time, as the air of a room is always rather dry, they need careful attention. Tap the pots sharply with your knuckles, and if you hear a sharp, ringing sound, water is wanted; but if the earth is sufficiently moist, the sound will be dull and leaden.

There are very few flowers in our gardens now, but Russian violets may often be gathered from under the snow. Hepatica, too, should be in flower, and the Christmas rose. The latter is injured by transplanting, and should be set at first where it is intended to remain, and where there is room for it to increase into a large mass.

HOW TO COOK RABBITS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

ABBITS are in full season just now. They constitute a very pleasant change from butcher's meat, are not expensive, and are useful because they can be served in a great variety of ways, all good. We will therefore turn our attention during this lesson to rabbits.

Many years ago English rabbits were thought to be superior to all others; now Ostend rabbits are popular. There are people, however, who think tame and Ostend rabbits are dry and insipid—wild rabbits are the delicacy; others say that wild rabbits are coarse and comparatively tough—it is Ostend rabbits which are tender and delicate in flavour. We generally find that where a great many persons hold diametrically opposite opinions there is a good deal to be said on both sides, and the truth lies between them. So it is here. Of the two varieties, wild rabbits are the more tasty, Ostend rabbits the more delicate. Both kinds may be used to advantage; wild rabbits for civets or stews, tame and Ostend rabbits for boiling, pies, puddings, and curries.

Young rabbits only, which have been recently killed, should be used for the table. It is very easy to decide whether or not rabbits are fresh. A very limited experience would enable a housekeeper to tell almost at a glance whether or not a rabbit was in good condition. Ostend rabbits are sent to this country already skinned; indeed, I believe that they are reared chiefly for the sake of their skin, which is used for making muffs and tippets. When the coats are removed the bodies are packed off to England to be sold at 8d. or 9d. a pound. The appearance of the flesh is a sufficient test of the freshness of Ostend rabbits; if this looks soft and pinky the rabbit has been recently imported. Wild rabbits are sold in their jackets. The inside portion round about the kidneys should be examined here; if the flesh looks white and dry and the body is stiff the rabbit is as it should be. The age of rabbits may be determined by examining the claws and ears. In old rabbits the claws are long and rough, the ears tough; choose, therefore, rabbits with smooth, sharp claws, and ears that will tear easily.

The simplest way of cooking food is not infrequently the best way. It is so with rabbits, for they are never more delicious than when well boiled and "smothered in onions;" that is, served with onion sauce, a portion of which has been poured over them. The usual rules for boiling meat should be observed here also; that is, the rabbits should be wiped all over carefully with a damp cloth and plunged into boiling water sufficient to cover them; as the liquor comes to the boil it should be skimmed well; the pan should be drawn back. The rabbits should be boiled very gently till tender; from three-quarters of an hour to an hour will be required for a moderate-sized rabbit. A small piece of pickled pork is often boiled with the rabbit, but a few strips of bacon, toasted, fried, or cooked in the oven, are, to my mind, to be preferred. These strippets may either be served separately or they may be used to garnish the dish.

It is very usual for cooks to recommend that rabbits should be soaked for varying periods in cold or lukewarm water before being cooked. This is done to draw out the blood, so that the flesh may look white and delicate. It should, however, be remembered that with soaking the juice of the meat is drawn out, and the rabbit flesh is rendered dry and flavourless. I often wonder why people who are so fond of soaking meat do not soak it into the water while they are about it, for they evidently have washing day on their minds. Wash the rabbit if you will, or, at any rate, wipe it carefully in every part, especially inside, letting cold water run through it (for, of course, perfect cleanliness must be secured, and no one knows through whose hands the animal has passed), but wash quickly and dry speedily.

Also if the animal is old and not quite fresh, consequently in danger of having a strong taste, if it has been killed in such a way that the blood has spoilt its appearance, or if the gamey taste which belongs to wild rabbit is objected to, you may soak the rabbit, but remember that in getting rid of fresh juice you are getting rid both of nutriment and flavour.

By the way, I may say that one way of preserving the colour of rabbit is to boil the liver separately.

Boiled rabbit may be served with onion, liver, parsley, or celery sauce. The sauce first named is the most usual. When two rabbits are served together in a dish, the head of one should be laid in a different direction to that of the other.

One advantage connected with boiling rabbits is that you obtain deliciously flavoured stock thereby. Rabbit stock is really a treasure to be carefully looked after and judiciously made the most of. Excellent soup may be made from it for a small additional cost. Here is a simple recipe if you want one.

Pare thinly a pint basinful of Jerusalem artichokes, and put them into a stewpan with a slice of butter, six peppercorns, two bay leaves, a few strips of bacon rind (cut from the rashers used for breakfast), which have been scalded and scraped to free them from all impurities. Put the lid on the pan and let the artichokes "sweat" for a few minutes, shaking them about occasionally to prevent burning. Pour on rabbit stock to cover the roots, and boil the artichokes till they are quite soft. Rub them through a hair sieve and add more rabbit stock to make the pulp as thick as gruel. Add salt to taste, boil the soup, and just before serving stir into it a quarter of a pint of boiling cream, more if allowed, or failing this a pint of boiling milk may be used.

Many cooks recommend that turnips, onions, and celery should be employed in flavouring the stock for artichoke, or, as it is called, Palestine soup. In my opinion any addition to the ingredients I have named will spoil the soup. Palestine soup made according to the recipe I have given will be delicious, and quite sufficiently nourishing to begin a dinner. If the artichokes are old a little sugar may be put with them.

Civet of Rabbit is an excellent dish. For this divide a fresh young rabbit into small neat joins, cut up also a quarter of a pound of bacon into dice and fry it. Take it up with a strainer, and fry the pieces of rabbit in the same fat. When nicely browned remove the meat, put back the bacon, and add an onion, a shalot, a small carrot, a small turnip, and a small bunch of herbs. Turn the vegetables over for a few minutes, then put back the rabbit, and with it a dozen small mushrooms and a pint of stock, and simmer gently till tender, or about half an hour. Remove the meat; mix a tablespoonful of flour into a smooth paste with cold water, stir this into the sauce till it thickens, add a glass of dark wine and a little salt. Arrange the rabbit neatly in a dish, pour the gravy over, and serve.

Rabbit stewed whole, sometimes called ragoût of rabbit, is very good. Perhaps you wonder what these terms ragoût and civet mean. M. Kettner, a very clever cook of whom I have spoken to you before, tells us that civet means chives, or small onions, and

that when we speak of a civet of anything we are understood to say that the meat has been stewed with small onions. Chives belong, as I daresay you know, to the onion tribe, and they look very much like young spring onions. Their flavour is exceedingly delicate, and it is a pity that they are not used more than they are, for they are easily grown and most delicious. They are, however, rarely seen, onions and shallots being used instead of them.

A ragoût is usually understood to mean a dish which is relishing and savoury; so that when you hear of a ragoût you may know that you are to be tempted with food which is supposed to be very appetising. Both ragoûts and civets are really superior kinds of stews.

To make a ragoût of rabbit, take a small rabbit, a few rashers of bacon, and a little veal stuffing. Truss the rabbit securely, with the hind legs doubled at the first joint and drawn forwards, the fore legs also doubled and drawn backwards. Make some veal stuffing, and add to it the liver and the heart which have been boiled for a few minutes and finely minced. Wipe the rabbit and flour it lightly, then fry it on the sides and back with the bacon, in a little dripping, till nicely browned. Put both rabbit and bacon into a stewpan with a pint of boiling water, one onion, and half a dozen peppercorns. Simmer gently until tender; a small rabbit would be sufficiently cooked in three-quarters of an hour, a very large one would take an hour and a half. A few minutes before serving take up the rabbit, remove the fat from the gravy, and thicken it with a dessertspoonful of cornflour which has been mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water and stirred into the liquor. Continue to stir the sauce till it boils. Heat the rabbit once more in this thickened gravy, put the rabbit on a dish, garnish it with the bacon, strain the gravy over it, and serve.

Some cooks are very fond of stuffing a rabbit, and roasting it whole. I never see this dish without thinking of Sam Weller's celebrated charity boy, who, when he got to the end of the alphabet, said, "Whether it's worth while going through so much to get so little is a matter of taste; I think it isn't." A roasted rabbit must be very carefully cooked, and especially it must be well basted, or it is dry, and consists chiefly of hard outside skin. And when all is said and done, there is so little meat, even on a plump rabbit, that a cook is scarcely repaid for her trouble in stuffing, roasting, and basting. Let those who are partial to rabbit roasted whole make a ragoût according to the last recipe. They will produce a more satisfactory dish, at a smaller expenditure of time and pains.

Spanish Stew of Rabbit is very easily prepared, and is an excellent, though not a particularly elegant, dish. Divide a small rabbit into neat pieces, not one of which should be larger than an egg. Take also a large Spanish onion, skin it and slice it thinly. Place alternate layers of rabbit and onion in an earthenware jar, and sprinkle pepper and salt over each layer. Remember that the uppermost and undermost layers must be of onion. Lay slices of bacon on the surface, put on a tightly-fitting lid or lay folds of greased paper over the jar, and place the latter in a saucepan half full of fast-boiling water, which must not be so high that it will touch the paper. Keep the water boiling round the jar for a couple of hours. The sliced onions will yield sufficient moisture to cook the rabbit. If a mild flavour of onion is preferred, the latter may be scalded before being used. If the flavour of onion is agreeable, a larger quantity may be used.

Stewed Rabbit (another method).—Cut a rabbit into small neat joints, as in the last recipe, dredge flour and pepper over them, and fry them until nicely browned in a little good dripping, with a couple of onions thinly sliced. Pour on as much warm water as will barely cover the meat, and add an inch of thin lemon rind, a small blade of mace, a bunch of herbs, and the liver and heart of the rabbit. Cover the saucepan closely, and stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Strain off the gravy, free it from fat, thicken it with a dessertspoonful of cornflour mixed smoothly with a little cold water, and add a few drops of browning, half a teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup, and as much salt as will make the sauce taste pleasantly. Stir the sauce over the fire for a minute or two. Heat the rabbit gently in the gravy, and serve with the pieces arranged neatly on a dish and the gravy strained over them. If they are to be had, two or three mushrooms chopped small and stewed with the rabbit will add to the flavour of the dish. The ketchup may then be omitted.

Rabbit Pie is a very favourite dish, and is made very much like other meat pies. The meat may, however, if liked, be cooked beforehand either by being parboiled or by being cut up, seasoned, and baked until almost tender in a pie-dish with a few slices of bacon, and water to moisten the meat. When the latter method is adopted, a plate must be put over the dish in the oven; the meat must be turned occasionally, and it must be allowed to cool before the pastry cover is put over it. The addition of forcemeat balls, to which the minced liver of the rabbit has been added, thin slices of ham or bacon, and hard-boiled yolks of eggs will be an improvement, and gravy (made from the bones) which has been boiled till it will jelly when cold, and flavoured with onion, should be employed for a superior pie. The dish should not be too full, or the pie will be dry. A rabbit pie is very good eaten cold.

Curried Rabbit is a very favourite dish; when well made it is always popular. Wipe a young rabbit carefully in every part with a damp cloth, and cut it up into small, neat pieces, not one of which should be larger than a small egg. The inferior portions of the rabbit, such as the head and chest, may be stewed for stock; they have so little meat upon them that they may be left out of the curry. Dry the pieces of meat, flour them lightly, and fry them in hot fat till brightly brown; sprinkle a teaspoonful of curry powder over them, and fry a minute or two longer. Take them up, and in the same fat fry till soft and yellow, first two large onions, and afterwards a sour apple, both finely minced. Rub the onions and apple through a sieve, and mix smoothly with the pulp a tablespoonful of Captain White's curry paste, a tablespoonful of ground rice, and a teaspoonful of ordinary curry powder; add gradually a pint and a half of stock. Put the curry sauce into a saucepan, stir it till it boils, put in the fried rabbit, and simmer gently for an hour and a half. While the rabbit is being cooked prepare the rice. Take half a pound of Patna rice, wash it in two or three waters, then throw it into two quarts of fast-boiling water, into which a little salt has been thrown. If plenty of water is used the rice will not cake together, but the grains will keep separate. Boil the rice quickly for a little less than a quarter of an hour, till the grains are tender, but not at all broken; strain it through a colander, put it into a buttered saucepan without cover, and set it by the side of the fire to swell and keep hot. It may be stirred gently now and then with a fork to facilitate drying. Before serving the curry, stir (off the fire) two tablespoonfuls of cream and a little lemon juice into the sauce, but on no account let the sauce boil after these are added, or the cream will curdle. Put the meat on a dish, pile the rice in a border round it, and pour the sauce over all. The sauce for curry should be very thick—so thick that it will not run; the meat should be very thoroughly cooked, and potatoes should not be served with it. An experienced epicure once said that curry should never be eaten at a house where potatoes were offered as well as rice.

I have now described a few of the more usual methods of cooking and serving rabbit. If the recipes given are closely followed, I have no doubt that the result will be quite satisfactory.

VARIETIES.

Worthies of England.

The fame of good Queen Bess and of her gallant admiral, Sir Francis Drake, has suggested the following stanza:—

"O nature! To old England still
Continue these mistakes;
Give us for all our kings such queens,
And for our dux such drakes."

The Banshee of Ireland.—The banshee is a species of aristocratic fairy who in the shape of a little hideous old woman has been known to appear and heard to sing in a mournful supernatural voice under the windows of great houses, to warn the family that some of them were soon to die. In the last century every great family in Ireland had a banshee who attended regularly, but latterly their visits and songs have been discontinued.—*Miss Edgeworth.*

A Note about Housewives.—A woman the more curious she is about her face is commonly the more careless about her house.—*Ben Jonson.*

Extravagance in Dress.—Shameful extravagance in dress is an old folly. In the reign of Richard II. dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no fewer than fifty-two new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The prelates indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress. Chaucer says they had "chaunge of clothing everie daie." Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice; this was told him by her majesty's own *tailleur*, who from a poor man soon became as rich as anyone he knew. Our own Elizabeth left no fewer than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died.

A King Shocked.—It is a remarkable instance of the kingly pride in which Louis XIV. of France had been nurtured, and of the difficulty he found in comprehending the barest rudiments of religion, that Madame de Maintenon states that he was shocked to be told that Jesus Christ spoke the language of the humble and poor.

First Class!

Station-master to suspicious looking lady (aged) who has just entered a compartment: "Are you first class, ma'am?"

Aged lady: "Yes, thank you; how are you, sir?"

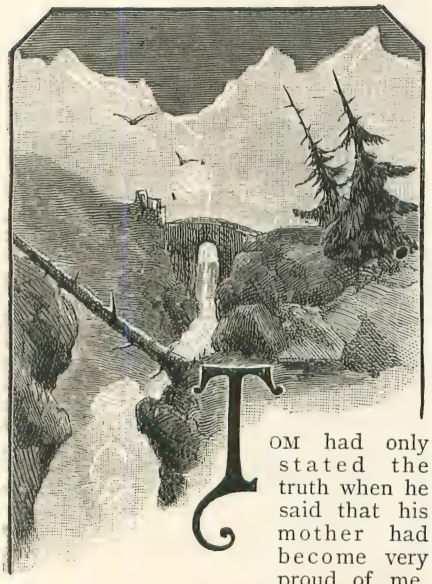
Dress *versus* Dinner.

What is the reason, can you guess,
Why men are poor and women thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
There's nothing left to dress for dinner.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER V.



TOM had only stated the truth when he said that his mother had become very proud of me. I could see that she delighted to draw me out and exhibit whatever accomplishments I possessed to the greatest advantage.

Mrs. Beauchamp was like many other persons—rather inclined, at first, to disparage whatever lay outside her family, home, or possessions. But let person or property once come within the magic circle expressed by the word "Mine!" and its value could hardly be over-estimated. Nothing was too good for the individual thus acknowledged, and after I became Tom's wife I had no cause to complain of coldness or stateliness in his mother. She strove to be a mother to me also—ever spoke of me as "my daughter," whilst I tried to fill the place of a real child to her.

Apart from family pride and caste prejudices, I found Mrs. Beauchamp as free from selfishness and narrowness as could be wished. Though she had reigned so long at Castlemount she never interfered with my arrangements. She was ever willing to advise, if I asked her opinion, but she never attempted to dictate, and after answering my question she would say, "I shall not be offended, Olive, if, after all, you take a different view of the matter."

I was, however, very glad to avail myself of her large experience, but when I did this she was equally careful not to show that her hand assisted me in guiding the domestic reins at Castlemount.

I have mentioned the Beauchamp diamonds, and the resolution I made neither to wear nor accept costly jewellery before I was actually Tom's wife.

Once settled at home, Mrs. Beauchamp insisted on my using any and all of the articles which might best benefit the occasion on which they were to be worn. Though they were hers for life, she did not remove them to the Hurst. For greater safety, they were kept in the strong room at Castlemount, and as we usually drove together to any party for which all three of us had accepted invitations, Mrs. Beauchamp would come there to choose such articles as she intended to wear.

Her house was only half a mile from ours, and she could scarcely go anywhere without passing Castlemount. It was therefore quite the custom for her to call for the jewels in going, and leave them in Tom's keeping as we returned.

This habit, of course, had reference only to articles of special value, those which were heirlooms and classed as "the Beauchamp diamonds." Mrs. Beauchamp had an abundant supply of handsome and costly ornaments always ready to her hand at Castle Hurst.

There was one set, her father's gift to her on her wedding-day, which, amid all the beautiful things she showed me, excited my warmest admiration.

"They will be yours, Olive, one day," she said. "I like to call them mine whilst I live, because of the dear parent who gave them and the occasion of their bestowal. But they will descend with the rest to my son's wife and my daughter, when I no longer need them. In the meanwhile, they shall be all but yours. Wear them whenever you choose."

I was grateful to Mrs. Beauchamp for her kindness and the generosity she ever manifested towards me, but I never wore these diamonds without carrying along with them a weight of responsibility which almost took away my pleasure in their beauty.

The ornaments were extremely valuable, and yet they would go into a very small space, owing to the lightness and flexibility of the setting. This fact rendered them particularly easy to steal and then to break up, so as to render identification impossible.

There was a necklace composed of a light but strong chain from which fell a number of drops, each holding a fine brilliant of perfect colour and of the purest water.

It was really wonderful to see how perfectly the stones matched each other in size and whiteness, and as the wearer moved, her throat seemed to be encircled with rainbow coloured flames, so beautifully did the diamonds flash and sparkle in the light.

In addition to the necklace, there were bracelets, earrings, and ornaments for the hair, but all were lightly though strongly set, so as to exhibit the stones to the fullest advantage and show as little as possible of the framework.

I had never worn earrings, and had a strong objection to beginning the use of them. In compliance with Mrs. Beauchamp's earnest entreaty, I had, however, used the rest of this suite of ornaments on several occasions, and I greatly preferred them to many other still more costly family jewels which lay in their velvet nests in the strong rooms. Still, according to their size and number, none were more beautiful and valuable than these.

There was to be a sort of county gathering at Longminster, the nearest town to Castlemount which was of any size or importance. For various reasons, political and social, my husband decided that we ought to be present and take part in it.

Mrs. Beauchamp excused herself from going. I would fain have followed her example, but the sight of Tom's elongating face as I asked if I could be spared for once, decided me at all risks to accompany him.

I knew there would be some risk, for I was feeling far from well, and was quite unfit for any exertion, but I comforted myself with the thought that this would be the last effort of the kind for some time to come.

As soon as it was over, my husband and I were going to spend a few quiet days with Aunt Hesketh and a similar time under my father's roof. These homes would be precious havens of rest to us, after our recent season of excitement and gaiety, and it would be hard to tell how I looked forward to these two weeks of peace, in the society of those I loved.

Tom and I were to stay the night at Longminster, as the distance was too great to allow of our driving home, and there would be no chance that the party would break up soon enough to allow of our catching the last train. Rooms had been engaged for us at the principal hotel, but there was a difficulty about accommodating my maid, Bedson.

So many more important personages had to be housed that there seemed no chance of obtaining even an attic for her, though many apologies were offered by the landlady, and a promise made that a room should be secured for the girl in some private house, as near the hotel as possible.

"Bedson might just as well remain at home as go with you to Longminster and be lodged in another house," said Tom. "She might attend you while dressing, and place everything ready for the night, but you would scarcely like to send the girl through the streets in the small hours, if she stayed at the hotel to assist you on your return."

"I could do without her going at all," I replied. "Before my marriage I always managed to dress without help, and why not do the same again, for once?"

Tom would have agreed to this, but Mrs. Beauchamp protested against such an arrangement.

"It would never do, Olive," she said, "and especially on such an occasion as this Longminster affair. My dear, the eyes of the whole county will be upon you. My son's wife must be fittingly attended."

I smiled to myself at the idea of being the centre for the two or three hundred

pairs of eyes which Mrs. Beauchamp spoke of as "the county," and wondered how many of their owners would speculate as to whether I was accompanied by an attendant or not. But after all, I felt that it would be a comfort to have Bedson with me, if possible. Olive Beauchamp's strength had been a good deal tried of late, and was not quite equal to the same amount of exertion as would have seemed nothing to Olive Stafford, with whom early hours and quiet were the rule, and a night's gaiety the exception. Besides—shall I confess it?—I was beginning to like my luxurious surroundings, and to take very kindly to being waited upon, instead of rejoicing in my self-dependence.

Tom was the first to suggest a way out of the difficulty. "Is there no person at Longminster who would undertake Bedson's duties for once? Surely Madame Leeson could send one of her assistants?"

Madame Leeson was the principal *modiste* at Longminster, and employed by all the county families in its neighbourhood, Mrs. Beauchamp included.

"She has a nice girl in her employment, of whom I know something. She came here to be trained under the housekeeper; indeed, she is her niece, but as she was not thought strong enough for domestic service, she went afterwards to learn the millinery business. If Madame Leeson could spare you Fanny Gregg, you might dispense with Bedson's services."

An inquiry was made, but even to oblige her old customer, Mrs. Beauchamp, Madame could not spare one of her hands for a single hour that evening. She was distressed to say "No," but so many dresses would only be finished at the last moment that it was impossible to return a different answer. "If," she said, "ladies would only make up their minds as to what they want, and give workers reasonable time in which to execute their commands, my position would be one of comparative ease, and my assistants would not be so grievously overtaxed. It is not my fault. I would spare my workers loss of needful rest, but the ladies will not. They say, 'Madame Leeson, my dress must be done,' and hint at loss of patronage in case of failure. I must live, so the fine ladies get their dresses, my assistants work with weary limbs and aching eyes, and I, who would fain spare them, am called a hard mistress."

Madame had evidently been tried to the utmost by some of her thoughtless employers, and she poured out this plaint in the ears of Mrs. Beauchamp and myself when we asked for Fanny Gregg's services. She added, with truth, that Mrs. Beauchamp was never guilty of want of consideration for the workers, and she wished all her customers resembled her. Besides, this fact increased her own regret at being unable to spare Fanny to wait upon me.

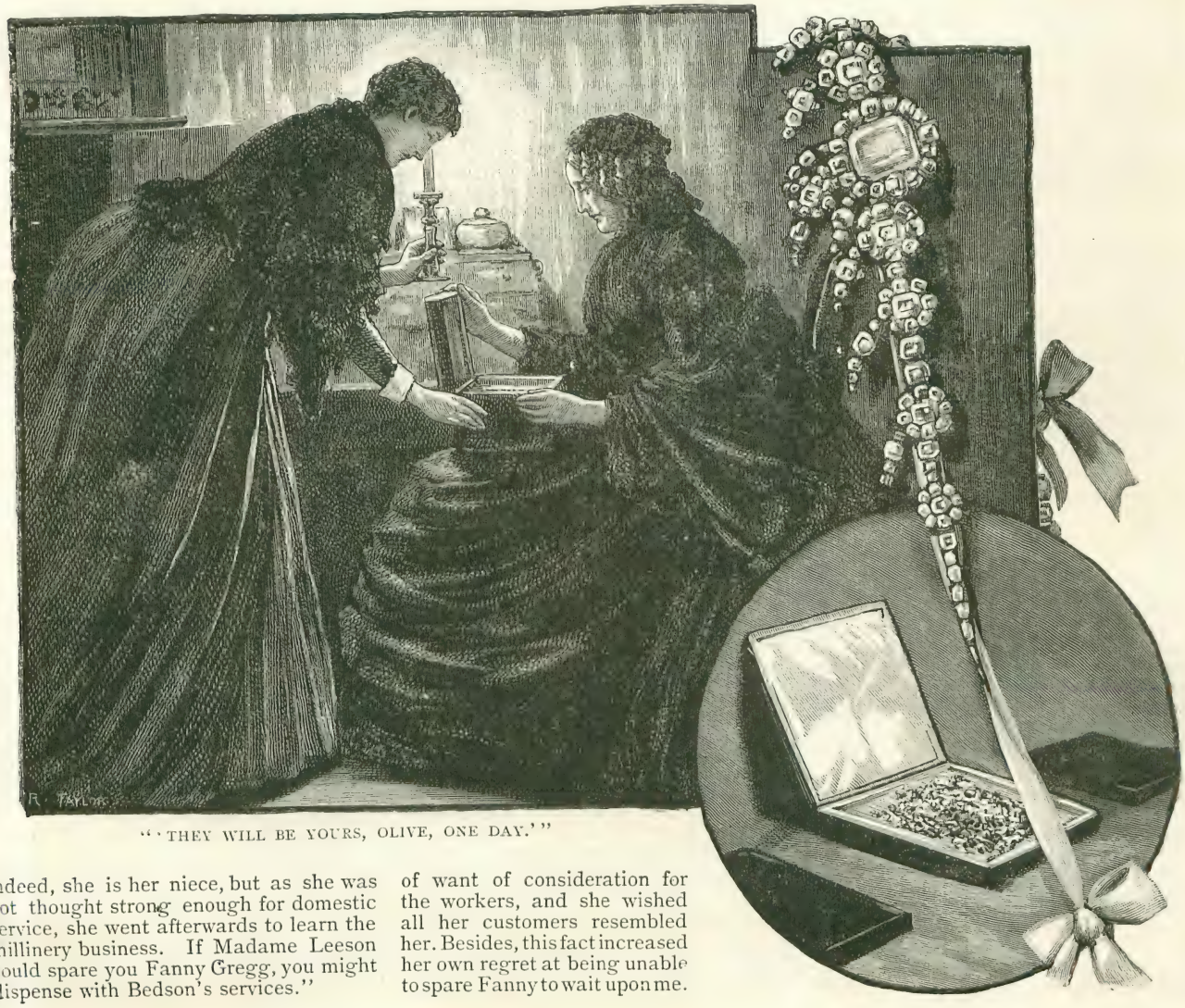
We were just turning away when Madame gave a little exclamation. Might she ask if we intended to drive, or to come by train?

"By train," we replied, and Madame's face brightened as she remarked, "The difficulty vanishes."

She then suggested that I should bring Bedson, who would assist me in dressing for the dinner, which was to be at eight o'clock. I should leave the hotel with Tom at twenty minutes before the hour. The girl could then put everything away, arrange all in readiness for my return, and take the train back at nine o'clock. If I wished it, Fanny Gregg should attend me at the hotel at any hour I might choose to name, as her work would necessarily end when the articles needed for that evening's wear had been sent out.

I would not, however, consent that this young girl should sit up for me, any more than I would allow Bedson to traverse the streets in the small hours to find a lodging at a distance. Besides, though the girl might finish her work at a fairly early hour on that night, it was certain that she would be at it early and late for several days before.

I replied that there would be no need



"'THEY WILL BE YOURS, OLIVE, ONE DAY.'"

for her to come until ten o'clock on the following morning. I should only have to undress, and if Fanny Gregg could be at the hotel to re-pack my things and render the little services I required, I would not let Bedson take a second journey to Longminster for so trifling a matter. Moreover, if Madame Leeson could spare Fanny Gregg for so long, the girl should go back with me to Castlemount for a day or two's rest. She was not strong, and had been overtaxed of late. The housekeeper was her very kind friend and relative, who had acted a motherly part to this orphan girl. It would be a treat to Fanny and a benefit to Madame Leeson, as she was sure to return much better fitted for work.

Madame cheerfully consented to this arrangement.

"She will come to you on Friday morning, and as I had planned to give my assistants the whole of Saturday, to make up in part for recent late hours, I gladly permit Fanny to accompany you," she said. "If she is at her work on Tuesday morning, I shall be satisfied."

I was much pleased at Madame Leeson's readiness to give Fanny this treat, and glad that I could show a little personal kindness to this young girl.

It was an additional satisfaction to see our good housekeeper's face brighten at the prospect of seeing her *protégée;* so all these things combined helped to reconcile me to the prospect of that night at Longminster.

"You will wear these, I presume," said Mrs. Beauchamp, as she handed me some familiar-looking cases containing jewellery.

As I have already told, I invariably returned that favourite suite of diamonds to her keeping after having worn them. She kept them at Castle Hurst, and I never presumed on my frequent use of the jewels to retain them a second night in my possession. She had the opportunity of offering them, and I the pleasure of acknowledging the kindness, whenever I accepted the loan.

I thanked Mrs. Beauchamp, and carried the cases upstairs, that they might be packed with my other belongings. I would not carry a jewel-case, as Tom always insisted that it was better to convey articles of value with my clothes.

"A jewel-case is only a neat arrangement in which a thief finds your valuables nicely collected and packed for carrying off the more easily," he said. "Always bestow your jewellery amongst things of little importance; then you will probably keep it. Most of the great jewel robberies have been rendered easy by the preternatural watchfulness of those who had the things in charge, and the fuss which drew attention to their importance."

Accordingly, I packed my little morocco cases with my own hands amongst the minor matters needed to complete my toilet. They were hidden under some lace on the moveable tray at the top of a small box in which light articles were carried.

Before placing them there, I opened each case. In one, coiled round, was the necklace, with the ornaments for the hair in the centre. In the other were the bracelets. I never could resist the inclination to take a glimpse of the beautiful things, and I do believe I had far more enjoyment in watching their flashing and changing colours than in the thought of their costliness or their effect as articles of personal adornment.

As I looked at them on this occasion, I noticed that the lining of the cases was of a different colour from what I had been accustomed to. The outsides were apparently the same, in good condition, but not new, but I felt certain that hitherto the diamonds had rested on ruby velvet, whereas they now lay on deep blue. This was a matter of no importance, but I noticed the change of colour. It was evident that Mrs. Beauchamp had duplicate cases to hold the same ornaments, and used them both. I had no business to say anything about such trifles. There could be no doubt of her kindness in placing at my service articles which, in addition to their intrinsic value, were so highly prized by herself.

Though all was in readiness for our short journey, I could not conquer my great reluctance to undertake it. There was nothing in connection with the coming assembly at Longminster to which I objected. I only felt thoroughly unfit to enjoy it, and I told my husband so in tones of real regret.

"My dear Olive, I have precisely the same feeling nine times out of ten before going to a party of any kind. I long to be let alone to enjoy myself in my own home and in my own quiet fashion; but I cannot. So, being driven out, I just make the best of it, and generally manage to enjoy myself pretty fairly. You will do the same, and, doubtless, look back upon to-night as a pleasant memory when it is a thing of the past. Remember, we have a delightful holiday in prospect; so cheer up, darling, and be your own bright, bonny self for a few hours, and you shall be plagued by nobody for some time to come."

I was very anxious to please my kind Tom; so I smiled back at him, and heartily returned his loving caress. But when dressed and ready to step into the carriage which was to convey us from the hotel to the hall where the dinner was to take place, I caught a last glimpse of myself in the glass, and saw a pale, weary-eyed woman reflected therein.

"My looks will not do much credit to your taste to-night, Tom," I said.

"They satisfy me," he replied, promptly. "You have a rather tired expression, but your colour will soon come when you get into a warm room, and with the excitement of all the introductions you will have to go through. We will stay no later than we can help, and you must have a long rest in the morning, before we return home."

The dining-hall did not answer Tom's expectations as to temperature. It was far from being well warmed, and on my first entering it I felt chilly, and shivered perceptibly.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL HINTS.

To Clean Kid Gloves.

Stretch the gloves on a clean piece of paper or a wooden hand, and apply benzine collas with a piece of cotton or flannel. Apply the benzine in a circular direction. Dry with blotting paper. By exposure to the air all traces of smell will speedily disappear.

To Clean White Kid or Jean Boots.

When not very dirty, put half an ounce of hartshorn into a saucer. Dip a bit of clean flannel in it, and rub it on a piece of white curd soap; rub the boots with this, and take a fresh piece of flannel as each piece becomes soiled. When the boots are really dirty, the better way is to stuff them as full as possible with old rags or common cotton wadding to prevent any creases; then mix some pipeclay with water to rather a stiff paste, wash the jean boots with soap and water and a nail-brush, using as little water as possible to get the dirt off. When they appear tolerably clean, rub the pipeclay with a flannel well over them, and hang them up to dry. When dry, beat out the superfluous clay with the hand, and rub them till they look smooth. Flake white may also be used.

Liquid to Remove Grease Spots, &c.

Dissolve one ounce of pure pearlash in a pint of spring water, and to the solution add a lemon cut in small slices. Mix the ingredients well; keep the mixture in a warm state for a couple of days, then strain it and bottle the clear liquid for use. A little of this poured on stains of grease, pitch, or oil will remove them. The cloth should be washed in clean water as soon as they disappear.

To Clean White or very Light Silks.

Take a quart of lukewarm water, and mix with it four ounces of soft soap, four ounces of honey, and a good sized wineglass of gin. Unpick the silk and lay it in widths on the kitchen table. Then take a perfectly new common scrubbing-brush, dip it in the mixture, and rub the silk firmly up and down on both sides, so as to saturate it. Rinse it in cold water twice, until free from soap, and hang it on a clotheshorse to drain, until half dry; then iron it with a piece of thin muslin between it and the iron, or it will be marked on the ironed side. Keep the silk quite smooth when laid on the table, so that every part may come under the brush. White silk requires a little blue in the water.

Silk stockings should be carefully washed in water that is neither hot nor cold. Any pure white soap will do, and the stockings should be dried on wooden frames made for the purpose. White silk handkerchiefs must be quickly washed in a lather of pure white soap, to which a squeeze of blue, with a spoonful of salt, has been added to prevent the colour from running.

To Remove Grease from Silks, Satins, Hats, Coats, &c.

Saturate a piece of clean flannel with benzine collas, and rub gently; then expose to a good current of air.

To Loosen a Tight Stopper.

Apply hot water to the neck of the bottle, which will expand, while the stopper retains its former temperature and becomes loose. In the case of a phial containing smelling salts, dip the neck and stopper in vinegar or a solution of citric acid. Then place the phial in a vessel of hot water, when the stopper will readily come out.

To Take Ink Stains or Iron Moulds from Linen.

Place the linen over a basin containing boiling water, strain it tight, and wet the stain with water. Then carefully drop on it a few drops of diluted spirit of salts from a feather or hair pencil; wash carefully in clean water when the stain has disappeared. A simple method of removing stains from linen is to dip it in pure buttermilk, and dry it in a hot sun; then wash in cold water, and dry it, two or three times a day.

To Remove Claret or Port Wine Stains.

Apply a little salt to the spot stained, and also moisten it with sherry. After washing, no trace of the stain will be left.

To Clean Wash-leather Gloves.

Remove the grease-spots by rubbing with magnesia or cream of tartar; prepare a lather of lukewarm water and white soap; wash the gloves in it, wring them, and squeeze them through a fresh lather. Rinse first in lukewarm water, then in cold, and stretch them (on wooden hands, if possible) to dry in the sun or before a fire.

To Wash Ivory-backed Hair Brushes.

Make a solution of borax (in the proportion of one teaspoonful of borax to a pint of boiling water) in a shallow dish. Whilst quite hot, immerse the bristles only of the brush, and agitate them slightly, till thoroughly clean; then place on a dry cloth, bristles downwards, and when quite dry the bristles will be found to be as stiff as when new. This treatment answers equally well for every description of hair brush. The chief essentials are speed and quick dressing.

To Remove Grease from Stone Steps or Passages.

Pour strong soda and water, boiling hot, over the spot, lay on it a little fuller's earth made into a thin paste with boiling water, let it remain all night, and repeat the process should the grease not be removed. Grease is also occasionally taken out by rubbing the spot with a hard stone (not hearth stone), using sand and very hot water with soap and soda.

To Remove Mildew.

Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon. Lay the mixture on both sides of the stain with a painter's brush; let it lie on the grass day and night till the mildew stain disappears.

To Take Grease Spots out of Carpets.

Mix a little spot in a gallon of warm soft water, then add half an ounce of borax; wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the grease or dirty spot will shortly disappear.

EDUCATIONAL.

Dora.—Write to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, and consult her. She keeps a home for governesses. Of course, she is in a position to give a reliable opinion as to the salary a teacher of your age and experience, as well as educational attainments, might obtain, could she find a suitable situation.

Chick.—The School of Cookery at South Kensington (Exhibition Road, S.W.) trains for the post of "cookery instructor" in all branches of cooking, at twenty-one guineas for the full course of twenty weeks; plain cookery at eight guineas for a course of fourteen weeks. You should apply for a directory. There are other schools for teaching cookery.

Ella.—Girls studying at South Kensington can find board and lodging at Miss Wüstrey's Kindergarten School, 58, Pen-y-wern Road, Earl's Court; and likewise at Worthington House, 179, Finborough Road, South Kensington.

M. Blassor.—The Editor does not send out the magazines; nor would the publisher unless the price and the postage were forwarded with the request (which in your case were sent). To say "stun" for stone is old-fashioned; just as to say "gould" for gold, or "seck-katary" for secretary. In speaking of the weight of that name, you should not make a plural of the term, you should say "ten stone," or "two stone."

Lolly Pop and E. B.—We can only repeat to you what we say (more or less) to all who wish to be hospital nurses: Does your mother approve of your choice? Are you of age? Are you particularly strong and healthy? Are you gifted with much patience and perseverance; and are you methodical and punctual? At nineteen you can only study at home, and join an ambulance class. You can pass an examination in the latter and get and study a little book called "Sick Nursing at Home" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). You might perhaps get into St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth, S.E. Pupils are trained there as "Nightingale probationers" during one year, receiving board and lodging, and £12 wages, with uniform. After the training is completed, they are bound to take situations as hospital nurses for three years, for which your salary will be £20 per annum as a commencement. The secretary of the "Nightingale Fund" is H. Bonham Carter, Esq., 5, Hyde Park Square, W.

Romola.—You should write for particulars of the Oxford Local Examinations to J. S. Lockhart, Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxford. The Examinations are held in June and July, and the fee is £1.

Clarie.—Miss Wüstrey keeps a Kindergarten school in two places in town; and a home—board and lodging—for lady students attending the classes at South Kensington. Her address is 58, Pen-y-wern Road, Earl's Court, London, W. We think you had better communicate with her on the subject before you think of making a livelihood out of embroidery, which you would probably find a failure.

Mary had better apply to Arthur Klugh, Esq., secretary of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, 11, Fitzroy Square, W.

M. A. Robinson.—The address of the secretary of the Frœbel Society is, Mr. J. Fenton, 8, John Street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C. There are many Kindergarten schools both in town and in the provinces. We have a list of eighteen.

He. A. Brine (Sherborne).—Domestic servants of a good class are much in request, but not imperfectly trained ones. If the girls in your town (Sherborne) be thrown out of employment by the closing of the silk factory, they had better be sent to a training school and home. There is a free one at Kirkdale, Liverpool; apply for particulars to the Hon. Sec., the Rev. Canon Major Lester. At Headington Hill there is a training school for servants, where girls between twelve and sixteen years are fed, clothed, and trained, at a cost of one shilling a week only. It is three miles from Oxford. Secretary, Miss Sherwood, 1, Fisher Row, St. Thomas', Oxford. Some of the girls might be trained as nurses at St. Thomas's, or any other of the great London hospitals, not only free of cost, but receiving food, lodging, uniform, and a small salary. You might also, perhaps, further the emigration of some of these destitute girls. You did not give an idea of their ages nor their education.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Creeper Leaf probably wants a proper press for her tennis racquet, &c. The drawings for competition must be original, of course.

Jabberoo.—The sovereigns of George IV. from 1820 were executed by Pistrucci and Marlen. In 1824 the king disliking the portrait on Pistrucci's dies, wished new dies to be engraved from Chantrey's bust, and Wyon engraved it—a flattered likeness, in bold belief, without the laurel wreath, to show no wars had taken place in George IV.'s reign.

An Old Girl (M.E.E.)—Your verses have merit, but are not very original in thought.

Doddles.—The sedimentary rocks are those which have been formed by materials deposited from a state of suspension in water.

An Anxious One should give her name to the maid-servant, on paying a visit, as "Miss Smith," or "Miss Jane Smith" (as the case may be), not "Jane Smith," unless she be a workwoman or domestic servant.

Beatrice.—We cannot help you about the quotation. It sounds more modern than Wordsworth's time.

Orlando.—We have been told that most large firms have their own system of bookkeeping, &c., and if that be so, you would have to adopt the system and rules of the house you enter.

A Brother.—The "Order of the Bath" is one of the most ancient; founded in the year 1309, and having for a time fallen into disuse, it was reorganised in 1725, by George I. One of the principal ceremonies connected with the installation of all knights was bathing, although discontinued in modern times; and this ceremonial bath gave the name to this Order.

Zoe.—There is no real difficulty to be met in the passage that "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins." It has not the signification which gives such erroneous teaching of that statement in the apocryphal book, "The Wisdom of Solomon"—"Alms make an atonement for sin." There is but one atonement, and that by the blood-shedding of Christ. Charity shall cover a multitude of sins in them towards whom it is exercised, not in the person who exercises it; for "Charity suffereth long, and is kind;" "Charity believeth all things and hopeth all things," and would cover the defects of others as with a cloak.

M. M. L.—Although the wills of persons who have a considerable amount of property to bequeath, or who reside in or near London, are to be seen at Somerset House, those of people living in the provinces, and of no considerable means, are often proved in the court of the bishop in whose diocese they lived, and should be sought for there.

Lonely Maggie.—Red, yellow, and blue are what are called primary or primitive colours, because you cannot obtain any of them by any mixture of the other colours. To these three primary may be added black and white; white, pure daylight, and black the absence of light. Then come three "secondaries," made from the admixture of the first three; viz., orange—yellow and red; green—yellow and blue; purple—red and blue. Then come what are called the "tertiary" colours, made from the secondaries; viz., olive—purple and green; russet—orange and purple; citrine—orange and green.

Maud Mary should say "It prevented my going," not "me going;" and "Excuse my not taking tea," not "Excuse me taking tea." We recommend you to procure the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, at our publishing office, and study it carefully. You will ascertain all you want to know about grammar.

A Naughty Girl.—We do not correspond with "wicked women!" See our articles on "Heraldry" for the information you desire.

MARGERY.—If the gentlemen were paying the expenses of the whole party, it would be ill-bred to refuse to allow it, supposing that all had consented to it.

SILKWORM.—So far as we know, there is no market for silkworms' silk in England.

CURIOUS.—The first husband of the Duchess of Kent was Prince Enrich Charles of Leiningen, who died July 4th, 1814. By him she had two children, Prince Charles and Princess Feodore. The Dowager Princess of Hohenlohe Langenburg died September 23rd, 1872, aged 65, half-brother and sister of Queen Victoria; Prince Charles left two sons. The Prince of Leiningen, Vice Admiral, R.N., married Princess Maria of Baden; and Edward Fred (in the R. and I. Guard of Austria). Princess Feodore left three sons and a daughter. The youngest son is well known in England as Count Gleichen, Vice Admiral in R.N., and governor of Windsor Castle.

CURIOSITY.—The cause of currents in the ocean is simply the action of prevailing winds. For example, the "trade winds" produce a surface flow, and an out-flow from one locality must necessarily produce an in-flow from another. Also, the rush of volumes of water out of the estuaries of large rivers is felt at a distance of hundreds of miles out at sea. Then, again, differences in temperature, the influence of sun and moon producing enormous "tidal-waves," and differences in salinity all produce movement of greater or less degree in the ocean. Dr. Carpenter speaks of a "vertical circulation," and says, the sinking of the heavy polar surface water must be accompanied by a surface influx of a specifically lighter and warmer water, which must come originally from the Equator. The subject is too large for our space.

SILKWORM might possibly obtain a sale for raw silk if in bales; but a few ounces or pounds would not be thought worth taking by any of our great silk merchants.

MARGERY.—In reply to your query as to the explanation of the term "farthing," our old coins had very frequently a cross on the reverse side; and our penny-pieces had them in former times. This cross was used to indicate where the coin might be cut in half or in equal quarters, so as to provide small change, when scarce; either half-pennies, or "four things;" which terms were clipt in speaking, and reduced to "ha-penny," and "farthing."

ALICE CARR.—We had to lay by your letter for a time with regret, as its scope was so large. The meaning of "conversion" is turning to God, and accepting His salvation in His own way, which is through Christ. It is not sufficient to believe in God as an abstract being; you must believe in Him as your redeemer. It is utterly false to say that there is no salvation out of any special denomination of Christians. Those who have told you so, in favour of their own community, have arrogated a great deal too much. Such teaching is opposed to that of our Lord. You had better remain in your own church, and may continue your early communions in peace. Lean on Christ, and do not try to amend bad habits and evil tempers in your own strength. We have no doubt of your conversion, judging from what you say. Be much in prayer; and take courage and comfort. Unless engaged, you should not "walk alone" with any man "in solitary places." It is not essential that you should be a governess, if eligible for a Civil Service appointment; or if artistic, as then brass-work, wood-work, wood engraving, would be open to you, and many other industrial employments are to be had besides.

CHERRY KEYAN.—We do not undertake to send "thirteen-penny characters" to those who send us specimens of their writing. Those now sent are unformed, and many copies and much painstaking are required.

M. J. MARSHALL.—We do not answer all the letters sent to us, as some are unsuitable, and some objectionable, and others mere repetitions of uninteresting questions already answered many times. We do not remember a poem called "Lady Anne." Perhaps it has been noticed, and the answer may yet appear.

WESLEYAN.—The highest possible "state of grace" is certainly "attainable by a member of the Church of England." But such a state is as certainly not "procured by" any Church services nor church rights whatsoever. It can only be by the spirit of God in the soul, and we may obtain greater and greater measures of divine grace through earnest and persevering prayer, in the name of the Lord Jesus. The services of the Church are aids to us and channels whereby we are edified, and obtain the blessings specially promised to united prayer in the name of Christ.

ADELINE PATTI.—The 2nd September, 1872 (Leap Year), was a Monday. We thank you for your kindly expressed appreciation of our magazine.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—The word "wayze" signifies "a bundle of straw," and in connection with "goose" means a "stubble-goose." The word "bean" is synonymous with "goose," and the "bean-feast" and "wayze-goose" both denote an annual entertainment given by any business man to the people in his employment, at which the chief dish is invariably a goose, and the time September.

HOME-SPUN.—The period called the "Middle Ages" is not one within a very definite circle, as it seems to vary with the nationality to which it is applied. In England, the period of the Heptarchy—say, A.D. 481, and that of the accession of Henry VII., A.D. 1485—encloses it. In France it dates from A.D. 481 to 1461, *i.e.*, from Clovis to Louis XI. In universal history it may be placed within the fifth and fifteenth centuries, which dates the overthrow of the Roman empire and the revival of letters.

AMY ROBSART.—The "Red Hand," which always appears as an inescutcheon on the shield of a baronet, being the arms of Ulster, was granted to them by James I. under these circumstances. In following out the work of Queen Elizabeth, in reducing Ireland to some degree of order, he obtained an army of occupation by bestowing the title of baronet on every gentleman owning a rental of £1,000 per annum, who would maintain thirty soldiers in the province of Ulster, at the rate of 1s. 6d. a day each, for a period of three years. And, likewise, they were required to remit the amount of one year's pay of these soldiers to the Treasury. Baronets were subsequently made amongst the Irish gentry, on the same terms; and of late years, without any requirement of service, or of money paid to the Treasury in return, the right of wearing the arms of Ulster was accorded to them, whether derived by hereditary descent from the original servants of the Crown or not. A receipt is still given to the newly-created baronets, for a nominal payment into the Treasury. Of course they pay the fees due to the College of Heralds.

FLOWER-POT and WHALEREAN.—See our articles on "Girls' Bedrooms" and "Methods of Decoration," vol. i., pages 299, 458. The "G.O.P." is intended for "girls" of all ages, not merely for little ones in the nursery or the schoolroom. Judging from your spelling and writing, you ought to belong to the nursery. What do you mean by a "flour-pot"? Do you mean a kitchen utensil? Also "prittily," "inexpensivelie," "awfly" (is that a dangerous terror-inspiring fly?), and "atempt." For a girl of fifteen your letter is not of a promising character.

SOUTH COAST.—The Midianites were grievous idolaters, and being neighbours of the children of Israel, their intercourse with them led to disastrous consequences in every way, for the latter were led away from the worship of the true God. The Midianites were not descendants of the children of Israel.

BELL-FLOWER (Finland).—1. Your English does you very great credit, and so does your handwriting. 2. If you have any artistic taste, perhaps wood-carving, not of a very delicate character, might prove of resource to you, without trying your eyes; either carving book-covers, panels, or boxes in relief, with a chisel and wooden mallet; or else merely perforated wood-carving, performed with a tiny saw. Wood is sold ready prepared for this work, and it is very easy to do. Little picture frames, book shelves, or holders, etc., can thus be made. 3. Coarse knitting can be done with the eyes shut.

ELAINE.—You should apply turpentine to the worm-eaten wood, then make a soft paste of turpentine and beeswax, of the consistency of butter, and polish well with a brush. If old oak, this will prove satisfactory; but if some delicate inlaid wood-work, you had better show it to a good upholsterer, and take his advice.

MARY.—1. Address the lady, whether young or old, as "Madam," if merely writing a business letter (such as to an employer or customer). 2. There is no rule binding masters to give the persons in their employment any holiday; it is, or ought to be, a matter of private agreement on first entering into an engagement. General custom is in favour of such holidays being given, but at the convenience of the employer.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

Dear Sir,—Having read with interest various letters from the readers of your magazine, under the heading of "Amateur Contributions," the thought struck me that you might like to hear how the influence of your paper operated in this remote corner of the world.

In one of your earliest volumes there appeared a paper on Girls' Societies. I liked the idea of the Practising Society mentioned in it so much that I spoke to several of my girl friends in a neighbouring township (for unfortunately the musical girls of my own place are very few, there being only two besides myself who cared to join), and we decided to start such a club ourselves.

We held a meeting of all the girls whom we could induce to stay behind after a concert, and took the names of ten girls willing to join our "Girls' Practising Club," as we decided to call it. We also adopted a set of rules, which, briefly enumerated, are as follows:—

Every member binds herself to practise one hour daily for five days a week, failing to do which she pays a fine of one penny for every omission. When members are ill or away from home, no instrument being available, they are allowed to mark their registers similar to week preceding such illness or absence.

Every six months certificates are awarded—first class to those who have practised regularly, second class to those failing not more than six times. Every three months we agreed to hold a social evening, at which members should as much as possible provide the musical entertainment, the privilege being accorded to each member of inviting two friends. We decided also to have a junior branch for little ones under fourteen, who are only obliged to practise half an hour daily, and who pay half our entrance fee (1s.) and subscription (which is 6d. per quarter), and halfpenny for every fine incurred.

On that first evening we took the names of ten girls, from which we elected a President, Secretary, and Treasurer. I think it speaks well for the girls of this part of New Zealand that at the end of six months we numbered thirty, thus having trebled our numbers.

Our first social evening we looked forward to with some little trepidation, knowing how much the future of a society such as ours depended upon the *éclat* or otherwise of our first evening.

We elected four gentlemen who were willing to assist us as a committee, who decorated the public schoolroom very prettily with tree-ferns and ne (a species of palm found in New Zealand), and covered the forms with red baize, which set off the pretty dresses of the girls and visitors to the best advantage.

We had instrumental and vocal solos and duets, readings, and a short paper on practising, containing some practical advice written and read by one of the gentlemen visitors, and which he afterwards lent us for circulation among the members of our club. In the middle of the evening we had coffee and refreshments handed round, as many of our girls and guests had ridden long distances to attend, and had a long ride before them on their return journey. We broke up soon after ten, and all our visitors concurred in the opinion that it had been a great success.

We are now practising Romberg's cantata, "Lay of the Bell," for our next social evening, our fathers, brothers, and friends assisting us. We decided to do this for the profit, as well as the pleasure, which we knew would accrue to us from the concerted practice necessary to a good knowledge of such a work.

Various comments have been made by the local papers upon our club, some complimentary, others quite the reverse—*e.g.*, one paper suggested that a "Help your Mother" club would be decidedly preferable. This cloaked hint we could afford to treat with silent disdain, for among all our members I do not know one who neglects her other home duties for this. Indeed, many of them do their practice when tired out with domestic work, and hence do not gain as much benefit from it as they should, it being one of the disadvantages of colonial life that nearly every lady does her own housework.

In this effort of ours I hope the aim of the society is at least partially carried out—to inculcate greater love for, and diligence in, the pursuit of what is best in music, and to improve the talent we may have for the pleasure of the inmates of our homes.

I hope I have not wearied you by this account of our club, but I am emboldened by the evident courtesy you mete out to any and all of your girls.

THE PRESIDENT.

Age 21.

Halcombe, New Zealand.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 411.] NOVEMBER 12, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

All rights reserved.] "THEY WERE A LITTLE SHY AT FIRST."

THEY always were spoken of as "troublesome." Looking back to the time of their birth, the old nurse very confidentially informed me never a day had passed but what they had, knowingly or unknowingly, been the cause of troubles innumerable.

"You'll have a fine to-do wi' 'em, mum," she remarked, when I told her I should try to keep the twins with me a month or two. "A fine to-do," she repeated, emphatically, "specially as you've allus been used to havin' the place nice an' tidy about you, I reckon. O' course 'taint as though—beggin' yer pardon, mum—'taint as though you were a married lady, and knowed all about 'em—how to manage 'em, and such-like."

"Well, nurse," was my laughing response, "although I am an old maid, I hope I am not what is generally termed old-maidish—that is to say, fidgety about trifles, and what you call 'finnikin.' At any rate, I am determined to do what I can to make the boys happy; and, of course, if they would like to return home in a week or two, I should not think of keeping them against their wish."

"No, mum. Well, I hopes they'll be happy, I'm sure. They're never downright bad; they're more noisy than anything else. And"—here the old nurse dropped her voice suddenly—"I hopes you'll keep 'em as long as you can, mum; for I'm afeard this new wife ain't over and above fond o' children; and, poor things! they won't have me no longer now."

"Oh, she couldn't possibly help loving Stevie and Bert," I replied. "However, nurse, I shall keep them as long as I can, and you may be quite sure I shall look after them well."

Apparently the old nurse was at last satisfied with my repeated assurances that I intended to do all I could for my little twin nephews, and, after a few more warnings as to how I was to treat them when they misbehaved themselves or disobeyed me, she took her departure.

My sister had died when the twins were a few months old, and since that time they had always been well looked after, at least as regarded their physical welfare, by this old nurse; and now that they were nine years old, it seemed to have struck my brother-in-law they were too big for a nurse, and ought to be sent away to school.

But I soon discovered his greatest motive for getting them away from home was that he was about to be married again, and the lady who was to become his wife was quite young, very pretty, and very fascinating—but not a lover of children.

As soon as I heard this I went at once to London, and had an interview with my brother-in-law. I pleaded hard to be allowed to have the twins stay with me during the forthcoming summer months, and after some demur he consented they should come and stay "as long as they were good."

Their delight knew no bounds. They frisked and capered round me, and gave me no peace until I had settled, not only the day, but the very hour, at which they were to leave London with their nurse, and come to me at Ripley-dean.

The nurse was not going to stay with them, only to see them safely housed, and give me a few instructions, which she deemed necessary for their management. And after doing so, she, as the reader has seen, took her departure.

While she had been talking to me we had left the twins in my small dining-room, and there I found them, sitting hand-in-hand on the sofa, with wide-opened eyes, after I had let the nurse out of the hall-door.

It was some time before I could tell which was Stevie and which was Bert, they were so exactly alike. I thought what a pretty picture they would have made, sitting on the old crimson damask sofa, in their neat black velvet suits, with their fair curly hair reaching to their shoulders; for it had been a whim of the old nurse's to keep their hair long, and my brother-in-law, although declaring it was "a stupid fashion," never troubled to exert his authority in any great degree, and have the curls cut off.

Their eyes were of a very deep blue, shaded by rather long lashes, and their features were well chiselled, yet childlike. They were strong, sturdy little fellows, and had exceptionally sweet, musical voices. They seemed born to love and live for each other. They never quarrelled or seemed to have any of those petty differences which most children have. If they differed in opinion—and they rarely did—one always gave way to the other as passively as possible.

I felt—perhaps for the first time in my life—as I looked at them there on the sofa, how much I should have liked to be a happy married wife, with just two such little ones to call me that dearest of all names—mother.

They were a little shy at first amid their new and strange surroundings, but after I had taken them round my large, old-fashioned garden they became talkative, and asked me questions which it sorely puzzled my ingenuity to answer.

"Auntie Nance" (so it was by one accord they had taken to calling me), "are you what nurse calls 'an old maid'?"

It was little Stevie who spoke, and he raised his blue eyes quite innocently to mine.

"Yes, dear," I replied, smiling, "I suppose I am."

"But, auntie," exclaimed Bert, "you're not so very old, are you?"

"Not quite a hundred, dear," I answered, laughing outright at the gravity with which the question was asked.

"Oh," said Stevie, with a sigh of relief, "I am glad you are not quite a hundred, 'cos, you know—you know—that would be just a little bit old, wouldn't it? And nurse said all old maids were fidgety. Are you fidgety, auntie?" and he looked up appealingly.

"Not very, dear."

"Oh," said Bert, "that's jolly! Then, of course, auntie, you won't mind if we do make a noise sometimes. Stevie likes to beat on a tray with a stick, and I like to get an old comb, and cover it with brown paper, and play on it. We're going in a German band, we think, when we get older—eh, Steve? And all the money we get we're going to give to a poor little gal who sells oranges in a street near us, and don't never eat one herself. I say, Auntie Nance——" And he hesitated a little.

"Yes, dear, what is it?" I asked.

"Why, don't you think that little gal ought to go to heaven when she dies? She don't ever eat an orange, you know, and Steve and I, we always buy our oranges of her. Don't we, Steve?"

"Yes." And Steve nodded. "Auntie," he said, "I guess heaven's a mighty funny place, isn't it? Don't you think the little girls and boys up there have any trays to beat, and any combs to play on? Isn't there any German bands up there? 'Cos, if there isn't, Bert and I don't want to go. We'd rather go somewhere where we can make a noise—eh, Bert?"

The way in which each appealed to the other in confirmation of his opinion was irresistibly funny to listen to; but I was very shocked to find what peculiar notions of heaven my nephews had formed for themselves.

Proceeding to question them, I found they sometimes went to church, but "pa didn't go, 'cos he hated sermons," and nurse generally went to sleep all Sunday afternoons; so evidently their religious education had even been more sadly neglected than their secular.

"I say, Auntie Nance," began Bert, when, a few minutes later, we were having tea, "why didn't you never get married, and have us little boys for your little boys. We should have liked that—eh, Steve?"

"Yes," nodded Stevie, with his mouth full of cake, "I guess we should. We shan't like our new mamma, 'cos she doesn't like a noise, and she's all pink and white. She's all so smoothlike—no nice little tiny lines in her face, like you, Auntie Nance."

This allusion to a few wrinkles which I had been trying to persuade myself were not really noticeable, made me laugh, notwithstanding it rather touched my vanity.

"Auntie, this is a big house." Bertie, making this observation, took a good drink of tea before he continued. "You know, Auntie Nance," he said, "I shouldn't like to live here alone, like you do. I should want lots of little girls and boys to play with. How many rooms is there?"

"Eight," I replied.

"Eight! That's a good many, eh, Steve?"

Stevie nodded; he was gulping down his tea so quickly and eagerly he could not stay to speak.

"Is there a cistern, auntie?"

"No, dear, a well—two wells, in fact, but one is old and disused," I replied.

"O! and can we look at them after tea?" Stevie had finished his cup of tea, and came out suddenly with this sentence as he replaced his cup in the saucer.

"Yes, I will take you all over the house, and right round it, too," I answered, to their evident satisfaction. "The old disused well is round at the side," I explained.

After tea I carried out my promise, and was highly amused at the many observations made by the boys as to the arrangement and furniture of the rooms.

"And you only keep one servant, auntie?" said Stevie in astonishment, as we entered the kitchen where Susan Barfield, my general maid-of-all-work, was ironing.

"Only one," I replied; "but there is a poor boy, who comes up from the village every day, to clean the knives and do the scouring. Perhaps you will see him to-night, and you must never worry or aggravate him, because poor Nat hasn't got all his senses," I added, gravely. "He is very quiet, and a good boy to work; but he fell down when he was a little baby and hurt his head, so he can't talk very much—at least, not that you can understand."

"How funny! And must we talk to him as though he was ever so little, like some

people talk to babies?" inquired Stevie. "How funny, eh, Bert?"

At this moment the object of our conversation, poor Nat Greenfield, knocked gently at the kitchen door. He had come to perform his usual evening's work of knife cleaning and drawing water. At sight of the boys he drew back shyly, and then, standing at the kitchen door, hat in hand, stared at them in astonishment.

They, too, were returning his gaze with interest, no doubt thinking they had never seen such a strange-looking creature—half boy, half man—before.

Nat was seventeen years of age, short, and slightly deformed. He would not have been bad looking if his face could but have been redeemed from its idiotic stare, for his eyes were large and well shaped, while his nose and chin were of good form. But on the top of his upper lip he had a strange, unwieldy, stubbly moustache, and at the sides of his face whiskers were already making their appearance—a fact which seemed especially to arrest the children's attention. Nat was always very docile and quiet, but I had heard that if once worried or aroused he had rather a violent temper; so that, although I had never seen him the slightest bit out of temper myself, I determined to be very careful, and watch the children while they were with me to see they did not worry or aggravate him.

I thought I need not have troubled, however, for before Stevie and Bert had been with me a week they had made fast friends with poor Nat. He was clever at making trim little sailing boats for them to sail on the duck pond in a field close by, and could carve pieces of wood into animals with no mean skill. For hours he would amuse them, and often I sat at my window and watched the three together, laughing as Stevie or Bert would talk in the plainest and most babyish manner possible in order to the more easily make poor Nat understand what they meant.

One day I was out in the garden, when Stevie came running up to me with an immense frog in his hands.

"Look, Auntie Nance!" he cried, excitedly. "Isn't it fine? Nat got it for me out of the old well."

"Out of the old well?" I asked, astonishedly. "Why, what do you mean, dear?"

"Why, auntie," and carefully clutching the frog, who displayed a great inclination to hop away, he raised his blue eyes to mine: "didn't you know Nat gets down into the well sometimes? He says there's a lot of gold down there, 'cos a lady drowned herself there all in a ball dress one night, and he just takes and climbs down as easy as possible—and he says it's fine down there!"

What the child said astonished me beyond measure, and accompanied by him I walked round to the old disused well. I knew that there had been a story afloat about a lady having drowned herself in that very well some years before I ever bought the house, but I had never attached much importance to the rumour. The water in the well was deemed impure, and the people who occupied the house before me had had another one sunk further on down the garden, so we never thought of using the old one; besides, the old iron chain was so rusty, and the handle half broken. The bricks, too, in the interior were bulged out here and there, with great gaps in between, through which countless small bushes had forced a way.

Little Bert was sitting on a stone at the side, and, in answer to my question as to where Nat was, he told me he had run away directly he saw Stevie come up to me with the frog.

Evidently Nat thought he had been doing wrong, and on questioning the children I found he had made them solemnly promise never to tell me that he went down into the well.

"He climbs down," said Stevie, "and he says it isn't very wet down there—the water isn't so very deep."

"I guess he won't like us telling you, auntie," said Bert, "'cos he said he'd beat us and half kill us if we did!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "How dare he speak so? He shall not come here to work again while you are here. No!" I said, determinedly, as we all three walked back to the house, "Nat Greenfield shall not come here again. It is very, very wrong of him to do things which he knows I should not like, and then tell you, and in fact threaten to beat you if you tell me what he has been doing."

On the following morning when Nat appeared again I told him gently I should not want him for a week or two, and gave him half-a-crown in lieu of his usual threepenny piece. He first looked bewildered, and then angry; but he only uttered a few unintelligible words, and ran hastily out of the house.

The two boys were in the dining-room, I knew, and they were supposed to be pasting pictures into a scrap-book I had bought for them. I could hear them shouting, singing, and laughing from the kitchen; sometimes stamping up and down the room, and sometimes for a moment—but only a moment—quite quiet. I had become used to noises of every description, and it began to seem quite natural to have everything turned topsy-turvy half-an-hour after it had been put straight. But they were rarely unruly. They generally obeyed me; and, well, if they were riotous, and very full of fun and mischief—as they would be sometimes—I found myself very soon forgiving them.

"It's awful nice to be a boy, and have an auntie who isn't quite a hundred years old," Stevie would remark, gravely, times out of number; and somehow or other, however vexed I might have felt with them a few minutes before, that quaint saying always made me laugh, and sometimes—shall I own it?—I even joined in their romp.

"They're the dearest little souls I've ever seen!" exclaimed Susan, as, after discharging Nat, I stood and talked to her about them.

Suddenly the noise, which had been unusually riotous for the last few minutes, ceased, and in another moment Bert came running out to me.

"Auntie Nance," he said, excitedly, "Nat's been and looked in at the window, and made oh, such a nasty face at Stevie, and called him such a wicked name! Stevie's crying, and he's so frightened."

I hurried into the parlour, at the same time sending Susan out to see if Nat was about, and if so to order him off the premises at once. Poor little Stevie was frightened. He was white as death, and crying bitterly. I took him in my arms, and nursed him and kissed him affectionately, while Bert put his arms round him, and said—

"Don't, Stevie! 'cos I shall have to cry too. Nat's gone, he can't touch you—eh?" he asked, as Susan appeared, saying she could not see him about anywhere.

"No, my darling," I said; "he shall never touch you, Steve."

But, even as I said it, a terrible fear shot through my heart. I felt, somehow, that Nat was determined, if possible, to do harm to little Stevie.

Soon after my fears were realised.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The Baker's Dozen.

It is customary for bakers, like some other tradesmen, to give thirteen for twelve, the extra piece being called the *in-bread* or *to-bread*. According to Dr. Brewer, the custom originated when heavy penalties were inflicted for short weights, bakers giving the extra bread to secure themselves.

Dividing the Camels.

A Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons in the following proportions: the eldest to have half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth. Of course, camels cannot be divided into fractions, so, in despair, the brothers submitted their difficulty to Mohammed Ali.

"Nothing easier!" said the wise Ali; "I'll lend you another camel to make eighteen, and now divide them yourselves."

The consequence was each brother got from one-eighth to one-half of a camel more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again; the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second six, and the third two.

Annie Bread.

"*Toast* any girl but her," said Ned;
"With any other flutter;
I'll be content with Annie Bread,
And won't have any *but her*."

Parsimony and Economy.

These opposite lines of conduct have been happily distinguished by Burke. In domestic management they are too often confounded.

"Mere parsimony," says Burke, "is not economy. Expense and great expense may be an essential feature in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection."

New Arrivals.

Children are travellers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore make conscience not to deceive them.

Raising a Tempest.

A man at Texas claims that he can raise cyclones at will. "So can almost any man," remarks a Chicago editor, "by simply informing his wife that she will have to get along with one bonnet a year."

On Being Friends.

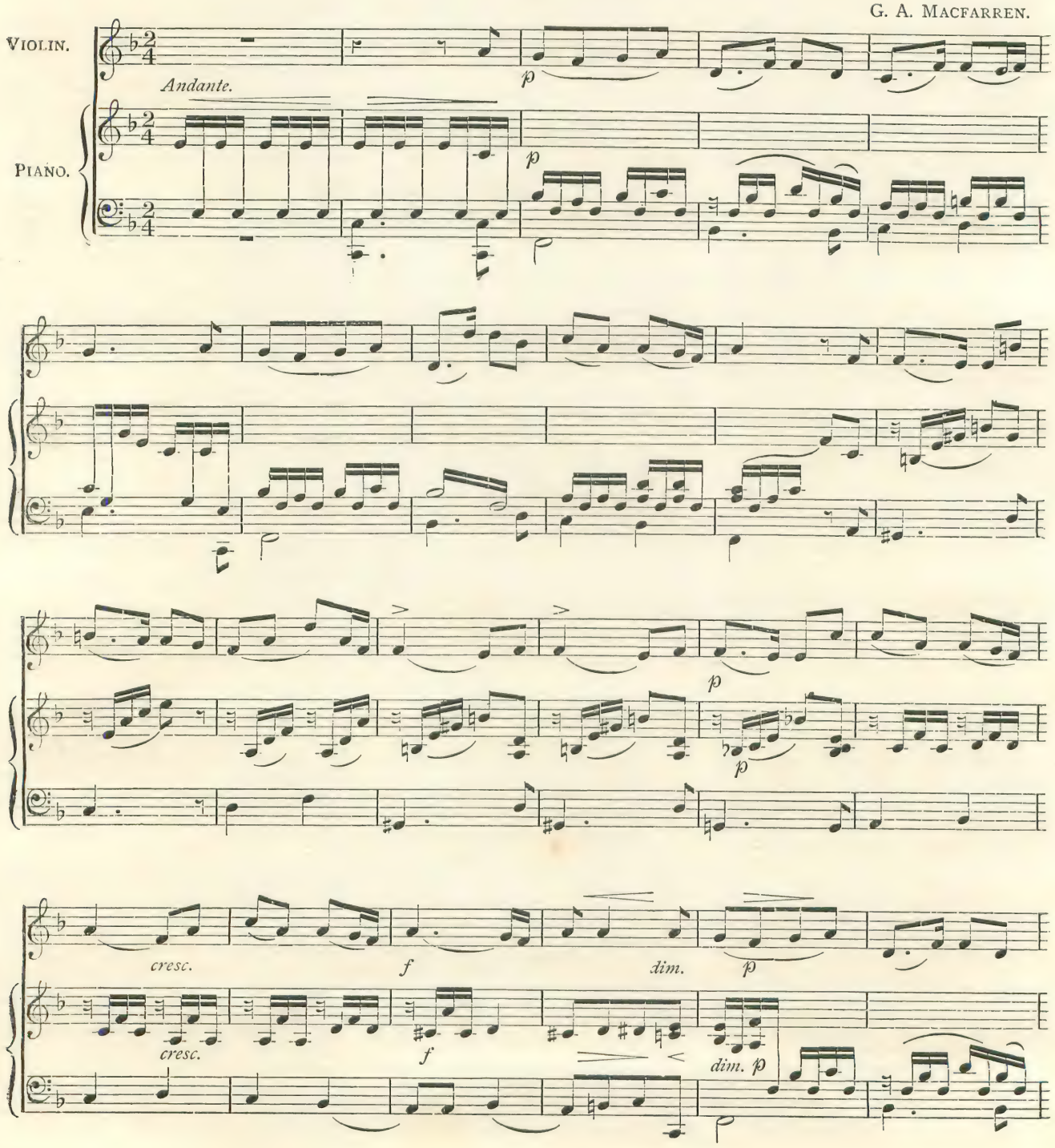
The phrase "to be friends with anyone" is a grammatical impropriety, but it is so prevalent that the omission of the anomalous "*s*" would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression. "Friends am I with you all and love you," says Shakespeare. Now we could not indeed say, "*Friend* am I with you all;" we should have to turn the expression in some other way. Nor does the pluralism of "friends" depend upon that of "*you* all": "I am friends with you" is equally the phrase in addressing a single person.

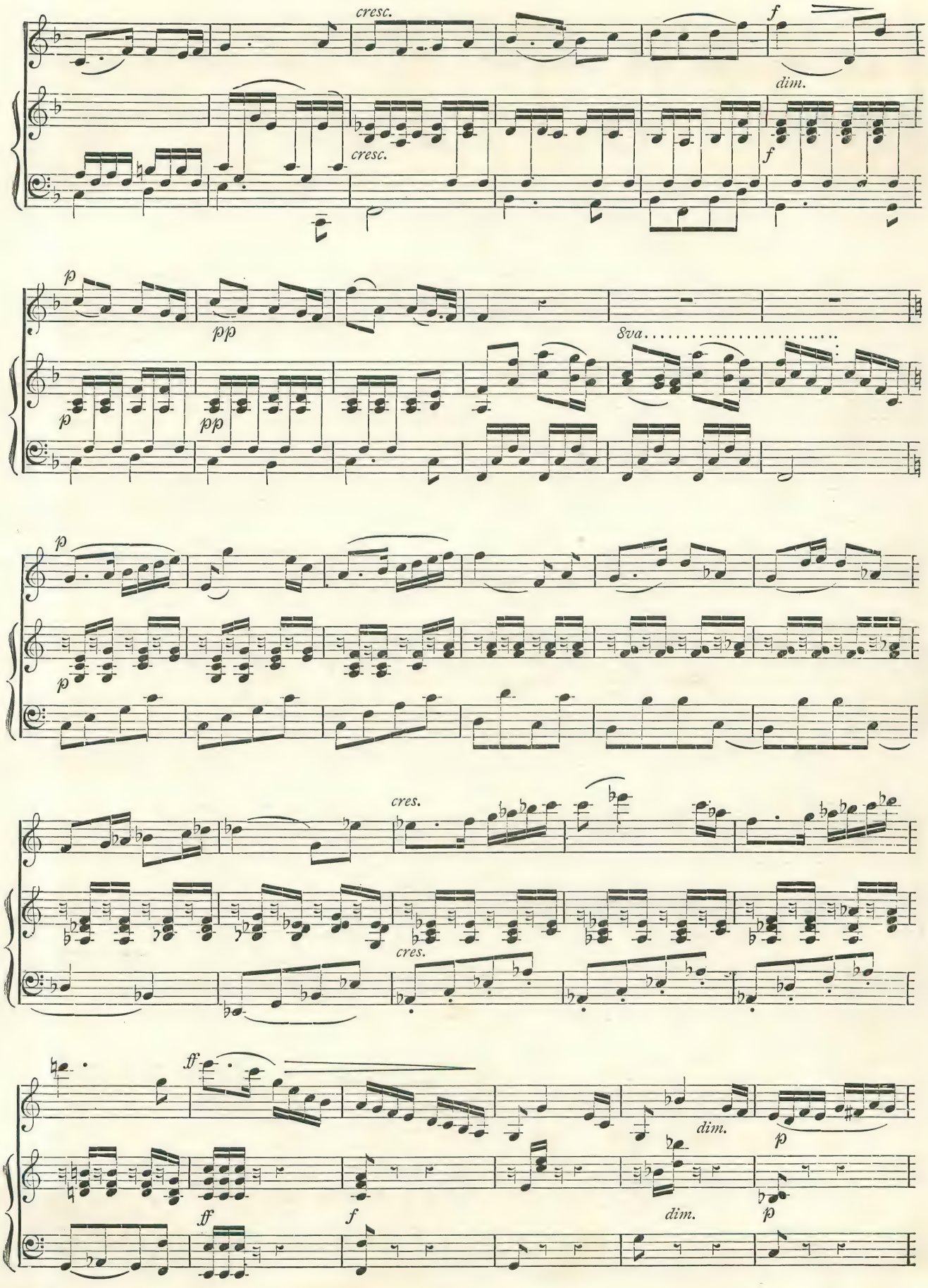
Talk and Observation.

Mediocrity can talk, but it is for genius to observe.

ROMANCE, FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

G. A. MACFARREN.

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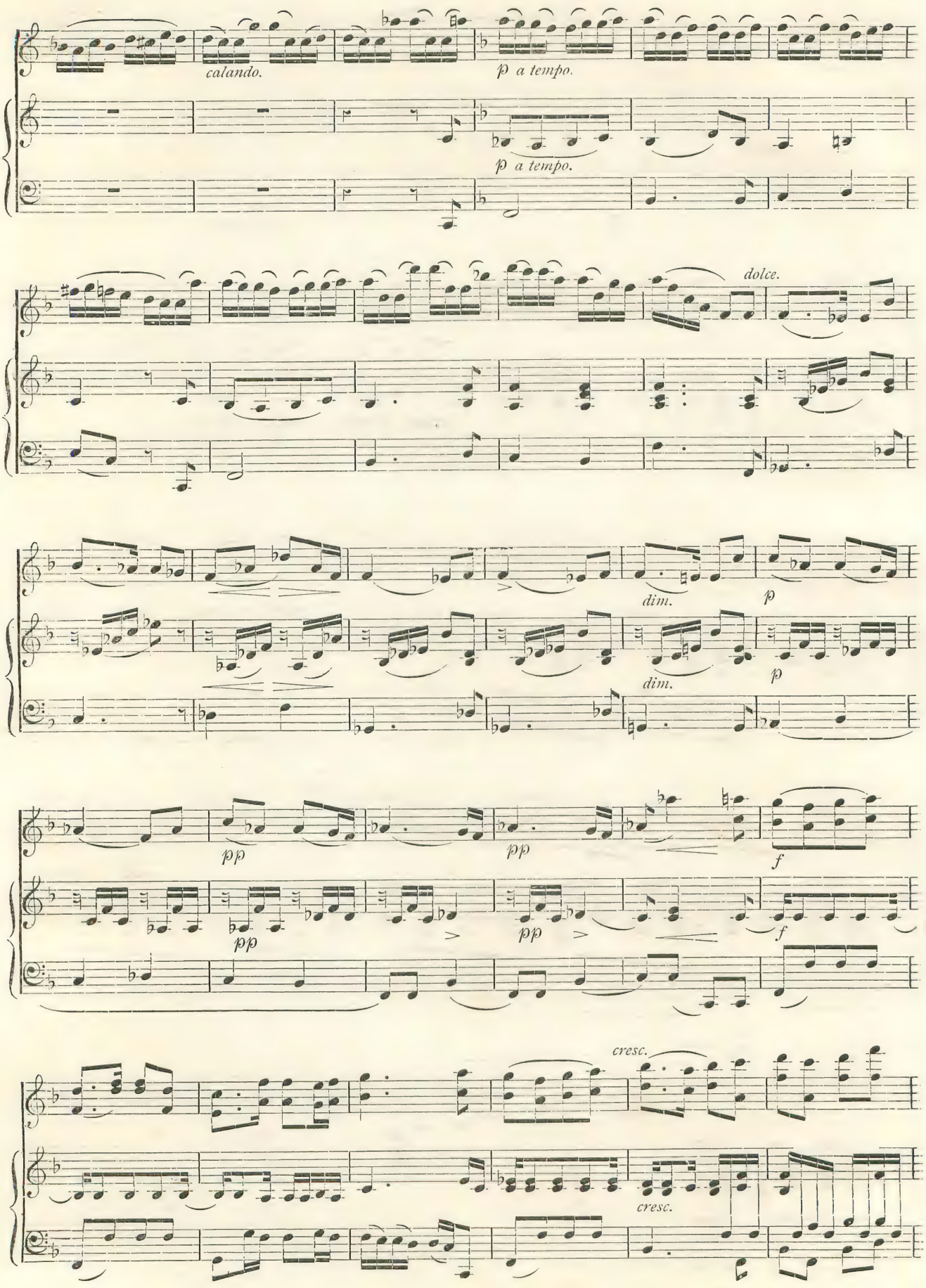
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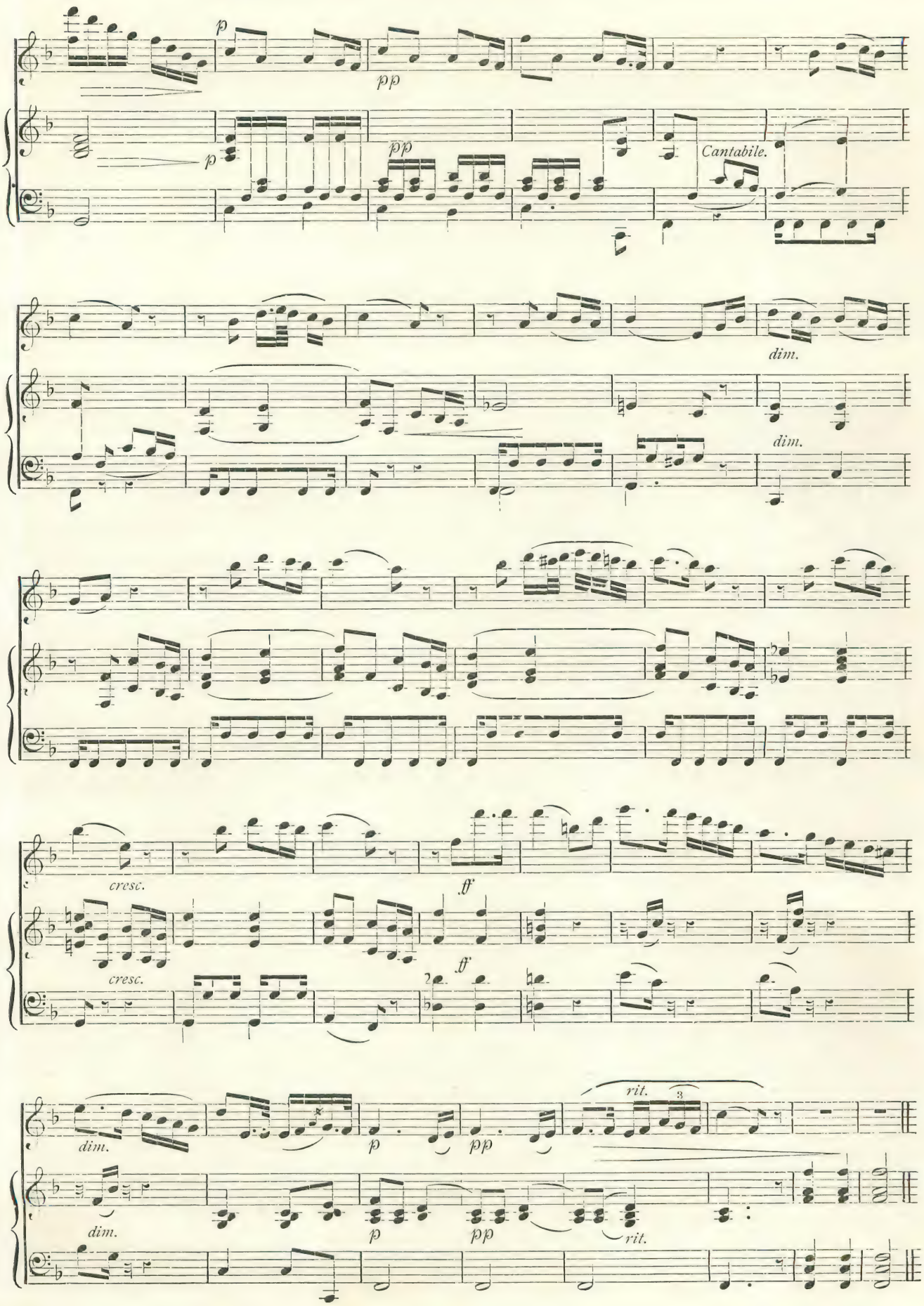
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ISA.

SHE has gone from us, our household pet,
Darling Isa, I see her yet;
But we need not grieve for her, mamma,
For she's gone to wait for you and papa.

(Gather sweet flowers on her bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead).
Though we may miss her we need not fret,
For we hope in heaven to meet her yet.

How well we loved her we cannot tell,
But God, He knows we loved her well.
Perhaps she has only to us been given,
A fair bud of earth to bloom in heaven.

RESTITUTION;

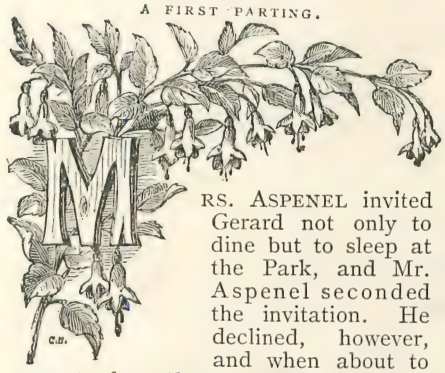
OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER X.

A FIRST PARTING.



MRS. ASPENEL invited Gerard not only to dine but to sleep at the Park, and Mr. Aspenel seconded the invitation. He declined, however, and when about to separate from them at the station was surprised at their eagerness to drive him to The Cottages. Their carriage had been waiting some time, and the horses were impatient. He got in at once, and on the way home was minutely questioned by Mr. Aspenel as to the sleeping and other accommodation in his mother's small abode; for, said he, "Each house was only intended for one inmate and a servant, and it could never have entered into the founder's mind that a male visitor could find either room or food. Forty pounds a year is ample for one, but not enough for two."

"Like the time-honoured goose," laughed Gerard. "When I arrive unexpectedly, as to-night, my mother and Miranda make me a shakedown on the sofa, in the sitting-room; but usually I sleep at the rectory, or sometimes at Hoplands. Mr. Austen is kind enough to say that he likes a visitor, and you know he always keeps open house."

Mr. Aspenel frowned, and Gerard saw that he had talked too fast.

"If he can afford to keep open house he shouldn't complain if his tithes aren't paid," said the former; then, arriving at the iron gates he added, "These Aspenel Homes are absurdly grand for places of charity. It would be more appropriate if they were built plain. Have an eye to Wandering Will, and tell your mother just enough to convince her that she ought to look after him. I hear she preaches to the gipsies."

He nodded as Gerard got out of the carriage, but Mrs. Aspenel gave him a warm hand-grasp.

"Come to the Park for me to-morrow precisely at 8.30," shouted Mr. Aspenel after him, and Gerard thought to himself that he was expected to play policeman.

But he soon forgot all else in his mother's delighted welcome. He found her and Miranda together; for she was giving the girl her nightly lessons in reading and needlework, Miranda's education having been much neglected in the boat cabin, where she had been born and bred.

"Here's Mr. Clarville, missus. I knows his step," cried excited Miranda, as he was ascending the stairs, and to whom a new face looked "quite 'eavenly in that out-o'-the-way place," as she was wont to say.

She nearly tumbled into his arms in her zeal to open the door, which his mother did entirely when he was inside it. But maternal fears soon asserted themselves, and "Have you lost your situation?" was the first inquiry.

Gerard quieted them, and briefly detailed the events of the afternoon.

"I think I have seen the man," said Mrs. Clarville; "but he does not often come to these parts. I was at the camp to-day, and the gipsies were loud in their complaints of Mr. Aspenel's persecution, as they call it. Fan told me that Mr. Harton thinks he means to exterminate them. She was there this morning, and I am afraid her gipsy proclivities increase. They look upon her as one of them, and impose on her in many ways. She will never settle down, and Miss Vigors is in despair because she cannot interest her in the books she wishes her to read."

"I don't wonder," laughed Gerard.

"Supper is served," interrupted the conversation, as Miranda, with important manner and glowing face, threw the door open.

"Where did she learn that?" asked Gerard.

"From Hopkins, who tells her how she managed when she used to live in good families," laughed his mother.

Hopkins was Miss Short's devoted attendant.

Everything that the larder contained was placed on the table in the hall, and the feast was crowned by early radishes and mustard-and-cress from Mrs. Clarville's small garden.

"Miranda, you have been robbing your mistress," said Gerard.

"There's a sight more a-coming up, sir," replied Miranda, abashed at the reproof of her particular hero.

Nevertheless, she was off unbidden to prepare the shakedown, happy in any event that could change the even tenor of her day.

Mother and son sat up late, discussing Mr. Aspenel and the gipsies, and consulting what they could do to be of service on either side.

Gerard was at the Park punctually at the appointed hour. Mrs. Aspenel managed to see him during a brief interval. She appeared holding up a purse.

"This was returned to me last night," she began. "A gipsy lad gave it to one of the servants, saying I had lost it. He was off immediately. On opening it I found that the money was all there, but the railway ticket had been abstracted. Mr. Aspenel thinks it was probably used by the man who assaulted him to convey him in the same train as the one we came by. But for your presence we might have seen more of him. I shall always be grateful to you. In the purse was this paper, with these words scrawled on it, 'No robber, after all.'"

Gerard's response was interrupted by Janet, who came flying into the dining-room, followed by Bruce. Mrs. Aspenel looked displeased, but all Janet thought of was her cousin.

"I must say good-bye, Gerard," she said. "Perhaps I shan't see you again before I go to school. Do get out of the way, Bruce. You interrupt everything."

Bruce had, in fact, managed to get before her, and to encircle Gerard's knees with his chubby arms.

"Good-bye, Gerard. Make haste. Here's papa," she continued, tugging at Bruce, who would not be removed.

Gerard bent over the child to meet Janet, who offered her face for the cousinly kiss to which she was accustomed, when Mr. Aspenel came in.

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"I am only saying good-bye to Cousin Gerard, and Bruce has come between us, as usual," replied Janet, forgetting natural fear in the uncertain moment,

ISA.

and putting her arms round her cousin's neck.

"My clerk! Mother in the almshouses! I had forgotten the relationship," muttered Mr. Aspenel. "The carriage is waiting," he added, and motioned to Gerard to precede him.

Gerard freed himself from the children, shook hands with Mrs. Aspenel, and went out. Janet, for the first time in her life, followed, and stood at the door to see the last of him. Bruce, of course, ran after her; despite their antagonism, she was his only companion.

"Good-bye, Gerard! good-bye!" she screamed, heedless of her father's frowning face, who looked on, wondering what could have brought wife and children from their breakfast-tables to meet his clerk. His clerk!

He made a mental resolve to invite him to the Park no more, and upbraided himself for his weakness in taking a connection of Number Two into his service.

"Why did you come down unsummoned?" asked Mrs. Aspenel, when the carriage had driven off.

"Because I wanted to wish Cousin Gerard good-bye. He is my best and dearest friend," replied the girl.

"You are too old to throw your arms round young men's necks; and your father was displeased," said Mrs. Aspenel, severely.

"He is my own cousin! I don't care!" flouted Janet.

"Naughty Janet! Wicked Janet!" cried Bruce; and Janet gave him a sisterly shove.

"There will soon be an end of this," apostrophised Mrs. Aspenel, as Janet ran off, pursued by Bruce.

In fact, the end alluded to was imminent. Madame de Belleville consented to take Janet for the half-term, and to keep her through the holidays, if her "parents" wished; so preparations were soon in progress.

She was in great spirits, which not even Edith's depression and the prospect of parting from her could allay. To get away from home was elysium. Her stepmother positively forbade further leave-takings, and told Nurse True that she would have no village gossip concerning Miss Janet's education. Mrs. Clarville would naturally come to wish her good-bye, and there were no other neighbours sufficiently intimate to necessitate farewells. Mr. Austen she would see, of course. Accordingly, Nurse True did not take her charge outside the Park walls until she accompanied Janet to school.

On that expected morning all was excitement in schoolroom and nursery. A first journey is an event in life, and Janet slept little the previous night and ate little at breakfast. Indeed, the quiet tears in Edith's eyes, which no sly application of handkerchief could get rid of, would have sufficed to destroy any appetite. Moreover, Bruce would not leave her for a moment, and declared he would not let her go. He was more affectionate in her departure than in her companionship. She, too, felt some remorse when she remembered that she had not been a perfect sister to him.

"There is the carriage. You must go down and wish your papa good-bye," said Nurse True.

"I am afraid," responded Janet.

"I will go with you." "And me," cried Edith and Bruce.

The trio crept to the breakfast-room, all more or less in awe of him whom they should have loved. Edith went in first.

"Janet is come to say good-bye, papa," she said.

"Janet!" he repeated, glancing up from his papers, which he was hastily tying together with red tape. "Good-bye, child. I hope you will take advantage of your chances of education. Nobody knows how soon you may have to turn them to account. Above all, learn French thoroughly; that carries you everywhere. Many men and women get clerkships through a knowledge of French and other modern languages. They are far more useful than Greek and Latin."

Janet stood before her father dumbfoundered. She had never heard him say so much before.

"Speak," whispered Edith.

"Yes, papa, I will learn everything I can; but I like painting best. I am very glad to go," she said, with provoking nonchalance.

"I daresay. We are always glad of excuses for a change. Good-bye."

He held out his thin hand, which she took coldly.

"Won't you kiss her, papa?" asked tearful Edith.

"Kiss her? Yes, if she wishes. But she must not strangle me, as she did Clarville. That was quite unnecessary."

"No fear," said Janet, presenting her cheek.

There was something in that round, blooming face which touched a parental spring somewhere. He stooped to kiss it, and his eyes had a spark of apparent feeling.

Janet saw it, and did, in spite of prohibition and previous fear, cast her arms round his neck, saying in a choked voice—

"I wish I could love you, papa. I do indeed."

There was no response. Mr. Aspenel hurried to his carriage, while his wife looked on wondering, and Edith sobbed out—

"How could you say that, Janet?"

There was no time to lose. The carriage that took Mr. Aspenel to the station was to return, and in the course of an hour convey Janet thither. They all went upstairs to prepare, and the sisters were alone for a short space.

"What shall I do without you, my darling?" was all Edith could say.

"Better than with me; for I know I am very provoking," sobbed Janet.

"I have not been as good to you as I ought, Janet. Our mother told me never to leave you, and now you are leaving me."

"That is my fault. You have been better than best. But you will have True, and I—I shall have lots of people, and I mean to come home for the holidays by hook or by crook."

She cast her arms about Edith, and the pair knew for the first time what the word "parting" meant.

The real one came all too soon. Mrs. Aspenel, Edith, and Bruce accompanied Janet to the station. She was more annoyed than flattered by her stepmother's and brother's presence; she would have preferred Nurse True in the carriage, instead of in the rumble.

At the station were Mrs. Clarville, Mr. Austen, and Fan. The latter had come uninvited to see the last of Janet. She generally went where she pleased, whether her company were acceptable or not. Janet, who was brimming over with regretful affection for all her friends, embraced her with the rest.

"Be a good girl," said Mr. Austen, with clerical propriety.

"I'll try," returned Janet.

Up steamed the train, in went Nurse True and the sandwiches, and in hopped Janet like a bird. Her last embrace and last look were for Edith, whose white face and tearful eyes touched the hearts of her friends.

Mrs. Aspenel summoned her and Bruce to the carriage, saying they would go for a drive, and the breezes of May and the delightful lanes soothed Edith. Mrs. Aspenel took advantage of the occasion to inform her that, now Janet was gone, certain changes must be made in the household arrangements.

"I did not like to propose that you should breakfast with your father and me always, and dine when there is no company, so long as Janet was at home," she said. "But as you are nearly grown up, and must be introduced in due course, and as you have no resident governess, you cannot continue to live entirely with Nurse True, however delightful she may be."

The last part of this speech was spoken ironically, and it roused Edith from the tearful absorption into which she had fallen, and from which Bruce, with childlike intuition, was using every effort to disturb her.

"Nurse True has been with me ever since I was born, and has supplied my own mother's place as well as she could," she said, suppressing a rising sob.

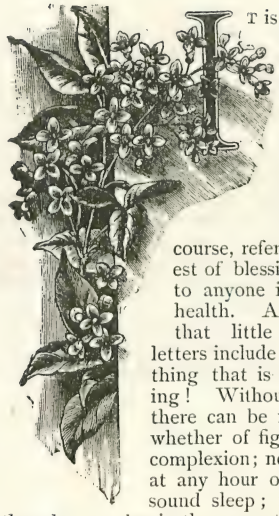
"That may be; but she is scarcely companionable, I should think. You cannot object to be more with your father and me than with her. It will look better in the eyes of the world, if not in your own, that you should accept me as chaperone, instead of a domestic, estimable as she may be. I flatter myself that, in spite of stepmotherdom, I am at least as agreeable as Nurse True or those old ladies whom you so greatly rejoice in."

Edith was astonished at this advance on Mrs. Aspenel's part, who had never said so much to her before. She felt that it was her duty to meet it briskly, but she had neither the will nor the power. All she could do was to sob out meekly that she would endeavour to act as Mrs. Aspenel wished, and would be ready to join her at the breakfast-table on the morrow.

(To be continued.)

WHAT WORKING GIRLS CAN DO FOR THEMSELVES.

By MEDICUS.



It is my intention in this paper to offer a few common-sense words of advice to several classes of working girls that I have not addressed before. The advice, of course, refers to the greatest of blessings vouchsafed to anyone in this world—health. And what does that little word of six letters include? Why, everything that is worth possessing! Without good health there can be no real beauty, whether of figure, or hair, or complexion; no real happiness at any hour of the day; no sound sleep; no clearness of thought; no joy in the present, and no bright hopes for the future. Without good health one might own a kingdom, and still be gloomy, wretched, miserable. With good health the poorest lassie who rises at five, called to her work by hooter or bell, may be as blithesome and bonnie as the larks that sing at the sunrise.

I earnestly entreat my girl readers, therefore, to value and cherish this great boon.

But stay, I have something to tell you at the very commencement that may seem startling. Are you quite sure that you are as strong now as you were a year ago, and that your health is not already ebbing? Mind you, the answer to this question is sometimes a very difficult one. I have no wish to frighten you, but I do desire to show you the truth; or, knowing it not, you are like one who, having inquired as to the road while travelling, goes on his way with his eyes shut—reckless as to where he may land. If, then, you happen to be in your ordinary health to-day, and were so bad to-morrow that you were obliged to keep to bed, you would know that you were ill. And why? Because you would have a standard of comparison, namely, the state of your feelings, mental and bodily, on the day before. But the chronic ill-health which overwork, or work performed amidst unwholesome, non-hygienic surroundings, and without perhaps any very strict obedience to the laws of health, creeps on you and over you so stealthily, so insidiously that you hardly feel its coming; and, being about the same to-day as you were yesterday or last week, you lack the standard wherewith to judge.

Hope in cases of this kind is in the habit of telling an all too flattering tale. Your friends may notice that you are not looking so well, and may tell you so, but you believe them not. You have your looking-glass; but so gradual has the coming on of your trouble been that the mirror itself is no standard to go by day after day.

You often feel tired; sometimes you have a headache, often a weary racking feeling about the back and loins; your appetite is not what it once was, and your sleep does you less good than it used to.

And what do these and other symptoms that I need not mention point to? Why, to overstrain of mind or of body, or of both.

Now, though the class of girls I happen to have most particularly in my thoughts to-day are school-teachers, governesses, home-workers of all kinds, but especially those who sew or use the type-writer, almost any working girl may learn a health-hint from my present paper.

Well, girls, the law in this country has not forgotten your sex. The law has done a deal for working girls, of certain classes at all events. It takes into account both your age and your hours of labour, and has framed rules against the oppression of the taskmaster, and against the non-sanitary condition of workshops—especially such as are impregnated with poisonous metallic vapour, or obnoxious, disease-breeding dust. But, my young friends, the law cannot do everything. Hence I say that you ought to do what is in your own power to retain the health and happiness you still, I trust, possess. Take time by the forelock, I entreat of you; forewarned ought to be forearmed, and prevention is better than cure.

But some girl may answer me, and say—

"I'm no worse in health or looks than thousands of other girls; I'm no worse than I was a year ago. Working as I do, working as I must, I cannot expect to have very robust health—I can't afford to have it."

Pardon me, if, at the risk of seeming rude and brusque, I contradict every sentence you have spoken. And I do—there!

1. You are no judge of your own looks. 2. If you are not getting better, you are degenerating. 3. Yes, you can expect to have fairly robust health if you set about acting so as to secure it. And 4, as to not being able to afford to have good health, that is simply all nonsense.

The worst of your condition—with which, by the way, you seem too well satisfied—is this: a person in delicate health, or, to put it in milder words, a person out of condition or not in good form, is liable to a complete break-down at any time. Remember that there is a deal of difference in constitution between a delf-ware pitcher and an iron pail. O, yes; but Susan has carried water in the former for many and many a long day. Yes, true; but "the pitcher always goes to the well till one day," and when the pitcher fails, great is the fall thereof.

The term brain-worker is too often limited in the extent of its application. We authors are oftentimes such a self-opinionated and bigoted lot of people, both the males and females, that we will hardly credit anyone who does not write books with the possession of brains. Well, I grant that the profession of journalists and writers is nowadays a very hard one; yet there are other professions and trades filled with struggling millions, who have to use their brains often in quite as toilsome and puzzling a way as authors do. Take but one instance out of hundreds I could adduce. Look at that poor home-working seamstress: has she not got to plan and plan and plan, and stitch and stitch and stitch, till eyes and brain and body are very tired indeed?

"Aching in heart and aching in head,
Wearily earning her daily bread."

Perhaps it is a sewing-machine she sits before; she has the same wearing planning, the same tiresome, irksome thinking; and her brow will burn, and her neck and shoulders get, oh, so tired! long before the day is done.

Or it may be she is a copying, type-writing clerk. She has thinking to do even then, and puzzling caligraphy to decipher; and the click, click, click of the machine will follow her into her sleep, and even in dreams she will find herself spelling out some lengthy technicality, or nine-syllabled adverb. Add to these work-a-day sorrows the sad fact that pages are long and pay is small, and that she—the poor type-writer—must live, must eat and drink and dress.

The governess's life is, as a rule, not a health-giving one. She has not only her pupils to plan for and teach—often a terrible task—but her work, as often as not, is carried on in a hot and stuffy room, into which fresh air is forbidden to creep lest her pupils catch cold. Very likely she is a lady—sometimes, alas! her mistress is not; but the latter has to be humoured and pleased, and the smile must often and often wreathe itself about this poor governess's lips when her very heart feels breaking.

But let me tell you weary work-a-day girls, who are oftentimes the subjects of fits of melancholy or low spirits, that this very sadness of heart from which you suffer—and which you make the great mistake of oftentimes nursing in the solitude of your own room—is in itself a symptom of bad health; and as I credit you with brains and with thinking powers, I hasten to inform you at once that you never can enjoy good health, with its constant accompaniment, peace of mind, unless you keep straight the balance of nature.

I admit that these last words of mine savour of ambiguity; but I am going to explain my meaning, if you will listen.

You have heard the expression, "Mens sana in corpore sano," "A healthy mind in a sound body." If, however, we translate the the word "mens" as signifying "brain," it will enable me all the more easily to explain what I mean by nature's balance.

Certain portions of the brain preside over certain kinds of thought and classes of study. It must be plain enough, then, to everyone, whether physiologist or not, that an individual who keeps studying only one subject, or thinking one class of thought, must exercise one portion of the brain at the expense of all the others. He or she becomes in a manner a monomaniac. There are thousands of good, honest men and women of only one idea, and, useful though they may be in their way and in their day, physiologically and psychologically speaking, they are monomaniacal.

But I shall give you, reader, the credit of working, not any single portion of that busy brain of yours, but the whole of it, or every function of it, daily, and probably in its turn.

Well, you must know that this brain-labour causes an immense deal of expenditure of force. This force can only come from the blood, and if this is used up by overmuch brainwork, what is to become of the other vital organs of the body—heart, lungs, liver, etc.? Why, they must go to the wall; the balance of nature is broken.

Have I made my meaning plain? Very well. But what does the lack of force to the other organs entail? Why, a want of ability to carry on the work of organic life, and this means loss of health—a loss which, if not repaired, must lead to an early and complete smash-up of the constitution. The heart becomes enervated and feeble, and unable to pump out with sufficient vim the poor drop of blood which is all it can afford to the body. The liver gets languid, and the system dries up like a garden that longs for the grateful rain. The skin even ceases to act as well as it ought, and so do the lungs, so that these two great emunctories fail to throw off the

poisons of the blood. Depression of the vital powers, weariness of body, and dulness of mind and spirits are the inevitable results. A cup of tea may stimulate for a time; but tea is neither force nor food, and acts on the tired frame only as the driver's whip does on the jaded horse.

Have I a remedy for this state of matters? Assuredly I have. I come with hope in my hand. I only desire you to believe me when I say that you cannot destroy nature's just balance 'twixt brain and body, and expect to live long, or be healthy and at ease while you do live. Believe this, and I am ready with my remedy.

You may not have it in your power to shorten the hours of your labour, but you can work, while you are working, in the manner and fashion dictated not only by science but by common sense.

Position of body is of paramount importance—so is dress—in the workroom. The former should never be cramped nor unnatural, and varied from the sitting to the standing position as often as possible. The latter should always be loose and easy, so that no portion of the body is unduly compressed.

You should work with the windows wide open. Remember that a window only a little way up admits a current of air that may be dangerous, by blowing only on one part of the body; but a widely-opened window never gave anyone a cold.

If your occupation demands a sitting position, take frequent walks up and down the floor. If you are engaged in teaching, forget not that you can rest quite as effectually while walking about, and that you can talk thus with greater force and gesture.

Work methodically and orderly; let your mind dwell on the task before you till it is done with, and never for a moment go wandering upon a wildgoose chase on to-morrow's labour, or even on that of an hour hence.

When a day's work is done, forget it. Give no heed for to-morrow.

Never work hurriedly or excitedly. Calmness alone and steadiness insures success in labour. The tortoise will or may get over more ground in a day than a rabbit or hare.

I have but to hope now that I have at all events said enough to make you think, and must finish by reminding you that there is much that can be done in your hours of idleness to support the balance of nature.

Exercise is of paramount importance; but as fatigue of brain causes weakness of body, I warn you against getting tired. Furthermore, exercise in your case must be pleasant; it must go hand-in-hand with recreation. Pray do not forget that.

The tepid or cold water bath of a morning before breakfast is a great assistance to brain-working girls.

It is important, also, that they should dress warmly, so as to conserve the animal heat.

Food should be nourishing; but a mistake too often made is that of eating more than enough to support nature. The digestive organs in brain-workers are naturally not strong, so that they, like old people, should eat little and often.

Act, then, as I advise, and you will find

"Digestion wait on appetite,
And good health on both."

WHEN GOING TO MARKET.

By MARY POCOCK.

THE BUTCHER'S.—HOW TO DISTINGUISH JOINTS, AND ADVICE ON PURCHASING.—PART II.

THE apportioning of a sheep will appear a very simple affair to the housekeeper who has mastered the many different joints into which an ox is divided. The accompanying illustrations show the English mode of cutting up a sheep.

1. The leg; used for roasting or boiling.
2. The chump end of the loin; is either roasted or cut into chops.
3. The best end of the loin. The best chops are cut from this, or it is roasted.
4. The best end of the neck; for roasting, boiling, or cutlets.
5. Scrag end of neck; for boiling or stewing.
6. Shoulder. Generally roasted; may also be boiled.
7. Breast; stewed or boiled.

Two whole loins undivided (that is to say, two best ends and two chumps) are a saddle.

Two necks in one piece are a chine.

A leg and about two-thirds of the loin together, a haunch. The haunch is cut with more or less of the loin, according to the weight required.

A hind quarter of mutton differs from a haunch in not being trimmed. It has skin and fat on it that the butcher trims off a haunch or a loin. On that account it is a little less in price.

For small families it is often convenient to have half a leg or half a shoulder of mutton. If you have the top half of a leg, or the blade-bone half of a shoulder, the butcher weighs the shank bone from the knuckle half with it, so as to make the weight of bone for either half more equal. The shank should be sent with the meat, for if it is cleaned and stewed it will make a little gravy. I do not think one-half the shoulder or leg is more profitable than the other. Those who like fat should choose the blade-bone of the shoulder. The knuckle ends of both boil well. A slice out of the middle of a leg of mutton is called a "leg of mutton cutlet." A butcher, if requested, will bone the top half of a leg of mutton, and skewer it together. It makes a nice little roast this way, and is easy to carve.

If you order a joint of mutton to make two joints of it, the part to be boiled should always be cooked first, as meat should hang longer for roasting than for boiling.

Mutton cutlets are cut from neck of mutton. I consider it extravagant to order "cutlets" from the shop. The best way to get them is to have as much of the best end of the neck of mutton as you require (I tell the man how many bones I want; four bones make seven nice cutlets, four with bones and three without); tell the butcher to chine it—that is to say, to saw off the thick ends of the bones where they are generally chopped. The cook can then very easily cut and trim the cutlets, and a good housekeeper will know how to use the trimmings. I find it answers very well to have a neck of mutton chined for roasting or boiling. It is much easier to carve, and makes a nicer-looking dish. The most economical way is to purchase a whole neck of mutton, and stew or boil the scrag end.

Breasts of mutton are very fat. They should not be bought by those who like lean meat; but some nice little dishes can be made with them.

Loins of mutton are not nearly as profitable as legs. If several chops are required, I prefer to buy a piece of loin of mutton, and have them cut at home. A good-sized chop will weigh half a pound; but smaller ones may be counted three to the pound. The first chop off the chump end of the loin is good, but the others have too much bone in them.

We now come to the parts of the sheep that are more found at the tripe-shop than the butcher's.

First, the head, which makes excellent broth, and is also very good to eat. If boned after it is boiled, and then nicely dressed, it is not an ugly dish on table. They are sold for about 7d. or 8d. each. Unlike calves' heads, they are always skinned.

Sheep's liver is about 7d. a pound. It is not considered equal to calves', but some people like it quite as well. But sheep's kidneys are better than any others. They are generally 3d. each. They come expensive, because they are small when cooked.

Brains are good. They are 3d. or 4d. a pair. Two pairs make a nice little breakfast dish.

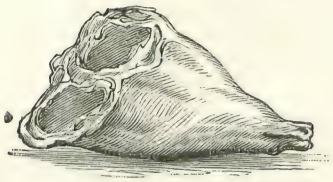
Sheep's hearts, tongues, and feet (sheep's trotters) are dressed in various ways. They are all very inexpensive. The two last are very much eaten on the Continent.

The following list will give some idea of the relative value of the joints of mutton, though prices vary very much in different localities:—

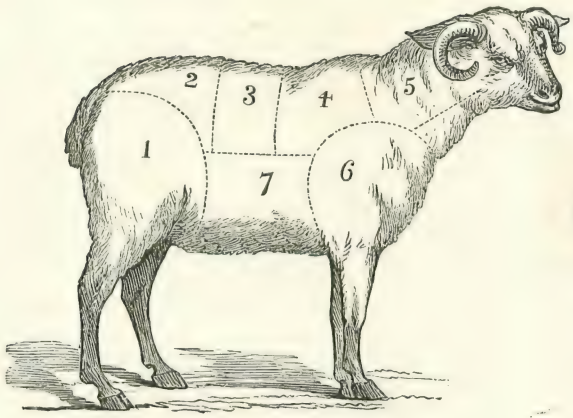
	s. d.
Legs of mutton	0 11 per lb.
Haunches	0 10½ ,,
Loins	0 10½ ,,
Saddles	0 10½ ,,
Hind quarters	0 10 ,,
Shoulders	0 8½ ,,
Whole necks	0 8 ,,
Best end of necks	0 9 ,,
Loin chops	1 2 ,,
Breasts of mutton	0 5 ,,

With regard to the quality of mutton, Bacon said:—"The flesh of muttons is better tasted where the sheep feed upon wild thyme and wholesome herbs." This is quite true; but when we are at the butcher's we cannot tell where the sheep come from, so can only take the butcher's recommendation, or judge by the look of the meat.

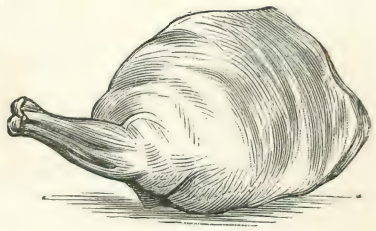
The best mutton is short-legged, small-boned, plump, with the fat white and firm, and the lean finely grained and dark-coloured. The older the mutton, the darker the colour. It is considered best when five years old, but is now generally brought to market at three. A short, plump leg of mutton, with a knob of fat on the upper part, is nearly sure to be good. It should not be eaten fresh killed,



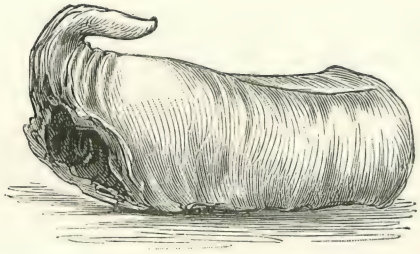
LEG OF MUTTON, WITH SHANK BONE REMOVED.



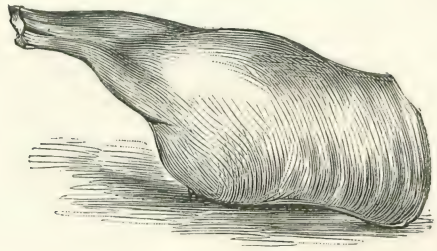
SHEEP.



SHOULDER OF MUTTON.



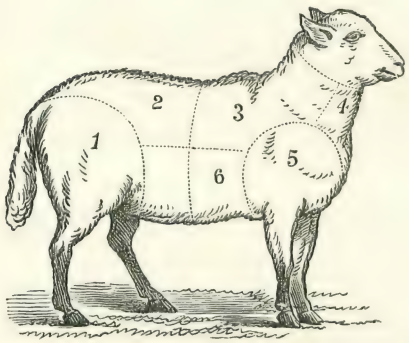
SADDLE OF MUTTON.



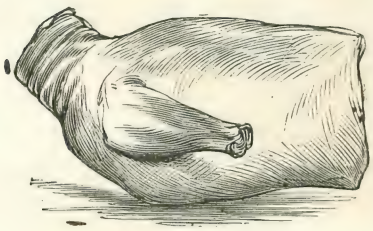
HAUNCH OF MUTTON.

MUTTON CUTLET.

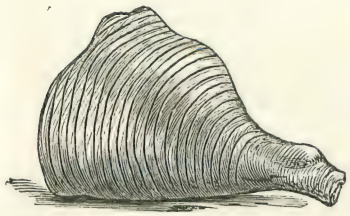
LOIN CHOP.



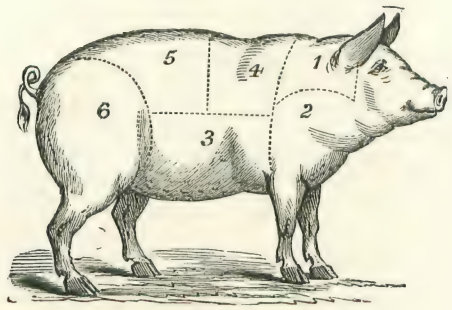
LAMB.



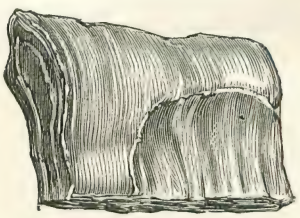
FORE QUARTER OF LAMB.



LEG OF PORK, SCORED FOR ROASTING.



PIG.



SPARE RIB OF PORK.

unless the weather is too warm to hang it at all. Never hang legs or shoulders of mutton by the knuckle, as is so often done, but by the thick end. The gravy does not then run from them. This may be applied to all meat bought for hanging.

Meat that has been frozen or packed in ice should be bought in time to be thoroughly thawed before it is cooked. Should any of my readers buy the mutton that has come from abroad in a frozen condition, they must remember that when thawed it is quite fresh, and should be hung a few days (according to the weather) before it is used.

There is not much difference in the cutting up of a lamb and a sheep, as the illustration will show.

1. The leg, for boiling or roasting.
2. The loin is roasted or cut into chops.
3. The ribs, for roasting, and the neck. Cutlets are cut from the ribs.
4. The breast, for stewing.

1 and 2 together are a hind quarter; 3 and 4 together, a target; 3, 4, and 5 together are a fore quarter. This is the joint of lamb generally liked best. For a small family it is a good plan to cut off the scrag (the top of the neck) and the shoulder, to stew the scrag or make broth of it, and to roast the target the first day and cook the shoulder the second. There is generally a larger demand for legs, shoulders, and loins of lamb than for targets or breasts, so these latter are often much cheaper in proportion; and while the target is excellent roasted, many nice dishes can be made with the ribs or breast separately.

Lambs' heads, feet, or tongues are all good well dressed. Lambs' fry makes a nice dish. It is generally sold at 1s. to 1s. 6d. a plate, but sometimes by the pound. A pound makes a good dish. Sometimes lambs' sweetbreads, which generally are with the fry, are sold separately. They are small, but good. The kidneys are left in the loins of lamb and sold with them. The price of lamb varies so much, according to season and demand, that it would be useless to give a list.

There are two kinds of lamb—"house lamb" and "grass lamb." The former is in season at Christmas, the latter comes in at Easter, and is seasonable until Michaelmas. Lamb should be small and fat (the lean pale red—the fat white); it should be eaten fresh.

It is rather appropriate that pork should follow lamb, for when one is out of season the other is in; pork is best from Michaelmas to March. The parts of a pig are named differently to the joints of a sheep, as—

1. The spare rib; a favourite dish with many people when roasted.
2. The hand; best salted and boiled.
3. The belly is salted and boiled, or rolled and baked, or roasted fresh.
4. The fore loin; roasted or for chops The ends of the chops can be used for sausage meat.
5. The hind loin; used in the same way as the fore loin. Two whole loins are a saddle.
6. The leg. It is either roasted or pickled and boiled.

The head is salted for brawn. Pigs' feet, ears, fry, and liver are all eaten, though mostly where the pigs are killed.

A piece of the belly of pork salted is the part usually bought for serving with poultry; a pound to a pound and a half is sufficient to serve for a pair of fowls. A pickled hand of pork and pease pudding I find a favourite dinner in the kitchen, and by no means an extravagant one.

I always choose a small leg of pork; I prefer one weighing less than seven pounds. When loins or legs are required for roasting, the butcher should be asked to score them, that is to say, to make cuts in the skin at regular intervals, otherwise it is impossible to carve the pork nicely—one cannot cut through the crackling.

I do not know whether it is necessary to remind readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that more care is required in the purchase of pork than of any other meat, for no meat is considered so injurious as pork that is in any degree diseased, or has been unwholesomely fed; therefore it should be bought of a perfectly reliable person.

I think good pork is, with a little observation, easily recognised. The lean should be white and finely grained, the fat very firm, and the skin thin and smooth. If the rind is thick, and cannot be easily impressed by the finger, the pork is old. If the fat is not clear—that is to say, if there are kernels in it—the animal was diseased. When fresh, pork is smooth and dry; when stale, it is clammy. Thick-necked, short-bodied, and short-legged porkers are the best. A good deal of pork comes to market from which the skin and part of the fat from the outside has been removed; this is often done when the pigs are larger and fatter than the porkers which ordinarily come to market. The meat is in no way inferior, except, perhaps, that it is a little older; but I prefer the smaller, with the skin on, especially for roasting—the crackling makes it look nice when it comes to table. Pork is considered economical, because it goes further than other meats, the grain of the flesh being very close.

When we have bought the meat we require we have one or two other things to think of at the butcher's. First, it is a good plan to order some bones now and then, to make ordinary stock with; some butchers sell them by the pound; mine does not, so I order three or six pennyworth, according to how many I want. Then suet is always being wanted in a house. The best one can buy is veal suet; but, unfortunately, it is rarely to be had, as it is generally sold in the loin. If rended it is superior to lard. The suet most used is beef at 8d. a pound; it is the best for puddings; but for many purposes I use mutton suet, which is 6d. a pound, and as it keeps better than beef suet is often convenient. We use a good deal in roasting.

Stock meat, which is a mixture of beef and veal with or without a little bone, is sold by most butchers at from 5d. to 7d. a pound. It is best to order this for making clear soups.

Salt beef is most seasonable in cool weather, but now that and pickled tongues can be had in hot weather, without fear of their being tainted, as in summer many butchers pickle by injecting the brine, so that the meat is prepared very quickly, and can be had at very short notice.

In concluding I must beg my readers to remember that I have given the prices of different things as I have found them at one or two London shops; of course, many things are cheaper and others dearer in the country, so one can but make a rough guide in this respect.

(*To be continued.*)

BUSINESS HABITS IN ORDINARY LIFE.

By the Hon. VICTORIA GROSVENOR.

We are told in the best of all books that "no man liveth unto himself." The truth of these words is brought home to us daily. Very few of our actions can be said to be without influence on others. We walk through the world with companions by our side. We hold communication with acquaintances and friends far and near. We have dealings, more or less of a formal character, as needs arise with those who can minister to our needs. Whether we will or no we make our mark. We cause others to judge us, to see in us something to imitate or something to avoid. And these others will know almost intuitively whether we are to be depended upon in matters requiring care and attention.

Now the possession of business habits is by no means the sole right of persons technically called business men, such, for instance, as bankers or merchants. The term is often and properly applied to persons, men or women, in any station of society, and following any kind of occupation or mode of life with order and precision. The term when so applied means unqualified approval, and because we may be judged rather severely in the matter of transactions with our fellow men on points about which we have simply not reflected or taken pains to inform ourselves, these few remarks of a practical nature are offered to our readers.

We will begin by recommending punctuality. This is a qualification rather regarded as a matter of chance among those whose lives are, as we fear many are, lived in a sort of chance manner. Such persons perpetually frustrate even their own schemes for pleasure or usefulness, and provoke almost to fury those among whom their lot is cast. Punctual people are not so without trouble or thought, and possibly the same means might enable the unpunctual to cure their failing.

At first let them try to be a little too early (a great deal, if need be) at the meal, the church, or the station. Let them also try to form some accurate notion of the time necessary for walking or driving a given distance, allowing a due margin for mischance. Let them avoid two snares. First, the notion that the clock is still marking the same hour as when last they looked at it. Secondly, that there is plenty of time for doing half a dozen things before they need be ready. This latter idea is full of temptation, lulling its votary so pleasantly! The best use is being made of leisure. Then, alas, comes the sad too late! More has been put into the time than it would hold. Something is done, but not what was intended, and the intention must go to pave a certain place! A word might here be said about early and punctual rising, but this subject is too large. Let us be content with pointing out that a late irregular riser begins the day badly as regards time. Let everyone make a point of punctuality in things trivial as well as essential. When it becomes habitual,

credit will soon be given for that which must conduce to the convenience and comfort of all. And punctuality may well be called the pedestal of all business.

We will now take the subject of letters, than which nothing so affects our fellow creatures. And first—could not everyone cultivate with a little painstaking a clear handwriting easy to read? What an amount of trouble would be saved to others! Who has not seen the heads of a whole family bent together in true sympathy over a small scrap of paper on which the ingenious writer had completely concealed his intended communication? Then his signature: why should he have thought it necessary to make of it a flourishing hieroglyphic the clue to which can be furnished only by himself, or by a few friends initiated in the mystery? Characteristic, perhaps—but of what? Certainly not of order or thought for others. Worse and worse; where does he live? Shall the privileged person who received his letter direct his answer, as was once done, to

A—— B—— Esq.
Illegible Scrawl,
Shiretown?

(Strange to say, the writer duly received both the rebuke and the letter.) Invitations for a particular day in the week are not unfrequently sent so written that no one is able to decipher the right day; a shot is made at the wrong one, and the matter culminates in the arrival of guests to dinner when none are expected. So much for the dangers of bad or careless handwriting.

Let us go on to the subject of dating letters. Except for the veriest note, would it not be well and quite easy to put instead of Monday or Wednesday, the day of the month and the year at the top of our letter? Some persons never know what day of the month they have arrived at. They will improve their powers by ascertaining the fact in a definite manner. Much trouble is saved in these days by the easy process of stamping addresses on note paper. When such help is wanting, let us not act as if we had some reason for hiding our unimportant whereabouts, and give our correspondent needless difficulty in ascertaining it. We sometimes hear that persons possessed of genius are not to be expected to date their letters, or, indeed, to attend to details such as occupy the attention of ordinary mortals. Well, the larger part of mankind are not dowered with genius; therefore let them rejoice that they may have regularity to put into the opposite balance. They will receive many an unspoken blessing from their fellow creatures, while the genius may be with difficulty saved from hasty expressions of a very different opinion! Let us not, however, be understood to undervalue genius, for what does not the world owe to it? We only wish to comfort the many who are without it.

But to return to letters. We will now talk of those written to strangers on matters such as asking any kind of information. The old form of presenting compliments, and writing a long letter in the third person, is nearly obsolete. It involved the writer, not perhaps a great adept at composition, in real difficulties. A perpetual escape from the personality of that supposititious being, the third person, was sought for, till the whole letter presented a jumble very difficult to make out. Now a stranger may be addressed as "Madam" or "Dear Madam;" our question, or desire for information, may be clearly stated without arrangement or circumlocution, and our signature placed after "Yours truly." But here comes a very knotty point. How is Mrs. Smith to know who "Yours truly, C. Jones" is? It may mean the Rev. or C. Jones Esq., Miss C. Jones or Mrs.? Surely "Cecilia Jones," followed by "please address Mrs. Frederick Jones," would have saved a great deal of trouble.

Next, how is Mrs. Smith to be sure that she is really the "Madam" intended in the letter? It happened when she opened her correspondence that she threw all the envelopes into the waste-paper basket, and merely kept their contents. Did she open some other person's letter by mistake? She will take one more look. No clue, alas! for the sender omitted to write Mrs. Smith's name at the foot of the letter. Had C. Jones done so, all would have been clear. We feel sure this had never occurred to C. Jones, and that we shall be forgiven for showing up the omissions in her imaginary letter. Wishing to deal our favours impartially, we are now going to find fault with Mrs. Smith. She succeeded, we do not quite know how, in finding out who C. Jones was; but she was not in possession of the information desired by her. Mrs. Smith thought she could soon obtain it, however, and took steps to do so, being a very good-natured lady. Alas! she forgot that C. Jones knew nothing of her kind intentions, and C. Jones, receiving no answer to her letter, set about getting information in another quarter. All this fresh trouble would have been saved had Mrs. Smith thought of sending an acknowledgment of the receipt of the original letter on a postcard, with a promise that the necessary information should be sent as soon as it could be obtained.

Mrs. Smith would have thus utilised and intensified her good nature as we are convinced she would have been most willing to do. Postcards fairly stout are to be obtained at 6½d. per dozen in many places. Therefore their expenses need not be a stumbling-block to anyone.

Much more may be said on the subject of correspondence, postcards, and other details of business importance, but we fear to tire our readers, and shall reserve the rest of our remarks for another time. We would earnestly entreat all persons, be their sphere what it may, to be practical and helpful, and not to neglect these apparently small matters.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

"The Whole Truth."—There is a Home of Rest at Malvern, and we think you would obtain the address of such a home as you need from the secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society. You can find the proper address in the "Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children," which you have. We should strongly advise your taking Miss Leigh's advice on the subject of going to the Continent; and think you had better write to her. In "Women and Work," published monthly by Messrs. Hatchard, there are often excellent directions as to how to manage an inexpensive holiday.

Sans Souci can hardly expect us to advise her respecting the "quickest and cheapest way to become an actress." Even if good actresses were made in a "quick and cheap" manner, "without paying a premium," as our correspondent says, we could not advise any girl to take up a career so full of temptations, struggles, and anxieties. There is no doubt that we are often called by God to positions where we have great temptations; but if so He will find us grace, and make a way to escape, that we may be able to glorify Him in our lives. Be content to choose some less dangerous career. We have no right to place ourselves in questionable positions and in difficulties, to which we are not called by a Divine Providence.

Inquirer.—We know of no books treating on the subject, and the best plan would be to attend a few lectures, such as those given on teaching, at the Home and Colonial Society, Gray's Inn Road.

Legal.—Your query had to be laid aside for further inquiries. We find that an English solicitor cannot practise in the colonies with his English certificate, but must pass an examination, and pay some extra fees. At the Cape of Good Hope the law is quite different, being "Roman Dutch," and this would, at any rate, have specially to be studied. Have you no friends from whom you could take an opinion as to the benefits to be derived from emigrating? There are plenty of Canadian lawyers in Canada, we know; and we imagine the competition would be as keen everywhere, as the colonists themselves have sons who must find professions and spheres in their own home.

A Soldier's Daughter.—We have read your letter with interest and sympathy. The origin of the firing of the three volleys over the grave of a soldier is to honour the Holy Trinity. They are fired after the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Hortense.—There have been five invasions or great landings in England, which constitute the chief landmarks in her history; *i.e.*, (1) those of Julius Cæsar, at Deal, in Kent, B.C. 55. (2) Hengist and Horsa, A.D. 449, generally called the "Saxon Invasion." (3) The Danes or Northmen, who began to land in England in 787. (4) William the Conqueror, 1066, at Pevensey, in Sussex. (5) William of Orange, 1688 (November 5th), at Torbay, in Devonshire. Each of these is generally considered to mark a fresh introduction of new blood into our race, and of changes in every way.

MUSIC.

Polyhymnia.—1. Do not be discouraged. We have known girls who have learnt harmony by themselves, and there is no end to the power of perseverance. 2. Inquire for some exercises, with a key to them. 3. Very well written indeed.

Short.—The oldest music still extant is that used in the Spanish and Portuguese synagogues. It is called the "Blessing of the Priests," and it was sung in the Temple of Jerusalem. The *Te Deum Laudamus* of St. Gregory the Great (which is generally attributed to St. Ambrose) is also very old, dating from the end of the sixth century, and has been in constant use ever since.

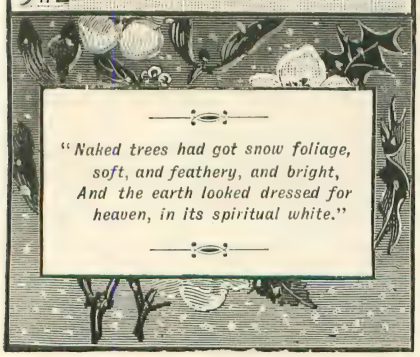
Ruthie.—Mr. Cowen's new oratorio, *Ruth*, was written expressly for the Worcester Festival. It was produced in the Cathedral. The *libretto* is arranged by Mr. Joseph Bennett, from Scripture texts, including extracts from the Book of Ruth, and portions of the Psalms. The work is entitled a "Dramatic Oratorio," and we shall no doubt hear it in London. Everyone considers it a great work, and quite worthy of its composer.

Anxiety.—It is not well to try or over-exert the voice; and you appear to forget that it is affected by the state of the general health. So, the better your health, the more satisfactory your voice will be. If you have any doubt about your digestion being in fault, you should consult a doctor. Get instructions from him as to the best diet to follow. We think that there lies the secret of your trouble.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Bo-peep.—Moths seem to be a pest greatly on the increase, probably because we are not such careful house-cleaners as our mothers. They infest the pampas grass, palms, and all the various decorations of a vegetable order that fashion at present prescribes. The only way of keeping them under, when once they have got into the house, is by constantly looking after them, and destroying the small white grubs before they have time to develop into moths. So far as we can understand, the best furriers use no other method than constant turning over and brushing of their stock, and exposing it to the fresh air and light. Shut-up cupboards in a house should always be cleaned out every two months or so; and one of the first lessons that the modern housekeeper in a "flat" has to learn, is to dismiss her fondly-hoarded rubbish, and only keep about her such things as are in daily use.

San Marco.—The newest way of making straw hats of the colour you want is not by dyeing them, but by painting them yourself with oil paint. Half a small-sized tube of oil colour should be enough. Squeeze it out, and add sufficient drying oil to make a thick liquid, like cream or treacle. Then take a good-sized brush, and paint over the hat with even strokes, working quickly, and not leaving the work when once begun. Hang it up in the open air when finished.



NANCY.—The best method of loosening the stopper in a decanter or glass bottle is to pour a little olive oil round the stopper at the mouth of the bottle. Then place it near the fire, when the heat will cause the oil to penetrate round the stopper. If not successful the first time, you must persevere, for you will ultimately succeed in getting the stopper out by this method. We suppose the finger-marks on the marble are greasy. If so, make a paste of a little whitening and some washing soda powdered very finely, and rub on the marble, eaving it to dry on for the night; next morning rub off the mixture, and polish with a very little oil.

VEVEY.—We have never found anything better to cure mosquito bites than ammonia, or spirit of hartshorn, diluted with a little water. Others use sal volatile or eau de cologne. If the bite remain swelled and puffed after the irritation has ceased, rub it with some soap liniment. It is said that a plant, the *pyrethrum*, will keep away insects of all kinds, and many people have much faith in its leaves when dried and powdered.

SEAWEED.—Large vessels of water placed in a freshly painted room will help to take away the smell, and after a time the water will be covered with a film. But the best way after all is to open all the doors and windows, and let the paint have every chance to harden.

WORK.

SUSANNAH must first trace the initials wanted on tracing paper, and then, with some blue or black tracing paper underneath them, proceed to lay them flat on the linen or handkerchief, in the exact place where she wishes the name to be drawn. Having fastened the white, the blue, or the black, and the linen firmly together with pins, she must then lay it flat on a table, and proceed to draw over the outlines of the letters with a knitting-needle or something pointed. When finished, on raising the papers she will find the letters traced in blue or black on the material.

THE DEACON.—You might retrim your black cashmere with a striped Pekin, in velvet or satin stripes, or else with one of the new brocaded woollen materials, or with a plain black silk if you be in mourning.

ONE OF FIVE SISTERS.—There are so many ways of using up scraps of plush and silk in these days, for bags of all kinds. Scent bags with a little sachet powder in them, scattered on cotton wool, are very easily made; and also small bags, inscribed with "Buttons" in outline or cross-stitch. These may be of any size or shape, so long as they will answer their purpose of holding buttons. Then there are many descriptions of "housewives" or needlecases, made in plush and silk, with flannel leaves for the needles, which you might make, and which are always saleable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LA GEANTE ANGLAISE (Ottawa).—We believe that the book you name has died a natural death, on the appearance of others. Inquire at a library. The "morning stars" is a poetical name for the angels. Bishop Parkhurst says, "That is, the holy angels, glorious and shining like the morning star." Compare 1 Kings xxii. 19, Dan. xii. 3, 1. Cor. xv. 41, St. Luke xx. 36.

YOUNG GIRL.—At your early age (fifteen years) the less you read in the way of novels the better. Better be satisfied with history and travels, in the brief space of time free for recreation in the way of reading. In any case, we can only say in such matters, consult your mother. If she sanction your reading any particular work of fiction, well and good. She will probably allow you to read those in prose and verse by Sir Walter Scott.

GLADYS.—The word "were" is employed when speaking in the conditional mood, the sign of which is the word "if." Thus you say, "If it were right to do so-and-so," not "if it was," which is positive, not conditional.

"I would I were a butterfly, born in a bower;"

not, "I would I was." Study the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus.

PLUM PIE may give lettuce leaf to the silkworms just at first, to keep them alive until she can get some mulberry leaves.

E. W. F.—The mistake, which you term a "glaring error," is not certainly on the author's side. We gave a sketch of the shield, "for peace," of the Black Prince; that is, his badge of the three ostrich feathers, and the motto belonging to that badge, as it appears on the ancient original to be seen on his tomb, "Ich diene." Where did we say that the translation of those words was "for peace"? The shield "for peace" was designed for home use at tournaments and pageants, etc., as distinguished from his shield "for war," on which he bore the quartered arms of France and England, differenced with his silver label. Read pages 240—242, Boutell's "English Heraldry;" and pages 160—165 of Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury." These will give you all the information you require. A visit to Canterbury Cathedral would also help you, and be worth the trouble.

RATTLE-CAP.—You are an infant in the eye of the law until you attain twenty-one years of age. If in the upper class of society you ought to be in the schoolroom, and go to bed early at your age (sixteen). If in a lower class you are old enough to be apprenticed to some trade, or to enter domestic service under an older and more experienced servant.

MOTHER SHIPTON.—Your verses have some merit taken separately; but you alter the metre continually, whereas the length of the corresponding lines in each verse should be invariably the same; and the beat or emphasis marking the time or cadence in each line should always fall on the same syllable as the corresponding line comes round. You could not change the bars in music from (say) four-time into three-time promiscuously; nor can you make alterations, breaking the even flow of the measure in poetry or simple verses in rhyme. The 3rd October, 1869, was a Sunday.

DOTTE.—Hamburg, founded by Charlemagne in the ninth century, is the largest of the free towns. See "Universal Geography," by the Rev. T. Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S., revised by Keith Johnston, F.R.G.S. (56, Paternoster Row, E.C.). Bremen, also a free town (*ibid.*). Lubeck, the chief of the three remaining free or hanse towns (*ibid.*), see "Students' Encyclopædia," vol. i., p. 490. Bremen, a free town of Germany; see vol. iii., p. 335 (*ibid.*). The largest of the three hanse towns; see also vol. iv., p. 144 (*ibid.*). Lubeck, a small free state in Germany; see "Manual of Dates," p. 474, by Townsend; see also "Geography Generalised," by Dr. Robert Sullivan and Dr. Samuel Haughton, pages 297 and 302. No mention is made by these several authorities of the three hanse town having "lost their freedom."

SUNFLOWER.—If you read our Answers to Correspondents you would have seen that your question has had a reply many times; see St. Luke xi. 15, and compare it with St. Mark iii. 22, 29, and 30. That last verse explains the "sin against the Holy Ghost" in plain language. All "flirting" is discreditable. There is no reason why you should not converse sensibly and without coquetry with a man, just as you would with a woman. "Flirting" is the effort to gain admiration and to fascinate, without any sincere and reasonable intention of accepting the man, should he propose. It is dishonourable, frivolous, and undignified. You may be friendly and intimate with a man, up to a certain point; but the boundary line should ever be made evident by a slight degree of maidenly reserve and maintenance of self-respect, and constant remembrance of your respective positions.

ELMET.—Publishers retain readers, in whose hands they place MS. works. On their report they decline them or arrange terms for publication. No fee is required for the reading, nor do you pay an editor for a review of a published work. This would be of the nature of a bribe, and the opinion given would be worth nothing. You must present a copy and take your chance.

F. M. J.—The word "Mizpah"—a post of observation, or a watchtower—occurs in several places in the Old Testament; *i.e.*, 1 Kings xv. 22; Joshua xv. 38; Joshua xviii. 26; Judges xx. 1; 1 Samuel xxii. 3.

INVALID.—Yes, there is one more article on occupations for invalids, besides the four in vol. ii. You will find it at page 332, vol. iii., which is the last of the series.

SYMPATHETIC kindly recommends those who have to take cod-liver oil to put a pinch of salt on the tongue both before and after every dose; saying that the taste of the oil is completely taken away by this means, and that it is recommended by a doctor.

EMILY.—There is a rest for clergy and their wives. Address, Mrs. Stanley, 7, Union Crescent, Margate, and inquire about the Clergy Seaside Rest.

CARMEN.—You do not specify to which of the Bach family you refer; but we suppose Johann Christian, who was born in 1735, and died in January, 1782.

TRIXIE.—Niccolo Paganini was the most wonderful of all violin players, as he performed pieces on one string that our most celebrated musicians needed all the strings to execute. His genius was of quite an exceptional character.

MOUNTAIN DAISY had better read her English History again. When Henry VIII. was angry with Katharine Parr for what he called arguing with him on subjects of difference in creeds, she excused herself by saying that she only endeavoured thereby to make him forget the pain in his foot.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.—Put the bronze candlestick into very hot water, and so melt the grease you wish to remove. We cannot give trade addresses. Such places are advertised in the daily papers.

"YOUNG LADY OF TWELVE."—You should ride out with your father, or brother if old enough, or else with some grown-up lady. But your mother is the right person to decide such matters for you. It is not for you to take a stranger's opinion and to regulate your conduct. The name Mozart is pronounced as spelt: Beethoven as Bet-o-ven; Chopin, as Sho-pain, the French for bread; the last syllable being nasal in French style. If you do not speak that language, we cannot explain by writing. Inquire for the duets you require at a music shop.

SPRAY of HEATHER.—The reason that we did not reply to your question is that (as we announced long ago) we cannot waste our space nor our time in continually answering uninteresting queries; and the subject of the complexion is at an end.

VOL. IX.—No. 412. NOVEMBER 19, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PORTO VENERE, SPEZIA, RIVIERA DI LEVANTE.

See page 122.

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FAIRY TALES OF THE WORLD;

OR,

HITHER AND THITHER ON A BROOMSTICK.

By NIMBUS.

INTRODUCTION.

A PASSING glance at the title of these papers might call forth the remark that fairy tales are mere tricks with which to silence children, or send them to sleep, but have no power to instruct or give pleasure to sensible girls.

Should such a sentence be pronounced, I should be sorry, as long observation has convinced me that the human mind is no more a despiser of nourishing food than is the stomach, and in one case as in the other, change from time to time is necessary in order to avoid weariness and satiety. To satisfy this longing let the magic of the imagination take for a time the place of heavy reading, let the weary brain be interested and amused with beautiful shadows on the wall.

The human mind is so constituted that it cannot be satisfied with facts alone—it has a love of the wonderful and the extraordinary which nothing can quench, and this love is confined to no age.

All must have witnessed how a child will leave its most interesting game of play for a fairy tale; I have seen the street arabs gather round one who had the power of telling a tale well, and listen with excited attention for an hour at a stretch, while instruction in any other form would so have wearied them that they would have taken the first opportunity of slinking away.

Fairy tales are not of such a nature that they could have taken place in the common everyday world; on the contrary, they idealise life, and represent it under certain conditions given to them by the imagination, and for just so long as it desires it.

There is no monotony in the life they describe, which varies according to the times, customs, and ways of thinking of the period delineated; and its interest depends greatly on the richness of the mind of the narrator.

What would a nation of thoughtful people be without fancy?

There are times when even our greatest reasoners and statesmen throw aside their facts and heavy reading, to indulge themselves in the luxury of dreaming, and to give rein to their imagination.

As a rule, the tone of fairy tales is good and pleasant to every class of mind; and to those who look below the surface, a large amount of knowledge is to be gained of the struggles and temptations of the peoples in ages gone by, as well as of the character of their occupations and surroundings.

Such, I hope, may be found in the following, which in many ways of telling I have heard from very old people of the Black Forest, and which I shall call—

THE HEART OF STONE;

OR,

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL.

PART I.

IN the days of long ago, even as now, the inhabitants of the Black Forest were worth studying. They were readily distinguished from other people by their dress, their manners, and their occupations. They were somewhat rough in their ways; but they had the character of being honest, earnest, and straightforward.

Their dress was picturesque. Those who were glassblowers and clockmakers lived chiefly in that part of the Forest which belonged to Baden, and were easily recognised by their pointed hats with broad brims, long black waistcoats, enormous pantaloons, and red stockings. Many of them had that sort of education which much travelling gives, for they were compelled to visit foreign lands in order to find markets for their clocks.

In another part of the Forest dwelt people of the same race, but owing perhaps to occupation they differed greatly from those already described.

These were woodcutters and charcoal burners, and were often seen floating their rafts of long timber down the Neckar and the Rhine. As a rule, the men wore long dark linen waistcoats, green braces about the width of a hand over the breast, breeches of black leather, and boots which came up over the knee, and were perhaps the largest ever worn by man.

These two branches of the same race, differing as they did in many ways, were alike in that they had a firm belief in the supernatural; and there was not one inhabitant who did not acknowledge the existence of a good and evil influence ever active in their Forest. The first of these, whenever it took bodily shape, assumed that of a very little man whose form was of the finest glass, and those who had had a passing glance of him averred that his garments were exactly like those of the glassblowers, only that they were made of glass. The second or evil influence went by the name of Giant Michael, and was said to move about in the dress of the woodcutters.

With these few words of explanation I beg you to come with me; the travelling shall cost you but sixpence a month, and whether it be on a broomstick or by means of a magic wand, your comfort shall be considered.

Our first resting-place shall be with a party of charcoal burners in the Black Forest, and we will listen to what they can tell us of the two spirits of the Forest, and their influence upon the inhabitants.

"Oh, yes," said one of the charcoal burners, in answer to a question put by me; "some of us are getting old now, but we could all tell you of wonderful things done by the little Glass-man and Giant Michael—not that we ever saw them, for they don't abide with us in bodily shape so much now as in the days gone by; but our fathers and grandfathers used to tell with hushed voices, as we sat round these charcoal fires, what they had seen and heard of them and their doings till we were most afraid to stir. I very well remember hearing my grandfather tell about one of his comrades, who had dealings with both of these Forest spirits; and if you would like to hear the story I'll do my best to tell it as he told it to me."

"Thank you, that is just what we should like," and having settled ourselves into an attitude of attention, the old man began—

"Just across yonder lived the widow of a charcoal burner with one son; he was a dissatisfied, discontented sort of fellow, always hankering after fine clothes and money. Instead of spending his evenings at home when work was done, he passed them at the village public-house with idle, disreputable companions.

"This foolish young fellow, whose name was Wilhelm Murmell, spent his days and nights in useless longings for money; he began to neglect his work, for which he was losing all taste, and thought over every plan for making haste to be rich.

"All at once the thought darted through his mind that he had heard his father speak of some neighbours who had become suddenly rich by appealing either to the little Glass-man or to Giant Michael; and he determined to ask his mother to tell him all she knew of the former and his power.

"She had not much to communicate, but that little was important. He dwelt in the highest part of the Forest, and would only appear to those who were born on a Sunday between eleven and two, and who addressed him in proper form; and in this respect he (Wilhelm) was a suitable person, having been born on a Sunday at midday.

"Overjoyed at this thought, they tried to call to mind the rhyme, for they certainly had heard it at some time or another, but without avail—they could only manage the first two lines.

"Nothing daunted, Wilhelm one day put on his Sunday best, and, without a word to anyone, set forth on his journey to the high firs, which occupied a space about two miles in circumference.

"There was no house near, for the people were superstitious, and considered it would be unsafe to live in the neighbourhood. The

trees here were certainly the finest in the Forest, but no one cared to cut them down, for any attempt to do so had invariably been followed by misfortune. This, perhaps, accounted for the size and thickness of the firs, which caused midday to be almost as dark as night; and, there is no denying it, Wilhelm began to tremble, and was exceedingly afraid. Not a sound of voice or footfall disturbed the silence; the very birds avoided the spot.

"At length the young man found himself before a tree of wonderful size, and concluded that this must be the dwelling-place of the little Glass-man. So he took off his Sunday hat and made a deep bow, saying, in a low and trembling tone—

"'I wish you good evening, sir.'

"Not a word came in answer, everything was absolutely silent.

"'Perhaps,' said Wilhelm, 'I had better try to repeat the lines,' and began—

'Keeper of treasure in the Forest so green,
Hundreds of years our king thou hast been.'

Here he paused, for he knew no more, and looking up he saw a wonderful little figure peeping from behind the tree. Sure enough, he was as he had heard him described! Very small, with pale, refined face, dressed in black waistcoat and red stockings; but he had scarcely a moment to note all this, for the figure vanished, and to no entreaty would appear again. But a little squirrel hopped about from branch to branch, which, strange to say, frightened Wilhelm, for it seemed to have the face of a human being, and with quick step he turned to go. The darkness became denser, the trees seemed to have grown thicker together, and in his fright he took a wrong path. Footsore and weary, he knew not which way to turn, when the barking of a dog and the sight of a hut gave him hope.

"This hut was occupied by an old man, his son and son's wife, and their children, who made Wilhelm welcome, and offered him a night's lodging and food, without even asking his name or place of abode.

"After the evening meal the mother and daughters occupied themselves with spinning, and the boys with carving wooden spoons and forks, while the three men smoked and looked on. The room was lighted and warmed by splints of firs dipped in resin, and had altogether a very cheerful appearance.

"There was a fearful storm without, and when the boys wanted to go outside to witness it the old grandfather held them back, saying—

"'If you value your lives, boys, go not out to-night, for Giant Michael is abroad and busy.'

"'All right, grandfather,' was the answer, 'we will remain in, and go on with our work if you will tell us a tale about this giant.'

"This request was seconded by Wilhelm, who was anxious to know who and what he was.

"'He is the evil spirit of our Forest, and not to know him proves you to have come from afar,' he said, turning to the charcoal burner. 'You must know that in these days we are nothing like so honourable as were our forefathers. The love of money, and the turning of our Sundays into days of drinking, dancing, and gambling have altered the character of our people for the worse; and for all this, there is no doubt about it, Giant Michael is answerable. It is he who has cast the money broadcast in the land, and the price paid for it, if all be true, is a very awful one—it is that of the soul! For hundreds of years he has made the Forest his home, and on nights such as this he is abroad and active. His strength is prodigious; he can snap a tree asunder as though it were a reed, and woe to him who puts himself in his power!'

"While talking and listening the storm abated, and they all went to rest. For Wilhelm the good-wife had placed a sack of dry leaves by the fireplace, saying, as she wished him good night—

"'I hope you will sleep well.'

"This, however, he could not do, for he was harassed and troubled by dreams, which were so like realities that he knew not what to think.

"He dreamed that Giant Michael pushed open the window, and with a long arm handed him a purse full of gold pieces; and as they fell one over the other by his side the look and the sound caused him the utmost delight. At the same moment his attention was attracted to what looked like the little Glass-man riding round the room on a green glass bottle, and quietly laughing to himself. The confusion in Wilhelm's mind was very great, for two different voices were speaking to him at the same moment. One, hoarse and almost threatening, shouted into his left ear—

"'The Giant has gold!
You can have it if you will!
The price is very small
For gold, gold, gold!'

while into his right ear there came a gentle, musical voice, saying—

"'Stupid Wilhelm! Stupid Wilhelm! you a Sunday child, and not able to make a rhyme!'

"The poor fellow sighed, and groaned with the struggle between the two spirits. He used every endeavour to complete the verse, with which to approach the Glass-man, but in vain, and with the dawn he awoke unrefreshed and troubled.

"After a word of thanks to the kind people who had sheltered him, he departed, determining not to return home till he had made one more trial with the Glass-man.

"As he drew near the thick trees he sank on his knees with fright, for there, approaching him with immense strides, was the Giant Michael—of that he felt sure; his face was all furrowed and wrinkled, and his dress was that of a woodcutter.

"'What are you doing here, charcoal burner?' asked the Giant, in loud and angry tones.

"'I am passing through the Forest on my way home,' said Wilhelm, trembling in every limb.

"'That is false,' said Michael, looking at him in a way that turned the poor fellow to stone. 'If you try to deceive me,' said he, in a thundering voice, 'I will strike you to the ground. Did I not hear you whining and begging to my enemy the Glass-man? Well for you you did not know the words with which to reach him. You are a poor sort of creature, and I am sorry for you. Why, you have scarcely a penny in the world.'

"'That's true,' said Wilhelm.

"'Well,' said the other, 'I have often helped fellows out of their difficulties. Tell me how many hundreds of pounds you want to begin with.'

"As he said this he dipped his hands into his pockets, but Wilhelm bethought him of what the old man at the hut had said, and plucking up courage answered—

"'Thank you, sir, but I do not want any money of you,' and took to his heels, for he was frightened.

"Michael was beside him in a moment, and shouted into his ear—

"'You shall repent this, and shall not escape. You are mine—I see it in your eyes, and in your lying words. I cannot follow you now, for'—pointing to a grave—'that is the boundary of my territory.'

"Wilhelm in a moment leaped to the other side of the grave; and Michael attempting to strike him with the long pole he always carried with him it broke in two, one part falling just in front of the young man.

"This he took up, intending to use it as a defence; but, to his horror, he found that, instead of a stick, it was a long serpent, which wound itself round and round his arm, and was about to embrace his head when a large mountain bird swooped down on the serpent, taking its head in its beak, and flew away with it.

"The Giant, who witnessed it, was in a frightful rage, for the serpent was destroyed by one mightier.

"More dead than alive, Wilhelm crawled on to the Glass-man. There was no doubt about it, the way thither had become steeper and more rugged, wilder and more dangerous since his last visit, and yet that was made but yesterday.

"Reaching at length the big tree, he again made his obeisance, and began—

"'Keeper of treasure in our Forest so green,
Hundreds of years our king thou hast been;
Grant me to see thy friendly face—
For I am a Sunday child.'

"'That is not the proper form in which to address me, and rhyme it is none, but thou hast tried,' said a pure and gentle voice close to him. It was a wonderful figure he beheld as he looked up—so tiny, so perfect, so bright and dazzling; his beard was of spun glass, and a pipe of blue glass was in his mouth.

"'And so you met the Giant in the way, and were frightened? Well, I have crippled his cudgel; he won't be able to use that again.'

"'Yes, sir, I was very frightened. Were you the big bird that took the serpent away? Oh, sir, I thank you!'

"'Well, what do you want of me?'

"'I have come to ask advice and help of you, for I am very poor and miserable, and wanting almost everything.'

"'Your father and grandfather were honest and honourable workpeople; I hope it is not love of idleness which has brought you to me.'

"Wilhelm replied, hurriedly—

"'No, not idleness; but I want to improve my position—I want to be more like my better-off neighbours.'

"'Pride comes before a fall,' said the Glass-man. 'Human beings are a wonderful race—they are never content with their lot. If, however, you are willing to work I can help you, for Sunday children are my special care, and it is in my power to grant three wishes to those who seek me. The first two are free, the third I can withhold if I think it foolish or hurtful.'

"'Well, then,' said Wilhelm, 'as I have three I will for the first ask that I may dance well, be admired in company, and have plenty of money in my pocket.'

"'Thou fool!' said the Glass-man; 'shame on thee so to waste your opportunities. One wish still remains free to you—see that it be not foolish.'

Wilhelm thought for a moment, and then said—

"'I should like to be the owner of the most beautiful glass factory in the Black Forest, with everything proper for its working.'

"'Otherwise, nothing?' asked the little Glass-man, with anxious look; "nothing else, Wilhelm?'

"'Well, yes, I should like a carriage and horses.'

"'Oh, fool, fool! To think that thou shouldst have it in thy power to get understanding, knowledge, love, happiness, and hast squandered it away for carriage and horses! Go thy way,' said the spirit of the firs; 'here is a purse, and with that be content, for if thou come to me again for more I will hang thee on the highest tree. Before three days are over there will be a glass factory for sale; go and make an offer for it. Be careful and industrious, be honest and honourable if thou canst. Beware of the village inn, and avoid the companions who meet there.' So saying he vanished, and Wilhelm was left alone.

(*To be continued.*)

THOSE TROUBLESOME TWINS.

CHAPTER II.

It was about a fortnight later. We had seen nothing of Nat, and on inquiry I found that his mother had sent him away to stay with an old couple who had always been kind to him, and on whose small farm he sometimes worked. They lived at a village named Storton, about five miles distant from Ripleydean, and I felt very relieved to think the poor idiot was thus not likely to come in contact with the children for a time.

I blamed myself very severely for ever having allowed Nat to associate with them; but he had been so quiet and docile, and seemed so pleased to amuse them—while they, too, had liked him—that I had never dreamt he would do things underhandedly, and threaten them if they told me. But I soon began to find out he had been trying to teach them to be very deceitful, and I was thus doubly glad I had resolved not to employ him any more while they were with me.

Ripleydean Fair was always held on the twenty-fourth of June, and, as usual on that day, I determined to allow Susan to have a holiday.

My house was situated about a mile from the village itself, and nearly two miles from the large field in which the fair was held. The only habitation near mine was a small cottage about a stone's throw from the end of the garden, where a very respectable man and woman resided. This man, by name Jacob Hollins, did the principal portion of my gardening, while his wife acted as charwoman when on occasion Susan required assistance in the performance of her household duties. While I was away from home they always slept in my house as company for Susan, who was rather nervous; and when Susan went for her annual holiday, Jacob and his wife always took up their residence with me, in order to keep me company.

They informed me they were both going to the fair, and soon after ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fourth my twin nephews and I stood at the gate, and watched Susan, in company with Jacob and his wife, walking gaily down the lane in the direction of the village.

"And we're going to be all alone, Auntie Nance," said Steve, with a bright little laugh. "What fun!"

"What shall we do all day?" inquired Bert.

I thereupon suggested they should have their morning's lesson first, and play afterwards.

Every morning for about an hour they read to me, wrote a short copy in some copy-books I had bought for their special use, and did a few simple addition sums. I must acknowledge they were very backward for their age, but I soon discovered this was only from the very spasmodic and desultory way in which they had been taught by their old nurse (it was very rarely their father took them in hand), and before they had been with me a month I could detect a great improvement in their reading and writing, though they would not give much attention to arithmetic.

"It's all stupid old nonsense, auntie," Stevie would say; "and we hate it—don't we, Bert?"

On this, the morning of the fair, they were restless and fidgety, so after about half an hour's study I allowed them to go out and play on the lawn. I joined in their game of ball for a time, but, running about not being much in my line, I soon grew tired of play, and went indoors to make a gooseberry pie.

Happening to peep through the kitchen window, and seeing what I was about, Stevie came running in, followed by Bert, and begged to be permitted to pick the gooseberries for me.

"We may eat a few, auntie," said Bert, as, both enveloped in aprons, they sat down at the table, and proceeded to "head and tail" the fruit.

"A few," I said, "but not many. They are not ripe enough yet."

The process of pie-making interested them a great deal, and when, about a couple of hours later, we sat down to dinner, they declared there never was such a pie, and I must admit they did justice to it.

Dinner being over and cleared away, the boys, of course, helping all they could, I told them to sit out in the shade for awhile with their picture-books, and I was going upstairs to a small room which I kept as a sort of workroom, there to do some dressmaking.

It was a tiresome job—an attempt at converting an old dress into a new one by the aid of new trimming and turning the material itself.

The boys were very quiet downstairs for a time; but just as I left my little workroom in order to go into another room at the side of the house, where I kept my machine, I glanced out of window, and saw they were commencing to play again.

From the open window of the room in which I kept my machine I could hear them laughing and shouting, but could not see them, because of a portion of wall which jutted out on a level with the window, and a little to the left of it. The house was very old-fashioned and peculiarly constructed, and this wall to which I have alluded belonged to the washhouse, which had been built on by the last occupiers.

By-and-by, whether it was from the effects of my romp with the boys in the morning or because I detested dressmaking, I do not know—but almost unconsciously I let my work fall from my hands, and, sinking back in a lounge chair by the open window, I fell asleep.

I must have slept half an hour when a little cry from the garden—not of terror, but of surprise—roused me.

I could not thoroughly wake myself; I was still too drowsy; but in this comatose state I suddenly found myself listening, like one in a dream, to the voices of the two boys, who I could tell were round at the further side of the washhouse.

The air was so still and quiet I could plainly hear their conversation, even though their voices were scarcely raised above the ordinary pitch.

"I say, Bert, what shall we do? Auntie will be angry."

It was Stevie's voice, and I found myself wondering in a dreamy way what they had been doing.

"Couldn't we get it up?" replied Bert, anxiously. "I say, Steve, I think I'll climb down and get it. I'm sure I could, and auntie needn't know."

"Oh, no, Bert; you shan't go; I'll go, because I'm a better climber than you are, and I dropped it down, too. Look here; I'll get in the bucket and cling to the chain, and let myself down, and then if you can't pull me up, I'll climb up, like Nat used."

A sudden fear rushed through me, and with a desperate effort I shook off my drowsiness, and, hastening out of the room, went into my little workroom, where I knew I could see the boys. I pushed up the window as high as it would go, and leant out, calling loudly—

"Boys, what are you doing?"

And then I almost fainted with terror; for I caught a glimpse of floating yellow curls disappearing down the old disused well. Bert was sitting on the grass by the side, looking amused and unconcerned; but suddenly he jumped up with a yell of fear, and screamed—

"Auntie! Auntie!"

Snap at that moment went the old rusty chain, and with a sickening sense of horror and half fainting, I rushed down the stairs and out of doors.

"Auntie!" cried Bert, his little face white as death and his blue eyes full of terror, "auntie, it's Steve! He's down there"—pointing down the well—"and the chain's broke! Oh, where's he gone to, I wonder? Steve! Steve, old boy!" he shouted, leaning over the well so far that I caught hold of him and held him tightly, for fear he should fall in; "Steve! can't you call out and tell us where you are?"

I looked down into the dreary depths of blackness, and shuddered. What to do or how to act I did not know. At length I remembered in an outhouse we had a coil of thick rope, and procuring this, I tied one end of it to an iron spoke there was in the ground close by, and let the other, with a stone tied on to it, down the well, calling wildly—

"Steve! Steve! catch hold of this if you can, and hold yourself up till we get help!"

But there was no reply. I was nearly frantic with terror and anxiety, and poor little Bert sobbed piteously. In a few minutes I drew the rope up again. It was nearly fifteen feet in length, but it had not touched water; the stone on the end was perfectly dry. How deep was the well, I wondered. Perhaps all the water was dried up. It had been very hot, dry weather for some weeks, and the water in the other well was rather low. Oh, could he possibly be alive! Surely the force of the fall would kill him, even if the well was dry. My poor little Stevie!

"We must get help!" I exclaimed; and yet how to obtain it I did not know. I felt either I or Bert ought to stay by the well, in case perhaps poor Stevie should only be stunned by the fall, and should attempt to ascend the rope, which I had cast down again.

"Oh, let me go and get someone, auntie," cried Bertie. "I'll go down to the village, and perhaps I'll find Nat. He'd soon get Steve out!"

Thinking perhaps it would be better and safer for me to watch by the well, I allowed Bert to go for help. He ran off at the top of his speed, and I waited, praying with all my heart that God would save Steve.

The agony of suspense I went through while Bert was away can be better conceived than described.

Vainly—oh, how vainly!—did I call to poor Stevie. There was not a sound. I dropped a pebble down the well. What an eternity it seemed before in the far distance I heard a slight, slight splash, which told me there was water far, far down in the well! At last I could endure the suspense no longer. I felt I must know whether or not help was coming. What would I not have given to have had Nat Greenfield at hand!

I ran out of the garden, and on down the lane. On, on I went, until a slight decline in the road hid the house from me, and then not very far off I espied in the distance Bert and two men approaching. My little nephews, I must inform the reader, had excited a great deal of interest in Ripleydean, and had soon become well known.

I beckoned frantically to the men, and to

my relief saw one of them catch little Bert up in his arms, and on they came at a great rate towards me. I did not wait for them to catch me up; but ran back home, and was leaning over the well when they arrived, breathless, but eager to do all they could to try and save poor Steve.

One of the men was a well digger, and, before deciding what to do, he carefully leant over the well and examined its sides.

"H'm!" he said, "the bricks is half on 'em bulged out, or else gone entirely. Thinks I could cloimb down that easy. At all events, I'd sooner cloimb than trust my big body to that rope," pointing to the rope I had thrown down the well.

"I don't mind what you do!" I answered excitedly; "only do be quick; and if you can but save the boy you shall never regret the day. I'll reward you handsomely."

"Oh, 'taint that I'm thinkin' of," was the reply. "Lord bless the little 'un, I'd soive 'un if I could, if I weren't to get a penny for 't! But what's that shiny thing on that 'ere ledge?" he asked, suddenly, pointing a little way down the well.

"Oh!" cried Bert, "that's what Steve went down the well for. It's auntie's telescope that she lends us to play with, and Steve dropped it when he was looking down to try and find what it was like down there."

"But the cover of the well was chained down!" I exclaimed. "Did you undo it, Bert, when I told you not to?"

"No, auntie, it was undone, and the cover was half off, so we on'y pulled it back a little way." And his tears flowed afresh.

I thought this very strange, as every night and morning I made a point of seeing the cover was fastened firmly down, and that morning I felt certain it had not looked different than usual. However, this was not a time for a controversy, so I said no more, but watched as the well digger began to descend the well, taking a long crooked stick with him.

He passed into the blackness below, and with eyes and ears strained we waited and watched. It seemed an age before he reappeared, and then—oh, horror!—he was alone.

"Why haven't you got Steve?" screamed Bert. "Auntie, what did he leave Steve in that dreadful black hole for?" And he clung, weeping, to my dress.

The man was now at the top, and in another moment was at our side. He shook his head dismally.

"'Taint no use, mum!" he said, and I could see the tears in his honest brown eyes. "I went down right to th' water, and I plunged this 'ere stick in—there's a good four foot o' water there, I reckon, and the stench is summat awful! The little 'un ain't alive, mum: depend on't he's sunk to th' bottom!"

Poor little Bert! He screamed and sobbed so, I could do nothing with him.

"Oh! don't you think there's any hope?" I asked, anxiously.

"No, mum!" he replied, then turning to the other man who stood by, he said—"Here, Jim, you go and see what 'tis loike down there. Niver went down such a well afore. Why, mum," and once more he turned to me, "in some places 'tis as narrer as possible, and in others it's got great gaps in the side nigh big enough for a man to crouch in! And sure enough there's been bricks pulled away to form a sort o' resting place, as though someone had allus cloimbed down there, and made sort o' steps by pulling th' bricks out here and there."

Bert had suddenly ceased crying, and was listening intently to the man.

"Auntie," he whispered, when the man called Jim had begun to descend the well, taking a longer stick with him than the well-digger, "auntie, Nat told us he made those

"'TAINT NO USE, MUM!' HE SAID."

places in the well 'cos he liked going down there, and he used to go down very often 'cos he said it was so cold there."

"You haven't seen anything of Nat to-day, Bert?" I inquired.

"No!" And then poor Bert began to cry and sob again, and we could not comfort him.

Jim came up from the well with much the same report as the well-digger, and after lingering awhile and receiving a reward for their services, they took their departure.

I knew Jacob Hollins and his wife would be home early from the fair, and Susan also had promised to leave when they did. But I need scarcely say that, although they arrived home by seven o'clock, the time to little Bert and me seemed interminable. Bert would not leave the well; and as I could not leave him there alone, I took a chair out, and there we stayed, calling—"Stevie! Stevie!" from time to time, and waiting vainly for a reply.

Jacob Hollins immediately suggested he should go to Ardendean, a town three miles distant, which had a large pond, and by the side of this pond a boathouse with all the necessary hooks, etc., for rescuing drowned people. I accepted his offer gladly; and we—that is to say, Susan, Mrs. Hollins, little Bert, and myself—stood round the well, all of us crying bitterly, and awaited Jacob's return.

"Ah!" sobbed Susan, "he's a little angel now, dear," putting her arm round Bert caressingly.

"An angel!" and Bert looked up in wonder. "Susan, how can he be an angel? He didn't go up to heaven, he fell down this horrid old well! He'll have to come up again before he can be an angel!"

Not all we could say could drive this peculiar notion out of little Bert's head; and when, by-and-by, I insisted on his going indoors, because I knew the men from the boathouse were close at hand, he kept on saying—

"How can Steve be an angel? Angels don't live down a well, do they, auntie?"

I made him drink some tea, and talked to him quietly; but no amount of persuasion would induce him to go to bed. Susan came in and sat with him, and I slipped out unperceived to hear the result of the search. I never doubted but they had drawn up Steve's poor little body, and when they declared they could find no sign or trace of it I was puzzled beyond measure.

"Are you sure, mum, the little boy fell down the well?" asked one of the men, respectfully.

Whereupon I repeated the circumstances of the case, and said I myself had seen him disappear down there, and seen and heard the chain snap.

"Well," he replied, "it's very strange; that's a queer old well—the sooner it's bricked up the better, I should think. The only way in which I can account for our not finding the boy's body is that there's a deep hole in one part of the bottom of the well, and that leads goodness knows where. Strikes me, p'raps he fell into that—at all events, mum, you won't ever get him back again!"

"Don't you think anything else can be done?" I asked Jacob Hollins, after the men had gone. He shook his head.

"No, mum," he said, decidedly. "It's my opinion 'tain't a morsel o' use; but p'raps the little boy's father could suggest summat."

"I'm afraid not," I replied, sadly, "considering he is away on the Continent, and I don't even know his address. However, I will write to his office in town, and perhaps the letter will be forwarded."

That was the truth. I did not know my brother-in-law's address. He had been married a fortnight before, and with his pretty wife had gone abroad for the honeymoon. I wondered what he would think, and whether or not he would severely blame me for having allowed the children out of my sight. He was very fond of them in a way, but he disliked worry of any sort, and rarely took much notice of them. He always spoke of them as "those troublesome twins;" and yet I always fancied that at heart he must have been secretly proud of his handsome boys.

On the following morning I wrote and told him of the sad occurrence, addressing the letter to his office, and writing outside, "Important—please forward."

All that day little Bert and I were besieged with sympathetic visitors, and the news of our darling little Steve's sad death was the one topic of conversation for miles around.

Bert was very pale and sad. There were dark rings beneath his blue eyes, and every now and then he would cling to me and sob piteously. I had had him in my room that night, sleeping on a little cot by my side, but it was morning before, utterly exhausted, he sank to sleep.

"Auntie," he said, "I'm going to sleep in your room again to-night, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, kissing him tenderly, and choking back the tears which would keep rising, as I thought of the lonely little fellow having to live without poor Steve.

"But, auntie, I'm not going to bed till ever so late," he said, decidedly. "I won't go; because I want to set up and see Steve come out of the well, and go right up to heaven. He can't be an angel while he's down there. He'll have to come up first."

Again I vainly tried to dispel this peculiar notion from the child's brain; but he was obdurate, and nothing I could say could induce him to think otherwise. Neither could I persuade him to go to bed. He sat up by the window in a chair, and screamed when I went to draw down the blinds, until at last, not knowing what to do, I sat down by his side and held his little trembling hands.

It was nearly ten o'clock. The moon was full, and was shining down brightly, lighting up the garden and the bushes that grew near the old well, down which poor Steve had fallen.

"Bert," I said, entreatingly, "do come to bed, dear."

"No," he screamed, "I won't. I'll wait and see poor Steve. I know he'll come presently."

His blue eyes, so strained and tearless, were fixed on the bushes by the old well, and at length, I knew not why, but I also found myself gazing with a strange fascination in the same direction.

I drew him gently on my knee, and, placing my arm round him, I could feel his little heart was beating wildly. For a moment I withdrew my eyes from the window, and glanced shudderingly round the room, and then suddenly I felt him start violently, and, leaning forward, he panted like a wounded dove.

"What is it, Bert, darling?" I cried, in an agony of terror and excitement. I was afraid he was going to have a fit, or something.

"Look," he whispered, pointing out into the garden to the disused well, "there he is."

I could have screamed, for as my eyes followed the direction of the child's finger, I saw a dim, childlike form, and the moonbeams shining on a cluster of yellow curls. It was Steve!

Before I could stop him, Bert had rushed from the room, and, calling wildly to Susan, I followed him.

(To be concluded.)

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XI.

SCHOOL.

EDITH did not know what absolute loneliness meant until she found herself at tea with Bruce. Thanks to Mrs. Aspenel, she had got through the day tolerably well. That lady had told her that she would not expect her at dinner until she had mentioned the subject to her father, so she and Bruce were sole companions. No Janet; no Nurse True. How desolate it was! But solace came when she least expected it.

"I'll be a good boy, Edith, and learn all my lessons, if you'll let me sleep with you. Ellen says I shan't, and I say I will—in Janet's bed, in your room," said Bruce, a slice of bread-and-butter in one hand, a cup of milk in the other.

"You shall, if you will promise to love Janet," replied Edith.

"I wish Janet was back, I do," said Bruce, putting down the cup and rubbing his sleeve across his eyes. "I want to play, I do."

Up rose Edith and embraced Bruce, and then and there told Ellen, the under nurse, that Master Bruce might sleep in her room for once, if Mrs. Aspenel had no objection. And thus it came to pass that Bruce occupied Janet's bed, side by side with Edith's, instead of his own in Nurse True's room, and Edith was consoled.

Meanwhile, what of Janet? She had just reached her destination. After an enjoyable journey, much good advice from True, and all the excitement of expectation, she found herself at the door of a good-sized house, which overlooked the Severn and its surrounding woods. "This is much more beautiful than The Park!" she cried, enthusiastically, when Nurse True had rung the bell.

No sooner were they in the hall than out came the loveliest lady Janet had ever seen, so she thought; and she was not far wrong. She shook hands with

Nurse True; kissed Janet on both cheeks, paid the cabman, told him to assist the maid in carrying up the luggage, and did it all so rapidly that even Nurse True was surprised. There was a foreign accent on the English, otherwise, Janet thought, with some disappointment, she need not have been a Frenchwoman at all. "Still," she argued to herself, "I have never seen anyone like her." She was right. Madame de Belleville, at about forty, retained the beauty and vivacity of half that age. She was of medium height, stout with that embonpoint characteristic of her countrywomen, round-faced, and clear complexioned. Her eyes were large and of that pure, transparent hazel which always emits a golden light; while they, and her somewhat wide mouth, seemed to be ever smiling together. Her hair was grey before its time, and she wore it in large, short curls, which became her well. It was surmounted by no cap, but drawn up to the crown and fastened by a tortoiseshell comb.

She took her new arrivals upstairs to a double-bedded room, and begged them to take off their things preparatory to tea. Nurse True demurred.

"I have made this apartment prepared for you both to-night. You will sleep here, madame, and when you leave to-morrow, the dear child will be already reconciled to her new home, and will have made de acquaintance of her companions."

Saying this, Madame de Belleville tapped Janet on the cheek, and left the room.

"Isn't she a love? isn't she a dear?" cried Janet.

"If only her teaching and example is as honest as her face, she certainly is," replied Nurse True, reflectively. "I had a prejudice, but it is half gone already."

It was wholly gone before long. Madame soon re-appeared, and led them downstairs, talking all the while. She took them into a comfortable dining-room, where a gentleman and three young ladies were seated at tea.

"Here she is, *mon ami;* here she is, *mes enfans!*" she exclaimed, leading Janet, first to M. de Belleville, and then to each of the girls.

"*Vous parlez Français? Non!* Den you must be my *poing de côté* at table, till you speak *couramment*. What de English of dat, Lizzie?" said monsieur, shaking hands. "Fluently, monsieur," was the ready answer of a fair girl about Janet's age, who received her with an air of patronage and looked her well over.

Several remarks passed in French, while madame seated Janet and Nurse True before an omelette and a haricot, cooked in true French fashion. These remarks were complimentary to Janet. She was considered very pretty, and, strange to say, exceedingly like madame. The girls talked freely in French with true Parisian accent.

"She resembles you greatly, *ma mie*," said monsieur, contemplating the new comer with increased interest.

M. de Belleville's English was far less perfect than his wife's, for, being also a teacher of his own language, and a lecturer therein, he made a conscience of speaking it to his pupils, and rarely indulged in—or aired, as it is now the custom to say—his English. He was a tall, thin, sallow, black-eyed black-haired man, every inch a Frenchman, and every inch a gentleman. He was, as Lady Ascham had said, "of the old *noblesse*," and he and his charming wife had a sorrowful story hidden down deep below the cranny whence issued their easy and pleasant manners. Mr. or Mrs. John Bull would not have finished off a long train of misfortunes so airily as did these strays of a revolution, but would probably have proclaimed their grievances by their countenances: while our new acquaintances either concealed, ignored, or forgot theirs.

As soon as the young ladies had finished their tea, they disappeared, to the great relief of the travellers, who felt uncomfortable beneath their scrutiny and foreign tongue. Janet knew enough of French to interpret some of their remarks, and understood when madame bade them be cautious. But she perceived that they were perfectly at ease.

"I will leave you to finish your repast," said madame, and she and monsieur withdrew.

"It is not like a school. They won't be strict enough," moralised Nurse True, while Janet made a fine tea.

"It is not a school, 'only classes.' I poked that out of Mrs. Aspenel," said Janet. "You weren't strict with me, old True!"

"Better if I had been, perhaps, my dear: but I couldn't find in my heart to punish you poor motherless children."

When they had finished tea, madame re-appeared, and suggested that they should arrange Janet's wardrobe. Accordingly they went upstairs again. Just as they were entering their room, they were accosted by the fair girl called Lizzie.

"I can tell you what to do, for I am to sleep with you," she said, unceremoniously preceding them. "I gave up my bed for the night, and am to share Bella's. We shan't have too much room, but it will be great fun. This is your chest of drawers and washstand, near your bed, and these are mine. We have the wardrobe between us. We must be tolerably tidy, but madame isn't too neat herself. The French never are, you know."

Nurse True uplifted her hands and exclaimed, "Then who teaches you good habits, my dear?"

Lizzie, having learnt Nurse True's position, was slightly offended by this familiar question, and answered curtly—

"Nobody. They come naturally to ladies."

"Indeed they do not! I am very untidy, but perhaps I'm not a lady. I should have no habits at all but for Nurse True," said Janet.

"Aren't you one of the Aspenels of Aspenel Park? My mother knows your mother a little."

"My dear mother is dead. The present Mrs. Aspenel is only my step-mother."

"Never mind. 'Tis all the same. Aspenel is a good name, and a park's a park. My name is Hazelwood. My father is Sir James Hazelwood, of Hazelwood Grange. There's the bell. We read and work an hour before we go to bed. French, of course; and sometimes monsieur reads to us."

Miss Hazelwood ran off, and Nurse True began to arrange Janet's wardrobe. She bade her remark where each article was, so that she might keep her things tidy. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," she said, with nursely acumen.

At half-past eight o'clock they were summoned to prayers. This comforted Nurse True. Two respectable-looking servants were present, and madame read the prayers in English. Monsieur was not there. Janet felt more of amusement than devotion, because of madame's somewhat rapid reading and peculiar pronunciation; but when she subsequently remarked upon this to Nurse True, she was rebuked by that good woman.

"You will never forget to say your own prayers and read a chapter before you go to bed," said True. "If you promise me this, I shall be happy about you, for I am sure you will be kindly treated if you are good and obedient. I have put your Bible and prayer-book on your drawers, with dear Miss Aspenel's text-book. When you look at them, you will think of us."

"I would rather not promise, dear old True, because I always break my promises; but I will try," replied Janet, humbly.

"We will pray together to-night, my deary, and read in the blessed book, and that may help you to remember," said True, taking the Bible, and opening it at her favourite book of Proverbs.

She read aloud the first nine verses of the 22nd chapter, which called forth from Janet the satisfactory interruption of "I'm sure you've done all you could to train us up in the way we should go, and I'll do my best not to depart from it when I'm old; but that's a long way off, dear True."

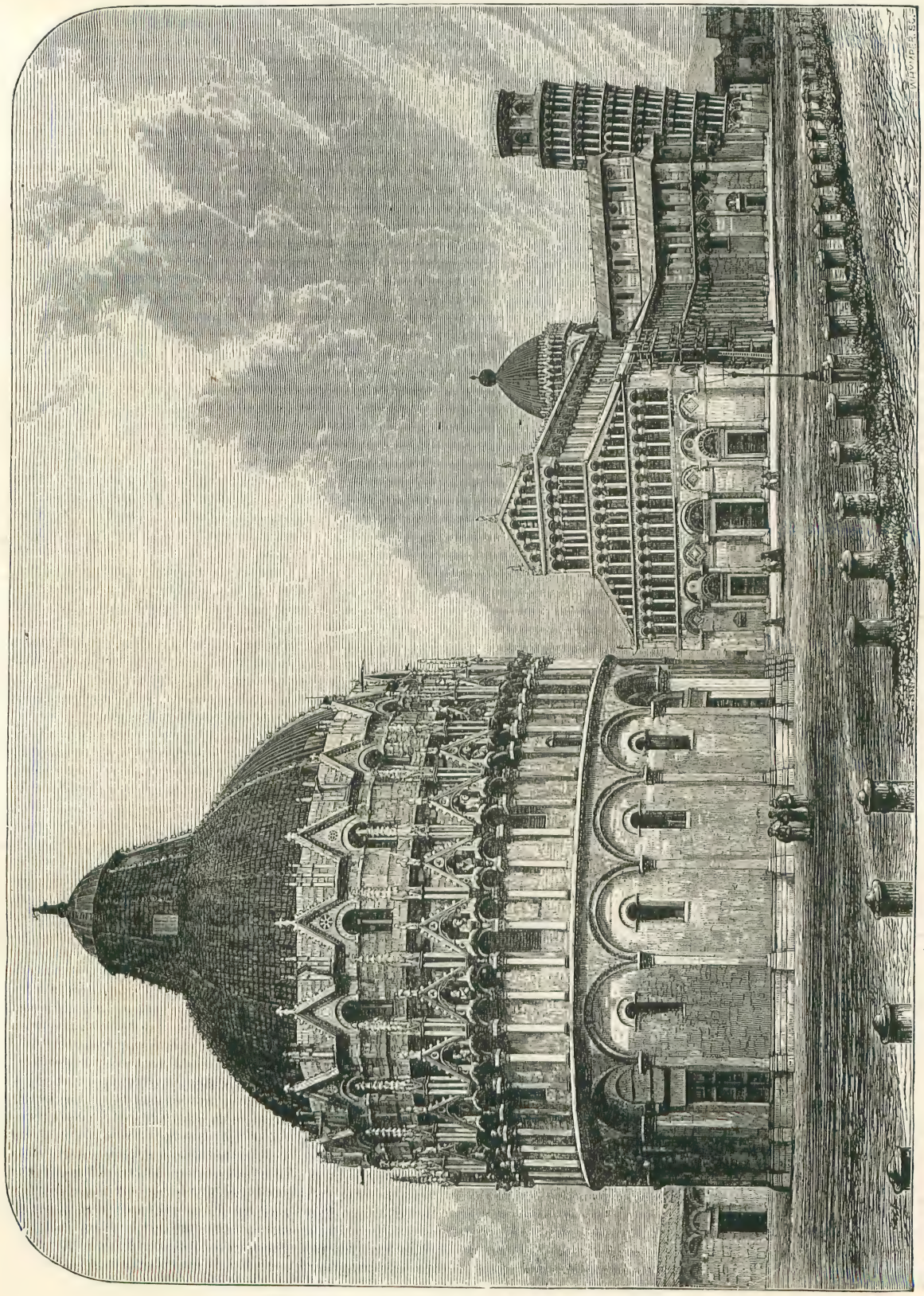
True shook her head, and Janet added, penitently, that she would try to begin at once. They knelt side by side in silent prayer, which the simple but wise woman concluded aloud by "Our Father," and "The grace of our Lord." Impressionable Janet was in tears, and flung herself into her good friend's arms, by which she was tenderly enfolded.

Nurse True was to leave by an early train the following morning, so she aroused Janet at break of day. Kind Madame de Belleville gave them a private breakfast, which enabled them to "gather up the crumbs" of the last words, ever so significant. Janet had not believed that she could have felt so miserable as she did when the cab was announced, and madame came, all smiles and promises, to wish Nurse True good-bye.

"I will be a mother to the child, be assured," she said. "I have one son of my own, and know what is maternity."

"Thank you, madame," replied True, as she released herself from clinging Janet, and got into her cab.

(To be continued.)


Campo Santo.
Baptistery.
PISA.
Cathedral.
Leaning Tower.

MONTE CARLO.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

THOUGH we had expected to be greatly struck with the scenery of Monte Carlo and Monaco, it far surpassed our expectations. Indeed, it is almost impossible to over-estimate its exceeding beauty. Monte Carlo, the last publicly recognised gaming-place of any importance in Europe, is situated on the mainland, on a bay, shut in by the jutting peninsula, which, with its buildings and imposing battlements, was so excellently illustrated in last month's GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The palms here are in great abundance, and the mountains are more bold, the vegetation more varied, and the flowers more numerous than at any other spot on the Riviera. At least, so it seemed to us. My friend, however, said he could not like Monte Carlo, as there seemed to be an atmosphere of sin about the place, and there came over him an indescribable feeling of anxiety to leave this "abode of evil passion."

I laughed at him for his over-sensitiveness. Still, we occasionally came across evidences of fast and dangerous society. At the station, for instance, and on the terraces were gaudily-dressed and painted women, anything but ornaments to their sex in any sense of the word; and now and again we saw men and women, old before their time, with faces the very picture of woe, wandering about on the terraces or in the lusciously beautiful gardens of the Casino. I did not admire the building itself, though it is of imposing dimensions and approached by handsome terraces, on either side of which is a luxury of palm trees and fine shrubs.

We first entered a large hall nearly filled with people, who were talking in quite an apathetic manner, and not at all as if they had won or lost money. This hall was separated from the gambling rooms by curtains, which we were not allowed to pass without an order. So we turned back and found our way to a room, where we obtained the necessary order by presenting our cards.

Beyond the curtains before-mentioned were two huge rooms, with (if I remember rightly) four tables in each. Around these tables were seated the players and croupiers, and behind these the spectators. Altogether, I should say there were five or six hundred people. Now, what of the anguish depicted in the faces of the losing players, and the exultation of the successful ones? I saw nothing whatever of

either. The gamblers took their gains or surrendered their money without the slightest show of emotion; just, in fact, as if they were buying or selling at a counter.

A strange thing was the number of women players—not only strong-minded, middle-aged women, but old creatures of seventy and young and pretty girls of nineteen. I shall long remember a girl of about twenty, with the sweetest face and most delicate hands, who, we were told, had been at the tables consecutively every day for two months. She had a beautiful "money rake" fitted up with gold, and dotted down her notes with an enamelled pencil. While we looked on she "swept" nearly a hundred napoleons, after which she quietly left the table without even a smile of triumph. This girl, like many others, was a professional gambler—in fact, it seems the women are quite as persistent in their attendance at the Casino as the men, and we heard of many who lived at Mentone and went every day to Monte Carlo to visit the gaming tables.

How anybody could live with such incessant excitement is a wonder. No doubt by long practice the excitement wears off, and what was a dangerous experiment becomes a regular profession and business of life, and I fancy the suicides are not amongst these professional gamblers, as the latter approach the tables with cool heads, with a "system" under which to work, and with a fixed intention of risking only to a certain amount, whether luck attends them or not. These inveterate players have also gained by experience that judgment and coolness which is undoubtedly necessary for success in these games of chance. This must be the case, for it is certain that many people live by "play," and the Casino authorities must of course themselves make money, and as the chances are equal for "bank" and players, the former must in the end win by the want of "system" and recklessness of the latter.

It was Carnival time, and the trains between Monaco and Nice were crowded with gaily-dressed people of all nationalities. What scores of foreigners flock to the Riviera during Carnival time! During the greater part of the winter and early spring the health resorts of San Remo, Monaco, Mentone, Nice, etc., are visited in great numbers by the invalids of fashionable Europe; and at Carnival time, in addition to these, there are the loungers and votaries of fashion, who crowd the large hotels and rather spoil everything by their dandified manners and insipid talk. All this disgusted my friend, who was longing to be in one of the quiet and picturesque old Italian towns; but I insisted that we should first see Nice, especially as the "Battle of Flowers," the greatest event in the year, was going to take place on the day of our arrival.

It was glorious weather, and the handsome streets of Nice were thronged with pleasure-seekers, a large portion of whom were wearing or carrying bouquets. All the principal shops were gaily bedecked, and there were carriages literally laden with flowers. Still further animation was imparted by grotesquely-dressed people with hideous masks, and others whose persons were completely enveloped in dominoes. All this gave the impression of a city run riot, which is perhaps really the case with Nice during Carnival time.

How often the scenes of the Carnival are represented in English paintings! But, however faithfully the costumes are portrayed, there is one thing that no representation can give one, and that is the wonderfully clear atmosphere of the Riviera. This makes everything appear doubly beautiful, and moreover has a stimulating effect upon one. I know there is a charm in what is called by artists the "atmosphere" in English scenery, but this "beautiful indistinctness" would not suit the Riviera. Who can wonder at the enormous popularity of the health resorts of this coast, when the easy gaiety of the people, the scenery, the clear, dry atmosphere, and, what is so important a matter to invalids, a cheerful, blue sky are taken into account?

An early hour in the afternoon was fixed for the "Battle of Flowers," and as it grew near to the appointed time all the loungers and masqueraders turned their steps in the direction of the Promenade des Anglais. This noble thoroughfare facing the sea, laid out by English residents over fifty years ago, seems to be the focus of the fashion of Nice; and is admirably adapted for such a display as the "Battle of Flowers," as it is broad and straight, and overlooked by some of the best hotels in the town.

A large portion of this street was shut in, and barriers erected on either side of the road like at a horse race. Crowds of people were assembling behind the barriers, and long before the appointed hour for contest the enclosure was filled with gaily caparisoned carriages, the latter "studded" all over with flowers. I forgot to mention that seats were placed on either side of the enclosure, which were of course charged for—a further charge being made for seats under the awnings, which were placed on either side of the middle of the course.

Both the spectators and those in the carriages were "armed" with little bouquets, and the battle consisted in the ladies throwing these at the men, and *vice versâ*. At intervals the scene was enlivened by the vigorous strains of brass bands, and it struck me as being a mistake that the music was not kept up incessantly, as the proceedings got rather tame when the bands were silent. The lady "warriors" were dressed in light summer costume, with the exquisite taste characteristic of the French, and the beautiful floral decorations of the horses and carriages alone were worth seeing. The scene was certainly very pretty, and additional interest was, of course, imparted by the presence of the distinguished persons who annually repair to Nice to take part in the gay contest.

Having seen the "Battle of Flowers" once, however, I have no ambition to see it again; but my friend was very severe, and was almost angry with me for having dragged him to see what he termed such a "foolishly frivolous scene." "Now we shall lose our train," he kept saying to me, and he waxed genuinely angry when, having asked the time of a bystander, he found that we had but seven minutes before our train started.

Oh! the race we had through street after street, for the station was at the other end of the town; and how we were stared at by the lazy idlers, who evidently thought us mad to run under such a broiling sun! I arrived at the station first, and hurriedly asked the first porter I met whether the train had left; but as my question was asked in a mixture of English, French, and Italian, he did not understand it. One of the ticket collectors, however, spoke English, and, much amused at my hurry, told me the train was not due to leave until about half an hour. If there is anything irritating in travelling it is this difference of times. I suppose we had been told French time, and the train was to start by Italian. My friend was far too exhausted to enter into conversation, and, throwing himself into a seat, he slept until the train was due. It is the happy faculty of some people, my friend amongst the number, to be able to sleep when there are weary hours of waiting or travelling to get through. I, myself, can never sleep except on a bed, and the long railway journeys are therefore much more exhausting to me than to my friend.

It was getting late by the time the train arrived at San Remo, and we got out at this station, and walked through the town to the Hôtel Victoria. Of all the places on the Riviera, San Remo appeared to us to offer the greatest contrast of wealth and poverty. Near to the coast are placed some of the largest and best hotels in all Italy, and in the season these are patronised by people of great wealth and high rank, who come from all parts of Europe to enjoy the blessings of a bright and sunny winter. The promenade in front of the sea seemed to be quite monopolised by these illustrious invalids; and after driving through San Remo, one might come away with the impression that it is a small place entirely given over to fashionable visitors. But this is not the case. A large Italian population inhabits what is known as the upper town.

How singular is this old part of San Remo! What labyrinths of lanes and archways and flights of steps climb the sides of the steep hill! And how picturesque are the sombre old houses, tied together overhead by stone arches, and occasionally daubed all over with dirty bright colours! What curious groups of "live things" congregate in the narrow streets—old women and children, cats, dogs, and fowls—all herded together in picturesque confusion! Descend from this to the fashionable lounge facing the sea, and how strange seems the inequality of wealth! But wealth is after all but a small means of happiness, and San Remo is a good place for studying this. The visitors are sumptuously fed, well clothed, and waited upon by countless servants; but a portion of them are suffering from incurable complaints, and others come to repair their constitutions, debilitated by the late hours and dissipations of fashionable life.

From San Remo we went to Genoa, where we changed trains, as it was our intention to arrive at Pisa by the evening. The Riviera di Levante, though not possessing the semi-tropical vegetation of its western rival, presents most glorious scenery, and is rich with historical recollections. Would that we had had time to stop at one or two of its beautiful and interesting towns! But we were already due at Pisa, and we had to be content to see the Riviera di Levante from the windows of our railway carriage. But surely there are more tunnels passed in this journey than in any in Europe. One suddenly catches a glimpse of a perfectly ideal bit of scenery, when one, two, or three tunnels, following close upon one another, have to be traversed. This is so annoying that we occasionally vowed we would not look out at all, as the disappointment of having a lovely scene suddenly shut out from our view was so great.

The construction of the railway over the Riviera di Levante was a great effort of engineering skill. The tunnels are numberless, and on emerging from these the train appears to be rushing over precipices overhanging the sea, far below are little fishing villages, seemingly rising from the water, and nestling at the foot of a huge rock or mountain.

The culminating point of beauty, perhaps, is between Sestri di Levante and La Spezia. Afterwards, in reading of the ideal loveliness of this part of the coast, how we wished we had abandoned the railway and driven over the Cornice Road; for the latter, true to its name, traverses the sides of the mountains, instead of boring them, and has ever-changing views of the beautiful coast. After passing the last height before Spezia, a view is obtained which is said to be one of the finest in all Italy. The coast line of the noble bay is much broken up and studded with villages, while in the background rise the bare and serrated marble mountains of Carrara. The Bay of Spezia must needs bring sad recollections to all Englishmen, for it was here, as few need be reminded, that Shelley spent the last months of his passionate and melancholy life, and it was also on this coast that his body was cast ashore, to the infinite grief of his wife and friends.

But we saw nothing of the bay from the railway. The train stopped for a short time at Spezia (there was no view from the station), and then rushed on past Carrara, the headquarters of the marble works, past the picturesque and beautiful Massa Ducale and Pietrasanta, and then entered the marshy plain, and in a short time the grey buildings of Pisa came into sight.

What a change from Nice at Carnival time to the old-world city of Pisa! What luxurious variety the former suggests, and how hoary, decayed, and sadly fallen is the present appearance of the latter! Of all places I have seen, Pisa is the most old-world and sad in appearance. It is not ruinous, nor is it without a large population; but it seems dead—utterly dead. There is a feeling about the place that nothing is being done. The long streets are deserted; the Arno is deserted; even the Piazza del Duomo was deserted when we were there. The gloominess of the city is frightful, and this depression is increased by the dull, gloomy climate. Two friends of mine once remained all the winter at Pisa, and seemed to have enjoyed it. How they could have lived there a week is a wonder to me.

Though so old-world, Pisa—with the great exception of the Piazza del Duomo—did not suggest to us former magnificence. Yet magnificent it was in every sense of the word—a most ancient city, with a grand history of triumph in art, commerce, and war. Older in its development than Florence, and at one time capital of one of the most powerful states in Italy, it became finally subject to Florence in the year 1509. But more than a century and a half before this the power of Pisa received a blow from which it never quite recovered at the hands of Genoa. As in commerce and power, so in art, Pisa rapidly progressed, and was unrivalled during the early period; but its artistic precedence yielded to Florence even earlier than its political power.

It was a moonlight night when our train approached Pisa, and the old city, so well seen from the railway, looked more than ordinarily romantic. Arrived at the station, we put our luggage in the omnibus belonging to the Hôtel Victoria, and away we rattled through the dark streets, turning the corners in a most dangerous fashion, until we drew up at what looked like the opening of a large stable. This was not inviting, and we thought we must have made a mistake. Could this dingy old place be the entrance to the Hôtel Victoria? Our doubts were soon set at rest by the proprietor himself, who, after welcoming us, apologised for receiving us at the back door, as the proper entrance was in a state of repair.

After *table d'hôte* we repaired to the Piazza del Duomo to see its buildings by moonlight. We wanted no guide, as a portion of the leaning tower was visible over the houses of a street close to our hotel. But it was some little time before this street opened out, and, grouped together on the green sward, the historical buildings appeared before us. "The group of buildings clustered in and about this verdant carpet, comprising the tower, the baptistery, the cathedral, and the Campo Santo, is perhaps the most remarkable and beautiful in the whole world; and from being clustered there together, away from the ordinary transactions and details of the town, they have a singularly venerable and impressive character. It is the architectural essence of a rich old city, with all its common life and common habitations pressed out and filtered away."

The pale light of the moon, though it showed little of the detail, magnified the scale of the buildings, and revealed to us the grand outlines and wonderful harmony of the group, "fortunate both in their society and their solitude." That huge building, with great transepts and dome, in the centre, was, of course, the cathedral; while to the left a circular structure, which even by this light we could see was more ornate than its fellows, was evidently the baptistery. Behind these we could just get a glimpse of the dome and long building of the Campo Santo, and to the right our attention was arrested by the beautiful and extraordinary leaning tower.

There they stand, the four glorious buildings, upholding the fame of Pisa centuries after the political power and commercial activity of the city have passed away. While they stand Pisa will never be forgotten, and will be visited by admirers of the beautiful from all parts of the world.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A LADY'S ARGUMENT.—"True!" cried a lady, when reproached with the inconsistent marriage she had made, "I have often said I never would marry a parson, or a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian; but I never said I would not marry a Scotch Presbyterian parson."

A UNIVERSAL EPITAPH.—Few more appropriate epitaphs can be found than the common Latin one of "*Sum quod eris, fui quod sis*"—"I am what thou shalt be, I was what thou art."

SUET AND DRIPPING.—Early in this century, Mr. Suet, a well-known actor, went to dine about twenty miles from London, and, being only able to get an outside place on the coach, arrived in a bedraggled state through an incessant rain. He was so muffled up in coats and handkerchiefs, that his friend inquired doubtingly, "Are you Suet?"

"No!" replied the wag, "I am dripping."

IN PRAISE OF CHARITY.

True charity is truest thrift,
More than repaid for every gift,
By grateful prayers enrolled on high,
And its own heart's sweet eulogy,
Which, like the perfume-giving rose,
Possesses still what it bestows.

SELF-CRITICISM.—"I have such a martial air," said a Gascon, "that when I look into the glass I am afraid of myself."

USELESS SCREAMS.—A young lady was travelling with her uncle, when, by a mishap, the carriage was overturned. Finding after all her screams that she had received no hurt, she asked her uncle how, in such imminent danger, he managed to preserve perfect silence. "Because," said he, "I was tolerably sure that death would not be frightened away by my making a noise."

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Time past is forgotten, ere man be aware;
Time present is thought on with wonderful care;
Time coming is feared, and therefore we save,
Yet oft ere it come we be gone to the grave.
—*Tusser.*

"AH, IMPERIAL MAJESTY!"—A poor German composer being introduced to Mozart, whom he considered to be the greatest man in the world, was so overcome with awe that he dared not lift his eyes from the ground, but remained for some time stammering, "Ah, Imperial Majesty! Ah, Imperial Majesty!"

KINDRED HEARTS.

Or bathed in bliss, or overwhelmed in woe,
The heart must still require a kindred heart;
Divided joy bids double joy o'erflow,
And pain divided loses half its smart.
—*Goethe.*

COMFORTABLE HOUSEKEEPING.

When Sheridan, by the assistance of his friends, was installed in a house in Saville Row, he boasted to one of his relations how comfortably and regularly he was living, so much so that everything went on like clockwork.

"That I can easily believe," was the reply; "it goes on by tick! tick! tick!"

GOOD BREEDING.—A girl's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."—The Duchess of Burgundy, when she was very young, seeing at supper one evening with Louis XIV. an officer who had no reason to be proud of his good looks, was very loud in turning his person into ridicule. "Madam," said the king to her, still louder, "I think him one of the handsomest men in my dominions, for he is one of the bravest."

A PROOF OF GRATITUDE.—The only way we can show gratitude to our great Creator and Benefactor, for all He has given us, is to be as useful as we can to His creatures, and to love our neighbour as ourselves.

RETURNING THANKS.—Nothing is more difficult than to return thanks neatly.

ODD CHARACTERS.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

By NANETTE MASON.

I.—CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

THE bells of Stockholm one morning in the winter of 1626 announced the birth of an heir to the crown of Sweden. The king—Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War—had wished for a son to succeed him, and the whole nation earnestly desired that a son it might be. The stars had been questioned on the subject by the astrologers, whose science was held in great veneration in those days, and the response had led everyone to expect that this universal wish would be realised. But everybody was disappointed: it proved to be a daughter.

When Gustavus, holding the little girl in his arms, presented her to his Ministers, he said—"I hope she will be worth even more than a boy: she will without doubt be very clever, for she has already deceived us all."

She was baptised under the name of Christina; and, to make up as far as possible for the disappointment of his hopes, the king resolved to give her such an education as would develop a masculine disposition. To this education may be attributed many of the singularities which she afterwards displayed.

When she was scarcely two years old her father took her one day to Calmar. The commander of the fortress there omitted to fire the usual royal salute, and the king, on asking the reason, was told that it was for fear of disturbing the princess. "Fire away!" said Gustavus: "the daughter of a soldier ought to be accustomed to the use of arms!" If he had not died so soon after this, Christina would not have had occasion to express regret, as she once did, that she had never assisted at a battle.

On the departure of Gustavus for Germany in 1630, an expedition from which he was never to return, he confided his daughter to the care of Oxenstiern, the famous chancellor, charging him to have her instructed in every possible branch of learning, and particularly in Greek and Latin. At the same time he appointed a regency, and, carrying in the little Christina, presented her to the assembled States of the kingdom as their future sovereign.

Gustavus perished in the battle of Lützen in 1632, and Christina thus came to the throne in her sixth year.

The liberal course of education indicated by her father was strictly carried out. She was thoroughly instructed not only in the classical tongues, but in several modern languages. Her head was also stored with information on history, geography, natural science, and almost every subject one could think of. Unfortunately, it was a species of cramming. Her intellect was crowded and oppressed with a mass of knowledge, either half digested or not digested at all.

A good deal of time was devoted to manly exercises. She rode on horseback, hunted, reviewed troops, could drive a sledge with wonderful dexterity, and used—dressed in boy's clothes—to make long pedestrian excursions.

At the council table she displayed a searching wit and a power of reasoning far beyond her years. Oxenstiern himself attended to her education in politics, and from him she received the ablest lessons in statecraft and the art of government to be had anywhere in Europe at that time. So much confidence was felt in her that when she was sixteen years old she was pressed to enter on the exercise of her duties and privileges as queen regnant. She declined, however, and it was not till two years later that she took up the reins of government.

The eyes of Europe were now upon the young queen, and many princes were eager to enter into a matrimonial alliance with her. Amongst her suitors were the Prince of Denmark, the Elector Palatine, the Elector of Brandenburg, the Kings of Portugal and Spain, and Charles Gustavus, Duke of Deux Ponts, her first cousin. The last was the favourite with the nation, who all wished their sovereign to marry.

But she would have nothing to say to princely wooers, and the reasons for her refusal have been preserved in a number of eccentric speeches. The real motive was her love of independence.

"My ardent and impetuous temperament," she says herself, "is formed as much for affection as for ambition; however, I have always resisted entering on a wedded life through pride, and because I did not wish to come under subjection to anyone." Tired at last of suggestions on the subject, she solemnly appointed Charles Gustavus, her cousin, as her successor; and from that time she was looked upon as having made deliberate choice of a single life.

As a queen she was at first a success, showing great talent and dexterity, and proving herself fully able to conduct the affairs of a powerful kingdom. She knew how to keep her people in order. "It was a wonderful thing," says a Flemish writer of her time, "to see how at the very opening of her mouth every person present trembled. Even the great General Wrangel, who had made all Germany shake in their shoes, was in the presence of this princess as meek as a lamb." She concluded a treaty with Denmark, brought the Thirty Years' War to an end, reformed abuses, filled the treasury, encouraged arts and commerce, and soon had her dominions in a flourishing condition, both within and without.

In the year 1650 she was crowned. It was an affair of more than ordinary splendour and rejoicing. Her subjects, favourably impressed by her doings in the past, had the most enthusiastic hopes for the future.

From this time, however, it was observed that Christina cared less and less for affairs of State, and assumed a philosophic contempt for pomp and parade. She soon developed into a bluestocking of the severest type. Neither time nor money was expended on dress. Her riding-habit a visitor to the Court set down as worth a few shillings. Earrings, bracelets, and such-like ornaments she had none. Her toilet took a quarter of an hour, except on Sundays, when thirty minutes was devoted to it. She combed her hair as a rule once a week, and when her studies were more engrossing than ordinary it was done once a fortnight. Her sleeves and linen were stained with ink, and a rent here and there in her dress was not an uncommon thing. A friend once spoke to her in favour of washing. "Washing!" exclaimed the queen, "that's all very well for people who have nothing else to do."

But, whilst developing some unqueenly and ridiculous characteristics, she retained not a few good qualities. She hated idleness and idle people. The more she had to do, the better she was pleased. Twelve hours a day were devoted to study, and sleep was grudged every minute over five hours. No one could accuse her of either sham or hypocrisy, and she carried this characteristic to such an extent, that though she was short of stature she insisted on wearing shoes without heels that she might not seem a hair's breadth higher than the truth.

She was not a woman's woman: far from it. "I have an aversion and an invincible antipathy," she says, "to all that women do and say." Her conversation was very forcible and unfeminine.

The love of intellectual pursuits now appeared to be her ruling passion. She rejoiced in being queen, only that she might act as patroness of learning and learned men throughout Europe. *Savants* of all kinds were invited to her Court, and with them came not a few charlatans, so that she soon found herself surrounded by a picturesque mixture of wisdom and folly. These guests repaid her hospitality by outrageous flattery in poems, letters, and dedications.

The reign of favourites now began. The chief of them was Bourdelot, a French abbé—gossiping, intriguing, and cynical—who pretended to some knowledge of medicine, and resided in the palace in the capacity of physician. He acquired great influence over Christina, and provided her with ill-natured amusement by turning into ridicule her troop of philosophers and men of letters, whose jealousies were incessant. By the natives of Sweden he was intensely disliked, and a plot was laid at last to murder him. He got warning of it, and fled, "carrying with him in coin or plate—national property, too—not less than a hundred thousand crowns."

The welfare of the kingdom began steadily to decline. Public moneys were expended in pensions and presents to the hangers-on of the Royal palace. Christina also spent enormous sums, for a country like Sweden, in buying books, manuscripts, pictures, medals, and miscellaneous curiosities. As an example of her purchases we are told that, having secured some pictures of Titian at extravagant prices, she had them clipped to fit the panels of her gallery.

Her subjects took to murmuring. The waste of money, the patronage of foreigners at the expense of natives, not to speak of other things, excited much ill-feeling, even though the loyal Swedes would have been inclined to pardon much to the daughter of the great Gustavus.

Christina was quick of observation, and soon saw that she had sunk in public estimation. By this time she was weary and disgusted with public affairs, and fretted under what she called the splendid slavery of royalty.

She resolved to abdicate in favour of her cousin, Charles Gustavus. It was the only way, she felt convinced, to indulge her capricious disposition in perfect liberty. Besides, such a step would gratify her vanity; she would, in her own person, provide the world with the extraordinary spectacle of a crowned queen retiring from business.

Her intention was announced in 1652, but, for some reason or other, the States remonstrated, and—yielding to the pressure brought to bear upon her—she continued to reign for two years longer. In 1654 she brought the matter forward again, and insisted on having her own way. "I have made up my mind," she said, "and do not trouble myself to know, nor do I care, what people may say about it."

She stipulated for a guaranteed annual income and certain lands, which she could hold at her own sovereign disposal, and reserved to herself her own independence and absolute authority over all the people in her suite or in her house. A signal proof that she was in earnest was given by her sending out of the kingdom over a hundred cases filled with books, medals, paintings, statues, jewels, gold and silver vases, and rare manuscripts.

The abdication morning was on the 6th of June, 1654. At seven o'clock, for they rose early in those days, Christina appeared before the Senate dressed in white, and wearing all the ornaments of royalty. She sat for the last time on her silver throne, and one of the senators read over the conditions on which she laid down the sceptre.

The emblems of sovereignty were removed from her person by an officer of State—all excepting the crown—and she was left standing in her robe of pure white on the steps of the throne. She removed the crown herself, taking it from her head with apparent composure. Then she delivered her farewell address, speaking with eloquence, though her voice sometimes trembled. Most of those present wept outright.

Her speech at an end, she was conducted by Charles Gustavus to her private apartments. Charles left her at the door, and then went to the cathedral, where he took up the crown which she had laid down. His coronation was rather a tame ceremony, on account of the poverty of the public exchequer.

Christina was now free to do as she pleased, and her first resolve was to take a journey through Europe. She set out, and an early incident in her travels was her arrival at a stream which then separated Sweden from Denmark. Descending from her carriage she made a leap to the opposite bank, exclaiming, "I am free at last, and out of a country to which I hope never to return."

At the first halting-place on foreign soil she quitted the habit of her sex, had her luxuriant tresses cut off, and donned a man's wig. Her valet was loth to use the scissors, but she set his mind at ease. "Do you think," said she, "that when I have just parted with a kingdom I care a straw for a head of hair?"

She called herself Count Dohna. Her dress was that of a French gentleman. She wore the hat and large boots which were then fashionable, her wig was black, and she had a carbine slung over one shoulder and a sword hung from the other. Her novel garb and assumed name were, no doubt, precautions to escape impertinent curiosity, and to avoid any dangers she might incur through travelling with only a small number of attendants. When she got safely within the walls of Antwerp—her first important halting-place—the disguise was laid aside.

By the Spanish authorities at Antwerp Christina was received with every demonstration of goodwill. It was now noticed that she began to be exacting on points of etiquette, to which she had hitherto been perfectly indifferent. The change is explained by one of her biographers. "The reigning queen of a country," he says, "was not likely to receive slights. A wandering queen, without a crown, might not get all the respect which she claimed, and could certainly afford less to overlook any attacks on her dignity."

From Antwerp she proceeded to Brussels, which she entered through a gate where there was a firework display, representing two angels holding between them the name "Christina" encircled with laurels. The city was brilliantly illuminated, and everything was done to make her comfortable. Not knowing, perhaps, that she was above caring for the pleasures of the table, and could be satisfied with a ship biscuit and a bit of tough beef, the hospitable people of Brussels, for her benefit, sent long distances for veal, fish, mutton, venison, and poultry of every kind.

The night after her arrival in Brussels, Christina privately renounced Lutheranism, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church. When this act became known over the Continent it was much talked about, and all the more so as she had, up to this time, exhibited remarkable indifference to religion. Her change of faith seems to have arisen from no conscientious convictions whatever: it was partly a whim and partly a convenience. She was bound for Italy, and lightly threw overboard the faith in which she had been born and bred, in order that at Rome she might be able to do as the Romans do.

She stayed at Brussels for nine months, leaving it on the 22nd of September, 1655, after a distribution of presents on a scale of reckless extravagance to all who had done her the slightest service.

Her journey southwards was a triumphal progress, and before she was half way to Rome, she was heartily sick of *fêtes*, fireworks, illuminations, triumphal arches, and long-winded addresses. At Innsbruck she made the first public confession of her belief in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. This was done at the Franciscan Church, which she attended dressed in plain black silk, and wearing the solitary ornament of a splendid diamond cross.

She entered Rome on horseback with all the air of a conquering hero, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by enormous crowds of people. Everyone was in holiday attire, the streets were hung with garlands, and grotesque doings, from morning till night, celebrated the arrival of this illustrious and eccentric convert.

After being confirmed and baptized as Alexandrina by Pope Alexander VII., the ex-queen settled down as tenant of the Farnese Palace. Here we soon find her the centre of a large circle of artists, authors, philosophers, and scientific mountebanks. Her time was spent in study, correspondence, and the examination of the antiquities of the neighbourhood, which her extensive reading enabled her fully to appreciate.

Considerable attention was given to modern art. An anecdote worth repeating is told about a visit she paid one day to the studio of the sculptor Bernine, who was then in the height of his fame. He had just finished a statue of Truth, which Christina admired immensely. She exclaimed several times, "Ah! how beautiful!"

"Heaven be praised," said a cardinal, who accompanied her, "that your majesty loves the truth, which personages of your rank seldom care about!"

"That is likely enough," replied Christina, "because the truth is not always of marble."

She gave some trouble to her new friends. "The newly-caught lamb," says Dr. Doran, "was rather difficult to manage." Ill-feeling sprang up between her and her attendants; then she thought herself slighted by the Roman nobility, who no doubt found her half-civilised ways insupportable. At last she quarrelled outright with some of the cardinals, and found her position in Rome far from comfortable. An excuse was invented for leaving the Eternal City, and off she set on a visit to the Court of France.

Louis XIV., then quite a young man, sent the Duke of Guise to meet her at Marseilles, and from the duke's pen we have a description of her personal appearance:—

"She is not tall," he says, "but well made; her arm is handsome, her hand white and well formed, but more like a man's than a woman's. One shoulder is rather higher than the other; but she conceals the defect so well with her strange dress and movements, that one might make a bet about it. Her face is long, and all her features are strongly marked; her nose is aquiline, her mouth large but not unpleasant, and her teeth are pretty good.

"Her eyes are beautiful and full of animation. Her complexion is good, and she has an extraordinary headdress. This is a man's wig, made very large and high in front. She wears a great deal of powder, and seldom any gloves. She uses men's boots, and has the voice and manners of a man. She is very polite, and speaks eight languages well, and particularly French, as if she had been born in Paris. She knows more than all our Academy and the Sorbonne put together. She is an admirable judge of paintings and of everything else. She knows more of the intrigues of our Court than I do myself. In fact, she is an extraordinary person. . . . . I do not think I have omitted anything from her portrait, except that she sometimes wears a sword and a buff jerkin."

It was in the year 1656 that she entered Paris. She was fairly well received by the Court. Her odd dress and uncurled wig, however, gave rise to many a joke, and when she passed through the streets of the capital the Parisians made fun of her, and said she was like "a half-tipsy gipsy." Her coarse manners, too, shocked the ladies. They gave her the cold shoulder; but Christina consoled herself by hobnobbing with authors and philosophers.

Dissatisfied with the impression she had produced, she thought she might do better in England, and so wrote to Cromwell suggesting the possibility of a visit to this country. The Protector had heard too much about her, and in replying gave her no encouragement to come.

Shortly after this, and during her residence at Fontainebleau, she startled the civilised world by a deed of a singularly cold-blooded and unwomanly character. This was the murder—for it was nothing else—of her equerry, Monaldeschi. The reason for taking the life of this unfortunate man is hid in obscurity, but it is generally understood that he had betrayed some secrets entrusted to him.

Monaldeschi was dressed ready to go hunting, when he was summoned into the Galerie des Cerfs, under the famous Galerie de Diane. Letters were shown him, at the sight of which he grew pale. He pled for mercy, but in vain. He fell beneath the daggers of two of Christina's domestics, Christina herself being in an adjoining apartment.

This wicked act, which took place on Saturday, the 10th of November, 1657, at a quarter to four in the afternoon, hastened her departure from France. The Court, though it shut its eyes to what she had done, no longer welcomed her, and as for the people, they looked on her with such abhorrence that for some time Christina hardly dared to show herself abroad.

She returned to Rome early in May, 1658, and busied herself there, as before, with arts and sciences, "filling up her odd moments by writing to Sweden to complain about her annuity, which was paid with great irregularity." Indeed, her Swedish revenues came in so slowly that she was allowed a pension by the Pope. Her capricious temper now showed itself in quarrels with everybody, from the Pope downwards. She felt that she had made a mistake in resigning the Swedish throne, and reflections on that subject did not make her more amiable.

In 1660 Charles Gustavus died, and Christina returned to her native land to see if she could not again get possession of the sceptre. But her old subjects were unfriendly: her change of creed, the murder of Monaldeschi, and her eccentric doings generally had opened their eyes. They supplied her with money more slowly than ever, pulled down her chapel, banished all her Italian chaplains, and made it

quite clear that she was unwelcome even as a visitor. She was compelled to execute another and more binding deed of renunciation, and to return once more to Rome.

About six years afterwards she again set out for Sweden, and on this occasion her reception was even worse. The last spark of national regard for the daughter of Gustavus had died out. She withdrew to Hamburg, and from thence did her best to secure the crown of Poland, then vacant. This brilliant scheme failing, she turned her face towards the sunny south, to establish herself in Rome for the rest of her days.

She lived there for about twenty years after this. Her quarrels were more bitter than ever. She troubled statesmen by her political intrigues, and puzzled philosophers by asking them questions which they could not answer. The Head of the Church took a paternal interest in her, which she repaid with scorn. She had known four Popes, she said, and only one of them possessed common sense.

For satellites she had a crowd of poets, painters, and learned men of every kind. Amongst them were many "dealers in destiny's dark counsels;" for Christina indulged in dreams of alchemy and judicial astrology. She domineered over her following to the last, and exacted faithful service in the way of additions to her collection—which grew to be a large one—of books, paintings, and curiosities.

The end came in 1689. She had been for some time seriously unwell, and on the 19th of April of that year her little Court stood round her bed. It was just at noon. As the clock began to strike she turned on her right side, placed her left hand under her neck, and before the last sound of the twelve had died away she was sleeping the sleep of death.

Extraordinary magnificence characterised her funeral rites. She was carried, robed in gold brocade with a white ground, to her last resting-place in St. Peter's, where she now lies under a sonorous epitaph.

(To be continued.)

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WHO does not know that if anything goes wrong with a heating apparatus, gas-pipes. or electric light, it is certain to be at the worst possible time, and to leave some large assembly in cold or darkness?

The minds of the Longminster authorities had recently been exercised about the warming of the very hall in which that evening's gathering was to take place. The great room not being in very frequent use, some anxiety was felt lest the guests who were to dine in it should suffer from cold. Rather late in the day it had been decided to put down a new heating apparatus. The work of fixing this was only completed a short time before the hall was required for use, and the pipes, which ought long ago to have been diffusing a genial heat through the building, were only beginning to be warm when the guests assembled. To make matters worse, a keen north-east wind lowered the general temperature, and snow began to fall—a change which was the more felt, because the weather had been remarkably mild for the season.

Tom noticed me shivering, and went to the cloak-room for one of the wraps which I had left there. Even this, though lined with soft fur, did not give me a sense of comfortable warmth, and my husband, who was not by my side, looked anxious as he noted my increasing paleness.

I smiled back at him, but I am afraid the effort to look cheerful proved a rather ghastly failure. I tried to swallow a little hot soup, but I felt such a strong disinclination for food in any shape, that, after forcing down a spoonful or two, I gave up the attempt.

Dish after dish was handed. I passed most of them, and when I felt compelled to take a small portion, for fear of exciting observation, I merely toyed with it until the waiter came to remove my plate.

Happily, the old baronet who took me in to dinner was so self-absorbed, and had so much both to say and to eat, that very few words were needed from me. I am sure he did not know whether I had tasted anything, or if my appetite were on a par with his own, so fully was he occupied in supplying his personal wants or in airing his very decided opinions between the courses.

As a rule I drank no wine, but for once I was thankful to take a little sherry, and by the help of it to force down a morsel of bread, whilst I shivered on my seat, and longed for the meal to come to an end.

There were many complaints about the coldness of the room at first. As the time passed this became mitigated, and in the meanwhile those who were able to enjoy the abundance of good things set before them suffered comparatively little inconvenience from it.

For myself, I hardly knew how the hours went by. I got through the evening in a mechanical fashion, and at length found myself in the carriage, supported by my husband's strong arms, and on the way back to the hotel.

"You have been miserably ill all through this dreadful evening," said Tom. "I have endured a little martyrdom whilst watching your pale, pinched face, so unlike that of my bright Olive. I am determined that a doctor shall see you before I sleep; but I must get you safely to bed first of all, as you are utterly worn out."

I laughed at the idea of my needing medical aid.

"I want nothing but rest," I said. "A good sleep will do more for me than all the medicine in the world. Beside, I cannot part with you, Tom. You must be Bedson's deputy, and hang up my dress, and put away some little matters for me. I am just finding out how unwise it is to boast of one's independence in such things. How often have I told you that a maid was to me a superfluous luxury; but living in society, as I now do, my views in this and other respects are undergoing considerable modification."

"It is a pity you are without Bedson to-night, dear. There is, however, plenty of room for your things to lie about until morning, so I would not trouble about them, though I will do whatever I am told. I am grateful to our landlady for having given us one of her very best rooms, when there was such a run on the place."

I assented; for by this time we were in our own apartment, and its bright appearance and genial warmth were most grateful to me. There was a glowing fire, all that I could possibly require was placed ready to my hand, and my husband removed my wraps and unfastened my dress as deftly as possible.

"You look a little better already," said Tom, as he eagerly scanned my face, to which the glow from the fire and the crimson draperies had imparted a semblance of colour. "I daresay you are right. Warmth and rest will do wonders for you, and if you need medical advice to-morrow, we can get it at Castlemount."

I agreed, and said I should prefer not calling in a stranger, and believed the morning would find me comparatively well.

"I had better unclasp this," said Tom, indicating the diamond necklace. "It is always a little difficult to unfasten. It has come undone quite easily to-night," he added, as he laid the brilliant circlet on the dressing-table. "Surely my mother must have had that clasp repaired lately."

I did not think she had, for it would have been unlike Mrs. Beauchamp to trust such an article to country hands; but I said nothing; I was unequal to much conversation; and Tom laid the ornaments down on the dressing-table without further comment.

"Can I put the diamonds away for you?" he asked, looking round for their cases.

"I will do that," I replied. "I think Bedson put the cases back into my box, that I might know exactly where to find them."

"You must have something hot to take after you lie down," said my husband. "I will run downstairs myself, and ask Mrs. Musgrave what will be the best for you. She is a motherly body, whom I have known all my life, and will be proud to prescribe for my wife."

Away went Tom, and with habitual care I gathered up the diamonds and unlocked my box to find the cases, so that I might put them away at once. This done, I should be ready to step into bed.

The box was at one side of the fireplace, and I quickly raised the lid and examined the tray; but no cases were to be found, though I lifted the contents separately, to make sure that they were not covered.

I cannot tell from actual knowledge what followed. The next thing of which I have any distinct recollection is my husband's troubled face as he knelt beside a couch on which I was lying, covered with the wraps I had worn in the carriage on my way from the hall.

"She is coming round now," said a strange voice.

To which Tom answered fervently—

"Yes, thank God!"

I knew afterwards that when my husband returned to the room with some hot compound recommended by the landlady, who accompanied him to see if she could be of any further use to me, I was lying on the hearthrug in a dead faint. My box was shut and locked, and the keys had dropped from my powerless hand, and were lying on the rug beside me.

"It is only a fainting fit; nothing to cause serious alarm, Mr. Beauchamp. Your wife has been a little overdone, but I have no doubt a night's rest will set her right."

This was what the strange voice said, and the speaker was a doctor who had been hastily summoned after my husband found me in a state of insensibility.

"That hall, too, was frightfully cold," he added. "It will be well if many do not suffer more seriously from the effects of the chilling atmosphere. I was shivering myself half the time."

Finding I was now conscious, the doctor asked sundry questions, and, to Tom's great relief, made light of the attack, saying that recent late hours and overtaxed strength sufficiently accounted for it.

I cordially agreed with him, and only wished the good man out of the way, that I might have an opportunity of taking the restoratives he recommended—namely, quiet and sleep.

But I must have something else before I could be allowed to try these, and the doctor accordingly administered with his own hands the hot compound prepared by Mrs. Musgrave.

"Nothing could be better," he said, much to the good woman's satisfaction.

It had the desired effect; for after taking it I fell into a profound sleep, and did not wake till nearly noon.

Tom had been up for hours, and was waiting patiently for me to open my eyes, that he might order the chambermaid to bring my breakfast.

I had still no inclination for food, but I longed for a cup of tea, and this, with various accompaniments, was ordered at once, in the hope that I might be induced to eat something also.

When the chambermaid entered I asked if a young girl had come from Madame Leeson's.

"Yes, ma'am; she has been waiting for two hours. I offered her some breakfast, but she did not wish for any. She had her breakfast at nine o'clock, she said."

I told her to send the girl to me, which she did; but on seeing the young person I found that her face was quite strange to me. She was evidently not the Fanny Gregg whom Madame Leeson had called out of the workroom when we arranged for her to wait upon me just for the morning in Bedson's place, and then to accompany me for the week end to Castlemount.

"I expected to see Fanny Gregg," I said. "Why is she not here?"

"Madame Leeson is very sorry; but Fanny is poorly, in bed. We have all been so mistimed lately that only the strong ones can stand such hours. Fanny is weakly, and madame was so troubled about her this morning that she sent for a doctor. He says the girl wants rest, nothing else, and she must have at least a week away from business."

"She was to go home with us to-day," I replied. "Will she be able to follow? If so, Madame Leeson may rest assured that she shall have both care and quiet under our housekeeper at Castlemount."

"I was to tell you, madam, that Fanny shall follow you to-morrow. The doctor says it will be better than medicine for her to have such a change. As she could not come to wait on you, Madame Leeson thought you would kindly allow her to send me in Fanny's place. My name is Ellen Martin, and I shall be glad to do anything that you may require."

I said I was much obliged to her employer for sparing her, and to herself for coming, when, no doubt, she, too, had been working during very long hours for some weeks past.

"Yes," she said; "I have been as busy as the rest; but I am strong, and can bear it once in a way."

I was experiencing the bad effects of late hours without the accompanying hard work, and could feel for her.

"I will not tax you much," I said. "I only want a little help in dressing, and my things collecting and packing."

"It will give me pleasure to assist you," she replied, and then she blushed and looked a little embarrassed.

Her tone and manner were those of a lady, and there was an air of refined dignity about every movement which attracted me irresistibly, and made me wonder if she could really be an *employée* of Madame Leeson's. At any rate, she was very quick in her movements, and with her help the preparations for my home journey were speedily completed.

I was sitting ready dressed, but I did not wish to go downstairs until the carriage was at the door, and I expected that it would be announced immediately. At this moment there was a light tap, not at my room door, but on some woodwork near it, and I was sure I heard a voice say, "Ellen—Miss Martin," twice over.

My companion rose with a flushed face, opened the door, and closed it behind her.

I had no wish to play the eavesdropper, but I could not help hearing that the girl was addressed by some masculine voice as soon as she became visible, and that she replied in a tone of combined distress and displeasure—

"Pray go away. How dare you follow me, or presume to think that I will be tempted to receive your help?"

I distinguished no words, though the man spoke again in a pleading tone. I think Miss Martin must have gone further down the corridor to prevent me from hearing what was said.

During the girl's absence my husband returned to see if I were ready, and again left the room to send the porter for our light luggage.

I could not help noticing that she was much agitated when she re-entered, but I had only time to offer her a little present, which, however, she firmly declined to receive.

"I cannot take anything," she said. "Madame Leeson would not wish it. It will be equally a pleasure to her and to me to know that I have been able to do what you required."

There was something about this girl which made me feel I must not repeat my offer; so I thanked her warmly for coming under such circumstances, and bade her good-bye.

I did not feel well, and even the short journey by railway seemed all too long. I caught Tom looking anxiously at me, and I tried to talk cheerfully, in order that he might not be troubled.

I bore up until we reached Castlemount, and then, before Bedson could remove my wraps, I again fainted, and remained so long unconscious that all around me became greatly alarmed.

I came to myself at last, and saw with much thankfulness that I was in my own room at home.

I was unequal to any exertion, but familiar help was at hand, and, after a sufficient interval I was undressed and placed in bed, where the doctor said I must remain for some days at least, and be kept as quiet as possible.

I was specially enjoined not to talk or excite myself in any way, and I was most willing to obey. It was a luxury to have absolute rest, and I soon fell into a quiet sleep, while my husband watched beside me.

I awoke a couple of hours afterwards, and with the anxiety which had become habitual inquired—

"Tom, where are the diamonds? I should like for them to be returned to your mother at once."

"I will ask Bedson about them, and will see that they are given back as you wish. I have had neither time nor inclination to think of anything except my one treasure. That is worth more to me than all the diamonds in the world, and I want to guard it in person so long as I am allowed to sit here alone."

Tom looked at me as he spoke with such glad and loving eyes, that he tempted me to transgress the doctor's orders. As he bent over me, I threw my arms round his neck, and drew his head down on the pillow, within reach of my lips.

He let it rest there, returning my caresses with interest, and murmuring words of thankfulness to God for the apparent improvement in my condition, wrought by even this brief season of rest.

"Society may pass what verdict it

chooses," said Tom, gently, after an interval of silence; "but for the future I will rather incur its censure than live the kind of life we have done of late. It might have cost me what I can hardly bear to think of. I shall take better care of you in the time to come than I have done in the past. I am not doing it now, however. Surely you must need something. I hope you are beginning to feel hungry, my darling."

"I feel as if it were perfect happiness to be still, with you by my side, and to be spared all other sights and sounds. The very mention of food is more than enough to satisfy me," I said.

This reply brought back the troubled look to Tom's face. He knew nothing of illness, having had no experience, and he failed to realise that a loathing of food is Nature's way of telling that the taking of it under the circumstances would only do harm. There are plenty of people who have had enough of experience as watchers by sick beds, yet who never learn to listen to the voice of Nature in dealing with their patients.

"Believe me, dear, I shall not suffer for want of food," I continued, seeing Tom's look of concern. "My ordinary appetite is of far too healthy a character to abstain from demanding satisfaction at the right time. Nature has a voice that is not easily silenced, on whichever side it may speak."

Tom had to content himself, and then we remained a little longer, when Bedson had to be summoned to attend to the fire, which was getting low, and needed replenishing.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY SCHOALES.—Read our articles on Heraldry for an answer to your question. We cannot go over the same ground in our correspondence columns. There had been a very considerable electric disturbance; and the effect produced on your plant, when put outside the window, was probably the result. Perhaps if you sent it to a florist he might do something to restore it; but we think to cut it down nearly to the root would give it the best chance of ultimate recovery.

GRACE.—To be qualified for the situation of ladies' maid, you should get some lessons in hairdressing and in millinery, as well as in dressmaking and fitting. A practical knowledge of hairdressing is very essential. Then you had better advertise in a good paper, stating your qualifications, and if you be known to your clergyman and his wife you could get a recommendation as to personal respectability from them, as well as from the dressmaker to whom you were bound.

FAULT-FINDER.—It is surprising that a little girl who is so desirous that all stories should be of a useful and educational character should have failed to see the necessity for learning good manners. This branch of her education appears to have been neglected; or else she has proved an unsatisfactory pupil. March 1st, 1871, was a Wednesday.

ATHENS of CALIFORNIA.—The 20th of June, 1872, was a Thursday. We are so glad that our paper is so useful and entertaining to you, and that you value our advice so much. The writer of "Merle's Crusade" does not state whether or not the story be founded on fact. But most stories are assuredly so, and from the adage about them, the more strange, the more likely to be fact, rather than fiction.

JANE HUGHES.—You had better write direct to the resident secretary of the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys—Mr. F. J. Bovis, Woolsthorpe House, Wright's Lane, Kensington, W. We believe it to be a free charity. Boys are fed, clothed, and educated on Christian principles, and taught a trade, to enable them to support themselves when they leave the home. These comprise carpentering, saddlery, harness-work, tailoring, and relief stamping. We do not know whether inquiries are made as to the ability of the parents or guardians to contribute towards the boys' support. There is a Cripples' Home at 15, Park Place, Clarence Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

NED.—The letter "a" in Italian is pronounced as in the word "star," not as in the word "plate." The word you specify is so badly written—the letters so incorrectly formed—that we cannot decipher it.

GRETCHEN.—Scrape a little "French chalk" on the wrong side of the silk, if of a light colour, and rub it in with the end of your finger. If a dark or black silk, you will have to employ benzoline. To place a hot iron near the spot, or to iron it, with a sheet of blotting paper over it (as you would take grease spots out of any stuff material), might injure the silk.

PRAIRIE MAY (Canada) has our best thanks for her interesting letter and her gracious acknowledgments in reference to our paper.

THE BLOOMER (Australia).—We owe you our thanks for your account of an outdoor entertainment, and the recipes you give.

ELIZABETH LAURA S.—We feel much for you, but the verses, not being correct in composition, will not be suitable for our magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—If liquid gold paint does not suit you, there is only one other method of restoring the picture frames, and that is to lay on real gold leaf. This is an art you would have to learn, and might do so by studying our articles on "Carving and Gilding."

IVY.—The early numbers of the "G.O.P." are out of print, but chance copies may sometimes be had. Your handwriting is very good; reduce it a little.

C. A. NORMAN.—Your letter came to us, which was intended for our publisher, Mr. Tarn. We will send it to him.

ETHEL M. CARRICK (Spring Hill, Southampton).—Write and offer your complete set of the "G.O.P." to our publisher; he might take them, as many girls are looking out for secondhand copies.

EMILY.—You need good wholesome food, early going to bed, to be kept warm and dry, and to get change of air, if you can.

ANNA MARIA.—One of the best bathing places with which we are acquainted, where apartments may be found of moderate price, and where there is a very nice mixed club, with good reading-rooms, is Shanklin. The island affords nice excursions, and several coaches run daily all over and round it. An excellent band plays in the club gardens once a week. A very ungrammatical form of speech has recently crept into our magazines and daily papers, to which our girls' attention should be drawn, your own mistake giving the opportunity. The sign of the infinitive mood "to" must not be dissevered from the verb and joined to its adverb. For example, "I wish to carefully study the question." You should say, "I wish to study the question carefully." "I wish to carefully" is not sense.

UARDA is not likely to find the translation of German or French works into English a lucrative undertaking. However, we recommend her to inquire herself amongst the London publishers, and if they give her an order, well and good. She might take a list of popular or useful books, and submit them for consideration, if desired.

POLLY.—Put a little washing soda in some water, and make a good lather of soap, and use a small tooth brush to clean the white coral. Whit Sunday, in the year 1860, was the 27th of May.

COLUMBUS.—We have rarely read such a disgraceful confession! Talk of the young married woman being a "friend," and yet you acknowledge that, owing to your conduct with reference to her husband—of which you give a shameful account—she "is really very jealous," though "she does not say anything!" What do we advise you to do? Humble yourself on your knees before God, and never be in the man's society alone again. At eighteen you have no excuse for your ill-conduct.

SHY LILLIAS.—If you be under medical advice we could not interfere with the doctor's treatment, nor, indeed, could we do so in any case. Perhaps you have been taking a tonic of iron, and your doctor did not warn you to take it through a straw or quill, and to wash your mouth after each dose. You had better see a dentist about your teeth.

PATIENCE.—You might obtain suggestions as to the ways and means of adding to your income in the "Englishwoman's Year Book" (Hatchards, Piccadilly).

EPACRIS (Australia).—The legend of St. George and the Dragon is to be found in the "Golden Legends" of Jacques de Voragine—(see "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," by S. Baring-Gould). The event is supposed to have occurred at Berytus, the modern Beyrout. The beautiful design on our old guinea pieces was by Pistrucci, and was an adaptation of that on a di-drachm of Tarentum, B.C. 250. Write to your Colonial bookseller for the quarterly numbers of the "G. O. P."

A LENT LILY.—We fear the lines you send must be called "doggrel," not "poetry." There is no original thought in them whatever.

JANE E.—We should say it would all go to the eldest brother; but on such a serious question you had far better have a proper legal opinion.

HOUSEWIFE.—Darjeeling, from whence a very popular kind of tea is exported, is a sanitary station for British troops, Cooch Bahar, province of Bengal. The district of Darjeeling has an area of 1,234 square miles, at 7,400 feet above the sea level. It is considered a healthy locality, although having a damp atmosphere and an annual rainfall of 120 inches.

EVERGREEN.—We could not tell you why the ivy you plant should die if it have a good root. In any case there are other evergreens that do not harbour earwigs. Your house will be infested with them if the ivy should cover it.

EARNEST ENQUIRER.—1. If you want a pattern of a Norfolk bodice, why do you not read the directions for obtaining it given at the end of every month's article on "Dress in Season and in Reason"? 2. The "crossed" postal orders are only payable at a bank. 3. Tamarinds are to be obtained at any chemist's or druggist's shop. Tamarind fruit grows in pods at the top of the tree *(Tamarindus Indica)*, a native of the East and West Indies and the Levant. In India it is used as an article of food, and is an excellent ingredient in the composition of curry. Tamarinds and water form a pleasant and cooling drink for persons suffering from febrile and inflammatory disorders.

A SUFFERER.—Of this you may be sure, that "there hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man"; and that if you cast your soul and all its cares and fears and sins on Christ, and ask Him to undertake for you—pleading His name and merits—He will take care of you, soul and body. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Sometimes the Evil One is permitted to fill our minds with terror as well as with temptations to wrong-doing, just to make us fly to Christ as our only refuge, and make us more frequent and earnest in prayer, and in dependence on the aid of the Holy Spirit. Give yourself up more fully to the Lord, tell Him your trouble, and He will, "with the temptation, make a way to escape, that you may be able to bear it" just for the present time. Such trials are for the exercise and development of our faith, and to make Christ the more precious. So take courage and comfort.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 413.] NOVEMBER 26, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

BY RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MY husband went out of the room as Bedson was approaching it to answer the bell, and he at once asked her about his mother's diamonds. I did not hear the question, but when my maid entered I named them myself, and said—

"Did Mr. Beauchamp speak to you about the diamonds?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she replied; "but I had thought of them before, because I knew how particular you are about having such things returned immediately."

I took this answer to mean that the jewels were already safe in the possession of Mrs. Beauchamp, and I gave myself no further anxiety about them. My husband did not allude to them again, and, under the circumstances, he was scarcely to be blamed for not telling me the whole truth. I was in no state to bear excitement, and if I had been told that Bedson had unpacked the boxes from Longminster and put away the contents without seeing a trace of the diamonds, I should have been greatly disturbed. Tom had, however, cautioned her not to give me a hint that the jewels were missing, and her reply to my inquiry was of such a character that it committed her to nothing, though it satisfied me. I was feeling too weak and prostrate to be equal to analysing Bedson's sentences, which at the best of times were often amusingly ambiguous.

Very soon after Tom left me Mrs. Beauchamp took his

"I BELIEVE THEY ARE HERE."

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place by my side, and under her vigilant superintendence the doctor's injunctions as to quiet were faithfully observed. I was very glad she came to Castlemount, and still more so when she promised to remain for the present.

I had thought of my good husband wandering about like a ghost, sitting solitary at table, and missing me at every turn. But with Mrs. Beauchamp in her old place all would go well. I rejoiced heartily when my mother-in-law went downstairs, stately and handsome as usual, to dine with her son, and to dissipate his anxieties by her hopeful, cheery words about myself.

She said nothing about the diamonds when she was sitting by my side; but I need not have taken her silence as any assurance of their safety; for she would always have preferred my retaining these jewels at Castlemount, and in my own keeping.

It was on the 26th of November that I returned from Longminster to Castlemount. With the exception of what I have already related, I held no rational or connected conversation with any person from that time until the 8th of December. The intervening period was spent in pain and restlessness of body and wandering of mind and speech. All that happened during the interval I learned afterwards, and from the lips of others, when I was well enough to hear the particulars.

When on inquiry my husband ascertained that Bedson could tell him nothing as to the whereabouts of the diamonds, he was seized with a fit of that moral cowardice to which I have before alluded, and did not let Mrs. Beauchamp know that they were missing. He had done right in not telling me of the disappearance of the jewels; but he was wrong in concealing their loss from their real owner.

Under pretence of speaking to the Longminster doctor, who had been called in after my first fainting fit, Tom took train for that place, and went straight to the hotel to institute inquiries.

The landlady was also the proprietress of the hotel, an old-fashioned, high-class house, patronised by all the best people. Whatever information Mrs. Musgrave might be able to give would be thoroughly reliable; so Tom, being desirous of avoiding any public talk about the lost jewels, bound her over to secresy, and asked leave to search the room we had occupied.

"I will go with you at once, Mr. Beauchamp," said the landlady. "The room is very much as you left it, with the exception of making up the bed. We were so busy with the catering of the preceding evening, and having such a full house, that we could not get all our apartments into proper order. Many of our guests were here only for the night, and with us a slack time follows a busy one as naturally as a calm comes after a storm. Beside, the room you and Mrs. Beauchamp occupied is one of the best in the house, and not let to stray comers."

Tom agreed with Mrs. Musgrave as to the excellence of the accommodation allotted to us. The room was a fine one, and extremely well furnished. As my husband looked round, he laughingly remarked that it would be almost a day's work to examine all its drawers and the corners in which a small article might be concealed.

"Every crevice shall be examined, however much time may be occupied in the work," said Mrs. Musgrave, with decision. "Seeing, however, that you and Mrs. Beauchamp only brought with you night and toilet requisites and a change of clothes each, it is scarcely likely that the larger drawers would be used."

"I should think they were never opened," said Tom; "but this division of the wardrobe was used for hanging things in. As to the jewels, my wife had them all right on her return; for, fearing she would have a difficulty with the clasp of her necklet, I unfastened it and the bracelets for her, and hung up her dress and some other things in the wardrobe. Having done what I could, and seeing how pale and weary she looked, I came to ask you what would be best for her to take. You know how we found her when we came together to the room after an interval of at least ten minutes."

Mrs. Musgrave thought for a moment.

"There were no jewels lying about then, I am quite certain. Mrs. Beauchamp had evidently been stooping to lock a small box in which she would be likely to have all the little articles required for her toilet. The keys were lying beside her on the hearthrug. We all thought that the fainting fit had been caused by the change from that cold public hall and the raw night air to the warmth of the bedroom. I am grieved to find that the illness is likely to be more serious than was at first anticipated."

Whilst Mrs. Musgrave was talking, she and Tom were not idle. The wardrobe was undergoing careful examination; then the rug was removed and lightly shaken, and the whole neighbourhood of the fireplace scanned by both.

"I cannot help thinking that Mrs. Beauchamp put those diamonds in the box," said the landlady. "And yet you say they were not there when it was unpacked."

"Neither in that box nor in the large one," said Tom. "Yet no doubt they ought to have been; for Olive, I remember, said that the cases had been placed there by Bedson, ready for the ornaments to be returned to them."

A moment afterwards Mrs. Musgrave began to examine the toilet-table, in which were many small drawers. As she opened one under the centre of the mirror, she exclaimed—

"I believe they are here."

Tom turned, and sure enough there were the cases. He opened them one by one, and found them empty.

"I don't know what to make of this, Mr. Beauchamp," said Mrs. Musgrave, with a look of genuine distress on her face. "I have spent my life in this house; for it belonged to my father before me, and came from him to my husband and me; but in all these years no such circumstance as this has ever happened before. I shall be miserable unless it is cleared up; and yet I am in no way to blame. I am most particular as to the character of my servants, and I keep them year after year. There is not a new comer about the place. On such a night, however, as the one you spent here, there are many strangers in and out, and we cannot have our eyes all over at once."

"Of course no one would dream of attaching any blame to you or your household, Mrs. Musgrave," returned Tom. "But what you last said suggested a possibility which had not previously occurred to my mind. Might not someone have entered the room during my absence? Olive might have been seized with fainting when she stooped with the diamonds in her hand in order to replace them in the box. The sound of her fall might have attracted some prowler to open the door, as, if detected, her situation would have furnished an excuse for his entrance. Seeing the diamonds, a dishonest person could have easily secured them and made good his escape before we came to the room together."

"Such a thing is quite possible," replied Mrs. Musgrave. "We will, however, finish our examination."

Accordingly every article of furniture was searched, but with no further result, and Tom returned to Castlemount, carrying with him only the empty cases. About these he at once spoke to Bedson, who blushed guiltily when he told her where they had been found.

"The truth is, sir, that I left the cases on the toilet-table. They were empty, as you know; for my mistress wore the diamonds when she left the hotel with you to go to the dinner. I had to put her things in order and make all ready for the night, so that she might have no trouble on her return. Then I was to take the nine o'clock train back home. There was plenty of time for me to do everything, and half an hour to spare, but, like the rest, I wanted to see all I could, and I watched some of the ladies going down full-dressed to their carriages. One of the waiters told me, if I liked to run down to the Hall, he could manage to take me to a gallery, from which I could get a peep of the tables, and all the company seated and ready to begin dinner.

"It was a great temptation, for, living in the country, one does not often see so many gentlefolks together, and all so handsomely dressed. Beside, it is a little in the way of business. We get hints and new ideas, which are very useful when we are doing up dresses.

"So I went to the Hall, and time went, too, much faster than I thought of. I did not content myself with a peep, but had a good long look at the ladies, for the waiter was too busy to stay beside me. He just took me to the gallery, and, having shown me the nearest way out again, told me to go when I had seen enough.

"I had no watch, the bells were clanging away in the Town Hall tower, so I did not hear the clock strike, till in a little stop between the peals I heard the chimes, which told three-quarters past the hour. That meant a quarter to nine

o'clock, and, putting my best foot foremost, I could only just get to the station in time to catch the train for Castleton.

"I had really done my duties at the hotel. All was laid ready to my mistress's hand, as she would find. But, just as I was stepping into the railway carriage, I remembered that I had left the two jewel cases lying on the toilet-table, instead of putting them back into the box, as I had been told to do.

"I asked myself if it would be worth while to go back, seeing the cases were empty. There was no later train from Longminster. The box was locked, and my mistress had the duplicate key in her own possession. She could not help seeing the cases on the toilet-table, so all would be right, and I would explain, and ask her to excuse my one piece of neglect.

"I came home, as you know, sir, and very sorry I was that I had done so, when I knew of my mistress's illness. How the cases got into the drawer, or what has become of the diamonds, I know not, only I am quite certain they were not amongst the things in either box when they came back here.

"You know, sir, how my mistress has been since her return home. I have had no chance of explaining to her why the cases were left about, and we could not tell her that the diamonds are nowhere to be found. It hurt me to answer her in such a deceitful way when she asked about them, for though I did not tell an untruth in one sense, my mistress took my words to mean that the diamonds had gone back to the Hurst, as usual."

This was Bedson's story, and Tom told me afterwards how sorry he felt for the girl, who was genuinely distressed at having failed in straightforwardness, though most people would have considered her conduct praiseworthy. But Bedson was so essentially true in word and deed, that when I knew the particulars I could understand her feelings.

"Fanny Gregg will be here this afternoon, sir," added Bedson, "but she cannot know anything, because she was too ill to come to the hotel on the morning after the dinner, as Madame Leeson promised she should. Madame kindly sent a line to Mrs. Motley, her aunt, to explain why Fanny could not be here yesterday, according to the arrangement made with my mistress, but she has given her leave to remain at Castlemount till Monday week, as the doctor insisted on the girl's having a good rest."

"Fanny Gregg did not come," said Tom, to himself, "but another girl, quite a lady in appearance, but a stranger, did, and it was she who packed Olive's things and waited on her."

Then something else which looked very suspicious came to Tom's mind. He remembered passing this girl, Ellen Martin, in the corridor, at a short distance from my room door. She was in conversation with a young man, whose dress and appearance were those of a gentleman, but whose presence appeared unwelcome to Ellen herself.

The man was trying to close the girl's hand upon some papers. They might have been bank notes, but Tom did not look curiously enough to be sure of this, not wishing to act the spy. He was, however, sure that he heard the man say—

"You must take them. You have the power to give me what is far more valuable. Surely, you cannot hesitate, for your mother's sake."

The girl at this moment caught sight of my husband, and, darting away from the young man, she ran to the other end of the corridor; but he could not see whether she took the papers with her.

The man muttered something between his teeth, the purport of which my husband did not catch, and, without attempting to follow Ellen again, went straight down the wide staircase, and disappeared from sight.

Tom's anxiety about me had driven this incident out of his mind for the time. Indeed, he had only just seen the girl, and, but for his present perplexity on account of the lost jewellery, might not have given her a second thought. He was very much puzzled as to the course he ought to take, and, having decided not to confide in his mother, he knew not whom to consult.

There was no lawyer nearer than Longminster, and he had already been there, and returned as early as possible.

Trains between that place and Castleton—our village station—were not very numerous, and even if he proposed a second journey thither, there were three reasons against his taking it. My own condition, which was causing serious alarm; the curiosity which his going to Longminster twice in one day without saying wherefore would excite in Mrs. Beauchamp's mind; and its being Saturday afternoon, when his lawyer would certainly have left his office until Monday morning.

My husband was on sufficiently intimate terms with his legal adviser, Mr. Fielden, to have followed him to his house had he failed to meet with him at his office, but he shrank from doing this. Moreover, he was inclined to try other means before he consulted the lawyer. He hoped almost against hope that the jewels would yet be found. If they had been stolen by some prowling stranger at the hotel there would be little chance of their recovery, especially as there was not a shadow of evidence against any person.

It was in one sense fortunate for Tom that his anxiety about my illness and the loss of the jewels came together, otherwise his expressive face would have betrayed him to his mother.

Mrs. Beauchamp was a keen observer, and her son having been the one object of her motherly devotion during his whole life, she was accustomed to note every change in his manner and spirits with over-anxious solicitude.

She saw his trouble at this time, but naturally attributed his silence and gloom to anxiety on my account.

She stayed with him as much as possible, but failed to engage him in conversation or drive the cloud from his face.

"My poor boy," she said, tenderly laying her hand upon his shoulder, "I feel deeply for your trouble, but you must not be too anxious about Olive. She is young, and has hitherto had fine health. I daresay she will be going about as usual in a few days. You may rely on my doing everything for her that I would do for you under similar circumstances."

"And I know all that means," replied Tom, bending to give his mother a grateful kiss. "It is the thought of your being beside Olive that gives me the greatest comfort—for you do love her, mother?"

"Only second to yourself, dear boy. When I gave my consent to your marriage with Olive I assigned her a place in heart as well as in home. She became my daughter the moment you called her 'wife.'"

"You are the best mother in the world," replied Tom, for the moment forgetting the lost jewels, while his face brightened at the sound of her kind words. "You cannot love by halves, or for that matter do anything else, unless your heart goes with it."

(To be continued.)

IF LOVE WILL STAY,

(RONDEAU.)

By J. W. GLEESON WHITE.

If love will stay, what matter what may go!
Like prisoned roots beneath the silent snow,
A force abides to deck the world again,
And clothe with sweetest flowers and richest grain,
Though loud dull care may howl and troubles blow.

Riches may vanish, fame no longer gain,
Health languish; let the Fates wreak might and main
Their heaviest blows, and you shall comfort know,
If love will stay.

The one true link that binds life here below,
The one clear beam of that far distant glow
Where life is love, and the eternal plain
Of Heaven but shows love without fault or stain,
While earth reflects the best that Heaven can show,
If love will stay.

NO CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"I SAW HER OFF."

WHICH of my numerous rich relations, I was pondering, would invite me to dinner on Christmas Day?

It was getting near that dreaded day—painfully near! To one who has lost all that is most dear on earth, and is conscious besides of one ever-present sorrow, all the symptoms of Christmas-tide — glittering shop windows, Christmas presents, Christmas cards, Christmas cheer—make the heart sick! All seems to taunt and mock at anything like poverty, forcing upon the memory the while those better days, those loving faces gone—gone for ever!

This was my case—I had lost all on earth most dear. Well—no! There was one left—one of whom I thought each hour of the day, each waking hour—but whom, I had told myself over and over again, I must never see more.

Utterly unconscious of my love, utterly remote from me, both as regarded distance and circumstances, this loved one lived and moved and had his being; never thinking of the little lonely woman who now sat gazing into the fire at her shabby London lodging.

But this is not a love story—it is one of hard facts. It records what happened to me on one particular Christmas Day long ago.

I was a poor relation—one whom nobody wanted. One of my father's sisters had actually increased my income by twenty pounds a year, to keep me at a safe distance from herself and daughters—my cousins of whom I had been so fond! Alas, I was too poor to reject the money. Besides, it was offered (as was also the advice to remove from Ashthorpe) in the most affectionate manner possible.

In fact, my loving aunt was never exactly unkind. She had the pleasantest manner in the world of saying cruel things, and nothing could have been gentler than her voice and bearing when she gave me plainly to understand that I was not wanted as a neighbour.

She could not endure unsuccessful people of either sex, and I was what she considered "a dead failure"—no beauty, no money, and, since my troubles came, by no means a cheerful member of society.

My cousins could not tolerate my unfashionable clothes and (according to their notions) my general frumpiness.

I saw it all—I felt it bitterly—and decided to give up my tiny cottage at Ashthorpe. It was a pretty little nest half hidden in the trees at the very gates of their fine property. On the death of my mother I had taken it in order to be near those I then loved best—namely, this very aunt and these very cousins.

I wrote to my old school friend, Ethel Ricardo, asking her to find me rooms in London, the rent not to exceed one pound a week.

Ethel, like myself, was a lonely woman. Her income was larger than mine by forty pounds a year, yet she considered herself a pauper, nor could she, as I had done, get accustomed to poverty. Poor Ethel, simply from utter want of knowledge of economy, would do things which I should have considered as wildly extravagant. Her change of fortune had been of recent date, and before it she had never known what narrow incomes meant.

We were both of the same age—not old—not very young; we had passed our twenty-fifth birthday, that was all. Ethel Ricardo was very handsome. As for my own appearance at that time, I can remember it quite well. I was of middle height, with slender figure, my features generally being of that type which requires vivacity to make them attractive. The eyes ought to have been merry eyes, and the mouth a laughing mouth; but all mirth, or nearly all, had departed from their owner.

Of all people in the world I trusted to this friend, and my confidence was not misplaced—Ethel really loved me.

She wrote this note in answer to mine, and it is characteristic of my friend:—

"7, Cornwall Place, W., Saturday.

"Dear Old Chum,

"I am delighted to hear the news. How charming to have you so near me, for you will be near me, Bertha. I have taken rooms for you at 12, Devon Place, the first turning to the right from here — a really nice, tidy little house—with worthy landlady, I am told—but oh, Bertha, what an odious race these creatures are! I am always in hot water with mine, who reminds me of Mrs. Manning at Madame Tussaud's. I call her 'The Chamber of Horrors!' Well, dear, I shall be at Paddington to meet you, of course, and I have ordered good fires and a good dinner, and what is to me even more necessary, a few hothouse flowers for your table.

"I shall come and dine with you the first evening—oh! I forgot, by the bye—your Chamber of Horrors says, 'she can't do with late dinners at such a low rent.' You will find them always flinging that 'low rent' in your teeth; mine does.

"Never mind, we shall be able to laugh at it all when we are together. So I suppose, dear, it must be a kind of supper—not a dinner. No

"UNCLE BARCLAY WOULD OFTEN STOP AT MY HUMBLE ABODE."

more chatter. I will reserve, till we meet, the hundred-and-one things I have to say. God bless you, Bertha.

"Ever yours,
"ETHEL."

When I informed Aunt Blair of my future address, she remarked in rather an injured tone that I had chosen a part of London which was close to the Barclays (relations on my father's side of the house), and not far from the St. Clairs and Castabadies (relations on my mother's side). I assured her that my only object was to be near Ethel, and that I had not considered how far or near my kindred might reside; but my aunt's annoyance was evident.

"The St. Clairs and the Castabadies would think that she had advised me to settle near them; most annoying."

Such was her remark, and I smile when I think of its littleness; but sigh as I remember the chill my heart experienced. I might have had the plague instead of only a narrow income. My notions of London and its size were vague, and I imagined I had done the wisest thing in the world in deciding to go where chances were so much against my meeting any more relations. Truly, if all slighted me, as from Aunt Blair's speeches and demeanour I had every reason to think they would, the pain would be greater far than the pleasure.

To do these London kinsfolk justice, they all called upon me. The Castabadies drove up in their fine carriage with powdered servants. The Barclays, who lived nearer to my humble abode than I had expected, walked the distance, surprising me early one afternoon before I had quite finished my mid-day meal (which was always forty minutes late). They must have had their refined noses shocked by the odour of an Irish stew I had been enjoying.

My aunt and her daughters were unspeakably dressed; but the former took care to let me know that their fine feathers were not in honour of me, but that they had a host of visits to pay, and were going afterwards to "a very good 'At Home' across the Park, where Grossmith was to recite, and that kind of thing, don't you know."

Presently their carriage came to pick them up—an immense relief, as it seemed, to my young cousins, who had looked greatly bored.

The St. Clair girls walked in one fine afternoon, bringing with them their mother's card. My own mother had often, in my girlhood, told me of this favourite sister of hers, who was so "deeply attached to herself." Possibly it had been so; but to me—her daughter—my Aunt St. Clair had not proved her former love for my mother, nor had she taken any notice of me whatever. Her card, now before me, had printed upon it—

"Mrs. Albert St. Clair,
"Redcliffe Gardens.
"At Home, Thursday, 4 till 6 o'clock."

The "At Home, 4 till 6 o'clock" had been carefully scratched through by pen and ink; evidently to me she was not at home on her "At Home" days.

These people all had a patronising manner of addressing me, very galling to my spirit; but I bore it as well as I could, and told Ethel of all the heartburnings their visits caused me. Sometimes we would laugh together, heartily, over the airs and graces of these my grand relatives. Ethel had a humorous manner of imitating some of them, which was irresistibly comic. How often must Aunt Castabadie's ears have tingled; for it was upon her that Ethel was always most severe. Indeed, she was more easy to caricature than the others; her swagger, so Ethel called it; her love of jewellery and of French words (sometimes wrongly pronounced); her peculiar drawl in speaking—all these vagaries Ethel had ridiculed and imitated, until it was difficult to repress a smile whenever the all-unconscious subject of our fun was present.

It was well for me that Ethel lived so near me; well for us both that we could sometimes laugh heartily, even at the expense of others.

There are two persons among this crowd of relatives of whom I think now as the Good Samaritans, distinct and separate from the many Levites. I needed consolation, and Uncle Barclay and Cousin Margery applied the oil and wine, soothingly, by their gentleness and sympathy.

Uncle Barclay would often stop at my humble abode on his way home from the Colonial Office, his cheery voice and conversation brightening not a little my winter evenings. I think he almost envied me my quiet solitude, for to me he often complained of the turmoil and unrest of his own home, and of the whirl of dissipation in which his wife and daughters passed their lives. Sometimes he would bring me game, sometimes flowers, always the evening paper—to me a positive luxury. Sometimes I have been driven by sheer dulness and want of more amusing occupation, to spelling through the advertisements after having twice over read the news. I found myself counting how many words it took to fill a column in the *Globe*, and wondering whether it would ever be possible for me to write anything decently interesting; and if so, whether I could so melt the heart of some editor or publisher as to induce him to print it.

Cousin Margery was another good angel who brought me sunshine and hope from time to time.

She was my father's first cousin, the widow of an officer who had died young, leaving her with an only son. This son it was—Rupert, the darling of her heart—who had haunted my life. No one knew it but God! None pitied me unless He did! When my relatives groaned over me, it was simply because I was impecunious; whereas this, which they judged my greatest sorrow, was in truth my smallest. Had they read my heart; had they seen my head bowed down with grief, hopeless and unutterable; had they heard the wild appeals to heaven to help me, to banish from my eyes the loved face, from my ears the dear *voice*—surely, the hardest heart among these worldlings would have melted in pity!

Well, here was Christmas week; and so far no one had given me an idea that I should share the good things with which, no doubt, on Christmas Day their luxurious tables would overflow. I cared not; and yet I felt, if possible, more utterly lonely this Christmas-tide than ever I had felt in all my life.

Ethel Ricardo, more fortunate than I, had friends with whom she every year spent this season; friends, not rich like mine, but with warm and loving hearts. And so, on the very day when my story begins, Ethel had left me very reluctantly for Yorkshire. I saw her off, and made myself as merry as I could while we rattled along in the cab to the station. I do not think Ethel even found out that the laugh was hollow and the merriment forced. She started for her visit, looking bright and happy—thank God!

No sooner had the long string of carriages rolled out of the station than my utter loneliness made itself felt, and I think I must have uttered some exclamation of despair, for a lady inquired if anything was the matter.

"Was I ill? Should she get me a cab?"

Feeling confused and unstrung, I gladly accepted this offer, and hid myself in the corner of the four-wheeler until it reached my lodging.

It was Christmas Eve when the St. Clairs carriage stopped at the little gate in front of the house. My heart beat a little faster as I thought that after all they had not forgotten

"MY HEAD BOWED DOWN WITH GRIEF."

me—had come, perhaps, to invite me to spend the next day at Redcliffe Gardens.

Looking all-important, my aunt entered, enveloped in a rich mantle covered with deep fur, her face sleek and comely, but wearing a somewhat mysterious expression.

She was followed by Constance and Robina, who surveyed with upturned noses my dingy room. After much preamble, my aunt made inquiries as to whether I was dining at the Barclays or the Castabadies on the morrow.

She supposed with one or other of these relatives, as they lived so near me, and their families were so much smaller than her own.

I was obliged to confess that so far neither had given me an invitation. My two cousins exchanged looks.

"How awfully queer of the Barclays!" exclaimed Constance. "Isn't it?" addressing Robina.

"Awfully!" acquiesced Robina, languidly, as she looked at herself in the diminutive mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Now, I am not so surprised at the Castabadies, for they are so awfully mean, don't you know!"

"Aw—ful—ly!" again chimed in her sister, with a gentle yawn.

"*C'est dommage, ma chère,*" my aunt drawled out, jingling her bangles as an accompaniment to her French (somehow the bangles and French always went together). "*C'est dommage;* but, really, there will not be an inch of room at our table to-morrow, the boys being at home—in fact, our party is made up. Besides, of course we felt sure you would spend Christmas with your father's relations—never for a moment doubted it!"

"Never doubted it!" chimed in the two girls.

"*Allons donc!*" And my aunt rose, and kissed me—or, at all events, went through a form very like it. Each of the girls touched my cheekbone with her chin; and the trio, wishing me "A very merry Christmas!" sauntered from the house. They re-entered their nest of furs and cushions, and the carriage rolled away.

I could not help looking after it, and thinking how I should enjoy a drive through the open air, just for once in a way. Not that I envied them, heaven knows, nor would I for worlds have changed my personality for theirs; but I sometimes longed for more outdoor exercise, and was not strong enough to walk far, nor could I ever enjoy going about alone. Unfortunately for me, I remembered too well the comfort of a carriage. My father had once been a rich man, and I had been reared as some rare orchid. Then came trouble upon trouble—the loss of my father's property, and with it the complete breakdown of his health; then his death, and soon afterwards that of my mother—of her who had been our sunshine, even in the midst of the tempest which ruined our lives.

I now lived upon the small remains of a once handsome fortune. I am not going to weary my readers by describing how I lived on my mere pittance and kept clear of debt, nor how each penny had to be calculated in the week's expenditure.

The extra twenty pounds a year from Aunt Blair eased matters a good deal; but even with this addition my income did not quite amount to a hundred a year. Any woman who has lived upon this sum after having been brought up in affluence will know the perpetual problem which was before me as to how to make both ends meet.

Within an hour of the St. Clairs departure there was a rat-tat at the front door, and in a moment Kathleen Barclay stood before me.

"Mother has sent me to say that she hopes you will accept"—(surely an invitation this time, I thought, with some real pleasure; for I loved my uncle, and what more pleasant than to pass the morrow in his society!)—"this, with her love and Christmas wishes."

My cousin drew from her muff a small—very small—box of preserved fruits, tied up with coloured satin ribbons.

I stared at it—vacantly, as I fancy; for Kathleen explained that it was "something for dessert, you know."

I found words to thank her for the handsome gift, as well as for the "love and Christmas wishes"; but I felt a lump rising in my throat as I pictured myself sitting alone, with an aching heart, and in front of me—a box of preserved fruit!

"Fearfully cold, isn't it?" remarked Kathleen, as I saw her out of the door.

"Fearfully cold, indeed!" I replied, heartily, thinking, not of the weather, but the world.

So far I had provided nothing for a Christmas dinner, having had a hazy idea that some fairy godmother would provide me with all things necessary. It was a vague expectation that some of these wealthy "friends" of mine would—must—carry me away from my joyless room to their own bright home. Evidently this was all a delusion; none of them had the remotest intention of doing anything of the sort.

Presently it occurred to me that I must be fed on Christmas Day, as upon other days, and that the sooner my small shopping was done the better.

Sauntering in an aimless fashion from shop to shop, I purchased food of some kind, and ended by entering a pastrycook's, there to procure some of those inevitable adjuncts of Christmas—mince pies.

I was waiting for change of half a sovereign (my last, since it was the end of the quarter), when I felt myself touched upon the shoulder.

Turning round I beheld young George Barclay, his mouth full of some kind of confectionery, and at his elbow a friend—no doubt another Eton boy.

"Why, George, you here! and still fond of tarts!" I said, laughing.

"Rather!" he mumbled out, as he munched away.

It was positively alarming to watch the rapidity with which the schoolboy gobbled. I was afraid to speak to him for fear he might try to reply, and be suffocated in the effort. His friend, too, seemed to be running a race with him, and bolted one or two cream puffs in a manner that quite amazed me.

Seeing at last that even their capacious appetites were somewhat appeased, and that George had left half a Bath bun unfinished, I suggested that perhaps some water might be acceptable.

The boys laughed heartily at my innocence.

"Water! Ha, ha! Hark at her!" George turned to his friend, and the two seemed tickled beyond measure. "If you mean sherry, now, you'll be nearer the mark. Got any sherry?" George asked of the serving-woman.

"Dry, sir?"

"Not too dry," he replied, evidently knowing perfectly well what he was about.

After washing down the pastry with more than one glass of wine, George turned to me, and jerked out—

"Are you coming to us to-morrow, Bertha?"

"No."

"Well, then, there will be another jolly row. There has been one already."

"What do you mean?" I asked, for I confess the boy had excited my curiosity.

"Oh, I don't know; only there was no end of a turn-up at home last Sunday. The governor was on his hind legs all day about it."

"About what?"

"Why, about you, to be sure."

"I hope uncle is not angry with me, I'm sure," I said, anxiously. "He has not been to see me for several evenings, and I have been wondering what——"

"Ah! that's just it. He said he could not go near you—was absolutely ashamed to look you in the face."

"Good gracious!"

"Those were his very words. He declared the *mater* should write you a letter about 'joining the family circle,' or some bosh like that. He roared at her, and looked one mass of rage. He sent the girls flying because they made some remark about your black silk frock. Then the *mater* got waxy. I don't know what it was all about, you know, exactly, but it was an awful lark to see them all. Ha! ha! ha!"

The boy seemed to look back upon the domestic explosion with infinite satisfaction.

"I'm sorry," I said heartily, "very sorry," for I did not like the idea of my uncle being distressed on my account. I added presently, "I am glad, too, George, if you can understand that——"

"Sorry and glad?"

"Yes, my dear boy; but you will never understand why, so good-bye, and a merry Christmas to you. Give my love to your father."

The boy had unconsciously made me feel happier than I had done for days. Yes, I was glad as well as sorry at what he had blurted out. Someone wanted me. Uncle Barclay was true! Though I was destined to spend my Christmas alone, though his daughters had evidently ridiculed my only "go to meeting" gown, which was antiquated, I allow, and his wife had triumphed, no doubt, in getting her own way, still the one I loved had fought my battles, and if he had not won the day, it was because he was outnumbered by the enemy. I was none the less grateful to the dear old man.

When I returned home I found, to my great joy, Cousin Margery sitting quietly by my fireside. I needed her, God knows. She rose as I entered, both hands stretched out towards me.

"My dear child," she said, pressing my two hands between her own. "I came to wish you all good things at this most blessed season, and to bring you a few fresh flowers to cheer and gladden, as flowers always can. Look!" she continued, holding up to the light a lovely vase of Bohemian glass in the form of a cornucopia. "I hope you approve of my little Christmas gift, Bertha. I thought of your love of flowers, and brought you something to hold them as well, you see. See how well the camellias harmonise with the heaths, and yet what would the bouquet be without the soft green of the maidenhair? Why, no better than our lives would be without sympathy. Take away the one, and the other is not worth having."

The sound of her voice, the look in her eyes, so like his; the tenderness of manner, the allusion she had made to life without love, all these combined to unlock the floodgates of my pent-up tears.

"Oh! Cousin Margery," I sobbed, clinging to her and resting my head upon her shoulder, "oh, if you only knew what it is to me to hear kind words! If you could understand what——"

"Bertha! Why, Bertha! Tears! What is it? Tell me. Any bad news? Speak, my poor girl." She stroked my head as if I had been some little child.

"Nothing is the matter; at least, nothing new. It is only that I am weak and foolish—and—and—I hate Christmas-time."

"It reminds you of those you have lost. I see—I know. Poor Bertha!—poor Bertha!" and she sighed a sigh of sympathy for me as well as perhaps for herself. Cousin Margery had had her troubles, like other people.

"And now tell me, dear," she said, cheerily,

"tell me, where you are going to spend to-morrow? Where do you dine?"

"I have just ordered my dinner. I dine alone." I had recovered myself, and spoke almost as cheerfully as Margery.

"What? Do you mean to say? Is it possible? Have not the Barclays—the St. Clairs, or the Cas——?"

"Oh! stop," I laughed, hysterically, for after all it had its comic side, this Christmas dinner of mine. "Stop!—it seems so ridiculous. As if it matters where I spend a day I so much dread, or how one is fed when the heart is heavy."

"Oh! but I am shocked. I blame myself," and a pained expression came into my cousin's face. "What must you think of me, Bertha, among the rest? Believe me when I tell you that the reason I did not ask you to come to me was that I thought it would be selfish to take you from more cheerful society, feeling certain that you would spend your Christmas at your Uncle Barclay's or at Redcliffe Gardens, where there will, no doubt, be a large and merry gathering. Forgive me, Bertha, forgive a too late invitation, and come and cheer me to-morrow. Let us cheer each other."

I was about to thank her for all her goodness, and to accept gladly her warm invitation, when she added—

"I shall be quite alone, too, all day that is; but whom do you think I am expecting in time for dinner?"

"Indeed I cannot tell."

"Why, that boy of mine, unselfish as ever, has given up one of his shooting parties that he may be able to eat his Christmas dinner with me, and I hope with you, too, Bertha. Rupert will join us about seven o'clock from Scotland."

It was like a stab at the heart. I felt myself grow pale, if such a thing is possible, and I had to lean heavily on the nearest piece of furniture. I just remember that an involuntary exclamation escaped me, but the words were inarticulate. At last I managed to get out the commonplace sentence—

"How glad you must be!" showing, or trying to show, just the proper degree of interest.

"Glad!" she cried, with excitement, "that is a very feeble word to express what I feel. Do you know, Bertha, my love for Rupert is so like idolatry that I sometimes fear he may be taken from me. I worship my son."

I was dumb. I could find no words with which to answer her, or to express my sympathy; but I took and pressed in silence the hand she extended towards me as she was preparing to leave. Had she known what it was that sealed my lips, making me appear hard and unsympathetic, she would not have looked that disappointed look which I so well remember. It was like a little cloud resting for a moment upon her features; it quickly passed away, and the kind eyes smiled again as she said—

"Kiss me, Bertha. Come early, very early to-morrow. God bless you!"

"God bless you!" I echoed, and she was gone.

Gone! thinking how little I cared for her joy at the prospect of so soon seeing him. Gone! thinking, no doubt, with pity, how impossible it was for me to understand such depth of love as hers. Gone! little thinking that I, too, worshipped the same idol.

How can I describe the conflict of feelings with which I looked forward to the morrow? Was fate working for my good or ill? Was it possible that a page of life which I had thought closed for ever was about to be re-opened? I had much better have sat up that night, and employed myself in some way, instead of listening to each hour as it struck, and watching for the morning light. It came at last—a yellowish-grey light, which soon became decidedly yellow, convincing me that a heavy fog hung over the great city.

I was not mistaken. A more cheerless Christmas morning could not be imagined. The bad weather did not prevent my attending the early service. There, among other prayers, was offered up to heaven a prayer so often offered up before—that God would grant that which seemed impossible.

From church I had fully intended to go straight to Cousin Margery's house; but a lingering curiosity as to what the postman (always so late on Christmas Day) might have brought, induced me to go home first, especially as to do so was not far out of my way.

There on my table I found lying two large envelopes, one addressed in Ethel Ricardo's well-known hand. Inside it was a lovely card, prettier far than any I had seen in the shop windows, and at the back of it were written some loving words of greeting.

The second envelope had on it the Ashthorpe postmark. Within was another handsome card. I knew it well. The design was one which had been a favourite four years ago. It came from my aunt Blair. There were no written words of any kind, but printed by the publisher in the stereotyped way was the inscription, "Merry may thy Christmas be."

Was it meant for sarcasm, or was it that she had given no thought one way or the other as to whether the words were suitable to send me? On closer inspection I noticed that there had once been words written in pencil at the back, and, what is more, they were in my own handwriting. Yes, carefully as they had been erased, I made out these: "From Bertha: with fond love." I myself had sent that card to Mabel Blair four Christmases ago! If only Ethel had been at my side, what a hearty laugh we should have enjoyed over the economy once more exercised by my relations where I was concerned!

Ethel's card I put in a prominent position upon my mantelpiece; the other I threw into the fire; and then, with a feeling of something like joyousness, I quitted the house. Coming in at the gate hurriedly, at that moment, was a telegraph boy. As I passed him I saw distinctly my own name written on the yellow envelope which he held in his hand. I turned and followed him, but before I had time to claim the missive, he had given a startling knock at the front door, which promptly brought my landlady. In no time at all she was holding the telegram; and the boy slamming the gate after him had disappeared.

A telegram for me! and on Christmas morning! What could it be about? From whom? Was it possible that at the eleventh hour some of my affectionate aunts had sent me an invitation? I laughed to myself quite merrily as I tore open the envelope, thinking how amusing it would be to telegraph back the single word "Engaged."

Good heavens! How little I guessed what words were really written on that dreadful slip of paper.

This is what I read:—

"Kinloch Rannock,
25th December, 8.30 a.m.

"Break to Cousin Margery as best you can the news of Rupert's sudden death from gun accident."

* * * *

A sharp cry resounded through the house, and brought around me the inmates in alarm; a cry as of some wounded bird, which to this day I hear at times ringing in my ears. The walls and ceiling seemed to close in upon me, the mirror to rock from side to side, and smaller objects to become blurred and indistinct.

Gradually, too, the sound of passing vehicles outside grew muffled in my ears, and then—and then—

* * * *

R. G.

VARIETIES.

A Woman Inventor.

Prior to the date of about 1720 there was no such luxury as mustard in its present form at our tables. At that time the seed was coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. In the year mentioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, residing in Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and pass it through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept to herself for many years, and, in the period of her exclusive possession of it, supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and, in particular, the metropolis, with this article. George I. stamped it with fashion by his approval. Mrs. Clements regularly twice a year travelled to London and the principal towns throughout England for orders; and the old lady continued to make a considerable amount of money. From this woman residing in Durham, it acquired the name of "Durham Mustard."—*From Health Exhibition Literature, vol.* iv.

A Famous Authoress.

There is something very interesting in the life of Mrs. Inchbald, the well-known authoress. The applause and distinction with which she was greeted never led her to deviate from her simple and somewhat parsimonious habits. "Last Thursday," runs an entry in her diary, "I finished scouring my bedroom while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing."

She allowed a sister who was in ill health £100 a year. "Many a time," she records in her diary, "when I cried for cold I said to myself, but thank God! my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning; all her provisions bought and brought ready cooked; she is now the less able to bear what I bear; and how much the more should I suffer but for this reflection." This was noble and generous self-denial.

Keeping a Secret.

"My dear Murphy!" said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it betraying you call it? Sure when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

MOORLAND WALKS.

ONE step in the right direction was taken a few days ago, at a meeting of ladies in Bond Street. It was convened on the subject of dress, and it was decided "that the plumage of small birds should no longer be considered a fashionable trimming for either robes or mantles." I hear also in connection with the same idea that some of the principal ladies' hatters of London have declared their intention of not using the plumes, wings, and skins of wild birds in future, for the decoration of either hats or bonnets. From one of the daily newspapers (*Standard*) I cut the following extract, which is only one of the many articles that have appeared on this subject:—

"In vain have the Audubon Society and the American Ornithologists' Union protested, in vain has the Selborne Society in this country endeavoured for years to show the folly and the cruelty of the sacrifice of millions of the brightest ornaments of field and grove to the lowest form of female vanity. Fashion had sent forth its ukase, women continued to obey the decree, and so long as women continued to stick humming-birds in their bonnets and gulls' wings in their hats, wear muffs of the breasts of slaughtered grebes, or, as in the instance of a Nevada plutocrat's wife, send sharp-shooters to New Guinea to kill birds of paradise in order to sew their gorgeous pelts into mantles, so long did the dealers send their collectors out. A curious observer has put on record that in one tramway car in Madison Avenue in New York, he counted eleven women who wore birds. The species thus distributed were found to be the heads and wings of three starlings, an entire bird of unknown species, seven warblers representing four species, a large tern, the head and wings of three shore larks, the wings of seven shore larks and grass-finches, one half of a gallinule, a small tern, a turtle dove, a vireo, and a yellow-breasted chat, and a number of ostrich plumes. Altogether it has been calculated that fully 5,000,000 birds are annually destroyed in the United States alone to supply the home demand, and that at least as many again are exported to Europe and other countries. But North America is not the only continent which is robbed of its feathered inhabitants for this contemptible purpose. South America sends many, Europe a few, and a host come from Africa, Australia, the Papuan Islands, and India. In one shop in London there were sold during the four months ending April, 1885, no fewer than 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian ones, besides thousands of Impeyan pheasants and birds of paradise. One collector for the dealers prepared during a three months' trip in South Carolina as many as 11,018 skins, and the same person has lately boasted that on an average he sells 30,000 a year to be cut up for millinery purposes. A single village in Long Island sent in four months 70,000 pelts to New York, and a Paris firm contracted with an enterprising woman at Cobb's Island, on the Virginia coast, to deliver to them 40,000, or more, gull and tern skins during the past summer—each skin being valued at one and eightpence. Orioles, tanagers, grosbeaks, cedar wax-wings, bluebirds, meadow larks, and golden-winged woodpeckers are in great favour. Sea birds of white or delicate shades of colour are so eagerly bought that there are many professional shooters who confine themselves to this branch of commerce. At Flamborough Head and the Fern Islands on our own coast a constant fusillade is going on; and in the Hebrides, Shetlands, and Orkneys the destruction is even greater. One man exports upwards of 1,000 a

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

A SIMPLE STRAW HAT.

month to France; and in Long Island near New York, as many as 3,000 skins of the sea swallow are sent to market in early spring, when the plumage is at its best. We read in one of those personal descriptions of 'society ladies' in which the Americans so delight, that a certain belle 'had her gown of unrelieved black looped up with blackbirds; and a winged creature so dusky that it could have been intended for nothing but a crow reposed among the coils and braids of her hair.'"

Many times during the past few years I have made an appeal in these pages to the girl readers of this paper, to abstain from following this useless and cruel fashion; no woman or girl can encourage such folly, wilfully, for if she permit herself to think it over, her natural feelings of kindness and pity will arise to prevent her injuring the weak and harmless, whether they be human beings or any of God's creatures. I hope all who read the "G.O.P." will from henceforth resolve "not to make use of the plumes, wings, nor skins of wild birds in future, and to dissuade others from using them."

The next subject of interest in the way of dress consists in the warm discussions that have been going on in the daily and weekly press on the subject of "Dressmaking as a Profession for Women." Opinions seem to differ very much as to its being a remunerative one; but as it seems clear that, in the future, every girl will have to be prepared to earn her own living, and as there will be many girls who will have no taste for art, science, literature, nor teaching, manual labour will also have to be taught and practised; and dressmaking requires careful instruction, and much experience as well. At Cambridge the question has already been solved by the establishment of a Society of Lady Dressmakers, who train workers and make dresses. The London offices are at 87, George Street, Portman Square, W. I mention this as one of the best of the recent movements for helping women and girls, and because my article is on the question of dress. From the correspondence on the subject, I gather that from 16s. 6d. a week to 20s. is about as much as an ordinary dressmaker's hand receives, working twelve hours a day, after three or four years of training. Thus the question at once arises, Can a lady live on this sum, even if her health should stand the confinement? Would it be possible to save a little? And would there likewise be any chance of leisure for the needful exercise? All these questions have to be considered by any woman or girl for herself.

And now that I have considered the two chief subjects of outside interest, I must turn to some of my notes on the new clothes of the winter. The cold weather has commenced early, and we have all had to don our warmest gowns and mantles to protect ourselves from the winter of October. Furs are, of course, much worn, and mouflon is the name of the newest fur. It is moderate in price, but is dyed. Long boas are made of it, which are still worn this winter, and either touch the ground nearly or are fastened to the muff. Capes are much seen, but have altered in shape, and are more like an old-fashioned habit-skirt, and, of course, are much closer fitting. I hear that dark red cloth tight-fitting jackets, trimmed with black Astrachan fur, will be much used by young girls, and they are very pretty and youthful.

The imitation furs are beautiful, and many of the most useful winter dresses are trimmed with it, in addition to its usefulness in trimming up and re-making old gowns which have seen some service. Muffs are made to match the dress, but all kinds of muffs will be used of fur, as well as fancy ones of velvet, lace, and satin mixed with the fur.

In jerseys, which are quite as much used as ever, the newest introduction is the thick jersey with a soft, fluffy, beaver lining, such as it has hitherto been impossible to get out of Paris. They are well made, and have velvet collars and cuffs. Another kind of jersey has a yoke of fine tucks, the top of the sleeves to the elbow being also tucked. There are all descriptions of fancy jerseys—beaded, braided, and otherwise ornamented.

There is a great diversity of taste in the making of bodices, and, so far as I can see, every style is worn; and there seems a strong

HOUSE DRESSES FOR WINTER.

probability that polonaises will return once more to favour, as also the long, plain redingotes, like a princess overdress, once so much worn. Both these styles add to the height of the wearer, and make stout people look slighter. Pointed bodices, with waistcoats of imitation fur, are very comfortable-looking, and so are the dresses trimmed with the same. Yoked bodices, with the new very wide belts, are decidedly popular. These are made apparently of wide horse-girthing, with three straps and leather buckles in front, and a small leather pocket. There are also some stamped leather belts, with all kinds of mediæval designs on them, which have buckles of the same.

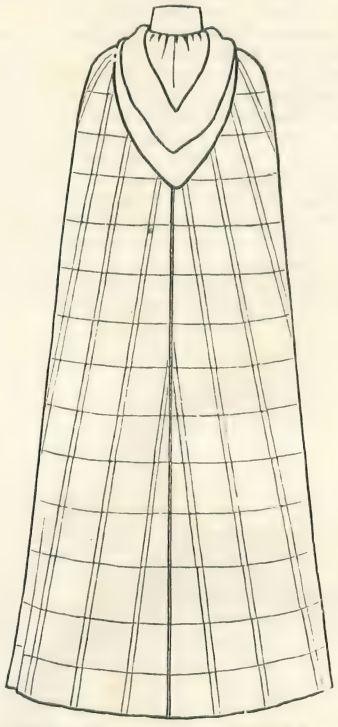
The dress buttons of the season are remarkable for their wonderful variety. Some are the most realistic apples, plums, and peaches in their natural colours, some are like coins, or of mother-of-pearl and metal, and the buttons of gutta-percha are made in all colours, and possible combinations of colour, so as to be an exact match to the material with which they are used. A lozenge is a favourite shape, but not a very good one for buttoning. Ribbon tuckers are as much worn as ever, with and without the picot edge. They may be of every colour, but the prettiest are those of black, white, and gold, or of silver threads entwined.

These metallic threads are much seen in the new woollens, which have borders embroidered in the most beautiful way. The dresses, which are sold in boxes, have become popular this winter. They show braiding designs, as well as designs of narrow, fine cord, laid on very thickly.

I notice that, although red dresses are still in favour, the general tendency is towards dark rich hues. Claret, brown, dark "Rose du Barry," dark terra-cotta, heliotrope of a more purple hue, dark slate, moss-green, and the favourite gobelins blue, which seems to appear everywhere. Then there is a beautiful blue-black, like the wing of a crow, which is very popular.

The use of "pinking" this winter promises to be great, both for gowns and bonnets, and materials of silk and wool. Bonnets and hats are made in rows of pinking, one laid over the other. A costume which I saw the other day, of brown ladies' cloth, had rows of pinking alternately of brown and pale yellow cloth as a trimming, the bonnet being made to match, with pinkings of the two cloths. A handsome bow of brown and yellow velvet, and strings of velvet, completed the bonnet. It was altogether so simple and plain, that any home milliner could make it. Most of the French bonnets are very high, but in England we modify them to suit our own tastes.

Our old friend moire has made its appearance again; but I am told that the secret of making it in England has been lost; and that none of the new moires are made in England. The old ones were wonderful, both in texture and wear; in fact, they never wore out, I think; and used to look as well as ever after years of good service. Pekins, as they are called—*i.e.*, stripes of velvet and satin, or of watered silk and satin—are also newly reintroduced, and make very pretty dresses; and I am assured that in good shops one may now buy silks without fearing that they will disappoint one in wearing, as the newest



IRISH WRAP OR SHAWL CLOAK.

makes are excellent, provided the buyer will pay a fair price for them.

The illustrations show the different varieties of furs I have named, and the winter hats. The two home dresses are of serge and homespun. The seated figure wears a bodice, partially tucked in front; the standing one, a pointed yoke with a band. The material of the dress is dark blue serge, the under skirt being a dark blue and red plaid of velvet and silk.

The paper pattern which I have selected will I hope be useful to many of my readers. It represents an Irish cloak, such as has been introduced this winter as a comfortable and useful wrap cloak. It is very easy to make, and if the material selected be thick enough, will need no lining; but the hem and seams, as well as the collar, must be bound with ribbon to match the cloak in colour. The seam in the centre of the back is a bias one, in which way the edges of the front are made to hang straight. This cloak may also be made from a plaid or camel's hair shawl. For a very elegant one which I have just seen, a travelling rug had been used, and the fringe had been left at the edge.

The material of which the cloak is made must be of double width, and at least fifty inches wide. In this case three yards and a half will be enough to cut it. The number of pieces in this pattern is only three, viz., the half of the cloak, the collar, and the half of the hood. The cloak has some pleats at the neck to allow for sufficient fulness to the shoulders. These should be laid evenly all round, and the collar sewn on to both cloak and hood at once.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings; and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.;" price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may be always obtained*, as the Lady Dressmaker selects only such as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's and plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; new tea-jacket, or *après midi*, for indoor wear; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back; bathing dress; new polonaise.

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

PART II.

THE first month of the Girls' Year came to an end, and on the 30th of November the three friends met, as they had planned, to talk over what they had done, draw up a report of their progress, and arrange for the studies of the following month.

"Our first month has been a great success," said Lucy, which was no more than the truth, for she and Florence and Edith had worked with wonderful diligence in carrying out the programme described in our last article.

It had been an enjoyable time—much better, they all declared, than any possible holiday, and a great improvement, too, on the period of study at school.

"No wonder," said Edith, who was something of a philosopher. "Then we had to labour by compulsion, but now we labour from choice."

That they worked in company was felt to be of great assistance and encouragement, especially by Lucy and Edith, who had enjoyed a long talk over the Girls' Year every few days, and, living as they did within easy distance of each other, that was not difficult. Florence had conducted her studies much more alone, for she was of the pelican's nature, "which use not to fly in flocks."

They had all encountered difficulties, and

Edith especially made a touching confession that she had failed to do as much as she ought, from want of method.

"You should follow the same rule as I," said Florence, "of writing out every morning a list of all the things you are going to try to study that day. Then at night take a quiet ten minutes to check the list and repent of shortcomings."

The three spoke of the poems that had been set down for reading during the month.

"I find," said Lucy, "that critics mention Shelley's 'Ode to the Skylark' along with 'The Cloud,' as bearing a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions."

"There is too much of it," was Edith's criticism; "the lark remains rather long in the sky."

"You are wrong," exclaimed Florence. "It is so full of music that one feels sorry to come to the last line. How one notices in it the upward striving that is said to be ever felt in Shelley's verse!"

About "The Raven"—Edgar Allan Poe's *chef d'œuvre*—there was no difference of opinion. They had all felt the power of that original poem.

"I have done more than read it," remarked Lucy. "I have also read a curious account of the writing of it in an essay by Poe called 'The Philosophy of Composition.' The object of the essay is to show that not a single point in the composition of 'The Raven' can be referred either to accident or intuition—that the work proceeded step by step to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem. The paper, taking us behind the scenes of authorship in this way, is very interesting."

It was mentioned by Edith, as a contribution to the general fund of information, that for "The Raven"—a masterpiece of genius which "has probably done more for the renown of American letters than any other single work"—the author is said to have received only the sum of ten dollars—that is, about £2.

"The Nutbrown Maid," with its triumph of woman's love, was a favourite one with our friends, as it is with everyone who has read it. It is an old ballad, dating certainly as far back as the fifteenth century. *Nutbrown*, Florence told that she had read somewhere, was the old English word for *brunette*. There used to be a proverb—"A nutbrown girl is neat and blythe by nature."

The conversation now turned on Sir Walter Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth." Lucy had been reading Mr. Nassau W. Senior on the subject of that novel, and she quoted several passages that seemed to her of value for directing her own taste and that of her companions.

"We have not certainly," she said, "chosen the best of Scott's novels for out first step in fiction, though there are several scenes in it acknowledged to be equal to what the best of his stories can show. One or two holes have been picked in the plot. A defect, Mr. Senior points out, is the inconsistency of the heroine. At the beginning of the story we find the Smith devotedly attached to Catharine, and Catharine fully recognising the generosity and manliness of his character, but resolved not to unite herself to one who lives in a perfect atmosphere of strife, blood, and quarrels. Then six weeks pass, during which her lover kills or wounds at least a dozen people, the last incident being his thrusting himself into a deadly quarrel, unreasonably, and perhaps one might say unfairly. Catharine sighs deeply and shakes her head, but marries the Smith as soon as his wounds are healed."

"It is a woman's privilege," Edith quietly observed, "to change her mind and give no reason for it."

"That's true," said Lucy; "but Mr. Senior says that though a change of mind, without one knowing the reason for it, may be natural enough in real life, it is a fault in fiction."

The most original character in the novel is that of Conachar, and regarding him Lucy read the following extract:—

"His character is perfectly tragic—neither too bad for sympathy nor so good as to render his calamity revolting; but its great merit is the boldness with which we are called upon to sympathise with a deficiency which is generally the subject of unmitigated scorn. It is impossible not to feel the deepest commiseration for a youth cursed by nature with extreme sensibility both to shame and to fear, suddenly raised from a life of obscurity and peace to head a confederacy of warlike savages, and forced immediately afterwards to elect, before the eyes of thousands, between a frightful death and an ignominious escape."

"I have read in Lockhart's 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,'" said Florence, "that Scott drew the character of Conachar with reference to one of his own brothers who had failed in the matter of courage, and whom Scott in consequence treated in a very unbrotherly fashion. Later in life, and after his brother was dead, he repented of what he had done. He had learned, he told Lockhart, to have more tolerance and compassion than he had in those days."

"In 'The Fair Maid of Perth,'" continued Florence, reading from her note-book, "Scott deliberately made an attempt to atone for this harshness towards his brother by showing how frequently the foundations of cowardice may be laid in perfectly involuntary physical temperament, and pointing out with what noble elements of disposition it may be combined."

They next spoke of the Smith, and in connection with that boldly-drawn character they were all of the same mind as the critic who says: "We doubt whether, even in the miserable time in which the scene is laid, the associations of a good-natured and generous man could have been so perverted as 'to see no brawl but he must strike into the midst of it; to fight friends for love and honour, and his enemies for hatred and revenge; and those who are neither his friends nor his foes because they are on this side or that of a river,' retaining in the meantime all his good nature and generosity."

Last of all they discussed the heroine, who is allowed to be not so insipid as most of Sir Walter Scott's heroines are—this improvement partly arising from her religious feelings, contrasted with the worldly-minded shrewdness of her father. They were not slow to notice her tendency to fine speeches, her language being often such as no one ever used in real conversation.

Franklin's "Autobiography" had been read with interest.

"His nature was a little hard," observed Edith.

"It did not strike me so at all," said Lucy. "His wonderful career is a great encouragement to industrious people. Only to think of a poor printer's boy rising to be one of the most famous of men, and one of the most respected, too, in the whole world."

During the month they had mastered all the ins and outs of the Gunpowder Plot, and were likely on the 5th of November in all succeeding years to respond with readiness to "Please remember the bonfire," and to look with enlightened interest on the scarecrow figure which the boys of Claybrook on that day paraded through the streets and afterwards hung on a gibbet preparatory to its being committed to the flames.

About a half of Mr. Lockyer's primer on astronomy had been read (the whole 120 pages of this little book had been too much for them to go through thoroughly in a month), and they had tried all the simple experiments by which Mr. Lockyer makes his meaning plain. What they had mastered were the chapters on the earth and the moon.

The Moonlight Sonata had been practised diligently, and Florence played it "with a soul in every finger." Edith's music was a trifle monotonous, and Lucy's a trifle spasmodic. Lucy, in connection with this work, mentioned that the title was not given by Beethoven, but was said to have been suggested by a critic, who compared the first movement to a boat sailing by moonlight on the Lake of Lucerne.

The three friends had drawn out an alimentary calendar for November of an elaborate character (there was more in it than in any of the tables of foods in season met with in cookery books), and they had discussed each separate article in such a way as greatly to add to their stock of household information. The art of cleaning furniture had been carefully gone into, and all three had done wonders, not in theory only, but in practice, as enemies of dust and disorder, especially Edith, who always had a turn that way.

The weather (very inclement it was all the month) had interfered considerably with their rural rambles, and they had not made so much progress in the study of the natural objects about them as might have been expected. This was to be regretted; but one cannot do everything.

Edith proved herself superior to the other two in the essay on "The Best Use of Odd Moments." It was very simple, and telling just in proportion to its simplicity. Lucy's essay had the faults of exaggeration, and Florence in hers had ventured beyond her depth.

The thoughts on the Religious Life had been committed to memory day by day, and the anniversary calendar had been worked through, with, the girls all three observed, a great deal of pleasure and a great deal of profit.

Having thus discussed the work of November, the three fell to arranging what was to be done in the month on which they were now about to enter. In literature they first of all fixed on "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith. Then Lucy said she had been recommended by someone, whom she did not name, to read "The Ancient Mariner," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

"They say," she observed, "that it is as different as can be, in style and everything else, from Goldsmith's poem, so let us read it by way of a contrast."

Her suggestion was agreed to.

In order to extend their acquaintance with standard fiction they set down for December reading Jane Austen's well-known "Pride and Prejudice."

"And what is our biographical work to be?" asked Edith.

Florence suggested "Burns," by Professor Shairp.

"No," said Lucy, in her quick and decisive way, "our attentions to Goldsmith and Coleridge are enough in the poetic line for one month, at all events. Let us have the life of a man of action—say "The Life of Nelson," by Southey.

Florence and Edith fell in with that idea, too; and then they spoke of the historical subject they were to study, and after some discussion took the story of the Crimean War.

Scientific work, they agreed, was to be represented in December by the continued study of Mr. Lockyer's astronomy primer. All three, we have said, had mastered the chapter on the earth and that on the moon; the next thing to be done was to take a flight through the solar system.

In music three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" were selected. They were No. 1 of Book 7, in F major; No. 6 of Book 5, in A major; and No. 4 of Book 6, in C major.

"No. 6 in Book 5," Lucy was careful to observe, "is known as the 'Frühlingslied,' and No. 4 of Book 6 as the 'Spinnlied.'"

"That is so," said Edith, "but I have read that Mendelssohn was probably quite ignorant of the christening."

The domestic economy plans for December were soon arranged. The three girls agreed to continue the table of foods in season, which they had begun in November. They also planned to make a special study of Christmas fare and Christmas parties, so that when the festive season came round each of them might feel mistress of the situation.

Florence said that Christmas fare needed no explanation, but that she was in doubt what Edith, who proposed the subject, meant to include under Christmas parties.

"Oh," said Edith, "that title may cover everything from Christmas trees and Christmas carols to kissing under the mistletoe."

The subject for the essay to be written by each of our friends owed its suggestion to Florence. It was "The Art of Rule in Woman's Kingdom."

The subject chosen for the maxims for December was the important one of "Thrift," and thirty-one thoughts on "Thrift" compiled by Edith, and the thirty-one anniversaries for the month compiled by Florence, were as follows:—

THRIFT MAXIMS FOR THE GIRLS' OWN YEAR.

I. *An enemy to happiness.* Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.

II. *Saving in time.*

"For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

III. *Truly rich.* She is the only rich woman that lives upon what she has, owes nothing, and is contented.

IV. *Striking a balance.* Pay what you owe, and what you're worth you'll know.

V. *Good money.* Only money lawfully gotten is good money.

VI. *Fortune and industry.* Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

VII. *A rule for expenses.* Proportion your expenses to what you have in possession, not to your expectations.

VIII. *In prosperity and adversity.* Take care to be an economist in prosperity: there is no fear of your not being one in adversity.

IX. *Precious time.* Time is gold: throw not one minute away, but turn each one to account.

X. *A ruinous folly.* The foolish terror of being thought poor has been the ruin of thousands.

XI. *Wasting and wanting.* Waste not, want not.

XII. *Paying double.* Living upon trust is the way to pay double.

XIII. *Working with one's eyes.* The eye of the mistress does more than both her hands.

XIV. *Getting and keeping.*

"Get what you can, and what you get hold,
Is the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

XV. *Slow progress.* Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

XVI. *A happy family.* Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and of health.

XVII. *Pence and pounds.* Take care of the pence; the pounds will take care of themselves.

XVIII. *Growing rich.* Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculation and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy.

XIX. *The wishes of prudence.* Wise people will desire no more than what they can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

XX. *A sensible question.* Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

XXI. *Certain gain.* No gain is so certain as that which proceeds from the economical use of what we have.

XXII. *Good pennyworths.* Many have been ruined by buying "good pennyworths."

XXIII. *Shakespeare on thrift.*

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

XXIV. *Sloth and industry.* Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

XXV. *The value of prudence.* A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

XXVI. *On the highroad to wealth.* The way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two things—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.

XXVII. *Prudent hospitality.* Measure not thine entertainment of a guest by his estate, but by thine own.

XXVIII. *Good guidance.* If you live according to what Nature requires you will never be poor; if according to the notions of other people you will never be rich.

XXIX. *Rust and wear.* Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than Nature wears.

XXX. *Imaginary wants.* We are ruined not by what we want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants they will come home to you.

XXXI. *A limitation.* There are bounds within which our concern for worldly success should be confined.

DECEMBER ANNIVERSARIES OF THE GIRLS' OWN YEAR.

1. The Princess of Wales, born in 1844. She is the daughter of Christian IX., King of Denmark, and was married, amidst great national rejoicings, to the heir to the throne of the United Kingdom, on the 10th of March, 1863, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

2. Queen Adelaide died in 1849. "I shall die," she says in her will, "in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown me, and in full reliance on the mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul."

3. Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the "mule" for spinning cotton, born in 1753, near Bolton. He led a far from happy life, and the principal cause of this lay in the absence of those faculties which enable a man to hold equal intercourse with his fellows. During a visit to Glasgow, the manufacturers invited him to a public dinner, but he was unable to muster courage to go through the ordeal. "Rather than face up," he says, "I first hid myself, and then fairly bolted from the city."

4. St. Barbara, martyr, about 306. Her history is very obscure.

5. Mozart, the celebrated musical composer, died at Vienna in 1792. His funeral is a painful one to look back upon. On the afternoon of the 6th of December his body was hurried to a pauper's grave, and, because it rained, five "friends," who intended to have followed the hearse, turned back, and left the great composer to be carried to his last, long home alone.

6. George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, born in 1608. His wife was Anne Clarges, a woman of the lowest extraction—"ever a plain, homely dowdy," says Pepys. She was originally sempstress to Monk, and used to carry him his linen.

7. Mary, Queen of Scots, born in 1542, a few days before the death of her father, heart-broken by the disgrace of his arms at Solway Moss. When the dying man was told of her birth, he is said to have murmured, "It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass," in allusion to the throne coming to the Stuarts by a daughter of Bruce.

8. Christina, Queen of Sweden, born in 1626, daughter of the famous Gustavus Adolphus, and one of the most eccentric queens met with in history. She retired from business as a crowned queen in 1654.

9. John Milton, the famous author of "Paradise Lost," born in 1608. Till recently there was the most extraordinary uncertainty as to the maiden name of his mother. It has been now ascertained, however, that it was Sarah Jeffrey.

10. Llewellyn, the last native Prince of Wales, killed in 1282. He fell into an ambush, which cost him his life. His head was sent to the king at the Abbey of Conway, "who received it with great joy, and caused it to be set upon one of the highest turrets of the Tower of London."

11. Charles Wesley, musician, born at Bristol in 1757. His musical abilities were shown in early infancy. At two years and three-quarters he could play "a tune on the harpsichord readily, and in just time," and "always put a true bass to it."

12. Archduchess Maria Louisa, second wife of Napoleon, born in 1791. She was of amiable but quite insignificant character. After her marriage with Napoleon she became a complete Frenchwoman, but, owing to a certain reserve of manner, was never specially popular.

13. St. Lucy, martyr, 304. It is an old saying that if St. Lucy's Day be bright, Christmas Day will be dark, with snow; but if the snow fall on St. Lucy, Christmas will be clear and sunny. In the old calendars this was the shortest day of the year, hence a saying, "Lucy Light, the shortest day and the longest night."

14. Princess Alice died in 1878, this being, by a strange coincidence, the anniversary of her father's death. She was married to Prince Louis of Hesse, at Osborne, on the 1st of July, 1862. While nursing her husband and children, who were attacked by diphtheria, the princess herself caught the infection, and died after an illness of a week.

15. Mrs. Sarah Trimmer died in 1810. She wrote many educational works, chiefly religious.

16. Jane Austen, novelist, born in 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire. Her novels are held in high esteem, and may be safely recommended.

17. Maria Louise, Archduchess of Parma, ex-Empress of the French, died at Parma, in 1847. We have mentioned the date of her birth on the 12th of this month. She married Napoleon in the spring of 1810, surprised and pleased at being offered the vacant place previously held by the divorced Josephine. "She accepted with becoming reserve," says M. Thiers, "but with much delight, the brilliant lot offered to her."

18. Carl Maria von Weber, the eminent musical composer, born in 1786. "Of all the German musicians of the 19th century, none have exercised a greater influence over his own generation and that succeeding it than Weber; indeed, there is scarcely a branch of artistic life in which his impulse is not yet still felt."

19. Turner, the celebrated painter, died in 1851. He was never married. His personal habits were peculiar, and even penurious, but in all that related to his art he was generous to munificence.

20. Catherine von Bora, the wife of Luther, died in 1552. She was of a noble Saxon family. On her marriage with Luther, in 1525

she had but lately left her convent, together with eight other sisters, "in order to worship Christ without the oppression of endless ceremonies, which give neither light to the mind nor peace to the soul."

21. Catherine of Braganza, the Queen of Charles II. of England, died at Lisbon, in 1705. When she came to England, in 1662, with "a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales," Evelyn mentions, in his Diary, that Catherine "was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped; languishing and excellent eyes; her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking out a little too far; for the rest, lovely enough."

22. Sarah Coleridge, authoress, born in 1803. She was the only daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and the widow of his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge. As the editor of her father's works, as a translator, and by her original compositions, she has added to the high literary reputation of her family.

23. Robert Barclay, the celebrated Quaker, born in 1648. His great book, "The Apology," is remarkable "as the standard exposition of the principles of his sect, and is not only the first defence of those principles by a man of trained intelligence, but in many respects one of the most impressive theological writings of the seventeenth century."

24. Madame de Genlis, a voluminous French authoress, died in 1830, at Paris. The date is sometimes given as the 31st. She wrote over eighty works, comprising prose and poetical compositions, on a vast variety of subjects, and of various degrees of merit. They are now but little read.

25. Christmas Day. A beautiful superstition connected with Christmas represents a total prostration of the powers of darkness as taking place at this season, so that no evil influence can be exerted by them on mankind. The cock is now supposed to crow all night long, and by his vigilance to scare away all malignant spirits.

26. Boxing Day. The institution of Christmas boxes is evidently akin to that of New Year's gifts, and, like it, has descended to us from the days of the ancient Romans.

27. Joanna Southcott died in 1814. She was born about 1750 of parents in humble life, assumed the pretensions of a prophetess when about forty years of age, and at one time had upwards of a hundred thousand followers.

28. Mary of Orange, Queen of William III., died in 1694. Her husband, cold as he was outwardly, was passionately attached to her. After her death he shut himself up for several weeks and scarcely saw anyone, and attended to no business, till it was feared he would lose his reason.

29. William Crotch, musical composer, died in 1847. Like Charles Wesley, whom we mentioned in connection with the 11th of this month, Crotch showed marked talent for music at a very early age. When little more than two years old he exhibited an extraordinary desire to get to his father's organ, and, being placed before it, contrived shortly to play the tune of "God save the King," both bass and air.

30. Roger Ascham, the eminent scholar and writer, who acted as instructor to Queen Elizabeth, died in 1568. This date is sometimes given as the 23rd. Ascham's death was universally lamented, and the queen expressed her regret by saying that "she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds than her tutor, Ascham."

31. Frederika Bremer, the celebrated Swedish authoress, died in 1865. "Miss Bremer has been called, and with justice, the Miss Austen of Sweden. Her novels have the purity, simplicity, and love of domestic life which characterise the English writer. She is, however, inferior to Miss Austen in construction of plot and delineation of character."

(To be continued.)

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PATEY AND WILLIS.

King Cophetua. A dramatic cantata by A. H. Behrend.—The well-known story of the king who marries the beggar-maiden. A work well within the capabilities of small choral societies, and, no doubt, likely to become a great favourite, if only from the previous reputation of the composer.

Waken, Love, once more. Song, by John Francis Barnett.—A delightful melody, Italian in its spontaneity, and eminently vocal. It is also arranged as a duet for piano and violin.

Give me my Heart. Song, by A. H. Behrend.—A well-written ballad, with a fluent melody of the same type as the one above named.

A Song from Heaven. By F. H. Cowen. Composed for Madame Patey.—A really grand song, and quite worthy of the talent and voice of our queen of contraltos. The accompaniment is not the least interesting feature in it.

Dance of the Genii. For pianoforte. From the cantata buffa, *Aladdin.* By Michael Watson.—A spirited little piece, with some quiet fun about it.

La Rive. A reverie for piano, by Ernst J. Reiter.—Certainly one of the smoothest and prettiest of this clever lady's compositions.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Thy Captive. Song, by Frank L. Moir.—A most musicianly love song, an excellent setting of William Boosey's forcible words. As it is published in three keys, all can sing it.

Rest Hereafter. Song, with pianoforte and violin accompaniment. By Berthold Tours.—Another beautiful sacred song; the words are interesting, being, as it were, a sequel to Mrs. Heman's "Better Land." As in that poem, a mother and child are talking of the future, but the child is shown that, so far from heaven being such a very different world to ours—

> "Heaven is but a perfect earth,
> As the world was at its birth;
> All that love in life should love
> Will be found again above."

With Horse and Hound. Hunting song. By A. J. Caldicott.—A capital hunting song, with plenty of life and spirit about it. Suitable for hunting men of the baritone or bass order.

THOSE TROUBLESOME TWINS.

CHAPTER III.

"STEVE!" I heard him shout, "Steve! Stop! Take me with you."

And suddenly, with a shrill shriek, he fell down on the ground. Susan and I hastened up to him, and then I stopped short with a cry of wonder, for not two yards in front of where Bert had fallen lay another form with yellow, glistening curls. Until that moment I had not doubted but that what little Bert and I had seen was indeed Stevie's spirit, but now I knew that, in some mysterious manner, he himself lay there before me.

"Look, Susan," I cried, awestruck, "it's Stevie!" Susan threw up her arms, and with a cry of "Lawks a mussy!" she caught up the little form and rushed back to the house. I treated Bert in a similar fashion, and in a few moments the twins were lying side by side on my large sofa.

I thought at first Stevie was dead. Bert, I rightly guessed, had only fainted, and in a few moments he recovered consciousness.

"What did he drop down for, just as I was going to touch him?" said Bert, bending over the white face on the sofa.

"I expect he fainted," I said, and to my great relief just then Jacob Hollins, who had heard Bert's shriek, and surmised perhaps the little fellow had been taken ill, came in, followed by his wife.

He set out for the village doctor directly, although I feel sure he could not really believe it was indeed Stevie's mortal body lying on my sofa. It was all so marvellous and so miraculous; try as I would, I could concoct no solution to the problem. I had seen the child fall down the well. I had had every possible search instituted for the finding of his body, yet there he lay now before me. His little face was deathlike, and across his forehead was a deep, jagged cut, which appeared to have been roughly plastered up, but the plaster had partly peeled off. His clothes were covered with sand and dirt, but were nevertheless quite dry, and his hair, moreover, did not appear as though that had lately received a wetting. One thing, however, that Bert discovered struck me as most peculiar, and that was two of the beautiful curls had been severed close to the head, leaving a gap at the side, just behind the ear.

"We won't let him go up to heaven now, auntie," said Bert, as with tender affection he kissed Stevie's white lips. "He'll open his eyes presently, won't he?"

"I hope so, dear," I replied, tremulously.

The doctor came just after this, and, sending Bert out to stay with Susan in the kitchen, I anxiously waited and watched while he administered restoratives.

"*It's the strangest* thing I ever heard of," he said, in a low tone to me. "But look!" he added, "he's reviving. He's coming round."

It was true. The eyelids quivered, the muscles of the face twitched convulsively, and then slowly the blue eyes opened, and fixed themselves on me.

"Auntie," came the cry from those white lips, "auntie, don't let Nat touch me! Don't let him kill me! He will kill me. Auntie, take him away!"

The doctor looked at me in astonishment.

"Nat, who?" he said in a whisper. "Nat Greenfield?"

"Yes," I said, bending over Stevie, and embracing him tenderly, and trying to calm him. "He threatened once to beat the child if he told me something."

"Then," was the doctor's remark, "I'll be bound to say that Nat Greenfield's at the bottom of this mystery."

He proved to be right.

It was about twelve o'clock when at length poor little Stevie fell asleep from the effects of the soothing draught the doctor had sent down from his surgery. Susan had carried him up to my room, and placed him in the little bed which Bert had occupied the previous evening; and Bert as quietly as possible had consented to sleep alone in the room in which both boys usually slept, only begging me to let him come in and see Stevie as soon as ever he was awake.

I sat up in a large armchair close by Stevie's bedside, and would not allow myself to sleep for fear he should wake and want anything. He looked very ill; but the doctor had assured me he did not believe the child was in any way seriously injured. He thought he would in all probability be very weak and poorly for some days, but with perfect rest and quietude he hoped soon to bring him round again to his old bright little self.

It was about six o'clock when he first began to stir in the bed, having lain hitherto perfectly motionless, and a few minutes later he awoke. He drank eagerly the glass of milk I gave him, and ate a small piece of cake; and then he beckoned to me to come and sit on the bed beside him.

"Auntie," he said in a weak voice, "I want to tell you all about it."

I told him he must keep quite quiet, and not talk until he was better; but he shook his head, and declared he must tell me something.

"Auntie," he began, "don't you wonder how I'm alive?"

"Yes, darling," I replied. "We were afraid we had lost our darling Stevie."

"Don't you know who got me out of the well?" he asked, with a wondering glance. "Didn't you know Nat was down there, and caught me when I fell?"

"Nat caught you?" I said, in astonishment. "Nat saved your life?"

"Yes, auntie; but—" and he paused a moment, "he wanted to kill me after, and I was so frightened! He used to come and sit opposite me in that horrid old barn, and stare at me—oh, with all his might! And he said he was going to kill me with a big knife he'd got, because I told you he used to get down the well!"

"But, darling," I said, in astonishment, "what barn did he take you into?"

"Oh, I don't know—it's a long way off; but last night I ran away when he was asleep, and I found my way back because when he carried me off that day I took notice of the way we went."

He was getting exhausted, so I insisted on his drinking some more milk, and eating another piece of cake before he told me any more. What he had said puzzled me greatly. How could Nat have got him out of the well and run away with him, when I had been watching the well all the time? Suddenly, however, I remembered I had run down the road to see whether or not Bert was returning with help from the village. I must have been gone ten minutes, perhaps longer than that. There would be plenty of time for Nat to ascend the well with Stevie, and get out of sight before I reached the house again.

"But, why didn't you cry out, dear?" I asked, as seemingly much revived Stevie finished his cake and milk. "Why did you let Nat run away with you without crying out for someone to come, and take you away from him?"

"Auntie, I couldn't. It was like *this*, you know," he continued, speaking in his grave old-fashioned way: "when the stupid old well chain broke I felt very funny, and I bumped my head"—touching his poor little forehead, which was now covered with plaster—"hard against *something*. Well, then I couldn't remember any more until I, all of a sudden, found I was in Nat's arms, and he was making, oh, such a nasty face at me. And I was going to scream, when he put his big hand over my mouth, and said he would throw me right down to the bottom of the well into the water if I made a noise. He had got me in a sort of hole at the side of the well—there wasn't much room—and, oh, auntie, it was awful dark and nasty there! And I could hear you and Bert calling me, and I did try to call out, but he wouldn't let me. And then, presently, I felt so sick and funny, I thought I was in the water, because there was such a funny noise in my ears, like water rushing about. And then I don't know what happened; but suddenly I felt a little better, and I found I was out of the well, and Nat was running across the fields with me, holding me in his arms."

"Where did he take you to, dear?" I asked, for on hearing the word "barn" it struck me very forcibly he had taken Stevie to one of the outhouses or barns belonging to the farm at which he had been staying.

"Oh, to that barn I told you just now. It was only a little place, and there was a lot of great big rats there; but I wasn't so frightened of the rats as I was of Nat, 'cos he said he would kill me. He cut off two of my curls, auntie," he added, his blue eyes filling with tears, for Stevie was proud of his beautiful hair.

"Never mind about that, dear," I responded, kissing him tenderly, "as long as he didn't really hurt you."

"But he would have," he said, tremulously. "He said he would kill me, and he locked me up in that barn, and I cried and shouted too, but nobody came. Auntie," he added, suddenly, "do you know what Nat had down in the well, and what he showed me?"

I shook my head.

"Well, auntie," and he spoke in a whisper, "he'd got an old box, with a lovely gold chain, and a watch and a locket, too. And he said they belonged to the lady who drowned herself there. And he wouldn't let anybody know he'd got them, so he used to keep them and hide them in the hole in the well!"

"Then are they there now?" I asked, wondering whether or not it could be true Nat had really found some jewellery belonging to the poor creature whom, rumour said, had drowned herself there because of the faithlessness of her lover.

"No, auntie!" and Stevie raised himself in bed; "he's took them out of the well now, and they're in the barn, in a hole in the floor in a tin box—I saw him put them there. And, auntie," he pleaded, placing his arms round my neck, "you won't let Nat come, will you? You won't let him kill me?"

I assured him I would see Nat was safely taken care of, and then forbade him to talk any more, as I could see he was quite exhausted. Presently he sank asleep again, and was still sleeping when soon after eight the doctor came.

I told him what the child had told me, and asked as to what had best be done about Nat. I felt the child would not be safe while he was at large.

"Well," said the doctor, after I had finished the story of Stevie's strange experience, "I happen to be going to Storton this morning, to visit the farmer with whom I know Nat has been staying. This farmer has, so Nat's mother once informed me, a great influence over the boy, and perchance he may succeed in getting something out of him with regard to this affair. At all events, I'll tell him what has occurred, and what Stevie says of Nat, and we shall see what Nat has to say for himself. Of course, he is not really responsible for his actions; but I never before dreamed he was of a vindictive or revengeful nature. I always thought him quite harmless and most peaceable."

Stevie was ordered to stay in bed that day, and be kept very quiet. He complained of aching all over and feeling ill, but the doctor assured me that was only what was to be expected after his fall down the well—though how far he had fallen before, as he asserted, Nat caught him, we could not of course say. The walk home from Storton, too, the night before—weak, exhausted, and shaken as he was—would naturally affect him considerably; but considering, as the doctor said, what he had gone through, his condition was not nearly so bad as might have been expected. I at once wrote off to my brother-in-law, directing the letter as before to his office in London, and explaining as far as I could the means whereby Stevie had been saved; though I did not of course say what I now fully believed, namely, that the idiot had only saved Stevie from death in the well because he had resolved to kill him by his own hands.

I felt certain this was indeed the truth, and so it proved.

On hearing the doctor's story the old farmer—with whom Nat had been, and still was, staying—sent for Nat, and sternly questioned him concerning the matter. For a time Nat sullenly refused to answer; but, after the old farmer had taken down from a shelf at hand a very formidable-looking birch, with which Nat seemed familiar, and threatened him with a few strokes from it, his whole manner changed to one of the most abject obeisance; and, after a great amount of cross-questioning, infinite patience, and an adjournment to the barn, wherein, as Stevie had described, was found hidden a tin box, containing a gold watch, chain, and a locket, this was what was sternly elicited from Nat:—

He had found the jewellery in the well soon after he came to work for me, hanging among some bushes that grew out at one side; and, highly delighted with his treasures, he had polished them up, and not knowing where to keep them, so that they might not be found and, he feared, taken from him, he had conceived the idea of placing them in an old box, and hiding them in a hole in the well. It appears that it was to look at his treasures, and see they were safe, that he went down the well almost every day. The twins one day happened to see him coming up, and he threatened to beat them if they told anyone. After that he would often go down, and get them large frogs to play with, and they were very good friends with Nat until that day on which Stevie told me he went down the well. Then, it appears, Nat overheard him tell me, and he resolved to have his revenge on the child.

"I meant t' kill un!" the doctor told me he said, speaking in a hoarse, guttural tone, with his eyes gleaming wildly. "I meant t' kill un; but I wanted to do 't wi' a big knife. So I cotched un in th' well, and brought un to th' ould barn down yonder, and locked un up. An' I'd kill un now," he added, savagely, "if I could!"

I shuddered, and said I should not feel Stevie was safe while Nat was at large.

"Well," was the doctor's reply, "I have been talking to his mother about it, and telling her he really ought be in an asylum. She thinks herself it would be best to have him kept under restraint, especially as it appears he tried, in a fit of temper, to murder her one day. She has never told anyone, though, about it before. However," added the doctor, as he rose to go, "I and Doctor Brown, of Storton, have been putting our heads together, and we intend, for the safety of the community, to have Nat taken charge of before many days have passed."

"And what about the jewellery?" I asked. "Do you really think it belonged to the poor creature who, report states, drowned herself in the well because of some love affair?"

"Oh, yes, I haven't a doubt about it. The fact is," continued the doctor, lowering his voice, "that matter was hushed up at the time, and kept as quietly as possible. They said they thought she fell into the well, but it was believed otherwise when certain facts came to light. The young lady—she was but twenty—was only on a visit to this house, which was then owned by her uncle, a very eccentric old party, with a still more eccentric wife. She disappeared one day mysteriously, and her hat was found near the well. So then the well, which was in tolerable condition at that time, was searched, and her body was found. One would have thought that after that the well would have been bricked up; but no, it wasn't. All the uncle did was to have the chains put on the cover, which are now, I believe, there; and a new well was sunk at the other end of the garden ground."

"And how long is that ago?" I asked.

"Eight years or so," was the reply, "so we must presume the watch, chain, and locket must have caught in the perhaps then tiny sprouts of some bush, which had shot out at the side of the well through the bricks, and laid there unnoticed till Nat, having one day out of curiosity raised the lid, caught sight of it and procured it. Nat worked for your predecessors, I think?" said the doctor, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes; they, in fact, recommended him to me, and out of charity I employed him."

"Ah, well, there's no telling how long he's had the trinkets in his possession. You have lived here two years about, haven't you? And the people before you they took the house a few months after the uncle and the aunt of the poor drowned girl left it to go abroad. I'm wondering"—and he paused—"whether or not we could find out if any of the relations of the poor girl were living now. If so, they'd doubtless be glad to have the trinkets. We have not taken them from Nat as yet. In fact, the poor fellow is now locked in the barn with them—it certainly isn't safe for him to be about. Well, good afternoon. Take care of the child; he'll soon be all right again, and, when he is all right, take my advice," he added, as he stood on the threshold, hat in hand, "tell his father to send both him and his brother off to school, and cut off those girlish curls. They may be pretty, and perhaps becoming—for I must say I never saw two more beautiful boys—but in my opinion boys ought never to be allowed to wear long hair; they should leave that to the girls."

* * * *

Rather more quickly than either I myself or the boys desired, my brother-in-law came down to Ripleydean, and, accompanied by me, brought them to London. He had only returned a week from his honeymoon, and was still infatuated with his pretty, doll-like wife. So that when she insisted she could not bear the noise my little darlings delighted in making, their golden curls were ruthlessly shorn, and they were sent off to boarding-school at the seaside.

A month later I gave up my house at Ripleydean, and secured one at the seaside, not far from the school at which "those troublesome twins" were courageously plodding over their lessons, and fitting themselves for the battle of life. They were overjoyed to have me near them, and by the kindness of their head master many a pleasant hour we spent together; and when the summer holidays came round, as there was now a little baby sister at home, I took the boys to Devonshire, and very thoroughly, too, did they enjoy themselves with "Auntie Nance," as they still continued to call me.

Before I left Ripleydean I heard that Nat Greenfield, who had been confined in the county asylum very soon after the old doctor's visit to me, had managed to escape, and was found drowned in a pond close by.

The jewellery which he had found in the well was advertised; but no claimants ever turned up, so it was handed over to his mother, who, I believe, to this day adorns herself with it on "high days and holidays."

I myself had the old well filled in and bricked down a few days after Stevie so mysteriously re-appeared, truly "like one from the dead," and I only greatly regretted I had not had it done sooner.

The remembrance of that time will never, I think, be effaced from Stevie's memory, and often now he will say, when we talk of Ripleydean—

"Auntie, I shall never forget it. It was so dreadful to hear you and Bert calling me, and to have Nat's big hand over my mouth so that I couldn't make a sound."

The twins are still spoken of as being "troublesome" when, as is rarely the case, they spend their holidays with their father and step-mamma. But to me they are never so. I often find myself gazing at two beautiful curls I keep in my writing-desk—one of Stevie's and one of Bert's—and thinking, with a little sigh of regret, they are getting such great boys that soon they will have to go out into the world, and perhaps their old "Auntie Nance" will soon become a very unimportant personage in their estimation. I told Steve so the other day, and his reply touched me not a little.

"Auntie," he said, "you have been like a dear mother to us, and Bert and I would be two of the greatest scoundrels in the world if we ever ceased to love you. And, auntie," he added, naively, "we think the men must have been very stupid when you were young, because one or other of them didn't marry you. We're quite sure you were pretty and very lively, and you ought to have had a good husband. But as you haven't, and I don't s'pose you'll have one now, eh? why, Bert and I aren't ever going to get married as long as ever you're alive. We've made up our minds—haven't we, Bert?"

The old habit of appealing one to the other is still very noticeable, and it is always a matter of great gratification to me to find the two as fond and trustful of each other as of old.

I wonder will they be always so, and I think, surely if it be true that "childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day," Steve and Bert will soon develop into two of the noblest, most united, and most upright God-fearing men that ever trod this earth of ours.

God grant it may so be!

ANNIE G. HOPKINS.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BLANCHISSEUSE (New Zealand).—The temperature of the soap-lather which Jaeger recommends is 96 deg. Fahr. The clothes are soaked for an hour and kept covered up, so as to retain the heat as much as possible. No fresh heat is applied. The two rinsings are done at the same heat. To about six gallons of water a quarter of a bar of soap is the right proportion, and four ounces of lump ammonia. The flannels wash well by this method.

JENNIE.—To prevent lamps from smoking, the wick should be soaked in strong vinegar, and dried well before being used. The wick should also be very carefully cut, and kept perfectly straight.

MUSIC.

CORDELIA.—We are glad that you have profited by the advice and instruction gathered from our paper in reference to your musical studies; yet still more to find that we have been enabled to help and encourage you to "strive against wrong feelings, overcome evil habits, and love better things." May you seek and find Divine strength in so doing. Address a doctor as "John So and So, Esq., M.D.," and in reference to the invitation say, "I shall be very happy."

A SUBSCRIBER.—There are several students' homes in town. You might write for particulars to Miss Cail, Russell House, Tavistock Square, W.C., or to Miss Grove, College Hall for Women Students, 1, Byng Place. When in a home you could look about and suit yourself as to the musical training college you require.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TROUBLED MEG.—1. Remember what the Scriptures say:—"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden," "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," "God willeth not that any should perish." Your question is not one of common sense. Who would wish to go to the Lord Jesus that did not feel the need of a Saviour? 2. "Annie, Martha, and *her* were going" is very bad grammar; of course you should say "and she."

ALICE RAWLINS.—Some writers date the institution of Freemasonry back to the time of the Pharaohs, to the building of Solomon's Temple, to that of the Tower of Babel; and some even so far back as to the time of Noah, when building the Ark. But it is more commonly said to date from the period of the old Roman empire. The name merely signifies the fact that it was a guild of builders. There were special reasons why masons originally should have formed themselves into one great society, having to travel from place to place in search of work; and it was desirable that a master-mason should be recognised as such; and, before the art of printing was known, it was found expedient to establish a set of signs and words, the knowledge of which was only entrusted to such masters of the craft. Yet we find that the technical secrets of the great builders of old died with them. English Freemasons profess to trace their existence back to the Convention of Masons held at York, A.D. 926; and the Scottish trace theirs from the builders of the Abbeys of Holyrood, Kelso, Kilwinning, Melrose and Glasgow Cathedral and others of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The guild now consists of members of all ranks and professions, bound together by ties of brotherly love, and founded on the practice of moral and social virtue.

SORROW.—We feel much for you, and consider that, as you are and have been so long engaged, your duty is to fulfil your pledge. At the same time you might bring some pressure to bear on your married sisters, by interesting an influential friend in your sister's case, who could state to them what you could yourself subscribe towards her maintenance, and remark on her inability to support herself; and so representing the necessity of a combined effort in her behalf. Then inquire how much each sister will contribute annually towards her keep, either in a home or with some respectable person. If your sisters only gave £5 per annum each, and you and your mother made up another £10, some place might be found for her. But we do not know why she cannot support herself, and whether she could in any way assist the person she was placed with, so as to make it worth their while to take her on such low terms.

JOEY.—The queer names given to certain editions of the Bible do not imply that they were apocryphal, only that they were to be identified by certain mistakes made by the printer or by the editor. Thus, the "Wicked Bible" denoted an edition in which the word "not" was accidentally left out in the Seventh Commandment, and thus a contrary meaning was given. It was printed by Barker and Lucas, 1632. So also the "Vinegar Bible," printed in 1717 at the Clarendon Press, was distinguished by the use of the word "vinegar" instead of "vineyard" in the heading of St. Luke xx. The "Breeches Bible" was printed in 1579, and was so called from the use of that word in lieu of "aprons" by the translator or editor.

MAGGIE.—The Hebrew name *Beulah* signifies "married." Thus, when speaking of Jerusalem and the "land of promise," the Lord says (Isaiah lxii. 4, 5)—"Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married." Whereas, He says, Zion was before "termed 'Forsaken,' and thy land termed 'Desolate.'"

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—"Blasphemy" means irreverent and contemptuous words uttered against God. The special blasphemy to which our Lord refers in the passages you quote (St. Matt. xii. 31 and 32) is explained in the 24th verse. See St. Mark iii. 30, where He Himself tells you that to attribute His miracles to the power of the devil was to "blaspheme against the Holy Ghost," through whom they were really performed—*i.e.*, the power of the Godhead in Christ.

DAPHNE.—1. It is certainly no "breach of etiquette" to thank your hostess for a pleasant evening and entertainment; quite the contrary, it is a seemly and gracious thing to do. Of course you should not "thank her for a meal in departing." For example, you should not say—"I am much obliged to you for the leg of mutton, and all the rest of the dinner. I enjoyed dining free of expense!" 2. The word *amateur* is a French word, which we have adopted with its proper French pronunciation. If you do not know that language we could not help you to pronounce it by the use of the English alphabet—the French alphabet alone could do that.

"PRUDENT SIXTEEN," LETTA AND NETTY.—Messrs. Gordon and Gotch have Colonial papers. Their address is in the "London Directory," kept at district post offices and libraries. Apply at the office of the Colonial Emigration Society, 13, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

LEIGH.—We have given an article on the subject of the tricycle for ladies some time ago, and in our monthly dress article you will find a suitable dress given, with directions for making it. We think the tricycle affords a capital means of taking exercise and gaining both amusement and change of air.

VIRGINIA.—A perfectly good and harmless lotion to cure scurf in the head is said to be made of a lump of fresh quicklime, the size of a pigeon's egg, added to a pint of cold water. Let it stand all night, pour off the clear water, and add a quarter of a pint of good vinegar. With this wet the roots of the hair until cured, at intervals of a few days.

QUEEN ANNE.—It was long believed, and we think is still in many parts of England, that in Queen Anne's days only three farthings were struck, and that two of these were in the Royal Mint; the third was still abroad, and would be of immense value to the finder.

EVERGREEN:

BEING THE

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of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

IS NOW READY.

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VOL. IX.—NO. 414.] DECEMBER 3, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

VICTORY IS IN TRUTH.

By the Author of "Princess," "The Young Laird," "Conflict and Victory," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"AND so the last night has come, and to-morrow we part," said Mary Wonham. She was one of a group of girls in the schoolroom of Madame Le Blanc's establishment at Fontainebleau. As she spoke, her eyes rested with something of regretful longing on the faces of her companions.

"To-morrow each of us goes on her separate way, and the daily round to which we have grown accustomed, the familiar faces, and voices which have met us at every turn will be among the events of the past. I hate saying good-bye."

"Even when it means good-bye school, and welcome home?" asked Carry St. Clair.

"Yes," replied Mary, sadly, "even then."

"But you will come down and stay with us for the shooting, and I with you for the season. You are so lucky to live in a fashionable part of London, and close to the park. Certainly from what you say, Portman Square must be the most delightful quarter, and your life there will be a dream of continuous pleasure."

Mary flushed crimson. "We are hardly so fashionable as you suppose," she said, hurriedly. "My parents have quiet tastes, and I—— well, I don't yet know whether I shall live, or only vegetate."

"Vegetate! You dear old goose!" cried laughing Carry. "Vegetate among parties and operas, and everything. Come here, Mary, let's make a definite plan for our first outing; the others are all too busy about their own affairs to interfere with us."

"It won't be able to come off yet," said Mary, nervously.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" cried Carry. "You know all the plans we have been making for years; they are to begin from next May. It is true this is but December, still to-night seems our last chance for arranging plans in person. Letters are so unsatisfactory when there is much to discuss;

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"SHE TURNED ROUND TOWARDS HIM."

indeed, the whole term has been too short for a right down agreement as to the spring. Come and sit in my room; I have a little packing to finish, and talking will prevent it being irksome. Doesn't it seem nice to think we need no longer dread that horrid bell?"

The friends rose and quitted the room. One with a heart brimming over with joy and hope of the future opening before her, unclouded by a shadow of doubt or fear, the other weighed down by cares which had grown imperceptibly for many months, and now threatened to overpower her.

It all began in a strange and unlooked-for manner, with such an unuttered lie, that the tacit consent given to the established rules concerning the equality in rank of Madame Le Blanc's pupils seemed hardly any divergence from the path of truth, and certainly incapable of causing a single pang to any living soul.

Mr. Wonham had begun life as a carpenter, his wife as a cook. By some fortunate train of circumstances Mr. Wonham managed to scrape together a sufficiently large sum of money to invest, and no better investment presented itself than to sink this money in a lodging-house in a good neighbourhood, where his wife could attend to the cooking arrangements, and he act as manservant to the tenants. With this in view, a house in Portman Square was duly secured and furnished, and all prospered with the worthy couple.

By this time the question of their daughter's education forced itself upon their attention, and the mutual wish of the parents being that she, the sole heiress of their hard-won gains, should enjoy the advantages and surroundings of a lady, they sought out a fashionable foreign school, where, the terms being high, they considered the benefits to be derived most desirable, and Mary, at the age of ten years, was placed under the care of Madame Le Blanc at Fontainebleau, where she remained until she was seventeen, coming home but once a year, and then only for a few weeks. During these years she had found many friends, one in particular, with whom she spent most of her spare time, and at whose home, Clarendon Hall, in the midland counties of England, she had already passed the holidays previous to her last term at school, and girl-like had formed plans for future meetings in London.

The knowledge of her position in life, as compared to that of her companions, never fully realised until that visit, had for some months pressed upon her, although once launched on the full tide of work, there had been little room for reflection; but now, her school life ended, the stern facts to which she had striven to be blind forced themselves upon her, and she saw herself the laughing-stock where she had been the envied friend, and a byword among the remaining pupils. Fond of show, and supplied with more pocket-money than most of her companions, it had become a silently acknowledged fact that Mary was the head of the school, a position to which she was supposed to be entitled as much by right of birth as of talent. The possibility of downfall and humiliation trembled in Carry's proposal to visit her in London, and a bitter flood of misery swept over her, as she recognised now, when too late, the false colours under which she had served.

The next day Mary and Carry left Fontainebleau, arriving in London about six o'clock on the following evening. They parted company at Charing Cross railway station, with many protestations of affection and hopes on Carry's part of a speedy reunion.

Mary's cab stopped at the door of a house in the street adjoining Portman Square; it was lighted throughout, and a hum of voices greeted her ear as she entered.

"That's right, my dear," said Mrs. Wonham, bustling up and kissing her. "Here, cabby, just lend a hand with that box. Father, come up, will you? Here's Mary. And you run and change your frock, my dear, or put on one of my big aprons and just turn to a bit. There's company to dinner in the drawing-rooms, and new people come into the dining-rooms an hour ago."

Mary gasped. Was this the life to which she had come home—for which her fine-lady education had fitted her?

"Be quick, my gal," said Mrs. Wonham. "I haven't a minute to lose. I've a new servant come in this mornin'. The last turned out a regular bad lot, and this one don't know where anything's kep'. I am quite at my wit's end; so you must run down to the kitchen. You're to sleep in the top attic, next to Sarah; all the other rooms is let."

Slowly Mary turned to go to her room.

"Well, Mary," said her father, coming up with her box, hot and tired-looking, with sleeves well rolled up above the elbows. "Glad to come home—eh, little girl? We're precious busy to-night, I can tell you. Your mother will be wanting any help she can get, if I'm not mistaken. She's a rare worker, is mother, but not so light on her feet as she was. You can save her a deal by running the errands and answering the bells. There'll still be time to play the pianer to us of evenings and read over some of your lessons. It won't never do for you to forget all we've paid such a pile o' money for you to learn. You're quite the lady now, Mary."

These words, the natural outcome of Mr. Wonham's feelings, jarred upon the girl with an intensity to which she had hitherto been a stranger. Carry's father, a country gentleman of the old school, rose before her mind's eye, as she mentally contrasted the difference between the greetings to which they had both been subjected on this first evening of their home-coming.

"Oh, why," she thought, as a hot tear trickled down her cheek, "oh, why had her life been passed in a manner which in harbouring discontent at her present surroundings had also unfitted her for the real business of life about her?"

She shrank from answering the bells and receiving orders for dinners, teas, etc. She objected to the kindly yet familiar questions of the greengrocer and others as to her foreign school-life and accomplishments, hurriedly making excuses when such people invited her to try the "pianer" in the shop parlour, or to drop in at teatime. She hankered after the delights of Fontainebleau—the gentle voices of Madame Le Blanc and her friends, and the merry yet refined society of Clarendon Hall—Carry's home.

As yet Mr. and Mrs. Wonham were totally unconscious of any mistake in the matter of their daughter's education. She had striven to help her mother and lighten the household cares at the cost of untold misery; but that had been borne alone, and no suspicion of its existence dawned in the honest breast of Mrs. Wonham. When Mary at her bidding rose and put aside the French book or history she was studying, her mother imagined it an act of ready obedience, rather than a despairing effort, robbed even of the energy of resistance.

And so many weeks rolled on—weeks during which all things prospered. The rooms were tenanted, the money came in fast, Mr. and Mrs. Wonham smiled and nodded, and said their daughter had brought them good luck, and again and again rejoiced at her appearance, amiability, and acquirements, while she, poor girl! counted the weary hours, scarcely knowing what she awaited, what she desired—only possessed by a dull, lethargic sense of hopelessness.

"Your Cousin Jim's coming to-night," said Mrs. Wonham one afternoon, as she sat polishing a dish-cover until it served as a mirror to her ruddy face. "He's getting on uncommonly well, is Jim, from all I hear. His uncle on the father's side left him a little money, too; you see, he'll be looking out for a wife next."

"I daresay he will," said Mary, indifferently.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Wonham, dropping the cover on to the table with a sudden jerk; "I never see anyone take a thing so cool!"

"What thing?" asked Mary.

She was going over some of the old school-work, everything reminding her of that time possessing a peculiar charm of its own.

"What thing! Well, well! As if you didn't know what I mean. Why, Jim as has been fond of you ever since he was so 'igh." Here Mrs. Wonham's fingers, covered with whiting, rose to a level slightly above the kitchen table. "Oh, Mary! come now; you 'ave thought of him sometimes; come now."

"No," said Mary, hurriedly. "Never in that way. A sergeant in a marching regiment. No, I can honestly say I have never thought of him."

"Well, he'll be here to speak for himself," said Mrs. Wonham, with something like a sigh. "He may think you too much of a lady, Mary, but you needn't be the less of a good wife for that. Do you think I don't know what he's worked for so 'ard, sitting up o' nights, and burning no end o' candles always over his books. He's a deal more clever nor your father, nor his own, and why, I should like to know? Why, just because he said to me, 'Aunt,' says he, 'Mary 'll be set up and clever, and that,' he says, 'and she wouldn't look at a ignorant man, so I'll learn like her, eh, and more too.' Why, you never see the man without a book in his hands; then when his uncle left him the money, about the time he was made sergeant, he came straight away here, and 'Aunt,' he says, 'I'll put that money by for Mary, and I'll work my way up until I make a name somehow or other,' he says. It's kind of hard if you don't care for him, child; he's o' the right sort—steady and goodhearted. You might go farther and fare worse." Here Mrs. Wonham betook herself to the polishing with renewed vigour.

"Mother!" said Mary. The words of the book were dancing and swimming before her eyes in a mist of tears.

"My goodness!" cried Mrs. Wonham. "There goes the drawing-room bell again. Run up, Mary, and see what's wanted. Those people will pull the bells down, I do believe, before they've done."

Mary was seated at the piano. She had taken off the dreaded apron, and wore one of her French-made dresses, simple enough, yet different to those worn by the other girls he knew, so thought Sergeant Jim Saunders as he entered the family sitting-room on the evening of the day when he had been under discussion.

He saw a tall girl with a fair face and small brown head, whence tiny curls clung about the ears, and hands that seemed almost to caress the notes as she played some soft air, which floated out and filled the dingy room. So he saw her then, and so she lived in his heart, with just the same look upon her face, changeless through all change, and always beautiful.

"Mary," he said, as, the music ended, she turned round towards him, "I've just come to London to see you; do you remember me?"

Mary was surprised. She no longer saw the awkward blushing lad of five years ago. Jim was tall and broad, with a bronzed face bespeaking both intelligence and thought. She had pictured him otherwise; and yet how immeasureable was the distance between him and Carry's brother, Captain St. Clair, at home on leave last summer!

"Yes, Jim, we are both changed, but I should have known you anywhere by your eyes," she said. "How are you, and everybody at home? Are you quartered in London?"

"I'm on leave," he said. "I've had a short time down home, and came up to-day just to—to——."

Jim looked full at Mary, and her mother's conversation recurring to her, she found it impossible to help him finish the phrase.

"Well, Jim, and 'ow is Jemima?" asked Mrs. Wonham, thinking the cousins were slow at renewing their former intimacy—far slower than she approved of. "She can't hold a candle to our Mary, I reckon, not but that Jemima's a good girl, I'm not gainsaying that; still, Mary's good, and clever too, and saves me a deal. My legs ain't so young as they were a few years back, or the stairs more tryin', while as for the servant gals nowadays, there're no good—no, not a bit. It's Mary saves her mother, and 'as brought good luck along with her—eh, father?"

"Yes," nodded Mr. Wonham, puffing away at a long pipe. "Bless her, I wonder 'ow we did without her so long."

"Aye, indeed," acquiesced Mrs. Wonham. "Do you think her grown, Jim?"

Again Jim looked at Mary. "Grown almost out of all knowledge," he said. "Were you sorry to leave France, Mary, or does the life here suit your tastes better?"

Mary's lips trembled. Everything in her home was distasteful to her; the only tangible feeling remaining, was that her parents loved her, that she needed their love; but the rest was like a hideous nightmare, from which she would fain awaken to find herself once more at Fontainebleau.

"I have father and mother here," she said, "and they need me."

"There's a pretty speech for you!" cried Mrs. Wonham. "Of course we need her; fine learning hasn't turned her 'ead, nor spoilt her 'eart, Jim. Fetch down them pictures, Mary, that father's a framing, to show Jim. She can't only play the pianer, can't our Mary."

"I too have been going in a little for drawing lately," said Jim. "Of course I haven't much spare time, but I remembered you were always fond of it. Did you do every stroke of this alone, or under a master?"

"My master shaded that corner," said Mary. "I did the rest myself. This I began after I came home, and have hardly finished as yet; it is copied from a photo of my greatest friend, Carry St. Clair. I went to stay with her last holidays in Warwickshire. Her father has such a lovely place there called Clarendon Hall."

"Will they come here?" asked Jim. His words fell like ice on Mary's heart. Jim too saw the incongruity of the friendship, and perhaps secretly smiled over the discomfiture that must surely follow.

"I don't know. I dare not think," she almost whispered; and Jim, catching her glance, divined something of her suffering.

"We can but be true to ourselves," he said, in a low voice.

Mrs. Wonham, busy as usual, paid no heed to the young couple. They were talking amicably, and that was a step in the desired direction.

"Education is a grand leveller, and your worldly position need not affect a real friendship."

"In this case it must," said Mary. "Mother, don't you take up those glasses. Let me go."

"Sit down, sit down," said Mrs. Wonham. "You shall be the lady to-night. I let Sally out for an hour—her sister's ill again—so I must just turn to a bit downstairs. Look, father is asleep; don't you two talk aloud and waken him."

"Your life is not unmixed with pain, Mary," said Jim, after a pause. "Don't say you ever regret the knowledge you have acquired. The more you gain, the better able you will be to cope with difficulties."

"And the less easy shall I find it to live as I perforce must. Oh! Jim, I don't know why I am telling you this. Perhaps it is because you were good to me when I was little, and always took my part. Perhaps because I see you understand. But you don't, you can't know, and mother never must. It would break her heart. Can it go on indefinitely?"

"No," said Jim, whose imagination readily conjured up a picture of the future which had lived with him for many a day; "not indefinitely, only for a time. But, Mary, don't let us deceive ourselves. We can study and rise, you and I, and enjoy books and things our parents never dreamt about; but we can't pretend to be what we are not. We are just plain, honest, hard-working people, so what is the good of rebelling against the natural circumstances of our station in life? Nothing can alter the fact of our birth, but at the same time there is nothing degrading about it, and we may make our lives noble by our own exertions. That road is open to you and me as well as to Miss St. Clair, who has, I daresay, a list of ancestors as long as my arm, worthy or unworthy, as the case may be. No, Mary, just do the duty nearest to your hand, and—well, it may not bring your name before the world, but it may do something better—if—if——"

"If what?" asked Mary. She had forgotten her mother's innuendos concerning Jim. She recognised only the same kindly spirit that had actuated him as a boy. "If what?" They were talking in whispers.

"If it makes you at rest," said Jim. "Oh, I haven't come here to lecture you, Mary! You seem to have drifted away from me, and yet I have not forgotten you for an hour in all these years."

"To think of it," cried Mrs. Wonham, opening the door and entering hurriedly. "Here it is nine o'clock, and the drawing-room people wants coffee now, and at half-past ten hot water and glasses, and there's my fire out. I'll not be sorry to see the end of this week, when they're going away. It's run, run, run from morning till night. Well, it's no good talking, I must just go down to the kitchen."

"Mother, I'm coming, too," said Mary, rising. "Jim will excuse me for a little while."

"I must be going," said Jim. "I'll drop in to-morrow afternoon. You might like a walk."

"Aye, Jim, do come," said Mrs. Wonham; "she don't get out much. It's lonesome for her. None of the gals about here don't seem to her taste."

(To be continued.)

A MODEL NOVELIST:—

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

THERE can be no doubt that the profession of literature imposes upon us far greater moral responsibility than is incurred by those in most other branches of life. Undoubtedly all men and women, to some extent, influence their brethren for good or for evil; but the writer in appealing directly to the community accepts a responsibility which it would be well more hesitated to adopt. It may be said that this is true of the writer on religion or ethics, or possibly even of the essayist; but not true, or true only to a limited extent, of the writer of mere fiction.

Now this is a mistake; the reader of novels is often inclined to reason with himself somewhat in this fashion—"What I read in books of fiction matters little, the principles contained may or may not be right; whether the pictures are true to life or the reverse I don't much care. All I want is to be amused and have relaxation." Consequently he is often put off his guard. On, on he reads; but imbibes more than he bargains for. He sympathises with characters and principles contained in the novel, then with their counterparts in real life, and he *is* influenced (if the novel be a clever one), even though he himself may not be aware of it.

This being the case, it is all-important that a novelist—as well as a writer on religion and ethics, and an essayist and poet—should use his influence well, and direct it so that it may be an *agent for good*.

Now we come to the subject of this article, Mrs. Craik (Dinah Maria Mulock), novelist, essayist, magazine writer, and poet; and we say, without hesitation, that her influence—not only in the main, but even in details—has been one for good. There is pervading all her works, be it novel, essay, or poem, a religious tone, a feeling of trust in God, a firm belief in His directing influence on earth, and His mercy to erring mortal; a moral, uncynical tone, full of charity to men, but with a high idea of what a Christian life ought to be.

So many novelists show their greatest strength in depicting the wrong in the world, the wickedness and depravity in it, the inconsistency and frailty of so large a portion of mankind. But how many of these writers, both men and women, cast a kind of glamour around evil, and make us to a certain extent sympathise with it—"garnish" vice (so to speak) with little virtues, and make it palatable and interesting to the majority of readers.

Then there is the frivolous novelist, whose heroes are witty and "smart" dandies; and whose heroines are fascinating drawing-room belles, spending the greater part of their time going to parties, making society calls, and (if the author be bold) reading the worst of French novels. Now the danger to the reader is the same in both these classes of novelists, and it arises from the fact that the genius and all the interest is centred in that which is bad—the good characters being poorly drawn, and untrue to life—mere "sticks," in fact.

We ought not to be too much interested in evil, far less do we want to sympathise with it or like it. We must hate it, because it is contrary to God and to the better principles He has implanted in man.

Now Mrs. Craik interests us in the good side of life. She discusses with great charm and delicacy the virtues in her characters; she gives us more good people than bad, and she has attempted that monster difficulty to a novelist—an ideal man; and all the virtue she so lovingly tells us of, all the kindliness, all the good, in fact, she traces to the proper source — the Author of all good.

But Mrs. Craik does not bring before us the good in man only; she also shows us the dark side, and how dark and fearful it is! Take, for example, the series of essays, "A Woman's Thoughts about Women." The author of "John Halifax" is here plain-spoken and vigorous to a degree. She indeed tells us of evil, not to interest us in it, not to make us sympathise with it, but to show it us in all its horror, to make us avoid that which is so terrible in itself and so dangerous to us, and to stir up within us a never-ending antagonism to it. But (and this is very important) Mrs. Craik would not have us condemn sinners; our struggle is not with them. "We should 'hate' nobody. The Christian warfare is never against sinners, but against sin."

The fact that the author of "John Halifax" so greatly interests her readers with the better side of life, must be borne in mind when we consider what her position as a novelist ought to be. It is unfortunately too true that there is a greater difficulty in making virtue fascinating; and novels so treated are likely to be less read, less liked, and thought less clever than those which flatter or "gloss over" the vices we are all more or less prone to.

It may be asked, is Mrs. Craik a great genius? are her works perfect? Probably not; but remember, readers, the nobility of her aim and the difficulty of her task. Take the most popular of her works, "John Halifax, Gentleman," the hero of which is intended to be an ideal man—not unnaturally perfect, but still an ideal man. Has Mrs. Craik succeeded? To say that she had done so completely—to own that she has drawn an ideal perfectly consistent and perfectly true to nature—would be to give her more credit than is her due. But John Halifax, at first labourer, then apprentice, then partner, and in the end capitalist, but always gentleman, is a very noble creation, and one from which we can learn many and many a useful lesson.

Do not let us, however, when reading Mrs. Craik's most popular work, be content with studying the hero only, as there is much else most admirable and most instructive. For instance, the character of Phineas Fletcher (the relater of the story), the cripple who has such bad health, the charming, unselfish—ay, even noble—friend of John Halifax. The commencement of the novel is most pathetic. How we sympathise with Phineas in his infirmities! How, if we are strong, we long to carry him about and help him! How, if we ourselves are weak, we would fain imitate his resignation and trust in his Maker! Notwithstanding his love for his father, who is so just but so stern, Phineas pines for a more considerate friend—one who possesses more of that "rare thing, tenderness." He finds exactly what he wants in the ragged boy, John Halifax, who, though two years younger than himself, is the embodiment of strength, both of mind and body. The friendship between these two is continued right through the book, and is one of the most charming examples of such affection to be found in all fiction. It has been scoffed at as effeminate—"not friendship, but love." Of course it is love. What was the affection of Jonathan for David? "And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit unto the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

MRS. CRAIK.

The early rise of John Halifax is quite natural, when we consider his strength of character and indomitable perseverance and will. Of course he marries; and how fresh and beautiful is the description of his dawning love for Ursula March! When the hero gets settled, the reader expects that his affection for Phineas will cease; but this is not the case, for he enters the house of John Halifax as his adopted brother. All through the book, however, the principal interest is centred in the character and rise of the hero, who becomes prosperous and influential; and this success is not to be wondered at when we consider his ability, and the time in which he lived—a time when the enormous power of steam was first being employed by the more enterprising manufacturers.

Though by far the most popular of her works, Mrs. Craik has written several novels, which quite reach, if they do not surpass, the excellence of "John Halifax, Gentleman." For instance, "A Life for a Life," and a "Noble Life," written respectively two and six years after "John Halifax," are considered by many critics to be superior to that novel in truth to nature and literary worth.

And if we turn for a moment from the works of Mrs. Craik to the woman herself, we find her life was just what we might expect from a writer who inculcated such beautiful principles. Respected by rich and poor, charitable to all who came within her reach, she was a pattern of a Christian gentlewoman. She has defined the proper meaning of the word gentleman, and when we say gentlewoman, we use the word in the high sense she herself would have employed it.

Our readers may remember that Mrs. Craik has been a contributor to the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and in looking over a volume of that magazine, we find that with an enclosed short story she addressed a characteristic note to the Editor: "I send you, for your 'Christmas Roses,' a sweet little story, 'Miss Mignonette,' written by an entirely self-educated girl, a cripple, and the daughter of a country postman. I once told her story in a little sketch, entitled 'The Postman's Daughter.' I did not then think she would have lived many months, but she has lived, and is now twenty-one. If her most touching and heroic history would interest your girls, you can tell it to them in these words."

Mrs. Craik's style is simple, but clear and good; she is perhaps at her best when writing of such subjects as kindliness, tenderness, friendship, and the like, and we wish there was space to give some of her beautiful definitions of these words. Her works should not be just glanced through and "skipt," to use a popular expression, as the plot is by no means the most important part of her novels, her genius being so largely employed in the careful delineation of character, and in the chaste and beautiful thoughts she suggests to the reader.

A talented and good gentlewoman has gone to her account, and in conclusion we would fain express a hope that she will have successors who, like her, will always employ their genius in exalting that which is good, and condemning that which is evil.

It may be said that we have spoken of no defects and have not discussed her poetry. We will reply by a quotation from her own book of poems:—

"But, O reader, be thou dumb;
Critic, let no sharp wit come;
For the hand that wrote and blurred,
Will not write another word."

J. F. B.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XII.

BRUCE'S TUTOR.

MR. TOM HARTON came home from his travels. He arrived a year or more after Janet went to school, and meanwhile Bruce had received a desultory education. Edith was strictly conscientious, and taught him to the best of her ability when not herself under tuition at The Cottages. He, with truly masculine inconstancy, clamoured for Janet, and what with maternal indulgence and indomitable self-will, did not make much progress. However, it must be confessed that there was more peace in the domestic economy of the Park without Janet than there had been with her.

Mr. Tom Harton increased it fourfold. What terms Mr. Aspenel had made with him did not transpire, but he agreed to undertake Master Bruce's education while himself working for his degree at home. He resided at Hoplands with his father, while devoting his morning hours to Bruce; and a study was prepared for that juvenile autocrat, where, it was whispered, the tutor kept a rod in pickle. At any rate he succeeded in bringing the boy into subjection to himself, whatever the amount of power he exercised, by way of indemnity, over his former instructors. But Tom Harton had a way of subjecting most people. No one knew where lay his talent, but his father said it was in his own unconquerable will. Be that as it may, even Fan obeyed him, while she heartily disliked him.

He was the eldest son, and the only one who had displayed a taste for letters. He was somewhat of a pedant as well as a scholar, and argued with his father until he silenced if he did not convince him. Mr. Harton preferred his literary jousts with Miss Vigors and the Rector, but Tom was omnipotent, and put them all down. He was a reformer, besides, and disapproved of his father's easy ways, not only with his workpeople and servants, but with the gipsies and other vagrants. He was a favourite of Mr. Aspenel's, who would fain have had him as clerk or factotum had he felt so disposed. He had good manners, good looks, and, before all, a good opinion of himself, which, when not conspicuous, carries weight with the ladies. It certainly did with Mrs. Aspenel. He had travelled a good deal as tutor, and his knowledge of the world made him an oracle at Roselands. He either was, or fancied himself, irresistible to the fair sex, and had a very flattering manner with all but Fan.

Sauntering one morning over Hoplands Common, he saw that damsel hovering about the gipsies' camp attended, as usual, by her dogs. She was talking to an old woman, who might have been her grandmother, so strange was the typical likeness between them. Several ragged urchins were squatting about; a couple of donkeys were browsing near, and a rough cur was impudently disputing territory with Fan's more aristocratic canine friends. Within a small low tent a couple of men were tinkering and making skewers, and beyond, near a cart, a woman was spreading out some clothes to dry.

Tom Harton drew near, unperceived at first, but Fan soon turned and faced him.

"This is Mrs. Lee, who is almost queen of the gipsies," she said. "She is of a very old family, Tom, and you are always talking about old families. Tell him about your family, Mrs. Lee. She thinks I must belong to the Hearns, because Clorandy, which was my mother's name, was a Hearn name. But the Hearns are not quite so old a family as the Lees."

"Ours is too remote to be traced," exclaimed Mrs. Lee, in excellent English, "but I believe we are of the stock of Abraham. I'm told he lived in a tent."

"I should think it time for you to dwell in stone walls, at your age, and to find more suitable occupation for your descendants. Fan, come with me," returned Tom, severely, glancing about him.

"I could no more die in a house than could my fathers before me. Smoke suffocates me; and I'll commit my soul to the natural elements, and leave my body in my tent, or I'll not die at all."

Mrs. Lee stood with flashing eyes and arms akimbo. With many-coloured shawl and fantastic headgear she looked like a sibyl, and Tom longed to place her on the oracle-giving tripod. But he said, sententiously, "We must send the inspector to look after these children. They ought to be at school. I daresay they can neither read nor write."

At the word "inspector," the boys took to their heels, and were half across the common in no time. Fan laughed, and Mrs. Lee drew herself up majestically.

"We are more learned than you think. I can draw your horoscope or tell your fortune by your palm. Let me try, my fine gentleman."

"And be put in prison for your pains. The law is stringent now, Mrs. Lee."

"Law is hard: so is Aspenel: so are you. Good day, sir." So saying, the gipsy woman drew her shawl about her and strode off in the direction of the boys.

"She doesn't know you are a Harton," said Fan; and she and Tom walked away together.

"Have you nothing to do at home, that you pass your time with the gipsies?" asked Tom. "I should have thought that a girl could have occupied herself more profitably in many ways. I believe you are taking lessons of Miss Vigors."

"I don't understand them, but I do the gipsies. That is natural, since I am of their race. I try to find out my parentage."

"Better leave that in doubt, unless you wish to rejoin them," said Tom, coldly.

"Perhaps I do—who knows? But I love Sir, and would not leave him if I could help it. I wish Jack would come home. How far is it to America?"

"If you paid more attention to your geography, and less to gipsies, you would not ask such foolish questions. Of what use are you in the world, if you do nothing but wander about?"

"I am of some use. I help to make the beds, and mend Sir's stockings, and feed the poultry, and see to the dogs, and nurse Sir when he is ill, and make the tea, and do a lot more things. I really do try, Mr. Tom; but I am afraid I am a born gipsy, and shall never be good for much. Jack says I shall go and keep house for him. I think I might manage a wigwam."

Further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Clarville and Edith. They were on their way to the encampment the others had left. Mrs. Clarville was taking Edith to see for herself the poor people whom her father was trying to exterminate. She had not met the Wandering Will whom Mr. Aspenel was anxious to find, and she and her son still continued to do what they could for the gipsies.

"They are much to be pitied, but they must be educated," said Tom Harton. "They cannot evade the law much longer."

But Fan managed to elude Tom, and was on the watch for Mrs. Clarville and Edith when they returned.

"Do you think they are so very wicked?" she asked, breaking in upon them from a neighbouring covert, where she had been lying in ambush. "Is it very bad to be a born gipsy, like me? Oh, I wish I were white and good, like you, Miss Aspenel!"

The girl was in a state of great excitement, and there were tears in her large black eyes.

"What have they been saying to you, Fan?" asked Mrs. Clarville; and Fan poured out her version of Tom's opinions.

"Everybody talks of the gipsies as if they weren't human beings, much less Christians," she said, indignantly. "But I'm a gipsy, and yet I'm a human being and a Christian."

"But you are trained and educated,

dear," said Mrs. Clarville, kindly. "The real gipsy, or Egyptian, as may be, has wandered so long, and had such curious ways, that he has passed out of the road to education, until he shuns it as an enemy. We who call ourselves Christians are much to blame for this state of things; but we are aroused at last, and what with Board Schools and everybody's wish to do good to somebody else, the gipsies are likely either to be rooted out or made like the rest of us."

"I'm sure I hope they won't grow like Tom," said Fan, reflectively. "He scolds me for trying to look after my own people. But you and Mr. Clarville are very good to them, and they love you, if they sometimes laugh at you. I tell them they oughtn't to laugh, because you only preach to them for their good."

"Why do they laugh at us, Fan?" asked Mrs. Clarville, restraining a laugh herself.

"I think I oughtn't to tell; but I will, if you will not tell again," replied Fan, confidentially. "They say that, with all your wisdom, you're not half as learned as they are; for you can only tell them what has happened already, and they can tell you what is to come to pass; for they believe in themselves and their predictions."

"And is that all the good we have done them, Fan?" asked Mrs. Clarville, sadly.

"Oh, no. One thing that you teach them is, they say, far more wonderful than all their arts, because it tells of past and future, and of a world beyond the stars they pretend to prophesy by. This is the history of our Lord Jesus Christ." Fan spoke this solemnly, and bowed her head.

"If we have done only this, we have not utterly failed," said Mrs. Clarville. "But if you believe this marvellous and mysterious story of the salvation of our fallen race, you may be of immense service to your people, as you call our wandering friends."

"How?" asked Fan, suddenly standing still and facing Mrs. Clarville with hands outspread, eyes dilated, and lips apart.

"By studying well the Holy Scriptures yourself, and teaching them to the tribes who eschew both church and chapel."

"I will!" cried Fan, casting up her hands, and uplifting her eyes in a way that in anyone else might have seemed theatrical.

"But, my dear child, you cannot undertake this great work without faith and prayer. We can do nothing of ourselves."

"Will you teach me, ma'am? Mrs. Lee says you could convert the world. May I learn of you, instead of Miss Vigors, who only gives me hard books to read that aren't of any use—all about things that have happened long ago, while I want to know all that is going on now. I like the newspapers best, though they make me cry. Is not the world very, very sad?"

"It is. But each of us can help to make it less so."

"How?" exclaimed both the young girls at once; for each in her different way was excited by what her friend was saying.

"First by doing our duty to God and the relations and friends to whom we belong; secondly, to our neighbour."

"I want to know what my duty is," cried Fan, with an earnestness that startled Mrs. Clarville.

"Come to me to-morrow afternoon, and we will see what God's Word teaches us," said Mrs. Clarville.

"May I come, too, dear auntie?" asked Edith.

"If Mrs. Aspenel has no objection."

"She don't like me. She don't think me good enough for Miss Aspenel—I, a born gipsy," said Fan, humbly.

They were at the gate of The Cottages, which was nearly opposite the Park gates, so they separated, Mrs. Clarville going to her small abode, the girls turning towards their homes.

"May I walk a little way with you, Miss Aspenel?" asked Fan.

Edith looked doubtfully at the dogs, and felt dubious about Fan.

"To heel, Rolf! to heel, Jack!" shouted Fan, and her faithful attendants slunk behind her. Then to Edith, "I will run away the moment I see anyone; but I want to ask you something particular, Miss Aspenel."

"Then we will take the side path," replied Edith; and instead of the drive, they skirted the Park wall.

"If my mother, Clorandy, is still alive, and if I have a father, and if I should find them, and if they wanted me, ought I to go away with them, and leave Mr. Harton?" asked Fan, speaking rapidly.

Edith was taken by surprise, and could not answer at once. Fan began again—

"If your father was to lose all his money, and be an outcast, or a bankrupt, or whatever they call it, and if everyone was to forsake him, even Mrs. Aspenel, and he was left all alone in the world, would you stand by him and try to comfort him, even though he isn't a very kind father, and nobody likes him?"

"I think—I hope I should, Fan," replied Edith at last, slowly and reflectively.

"I thought you would say that," continued Fan, a shadow passing over her features. "But if you had someone you loved very dearly, far, far away, would you leave your father and run after him?"

"I hope not, Fan. But such a thing could never happen to me. I have no friends at a distance, except Janet, and she, you know, is at school."

"If you had somebody you hated, tormenting you all day long, would you run away from him? I suppose you don't hate Mrs. Aspenel, though I think Miss Janet does; but if you did, would you run away from her?"

"I think not. I must do my duty to my father, and sister, and brother. Besides, I have Nurse True."

Fan's countenance changed; it grew reflective. Then she said—

"Miss Janet isn't as good as you. She would like to run away. She told me so."

"Oh, Fan! you are older than Janet, and should know better. She is very happy at school. She is making many friends, and monsieur and madame are very kind to her. She spent her holidays with them in Paris, and is to go for Christmas with her friend, Miss Hazlewood, to their place in the North. She sent us home a beautiful painting, which her master considers well done, and says she is working quite hard."

"Then why doesn't she come home? What right has Mrs. Aspenel to keep her away from you? There is nothing but injustice in all the world!"

"Fan! you should not speak so. Good-bye. I think I must make haste home."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Aspenel. I didn't mean to be rude. Mr. Tom says I am, and that it is my gipsy blood. I think that is rude of him; don't you?"

"Very; but good-bye, Fan. We must try to do right, notwithstanding our temptations to do wrong."

With which laconic truism Edith hurried off, leaving Fan in doubt whether she had offended her or not.

(*To be continued.*)

MOSAIC-WORK, AND HOW IT IS EXECUTED.

THE artist in mosaic, when the art was at its highest and best, felt himself bound by different canons from those governing the other great pictorial art of painting. As was the case with the artist-worker in stained glass, so did he realise that "the domain of his art was imagination," but imagination limited by the special character of the material he worked in. His designs, therefore, were conventionalised rather than naturalistic. The house he depicted need not appear habitable, nor need the plants and trees belong to any Linnæan genus. These were but symbols; with simple characters he painted the story he had to tell in such a way "that all who ran might read."

The method followed in executing mosaics is a simple one; and yet how important is the part played by this form of decoration in some of our noblest works of architecture! Its results are gained by what is certainly not a very complex process, and the patience, thought, and imagination necessary to every work of art have little bar put on their exercise by any great mechanical or technical difficulty.

We may define mosaic work as consisting of the art of so disposing small cubes of coloured material in a cement bed lying on the surface to be ornamented, as to obtain an ornamental or pictorial effect. These cubes may be of various substances, such as marble, terra cotta, or coloured stones. Those made use of for pictorial subjects, however, are generally a specially prepared enamelled material, and are known by their Italian name of "*smalti*." They

consist of an opaque, glass-like composition, with which, prior to its kiln-baking, are mixed certain colouring matters, principally of a mineral nature, for the purpose of giving the *smalto* the required colour. Thus, the oxide of manganese is used for violet, cobalt for blue, uranium for yellow and black, copper for green and red, iron for yellow and brown, and so on. Great care is taken to avoid an excess of alkaline matter, which, with some colours, is likely to occasion in the course of years an efflorescence not unlike that which we often see on newly-executed brickwork. The preparation of the gold-faced *smalto* is more elaborate and complicated, and is a work of much nicety. It consists in covering one side of the *smalto* with fine gold leaf, and then spreading over the latter a thin film of glass. After being subjected to another baking in the furnace, and being allowed to cool gradually, the whole forms one homogeneous mass, and the gold thus properly united with the other substances should be for ever free from danger of discoloration. The glass-workers of Murano are noted for their skill in this difficult process.

The workman has before him, we will suppose, his *smalto* as it reaches him, in one flat sheet. He proceeds with hammers (*a*, *b*, *c*, fig. 1) of various weights to chip off by means of the edge of the cutter (*d*, fig. 1) pieces of a size suitable for his work. These *tesseræ* or cubes he arranges according to tint or shape in the various divisions of the box shown in fig. 2. The heavy hammers (*c* and *e*, fig. 1) are used for the harder materials, such as marble. In modern mosaic work there is a

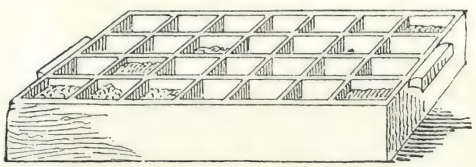


FIG. 2.

bad custom of concealing the joints of the work when executed by smearing them with a suitably-tinted composition, of which wax forms a principal ingredient. For this purpose the spoon-shaped irons (*f* and *g*, fig. 1), heated to a proper degree, are used. The nippers (*h*, fig. 1) serve to pick out the special cube which the workman's eye leads him to consider fitted for his work, while the knives and smaller spoons are employed to smooth and adjust the plaster. Each *tessera* should be slightly tapered to secure a better hold of the cement in which it is to be placed, and this and other niceties of shape are given it by means of a treadle-worked grindstone, shown in fig. 3.

The materials forming the cement in which the cubes or *tesseræ* are set have varied in different times and places. The old Roman mosaic-workers used a plaster ground formed of two parts of ground marble to one of lime, or two of *pozzolana** and two of hydraulic lime, and with this the ancients seem to have mixed gum-tragacanth to retard its "setting," or becoming dry. Two layers of cement are usual, though not absolutely necessary, for which the following is the usual formula:—

	First Coat.	Second Coat.
Pozzolana	10½ parts.	8½ parts.
Ground brick	4½ ,,	3 ,,
Slacked lime	8½ ,,	10½ ,,
Water	1½ ,,	3 ,,

Great care is taken to ensure the adhesion of the two coats, of which the first—laid on thickly enough to remedy any inequalities of surface in the space to be decorated—is only allowed to "set" for two or three hours before the second is applied.

There are two or three systems upon which the mosaic-worker may proceed to execute his picture.

According to the oldest principle, there would be erected for him a scaffolding, standing on which he would carry out his work, copying in facsimile the full size cartoon he has before him. And it is at this point that the workman becomes the artist, for the modification in the colours and the arrangement of the *tesseræ* are matters requiring much artistic perception. Every cube, as he places it in the soft cement, has to be put there with full forethought as to the part it will play as a portion of the decoration of the building. As we have seen, a wedge shape is given to it, in order that it may more easily take hold of the cement. The latter is pressed out, as cube after cube takes its place, and the joints are then smoothed down flush with the face of the work. Should they interfere with the effect of the picture, they are frequently stained with a coloured wash.

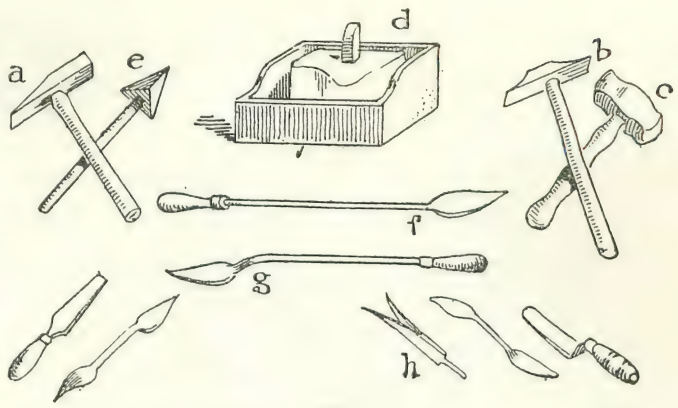


FIG. 1.

There are, however, cases when it is either desirable or necessary that the work, instead of being executed *in situ*, should be, in the first instance, put together in the studio, and ultimately placed in position. Under these circumstances, there are two methods usually made use of.

The first of these, which is known under its Italian name of *Mosaico a rivoltatura*, is conducted as follows:—A frame formed of slate, or of wood lined with zinc, is placed on a slight incline. It is then "floated" with plaster to the depth of the mosaic, and on this surface the subject is drawn. The plaster is then picked out, and finely powdered *pozzolana* somewhat damped, or some similar material, takes its place, and in this, as a bed, are placed the *smalti*. These are of course thus sufficiently held in their place to enable one to judge the effect, and, if need be, to make modifications in the work. When the subject is completely worked out, sheets of paper are strongly pasted over its surface. This paper is cut into sizes that admit of the work being easily manipulated; and over it again is glued a piece of coarse but thin canvas. When the whole is dry, the canvas is cut, and the mosaic is then turned over on its face, whence its name. The *pozzolana* is now blown off, and piece by piece the mosaic is placed on the cement or mastic previously prepared for it in its destined position. When entirely dry the face of the work is easily stripped of its temporary paper and canvas coverings. It is not however considered well to execute a piece of a larger size than about seven feet six inches by six feet wide.

The other method, to which we referred above, has the slight recommendation of quickness, and is much used in the mosaic studios of Venice. The drawing is, so to speak, "traced backward" on cartoon paper, and coloured. The *smalti* or cubes are then glued face downwards on the paper, following the outline and colouring of the cartoon. The work is cut into convenient pieces, is turned over and placed in the mastic. For this system there can only be urged in its favour that it is quick and that it is cheap. But against these advantages must be placed several grave faults, so much so, that it is mainly responsible for the modern decadence of mosaic-work. The worker is unable to judge of the relative effect of his work, and it is impossible for him to see it as it will really appear when fixed. The operation is moreover a mechanical one, and lowers mosaic-work from the level of an art to that of a manufacture, inasmuch as artistic personality and the skill of the worker have no outlet for asserting themselves.

We have now pretty thoroughly described the material, the fittings, and the method of workmanship to be seen in the mosaic artist's studio. The art is, as our readers will see, one admitting of the exercise of the highest artistic talents, and one above most other arts that permits its executant to look forward to his work being practically imperishable. From the ordinary rank and file of the workers there need only be asked some slight knowledge of drawing, a keen perception of colour in its infinite gradations, and a true and accurate hand. It has often struck the writer that, in these days, when so many girls and women are saying, "We are ready and willing and able to work; give us then work to do,"—there is a possibility that mosaic-work can offer some of them a new (and delightful) field of labour; nor does there seem any right prescriptive by which Venice, and Venice only, should claim the monopoly, and be looked upon as the only home of the art.

C. Harrison Townsend.

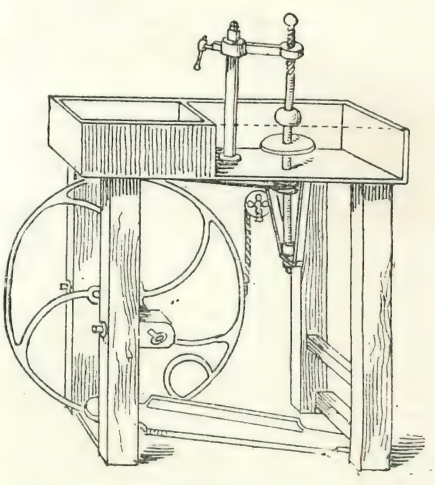


FIG. 3.

* *Pozzolana* is a fine dust resulting from the decomposition of volcanic scoria.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

By HARRIET KENDALL.

THE Spring-time came with laughter on its mouth,
And kissed, unchided, every baby flower;
Pale snowdrops faintly smiled upon the hour,
One sweet, short April-time. O sweet, sad fate
To blossom like white lilies of the South,
Soft lilies in white growth without a mate.

The Summer came, through woodbine-trellised ways,
Crowned with magnolia—Eden's fairest flower;
The generous sun-warmth kindled every hour,
Till life seemed full of glad things everywhere:
Seemed flushed with rich fulfilment of its days,
Seemed but a thing of joy and sunshine there.

The Autumn came with grave, imperial grace,
When Summer's love had loved itself away.
The full, round, radiant beauty of the day
Was saddened by an amethystine shade;
A lovely seriousness was on its face,
As in the gold-leaved paths the sad winds prayed.

And when the Winter came, I thought to hate
The dull, unblossomed hours: but in home ways
I learnt that love has many April days
And rose-lipped hopes, when earth looks gloomiest.
God seemed to smile when I had learned to wait
With love's great faith close to my being prest.

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.

"I HAVE really left school at last, and I'm going home for good. I hope it is for good."

Eleanor Lawrence leaned back in the corner of the railway carriage, her forehead wrinkled with thought, and her eyes showing traces of tears. She was not at all glad to leave school. She had looked up to the head mistress with a mixture of reverence and love; her studies interested her deeply, and her school friends were very dear to her. Besides, her home was new and untried. Her father and mother had been millionaires in India, and their children, being sent to England for their education, had been scattered about among various schools and holiday homes.

Now the whole family were to meet for the first time in the quaint old manor house, which had lately been bequeathed to Mr. Lawrence.

Eleanor was the only girl among five boys, and as her mother had written to her—

"There will be plenty for us to do, dear, for a long time to come, in putting the boys' wardrobes right, and, between you and me, perhaps a little of the same work in their minds and manners. They are all good lads, but have been too long without their mother's and sister's care."

This prospect was not entirely pleasing to Eleanor, for, much as she loved her brothers, she did not love her needle, and preferred Greek to making shirts, and mathematics to mending socks. However, her own likes and dislikes must be put aside in the new life, and with a sigh for herself and a hearty little prayer for help, Eleanor resolved to be a model sister and daughter, and to exert the best influence over her brothers.

The opening of Eleanor's new life was very pleasant. A loving welcome from her parents, a rapturous, critical, and comic greeting respectively from her brothers, made her feel that there really was something to gain in having a home. The curious old house, too, was a delightful surprise to her, though her mother explained that the education of five sons, and other heavy expenses, made it needful to live very economically, at least for a time. Eleanor thought the want of money was a mere trifle when they had such a charming house, large garden, and well-stocked orchard, and, above all, such a fund of health and spirits.

A ramble over the house with her brothers ended her first day at home. Their characters were as diverse as their appearance. Mark, the eldest, was at College. Under a vast amount of idle chatter and a store of lively tales he concealed much steady purpose and serious thought, though he nevertheless shocked Nell's sense of dignity by his boyish romps with the younger ones. He had many arguments and discussions with his sister, and when Roger appeared they combined their forces against him.

Roger was the second brother—a steady, plodding fellow, already doing well in business, but at the stage of youthful manhood when he felt he must keep a tight hand over his heedless family, faithfully point out their errors, and advise them as to their conduct.

Frank was a quiet, delicate boy, too fond of reading and dreaming; Will and George, two merry, noisy lads, of eleven and nine years old, always quarrelling, but always together.

Will's ambition was to be a sailor, and he made this evident by always using what he considered as nautical language, learnt from his favourite tales of sea adventure.

To their great delight, each boy had a bedroom to himself, and Nell was in raptures over one allotted to her, together with a little room that opened out of it, which was to be her sanctum and study. It was still unfurnished, but was full of splendid possibilities. In the capacity of model sister, however, she must not think of herself first, but win her brothers' hearts by suggesting presents and work for their rooms. Her offers were rather coolly received, she thought, Roger graciously allowing that he might find something she could do for him, Mark that he would "see about it," and the younger ones loudly announcing that they did not want "girls bothering in their rooms." This was not encouraging, and Nell nearly withdrew her offer, but reflected that, having been so long without a sister, they did not yet know the value of one.

The first few days passed quickly away in arranging the household with her mother, unpacking and putting away her own possessions, and last, but not least, in exploring the neighbourhood with her brothers, and joining their endless games of tennis. The younger boys objected to her presence with them at first, on the grounds that she could neither climb trees nor jump streams; but finding that their hero and model, Mark, had quite different views on the subject, they relented, and graciously agreed to her company occasionally.

One morning, however, as they were arranging for a long day's boating, they found that Nell was for once not at their disposal, and were obliged to depart without her, grumbling as if they had always been most anxious for her presence.

Nell's work at home was by no means pleasant. It was to help her mother to look over the younger boys' clothes, and also over a heap which Mark had tossed into a corner of his room. Roger's garments, like all his other possessions, were in perfect order.

They began with the cloth clothes as most disagreeable, and sorted them into three divisions—good, bad, and impossible. In the last heap were two suits of George's, still comparatively good, but which he had outgrown. These were to be neatly mended and sent to a Home for little boys. The rest of this heap was what Nell called a collection of "shattered remains," which were to be given at once to the gardener, whose wife might make quite a respectable suit out of the different fragments for one of her large tribe of boys.

The "good" heap came next, and consisted of best clothes, which only needed minor repairs, brushing, and careful folding. Mrs. Lawrence meditated a lecture on neatness, as she noticed the way in which the garments had been flung aside when taken off.

The "bad" heap was the most difficult to deal with. Nell searched the pockets for holes, of which she found a goodly number, and,

FAIR SUMMER.

besides, a collection of varieties more amusing than valuable.

"A great many of these clothes must be sent to a tailor," said Mrs. Lawrence; "we cannot mend them ourselves, especially Mark's; but there is plenty left for us to do. We will have a sewing woman in, and have two or three good days' work."

Nell groaned at the prospect, but agreed, and the next morning the two ladies sat down to their task, with a bright little old sempstress from the village.

Hannah Haybittle had large experience of gentlemen's clothes, having at one time helped her tailor brother in his work, and her advice was gladly taken.

Nell made new pockets, of which many were wanted, while Mrs. Lawrence renewed buttons and sewed on tags; for when she tried to hang up heavy top-coats she found that the tags had nearly all been torn off, and the coats had been hung up by the collars. Besides this, there were many lesser repairs to be done, such as button-holes to be mended, small rents and holes to be darned, and a jacket to be bound.

In the meantime Hannah Haybittle was doing the more extensive renovations, while a maid sponged the clothes spread out on a deal table, having previously had them brushed and shaken them in the open air. When there was no grease on the clothes, cold tea was used in sponging, but greasy collars and spots were treated with a mixture Mrs. Lawrence had made the previous day. This consisted of three ounces of carbonate of ammonia and one ounce of sal ammoniac, dissolved in a quart of boiling water. What remained when all the clothes were sponged was kept very carefully corked for future use.

Some of the garments, after their vigorous shaking and brushing, were still so dirty that it seemed useless to sponge them. Mrs. Lawrence felt inclined to condemn them, but Hannah interposed, with her usual beginning, "If you'll allow me, ma'am," and advised that the linings should be taken out and the cloth well washed.

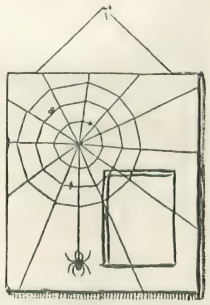
Mrs. Lawrence was very doubtful as to the result, but Hannah assured her she had often done it. The clothes must be well washed in warm—not hot—water, and pressed through a wringing-machine as quickly as possible. This was accomplished very satisfactorily, and the clothes were re-lined with new material cut from the pattern of the old. Some of the renewed suits would hardly do for school, but were quite good enough for holiday wear and to save their better clothes.

Even in the midst of this work Nell found time to do some little things for her brothers. Her mother would not let her sit all day at work, but urged her to go out with the boys and play tennis with them.

"You have other work to do besides mending and making for them, my child," she said; "we have not had you well educated in order to make you into nothing but a needlewoman. You have to be a companion and friend to the elder boys, and the younger ones are already beginning to claim you as their especial property."

During the intervals of her harder work Nell found time to make several little objects, some of which were intended for her own room, though they found their way ultimately to her brothers'.

Frank had accepted, with great delight, a small framed sketch which had hung in her room at school, and this gave her an idea, or, rather, a series of ideas. She had a store of pretty sketches and photographs, and these she resolved to frame for the boys' rooms and her own. An instantaneous photograph of vessels in full sail would charm Will, she thought. She gummed the photograph on stiff cardboard, part of an old dress box, which projected about two inches beyond the picture. Over this projection she gummed fine-tinted cardboard, and sketched on it, in pen and ink, an appropriate design, beginning with seaweeds and creeping creatures at the bottom, fishes higher up, and sea birds round the top of the frame. This was so successful that she did several more in the same style, suiting the sketches round the frame to the subject of the photograph. Seeing these, Mark brought her a fancy sketch of a "sweet girl graduate" in cap and gown, and she inspired Nell with a fresh idea.



Mrs. Lawrence had given her daughter a bag of scraps of plush, velvet, and ribbons. There were some good pieces of plush, one of which suited her purpose well. It was large enough to cover the whole of her frame. She cut the space for the picture, not in the centre, but towards the right hand bottom corner, turned in the edges neatly, and couched a spider's web on one corner of the plush in gold thread (see figure). Two or three strands of the web projected across the opening, and a golden spider crept up towards its web. For another plush frame she worked a spray of flowers and leaves on cretonne, and, cutting them out, applied them on the plush, lamenting that she was too far from shops to buy the flowers and leaves ready. The plush frames were neatly finished at the back, and an eyelet hole attached for hanging them on the wall.

She varied these frames according to her materials and the size of photograph. She made some of ribbon, on which she painted flowers and leaves.

She soon found that Frank had a taste for carpentering, and, when roused from his day dreams, could make many useful things with his long, deft fingers. Nell encouraged him as much as possible in this taste, for his own sake as well as hers. He had always been delicate, and part of his laziness arose from constitutional weakness, and, as he argued to himself, what was the good of exerting himself when even George could easily beat him in trials of strength. Now, however, finding his talent appreciated, he woke up, and his dark eyes gleamed in his pale face, as he told his sister of his last "good idea."

Their first united work was for Roger, who had spent the leisure of his summer in making and mounting a botanical collection. They got an empty box from the grocer which was large enough to contain the mounted plants. Frank strengthened and smoothed the wood, and put a hinge on the front as well as the lid. Nell found some light-coloured glazed calico, with which they lined the inside. The outside they painted and varnished, and finally Frank put on a neat fastener. This box was very graciously received, but poor Frank suffered. The carpentry had been done in an outhouse, and the draughts and damp floor brought on an attack of his old enemies, earache and faceache. It was during this time that he found what a boon a sister can be. She defended him from the other boys when they declared that "old Frank's as sulky as a bear," suggested and applied remedies, and, best of all, just at the right time left him to himself to bear his pain, as he always liked to, alone. But, when the worst was over, she seemed to know by instinct that he was ready for her company again, and she charmed him out of himself to think of fresh ideas, to be carried out in a warmer, safer workroom.

(*To be continued.*)

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the door closed behind Mrs. Beauchamp the gloom returned to her son's face, and he paced the room in silence. He had paused to gaze moodily from one of the windows, when he saw Fanny Gregg approaching the house. The girl was seated in a little trap, which had been sent to the station to convey her and her luggage to Castlemount.

Tom noted that the young face was a little pale and weary-looking, the consequence of her recent illness. It was nevertheless beaming with gladness at the prospect of a longer holiday and rest than she had dared to hope for when her strength gave way through work. She was looking eagerly towards the house, as if in search of familiar faces, and was ready to spring from the vehicle as she caught sight of her aunt, standing in a side porch, through which the housekeeper's room could be most quickly reached.

From the angle window, at which my husband stood, he could note unobserved the meeting between the aunt and niece. He told me, later on, that after noticing the girl's glad face as she stepped from the vehicle, he could better understand what power people in our position possessed of giving happiness, with little cost to themselves, and the responsibility which this power entails upon them.

Next came the thought—"This is the girl who was to have come to the hotel to wait upon Olive. She will be able to give information respecting the one who acted as her substitute."

My husband's suspicions were gradually settling upon Ellen Martin, and it was not surprising that he should think this stranger had been concerned in abstracting the diamonds. Under the cir-

cumstances, it seemed almost impossible that any other person could have carried them off, whilst there was absolutely nothing to prevent her from doing so. My indisposition had rendered me unfit to superintend her movements, and Ellen had packed everything, and handed me the keys after the boxes were locked. There seemed only that one other chance already suggested, namely, that some person had entered the room whilst I lay senseless, and carried the jewels away.

Thus far Bedson was my husband's sole confidant. She could not help knowing about the loss of the jewels, and Tom spoke to her respecting his new suspicion, but pledged her to absolute secrecy.

"Fanny Gregg's coming will render it quite easy for you to learn something about the young person whom Madame Leeson sent in her place," he said. "Both are employed by the same mistress, and probably work under one roof. Be very careful how you go about your questioning, for, remember, the loss of the diamonds must on no account be mentioned. I hope neither my mother nor your mistress will hear of it, or, if at all, only when they have been recovered."

Bedson promised, and fully meant to keep her word. She did not say to my husband that her mistress was not likely to be in a state to concern herself either about the lost diamonds or anything else for some time to come; but she thought it, and turned away to hide a gathering tear. She was almost as eager as her master to obtain some clue, and she lost no time in speaking to Fanny, with whom she was well acquainted.

Fanny, poor girl, was so enchanted to find herself once more at Castlemount that she was only too eager to answer any question that an old friend might ask.

"Ellen Martin—'Miss Martin' we call her, and it would not be good for anyone at Madame Leeson's to say 'Ellen'—she is quite a lady, and has been brought up in a different position from any of the other young people employed by madame. Her father was a gentleman, only he lost nearly all his money three years ago, and it was said he died of grief. Anyway, he did die, and left his wife, Miss Martin, and her brother Edward almost destitute—that is, in comparison, you know. The son had not been brought up to work of any kind—more's the pity. But then he had no liking for it, but was proud and idle. He said hard, cruel words about the poor broken-hearted father, just as if he had robbed his children when he lost his money. The poor gentleman had been a great deal too good to his son in one way, because he had done all for him, instead of making him do for himself. Miss Martin is as different from her brother as light from dark. She never blamed her father. She said it was the thought of what was before his wife and children, not his losses, that broke him down. She has said many a time how tenderly he had cared for them, and never denied them anything. I have known her cry bitterly about her brother Edward's hardness, and say she wondered how he could forget all he owed to his dead father for that happy past life, without a care or anxiety that he could prevent. Miss Martin is a good scholar, and plays the piano beautifully. She might have been a governess, but she wanted to stay with her mother, and she asked Madame Leeson to employ her, for she has clever fingers, and such taste! There is not another assistant that can come up to her in the finest work. Madame Leeson is very kind-hearted. Beside, Mrs. Martin had paid her good money for many years past, and madame did not forget it. She gave Ellen employment, and she has paid her all along, not according to the time she has been at the business, but according to the quality of the work done. Mother and daughter would be comfortable enough if it were not for that miserable fellow, Edward. He will not work, and he takes every penny he can get from his sister. He frightens her, if he cannot persuade her out of it, by threatening what he will do to bring disgrace upon the family. As if such nice, good people could be lessened in the eyes of those who know them by any doings of his! Ugh! the wretch!" said Fanny, waxing warm. "I wish he were on the treadmill, that I do! It's the only place he is fit for! I often wonder how poor Miss Martin bears up, for she has to find strength and spirits both for her mother and herself. But why should I say I wonder? Everybody at Madame Leeson's knows where she goes to seek it. Ellen Martin is a real Christian, if ever there was one. She gets her strength by prayer. She looks to Jesus both as her Saviour and her pattern, and wherever she is she lets her light shine. She often reminds me in her talk of you, aunty," said Fanny Gregg, turning to the housekeeper. "She is always trying to do us good, and put right thoughts into our minds whilst we are at our work. Many a time her patience has shamed us out of grumbling when we have felt ready to drop with working over-hours. But it is likely you and Miss Martin should talk in the same way, aunty," continued Fanny, with a loving look at her relative. "You have learned your lessons out of the same Book, and under the same Master. I often wish I had been as willing a scholar as either of you."

"We have all of us plenty to learn, and must be scholars to the end of our lives, Fanny," replied the housekeeper, stroking the girl's glossy hair with a motherly touch.

Perhaps she would have added some little lecture, but Bedson prevented this by remarking, "How very strange that such a lady as Miss Martin should consent to come in your place, to wait on my mistress!"

"It does seem strange, in one way, but you see poor Madame Leeson was in a difficulty. She had promised to send me, and I could not lift my head from the pillow. She had given all the other young people a holiday, because they had been working early and late to get everything completed for that grand dinner at the Town Hall. The girls had gone off, some by train, to get the week end away, others to homes that were at a little distance from Madame Leeson's.

"Miss Martin, with her usual thoughtfulness for madame, had come in to see if there was anything she could do, or any unexpected call which she could attend to. Madame told her about the difficulty caused by my illness, and asked if Miss Martin could suggest a substitute.

"She laughed in a merry way, and said, 'Dear Madame Leeson, you shall not be troubled about such a trifling matter I will go in Fanny's place. I understand thoroughly the duties I shall be required to perform.'

"'Ah! my dear Ellen, you understand because you have been accustomed to receive such help instead of rendering it. You are, as always, too good. I must not permit that you so lower yourself.'

"'I will not do that, dear madame. Only wrong-doing can degrade. It is but an affair of a few hours, and it will relieve your mind of this trifling anxiety. You can trust me, can you not?'

"'Trust you, my child! Who better? And it is time that someone keep the appointment made for Fanny.'

"That was how Madame Leeson came to send Miss Martin, and, I can tell you, I thought it was very good of her to go in my place."

Bedson and Mrs. Motley cordially assented, and the former lost no time in conveying to my husband the information thus obtained respecting Miss Martin.

"Not that Fanny told all this tale straight off, sir," said Bedson. "I have picked it out from a great deal more, for Mrs. Motley asked her niece about her own work at Madame Leeson's in between. But this is the substance of what the girl said about Miss Martin. I am afraid it will not be of much use to you, sir."

My husband felt that, so far from throwing any light on the disappearance of the diamonds, it only left him more puzzled than before. It seemed monstrous to couple such a girl as Ellen Martin was represented to be with a jewel robbery, or to imagine that she could willingly associate herself with the guilty person. Still, Tom could not forget that little scene witnessed by him in the corridor, though Miss Martin's manner at the time suggested fear, uneasiness, and almost aversion to the individual who appeared to be forcing her to listen.

He asked Bedson if Fanny had heard Miss Martin speak of what passed at the hotel whilst she was taking the part of lady's-maid.

"Fanny said she just heard that my mistress had been ill the night before, and that a doctor had seen her. Fanny was far from well herself, and in bed, as you will remember, sir. Naturally, she would hear little."

My husband assented, and Bedson left him to think the matter over. He would soon have a friend beside him to whom he might speak freely, for Mrs. Beauchamp had telegraphed to my Aunt Hesketh, and a reply had been received to say that she hoped to reach Castleton that evening.

Tom went to meet my aunt, and on the way to Castlemount managed to give her

the particulars of my illness, and, under a promise of secrecy, told her also about the loss of the diamonds. It was an immense relief to him to lay bare his mind to one who was alike shrewd and sympathetic, and who, however she might deprecate secrecy in the case of Mrs. Beauchamp, would keep her promise and say nothing about the disappearance of the jewels to their owner until she had my husband's permission.

Moreover, my aunt was only told the bare fact that the diamonds were gone during the drive to Castlemount. The other particulars, already related by me, were communicated after Mrs. Beauchamp had gone to the Hurst for the night. Beside, my aunt was far more anxious to know all about my condition than anything else. The whole of the Beauchamp diamonds were of less consequence, in her eyes, than was the state of the niece who was to her as a daughter.

I think she rather wondered that Tom could give a thought to anything except his young wife of a few months who was lying ill, and unconscious of all that was passing around her.

Tom was not indifferent. I believe the dear, unselfish fellow would have given the Beauchamp acres, and his last sixpence to boot, if by so doing he could have restored me to health and consciousness. But this minor trouble weighed heavily upon him because of his mother, and he was so badly in want of a confidant. Beside, as Aunt Hesketh soon ascertained, the two greatest medical authorities immediately available had declared that my life was in no danger. Only absolute quiet and time would be needed to restore me to health and strength, they said.

"What steps shall I take in this matter?" asked Tom, alluding to the diamonds, as he and my aunt sat by the fire before bedtime.

"Wait quietly until Monday morning. Nothing can be done until then, and, in the meanwhile, try to put the whole affair as much out of mind as possible."

"That is not advice which is easy to follow," replied Tom, with a rueful face.

"I know that," said Aunt Hesketh, "but to-morrow will be Sunday, and the less we spoil its hours of peace and rest, by bringing into them the cares and worries of everyday life, the better for us. The better, too, for the work which has to begin with the following day. If only men would believe this truth, the duties and labours of the six working days, with the various anxieties they bring, would be vastly lightened, or, at least, a larger measure of bodily and mental strength would be laid up to meet them with."

"There are some troubles which cannot be so easily dismissed from our thoughts, strive as we may," replied Tom.

"True; but these are not what I alluded to. For instance, it would be equally impossible and wrong for you to forget the one which weighs most heavily—namely, Olive's illness. Why should you? Can you not carry her in your heart whilst you bend the knee in God's house, and lift up your voice in prayer at His footstool?"

"She must be in my heart. It is her lawful place," said Tom. "And since I learned to love Olive, thank God I have tried to love and serve Him better. She is a help-meet in heavenly things as well as earthly ones."

"Keep your wife in her place, then, but do not put the diamonds by her side. Leave them out of your thoughts until the working week, with its less important cares, begins once more."

"You are right, aunt. I will try to follow your advice. If Olive were here she would speak as you do."

When Monday came, Aunt Hesketh was ready to advise with Tom as to the steps to be taken for recovering the diamonds. In compliance with his request, and assisted by Bedson, she examined each drawer in which any of the articles brought back from Longminster had been placed. But the search produced no satisfactory result.

"Will you see Madame Leeson?" asked my aunt.

"To what purpose"? said Tom, who had no wish to take the *modiste* into his confidence. "What light can she throw on the affair?"

"I cannot say, but she would be able to tell you whether Miss Martin had spoken to her respecting the person you saw in the corridor, and the object he had in view. We can do no more without outside help, for Fanny Gregg has told all she knows about Miss Martin. You say you would rather not employ a detective; you shrink from consulting Mr. Fielden, the family lawyer; you cannot appeal to Olive, and you say you could not bear to carry your tale to Madame Leeson, for fear of injuring Miss Martin. Are you, then, prepared to abide by the loss, or—and this would be the best course to take—tell Mrs. Beauchamp all about it?"

"Could not you see Madame Leeson?" asked poor Tom, showing the usual white feather. "It would be so much easier for a lady to make an excuse for calling at a milliner's than for me. I should look foolish, turn red, and bungle hopelessly, or probably make myself ridiculous by asking for some impossible article, and then run away without performing my real errand."

"I do believe you would be a worse than useless messenger," said my aunt, after a brief cogitation. "I have seen Madame Leeson; indeed, I purchased some articles from her when I was staying at Castlemount with Mrs. Beauchamp, before you and Olive came home. I will speak to her, but you must let me use my own discretion as to how far I may confide in her."

Tom agreed, and my aunt accordingly contrived a visit to Longminster, professedly to purchase a gown of soft material for her own wear in my sick room.

Madame Leeson was profuse in her expressions of regret and sympathy on my account. "The young madame, so charming, so *spirituelle;* a bride, as one says, of yesterday. It is too sad," and madame wiped away two genuine tears with the dainty morsel of cambric she called a handkerchief.

A minute afterwards the little Frenchwoman had worked herself into a state of professional enthusiasm about the simple wrapper for which my aunt inquired.

"But, yes. I have a robe that will suit to perfection, at once simple, graceful, effective. It is also of the most comfortable. I will request of Miss Martin to submit it for the inspection of madame."

My aunt started as she heard the name, but fortunately Madame Leeson's back was turned, as she was speaking through a tube which communicated with a workroom above. She was glad to think that she should see this girl without first mentioning her to her employer, and probably be able to form some opinion of her character from her face and appearance.

Aunt Hesketh has since told me that she had seldom been more attracted to anyone than she was to Ellen Martin. There was a look of sadness on her face, but she came to the conclusion that if ever a countenance was indicative of a true, pure nature, that of Miss Martin was pre-eminently so.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHRISTMAS-TIDE REMEMBRANCE.

Words by MRS. NORTON. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.

(M. ♩.=76.)

PIANO. *Allegro grazioso.* *p* *cres.*

p

Do you re - mem - - ber all the sun - ny pla - ces,

f

Where in bright days..... long past we played to - ge - - - - ther? Do you re -

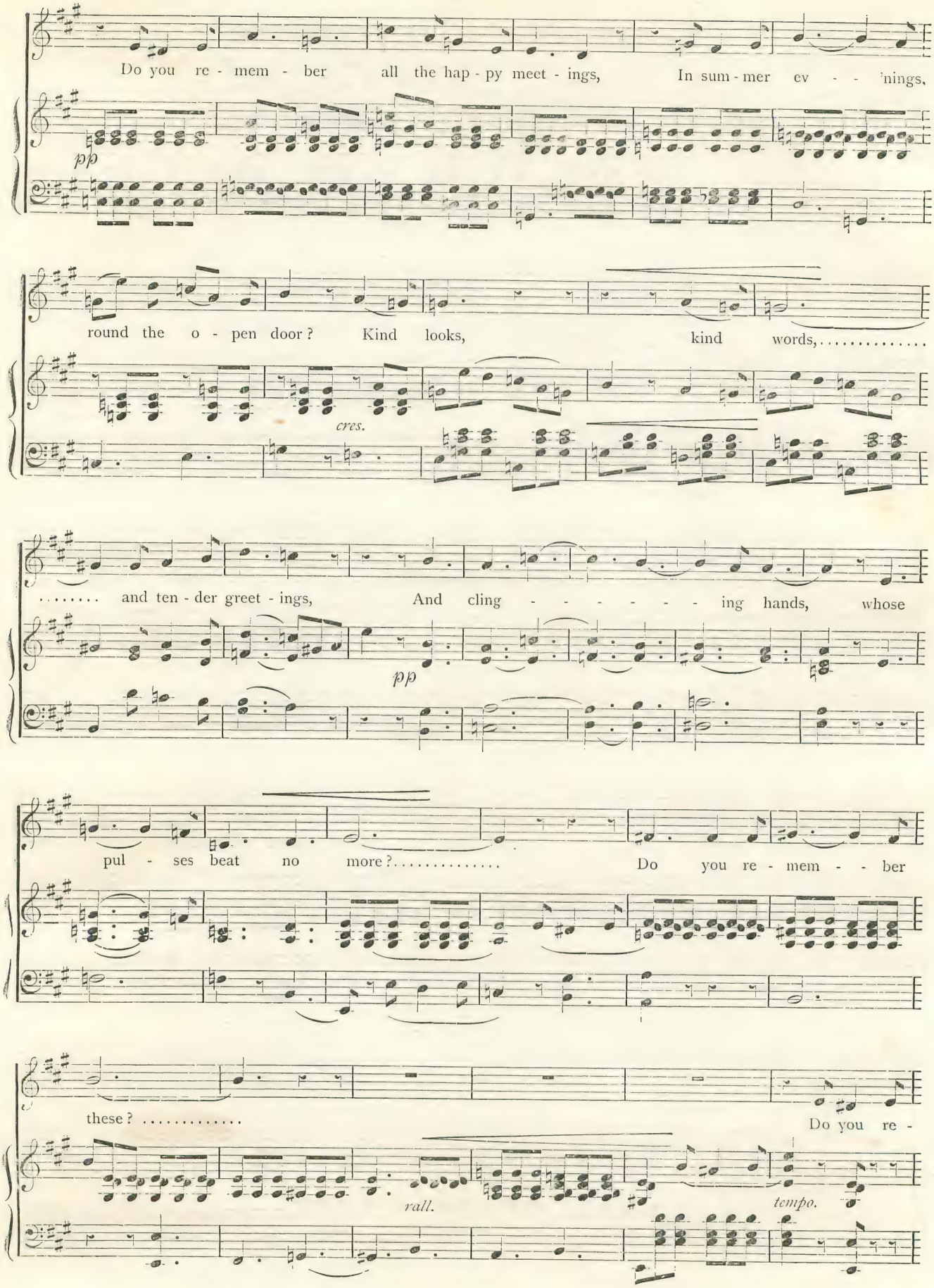
cres - - - - - - cen -

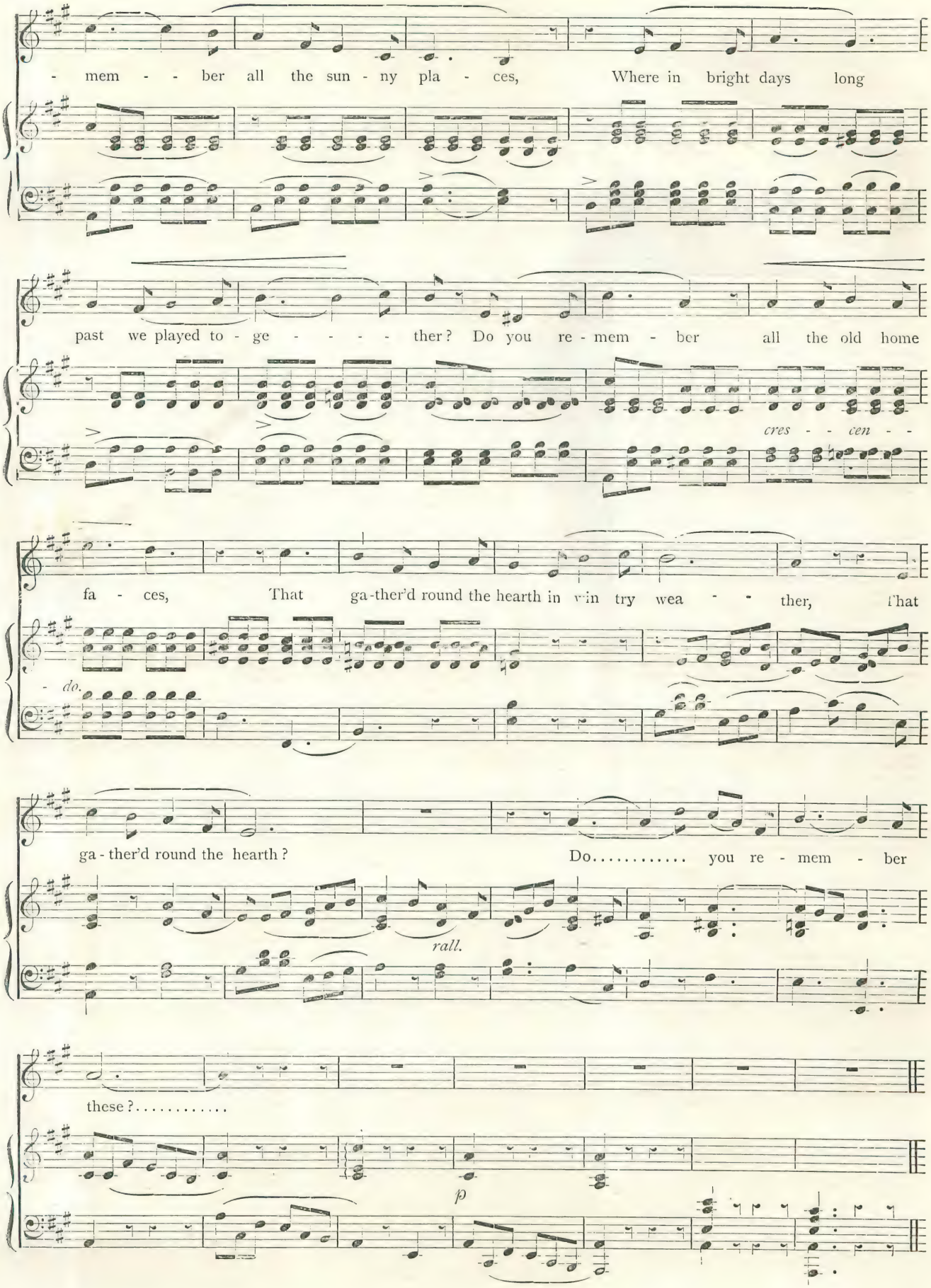
- mem - ber all the old home fa - ces That ga - thered round the hearth.... in win - try

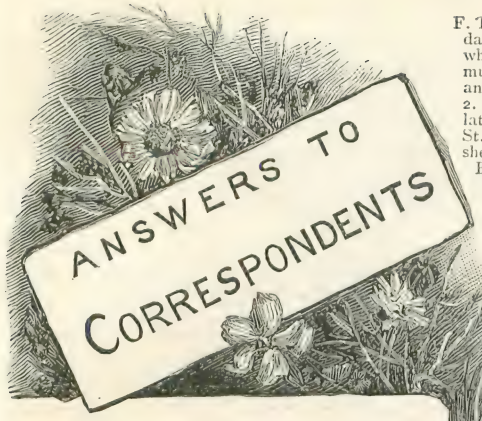
- *do.*

wea - - - - ther?

cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - do.


Do you re - mem - ber all the hap - py meet - ings, In sum - mer ev - - 'nings,
pp
round the o - pen door? Kind looks, kind words,.....
cres.
..... and ten - der greet - ings, And cling - - - - - - ing hands, whose
pp
pul - ses beat no more?..... Do you re - mem - - ber
these? ..... Do you re -
rall.
tempo.


- mem - - ber all the sun - ny pla - ces, Where in bright days long
past we played to - ge - - - - - ther? Do you re - mem - ber all the old home
cres - - cen - -
fa - ces, That ga-ther'd round the hearth in win try wea - - ther, That
- do.
ga - ther'd round the hearth? Do..... you re - mem - ber
rall.
these?.....
p



EDUCATIONAL.

A SURGEON'S WIFE.—The religious training of her children is the duty, by inalienable right, of their mother. No hired assistant-governess, and much less half-educated "nurse," should be allowed to usurp such authority. They may assist in carrying out the mother's wishes. Whether Jewess or Christian, your nurse's ideas as to the most judicious and effectual way of "making the Sabbath, or 'Lord's day,' a delight," happy and profitable for little infants and small children, are certainly those of an ignorant person, however God-fearing. She had better learn what that means, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." Leave the babes of "eighteen months and three years" their little toys, and let their nursery be as happy a place on the day of rest as on any other day. Let them "rejoice and be glad" on "the day that the Lord hath made." As to the little fellows "of five, seven, and eight," restrict their innocent recreations to quiet ones of a noiseless kind. Much can be done to amuse them, and in a beneficial way for mind and body, without making them dread and feel an aversion for the "day of rest." Injudicious training is most mischievous and disastrous in after results. To follow out the harmlessness of the dove, it is essential to learn the wisdom of the serpent.

"GO AHEAD."—We thank Miss Philips for her intimation that the Girls' Club for Sketching has been broken up, and we would draw attention to this fact, not only so as to spare her the applications made for admission as members, but also to spare our girls disappointment. Of course no changes in reference to the numberless clubs for amateur assistance in many branches of education can be noted in the "Directory of Girls' Clubs" until a second edition is published, and thus we feel pleasure in giving our aid in naming any such changes at the request of our correspondents.

COLLEEN MAVOURNEEN had better seek an interview with the Lady Principal, or write to the Secretary of the Women's Medical College, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, or else address the Secretary or see the Matron of St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth, and consult with either of them on the subject. "C. M." does not name her age.

ELEANOR F. E.—Your most gracious letter deserves our best thanks. It is usual to enter a hospital for training as a nurse, on the understanding that you should remain to complete that training; but an arrangement might be made in some cases for broken periods. Apply to the London Hospital, if you do not object to the City.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIRDIE.—You could obtain a large wicker cage for your doves at a basket maker's, or order one of the size you require, and make your own bargain as to the price. It is not so easy to answer your other question, "How can I get some money?" and we must refer you to your "papa and mamma," whose pleasure you wish to consult. We are sure they will consult yours also, if they can.

CIS.—We are very glad that you often find our answers so helpful to you. The food you give your canary is quite suitable, and you may sometimes give a little chickweed, groundsel, and plaintain. We fancy that he may be troubled with small vermin that cause an irritation. For the cure of this you will find that we have given full directions already.

MARGERY.—Cricket, although not a very feminine style of recreation, and not originally designed for women, has been much patronised by them of late years, and mixed clubs have been inaugurated in various places. Prior to this girls used often to play with their brothers in private. It is said to be identical with what was called "club-ball," played in the fourteenth century. "The Booke of Sportes" (William Howe, 1574) alludes to the game under the name of "cricket," or "creag." Edward II. is stated, in an existing entry of his accounts, to have paid one hundred shillings for the expenses due to his tutor for "creag." It is likewise named in *temp.* Elizabeth.

F. T. B.—We saw some friends of ours, the other day, trying a lather made of carbolic soap, with which to syringe some climbing roses, which were much eaten by insects and blighted. They said it answered very well, and you might try it, too. 2. Margate and Ramsgate are both bracing, the latter a little more sheltered, but both very healthy. St. Leonards and Hastings would be warmer, more sheltered, and also healthy.

EINNA.—Your verses are "poetry." Only once before have we been able to give such a favourable opinion. But why so sad? Remember the words of our Divine Master (St. Matt. xi. 28). We recommend Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue" (56, Paternoster Row) as an excellent guide on the question of prosody. In your poem, "The Mystery of a Tune," the last line should be broken into two after the eighth foot. The word "melodiously" must only count four feet. In "A Fragment" the break would come better in the fourth line, after a length of seven, *i.e.*, "Or bright young lives just" (something), then re-commence with three feet to conclude the line. At line seven we should make a full stop after the sixth foot. You cannot commence a line with the word "them," so the preceding line must be changed. To write "blank verse" you should study the best writers that have employed it. The ear is your best—we may almost say only—guide. Vary the length of the sentences, and make the intermediate and the full stop breaks likewise at irregular intervals. It is the most difficult of all styles of composition to writers in general, and should never be adopted unless genius may supply original ideas and forcible language. Your handwriting does you credit likewise.

AN ENGLISH MAIDEN, we think, had better consult a doctor about both her eyes and her headaches. Perhaps you would be better were your hair cut shorter. Do not mind the opinions of your friends; your mother is the best judge.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—"Not at home," so far as we know, is now a "society phrase," quite understood by everyone to mean either "engaged" or "out," whichever you like. As such it has become useful, and is a polite way of saying that "you cannot see your friends," when they call, "from any private reason whatever." 2. You should always say something kind, when possible, of everyone, but you must learn to do so with tact, and seize upon their known good qualities in preference to defending them when unreasonably wrong.

"VANITY AND IGNORANCE" (Portugal).—We regret that you did not obtain "a third class certificate." If our writers give an assumed name, their incognito should be respected. Certainly, learn the Portuguese grammar.

MATILDE.—The sunflower appears to have derived its name from its likeness to the sun itself, and not, as is generally thought, from its always turning to the sun, for if several of them grow on one stem, they may all be seen to turn different ways.

EDNA REED'S MS. has been received. It possesses some merit, but needs more experience in writing. She did not give an address, but as the MS. is large it will be returned, if she will send it and stamps for return to the Editor.

WINTER APPLE.—We do not know how the world's law may stand, nor do we think law and legal rights are good things to take their stand upon between neighbours. Christ's laws are best then, and we must try to "do as we would be done by." We do not think you have really any claim to the apples, even though the branches do hang into your garden, so gather up those that fall and send them in to the house of their owner, and show yourself a neighbour in every way worthy of Him by whose name you are called.

JULIET.—The story of "Hypatia" is not poetry, but very sad and solemn fact. You will find Charles Kingsley's tale by that name most interesting. It is generally bound alone, and sold at a moderate price. You must be careful with your spelling; "useful" has only one "l."

CRYPTOCONCHOIDSYPHONOSTOMATA.—What a pity to choose such a very long name! Many thanks for your kind letter and its praise of our magazine. We think the red blotches on your face, which come after eating, are the result of a weak digestion. Consult a doctor and alter your diet, eating only such things as are easy of digestion, and not very much at a time.

EDINA.—A second wife is in the same position, at her husband's death, as if she had been the first wife. One-third of the property is hers, if there be no will nor settlement. The rest would go in equal shares to the children, both of the first and second marriage.

PATIENCE.—Clean your fur cape with hot, clean sand, or with hot bran or oatmeal, which will take out the grease and clean it thoroughly.

EMMA B.—We think your query respecting the employment of italics in the Bible was answered before. Every language has idioms, and one language is not as rich in synonyms and words giving various shades of thought as another. Besides these two facts, allowance has to be made even as to the sense meant to be conveyed in one language, which, if verbally translated, would convey a different sense in another. Thus it was absolutely essential, in some cases, to make verbal changes, and to use words conveying the desired original sense for foreign readers. Lastly, in some passages italics are used because they seemed of doubtful authenticity, as certain interpolations have been sacrilegiously made. To assist the reader to understand passages difficult of translation, a second signification of the word translated has been given in the margin to throw further light upon it. There is a considerable number of elliptical idioms in the Hebrew and Greek, to express which in English, so as to be intelligible, demanded great discernment and skill on the part of the translators, and a literal translation could not be given unaided and without being supplemented by the words printed in italics.

FIDELIS.—We are much pleased with your little pamphlet, "The Story of a King's Daughter" (Maclure, Macdonald and Co., Glasgow), and we gladly bring the society with which it deals into notice. It seems that it is subdivided into sisterhoods of ten persons, all banded together to carry out some work of benevolence and piety, thus fulfilling their Master's injunction to work in His vineyard. One circle will teach a class of poor girls to cook or sew, &c.; another will visit invalid children in a hospital or convalescent home; a third will employ their musical talents in singing for the benefit of such institutions, in private drawing-rooms, to obtain funds, or in the former for the recreation of the sufferers. There is, amongst sundry other means of usefulness adopted, one which must appeal very strongly to our sympathies, and that is to correspond with members of that society of bedridden invalids called "The Shut-in Society." They endeavour to lighten each other's burdens, and cheer dark, sorrowful hours by letters of mutual sympathy and counsel. "The King's Daughters" form companies of ten to write to members of the poor "shut-ins" to find out what they want—books, drawing, or working appliances, pictures, &c., just as another company will take toys to the invalid children. "The King's Daughters" number hundreds, and are all distinguished by wearing a badge, *i.e.*, a silver cross on a purple ribbon.

A BROTHER must either advertise or inquire for information at one of the many vegetarian restaurants in London.

BROWNIE and A SORROWING ENGLISH GIRL must be following unsuitable diet, or perhaps lacing too tightly. They will do well to consult a doctor.

WALLFLOWER.—No one wears quite long dresses now, but girls usually have theirs made longer at fourteen or fifteen, and also make some change in their hair-dressing.

MILO.—1. Rosemary tea is the best thing to improve the growth of the hair. Pour boiling water on the leaves and stalks, and let it stew near the fire, but not boil, for some hours. Rub well into the roots. 2. We think you must treat the gentleman as an ordinary friend. You have no right to conclude that he means to make you an offer of marriage when he shows you ordinary civility.

STABLE BOY.—We do not see that it is any affair of yours, or of ours either, whether a lady wear a wig or not, and whether she has lost her hair through illness; there is no need for making any excuses about it. Do not make personal remarks about anyone, and avoid puerile gossip. We think that smoking is a horrible practice for women.

ANXIOUS MARY.—We do not know of any "homes for those afflicted with weakness of the brain," by which we suppose you mean lunatics, save asylums. But there must be decided lunacy before the patient could be admitted. Consult a doctor on the case.

INA.—A girl from thirteen to fifteen should go to bed at nine o'clock, get up at seven, and breakfast at eight. But there is no hard and fast rule, as they should go to bed when sent by their mother, or person in whose charge they are placed. There can be no appeal against their wishes.

A. N. Z.—If you wish to dispose of your painted cards or your birds, you must make inquiries at suitable shops. Write to a bird keeper or have a personal interview, and take your cards to a stationer and ask for orders, but do nothing of the kind without consulting your mother on the subject.

CURLY.—Your verses are above the ordinary run of those we receive from our correspondents. Still, there is a little roughness here and there, and alliteration is now considered old-fashioned, excepting in some strikingly original or powerful line.

NATURALIST.—Yes, certain birds have the power of fascination, as well as serpents, basilisks, toads, etc. The species of eagle called the osprey is credited with exercising such an influence over fish, when flying over them for the purpose of preying upon them, that they turn over on their backs in a swoon. Shakespeare alludes to this in *Coriolanus*.

VOL. IX.—NO. 415.] DECEMBER 10, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNE PETITE PARTIE CARRÉE.

WHEN Edith reached the house after she left Fan, she went to her kind friend and counsellor, Nurse True. She was much distressed at the hint concerning Janet's desire to "run away," and wondered how and when she could have made a confidante of Fan. Nurse True reassured her, as usual, by saying that Fan had probably imagined it, because people gossiped about Janet's disagreements with her stepmother.

"At any rate, Miss Janet is safe now, dearie," she said. "She will have no

All rights reserved.] "HER KIND FRIEND AND COUNSELLOR, NURSE TRUE."

temptation to run away from those nice, kind people who keep the school. All I fear is that she'll be as much spoilt by them as she was kept under by Mrs. Aspenel. As for poor Fan, she can no more help wandering than I can sitting still. Her forbears were gipsies; mine were factory hands; and as the tree's bent so it lies. 'Tis like the sins o' the fathers. We inherit by nature, but are changed by grace."

"I say, Edith, you must dress for dinner," here broke in Bruce, whip in hand. "I want to be naughty. Nurse True, I will be naughty."

Edith, who dreaded all battles and disputes, ran to her room. Bruce, held in awe by his tutor, gave vent to his feelings when away from him, and Nurse True, as well as Mrs. Aspenel and Edith, had more than they could do to curb him. As to Edith, she was in a perpetual turmoil. Her shy, peace-loving nature was attacked on all sides. Since she had made one of the family party at meals, her mind had been constantly disturbed. She wanted to "honour her father" and love her stepmother; she tried to do it with all her strength, and was miserable because she failed. In all that great house the only one she could honour and love was Nurse True. And she was not yet clear-sighted enough to understand either her father or his wife. She did not realise that greed on one side and profusion on the other caused the disputes and bickerings to which she had become an unwilling listener, or that the awful craze for money was at the root. Money to save or money to spend —what is the difference, when the saving or spending is for mere personal gratification?

Edith was always glad when their trio became a quartette by the addition of a guest; for she was not relegated to the nursery or schoolroom for one visitor, but always for more. On this occasion, when she and Bruce descended together, she found Mr. Tom Harton in the drawing-room. Bruce, who was in hilarious spirits, was subdued as by a spell; and Edith, in spite of her pleasure at seeing a guest, shrank back from the ultra-politeness and studied refinement of Fan's enemy. But Mrs. Aspenel, who liked him and was always agreeable in society, came in and saved Edith from the difficult duty of conversation. She took refuge with Bruce, who was seated demurely on the edge of a low ottoman, and listened to the polite and flattering speeches of her stepmother on the progress of that hopeful only son. Bruce listened too, and began to think himself quite a prodigy.

Mr. Aspenel was rather late, but when he arrived, spic and span, the conversation turned upon the state of the money market until dinner was announced.

Here was no stint; for Mrs. Aspenel would entertain according to her state, saying, when her husband remonstrated, "If you choose to bring people to dinner, I choose to feed them properly." The battle raged when the bills came in.

It was a *petite partie carrée*, and Edith was seated opposite Mr. Tom Harton. She was conscious that he was always looking at her, or seemed to be. He addressed her occasionally; but the talk flowed principally from him to Mrs. Aspenel. She answered when addressed, like any other good child, but, although in her seventeenth year, was too timid to originate a sentence. Mrs. Aspenel looked at her occasionally, as if she longed to say, "How stupid you are, Edith!" But politeness forbade this manifestation of opinion. Her father was engrossed by his speculations and his dinner combined, and was almost as silent as she; but he made up for it when she and Mrs. Aspenel left the dining-room.

"What are we to do with those pests of creation, the gipsies?" he began. "Your father persists in letting them pitch their tents on his common, and my object is to root them out."

"Send the School Board inspector after them. Insist on the children being sent to school and the parents paying. Of course, if you can bring proof of robbery, or fortune-telling, or other misdemeanour, you can get rid of them. My father has been infatuated by them all his life, and now the girl my mother brought up rules him."

"She was a gipsy, eh?" asked Mr. Aspenel.

"I suppose so. She has all their peculiarities, and also their Eastern appearance," replied Harton.

"She is handsome enough for an Indian queen, much less a Cleopatra," said Aspenel. "I see her in church and meet her sometimes. But there seems no harm in her. What I want is to be rid of the tribe. Do you know anything of a fellow they call Wandering Will, who prowls about sometimes? He is a bad lot, and I should like to get him sent abroad."

"Certainly, Mr. Aspenel. I remember him when I was a boy. He was a clever fellow, and scarcely a born gipsy. My father used to say he must have had some education."

"If your father had done his duty, he wouldn't be roaming about still. Where did you learn to make yourself so agreeable to the ladies?"

This sudden change of subject might have disconcerted a less self-possessed man than Tom Harton, and the sharp, inquisitive glance that accompanied the question would have been still more embarrassing; but Tom only smiled, and said blandly—

"Am I agreeable to them? I am glad. They always appear beyond the mark of an impecunious fellow like me, and I never bestow a thought on them after I have met them. My studies engross all my time. But when in society I go with society. You and I are equally averse to loss of time, I think, Mr. Aspenel, though one must dine."

"And pay for one's dinner. You would be astonished if you knew how expensive keeping up such a house as this is."

"I can well imagine it. We must train Bruce to understand pounds, shillings, and pence thoroughly. That is a part of education too much neglected, Mr. Aspenel."

"Neglected! You are right. And all for Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and tomfooleries that will never make a fortune. But geography and modern languages—work him up in those, I beg you."

Whatever was Mr. Aspenel's method of saving, Tom Harton remarked that it did not include wine. He drank freely —too freely, he thought. Harton was himself all but a teetotaler, so he was the better able to estimate the consumption of others. It rather pleased him to find that Mr. Aspenel had a vulnerable point in his gold-encased character.

When they joined the ladies, Mrs. Aspenel was at the piano. She played and sang like an artist, and she had discovered that Tom Harton was musical.

"Edith, let us hear what the old ladies have taught you—if there is such a thing as an old lady—eh, Harton?" said Mr. Aspenel.

"Ladies, like wine, mellow by age, Mr. Aspenel. Certainly those at the Aspenel Homes must be extremely mellow."

Tom Harton said this with an indescribable nonchalance which made Mrs. Aspenel laugh and Edith wonder.

"What do you think of them? What are they doing for you, Edith?" asked Mr. Aspenel.

"They are exceedingly kind. They are doing their best to teach me," was the reply.

"Then let us hear results. In business we judge by results. Which is the singing mistress? If you can't sing in public, we must stop the supplies. I don't believe in giving something for nothing."

"I will accompany you, Edith," said Mrs. Aspenel. "Miss Lilyton has really a good method, and must have been an accomplished teacher."

Poor Edith was sadly nervous, but she did not dare to disobey her father. She had a singularly sweet and sympathetic voice, and timid Miss Lilyton understood both it and her, so she was making progress under her tuition. But she failed to do herself justice, in spite of the "Bravo! charming!" of Tom Harton. However, she proved that she had a voice, and was in good training; so her father was satisfied, and said—

"That isn't bad. The old ladies aren't to be despised, after all. But you won't make your fortune on the boards, if I should lose mine, which is only too likely. Continental bourses flat, premium on gold at Buenos Ayres fell, and there's no knowing how soon I may be ruined."

"Not much fear of that, I should say, Mr. Aspenel," said the affectionate wife.

"What do you know about it, Mrs. Aspenel?" returned the loving husband.

When Tom Harton took his leave, he did not go straight home, but took the road that led to Hoplands Common. When he arrived at the encampment it was about eleven o'clock. He was careful to stand upon the outskirts of it, lest he should excite suspicion; but he need not have feared, for his plans, if he had any, were circumvented by his finding the population in repose.

The scene was picturesque. The dark

sky, with its crescent moon and sparkling constellations, looked down on the gorse-clad common and its tiny village of low tents, sleeping donkeys, van, and carts. No human form was visible. There was no midnight marauder bringing in stolen poultry or game, as he had hoped—no outlying guard keeping watch.

"The nineteenth-century gipsy is not what he used to be," he muttered. "He is simply inoffensive. But I must do something to please the millionaire; for has he not daughters?"

A cur suddenly dashed out from a tent and began to bark. He instantly walked off, taking the path that led through one of his father's copses to the back of his house. Hoplands was an old-fashioned place, half farm, half country seat, and the outbuildings were large. Yard, drying-ground, and coach-house spoke of a former position superior to the present; but they were in bad repair, and Tom grumbled as he approached them with words to the effect that his father was letting his property go to rack and ruin.

As he emerged from the copse which flanked the house on one side, he saw the figure of a man near the gate which led into the spacious yard. He was standing as if looking at the premises or at a large yew-tree which had stood for generations in the centre of the yard. He must have been unusually quiet, or Lion, the watchdog, would have been aroused. Tom came upon him from behind, and laid his hand on his shoulder with the words—

"What may you be doing here at this time of night?"

"No harm. I am footsore, and resting by the gate before going by the copse to the common," responded the man with perfect coolness, turning and facing him.

The voices and the rustle now aroused Lion, who began to bark furiously. Tom quieted him by a few words. Lion, like Bruce and the Hoplands household generally, instinctively obeyed Mr. Tom.

"I should say you were here for no good. I suppose you belong to the gipsy vagabonds on the common, and are on your way to the encampment," said Tom, trying to look under a slouched brigand-like hat, which hid all the man's face, save his bushy beard.

"I do. I am on my way to the common. Thanks to Mr. Harton, the poor, persecuted fugitives from Asia and Africa are allowed breathing-space. Ever since the days of Tamerlane we have been wanderers, and doubtless are of the lost tribes of Israel. I am, if not *the* Wandering Jew, *a* wandering Jew."

Tom was astonished at the effrontery and mocking tone of the man, as well as at his language. He spoke in good English, and with pure accent.

"Whether Jew or Gentile, you have no business here," said Tom.

"Then, with your good pleasure, I will take my departure. I am the last person in the world to stay where I am not wanted. My versatile talents usually ensure me a welcome. You would scarcely believe that I have been, as the song says—

"'In court, in camp, and grove;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.'"

"You are an impudent vagabond," said Tom.

"Not so. I am myself, as you are yourself. If I am a vagabond, you are one. I merely wander up the copse to the tents; you wander from the tents down the copse. *Vagare*, to wander, you know. Remark that I omit the unpolite epithet of 'impudent.' We are both scholars; but my lore embraces the heavens, yours grovels on the earth. Good-night."

He waved his arms in a semi-circle towards the star-tesselated arch above, and then swept the ground as with a scythe. Before Tom could either reply or seize him, as he would fain have done, he was out of sight in the copse. Tom's impulse was to loosen Lion and send him after him; but he was a cautious soul, and reflected that if Lion bit him he might feign hydrophobia, and he, not believing in Pasteur, would not know what to do with him. Therefore he went into the house, and left Lion to his rest.

He found his father and Fan waiting up for him.

"I couldn't get Fan to bed," began Mr. Harton. "She wants to know what you had for dinner, what the ladies had on, and how you all comported yourselves, generally and individually."

"Indeed I do not, sir. You sat up, and I sat up with you; that was all," said Fan.

"Well, what's the news? Are the tenants behaving better, and does the impoverished Aspenel mean to join the tithe agitation against Austen, and has he put down the gipsies?" asked Mr. Harton.

"Not the latter, certainly," replied his son. "I walked round the encampment, and found a peaceful colony asleep."

"Spy!" interjected Fan.

"And then I came through the copse, and met with a suspicious-looking personage leaning on the back gate. He could not have been there for lawful reasons at such an hour."

"Why not?" asked Fan.

"How do you know he was a gipsy?" asked Mr. Harton.

Tom recounted the conversation word for word, for amongst his manifold accomplishments he had a remarkable memory.

"That must be Wandering Will back again," said Mr. Harton, laughing heartily. "I haven't seen him for years. He is a character worth studying, and you, as a student, should avail yourself of the opportunity. All sorts of things have been said of him. He has been a prince in disguise, roaming, like Haroun al Raschid, to see the world; a philosopher, like Diogenes, looking for truth, and not finding it; a swindler, like half our race, who has swindled once too often; a madman, like the other half, who ought to be shut up; and a fool, like all of us together, who fancies he knows everything, and knows nothing. I used to think him more rogue than fool, for there's nothing he cannot do and nothing he has not done."

While Mr. Harton spoke Fan's eyes seemed fastened upon him, and Tom watched her narrowly.

"You know something of this gentleman, Fan," he said.

"I have heard of him, but I never saw him, Mr. Tom. I want to see him. Mrs. Lee has told me about him."

"What, the old Tigress?" asked Mr Harton.

"She says they call her Tigress because she loves her whelps," replied Fan, indignantly. "I think it wrong to give people nick-names. She is a very nice old lady."

"Well done, Fan! She is a connection of Wandering Will's, I have heard, but how I can't conceive, for he is a man of education, and she—well, Fan, I suppose a tigress can't be educated."

"I don't know, Sir; but they are very clever at the circuses."

"As you have nothing more to wait up for, Fan, perhaps you had better go to bed," said inexorable Tom.

She made an involuntary little face at him, at which Mr. Harton laughed, kissed her benefactor, and withdrew.

The others soon followed, Tom muttering—

"Wandering Will! Wandering Will! That's the man Mr. Aspenel wants. I'll have him."

(*To be continued.*)

MY FIRESIDE.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

I SIT at my fireside, warm and bright,
And dream my dreams as I used to do,
In days when my feet and heart were light,
And the untried world looked fair and true.

I think of many a pleasant place,
And many an aspect that dear ones wore,
And long for many a vanished face,
Whose smile will gladden my eyes no more.

And often fancy I hear a tread
Echo again in the oaken hall,
And the children singing their hymns o'erhead,
Where firelight plays on the nursery wall.

Ah, me! "the children" are scattered wide;
Some made their home on a distant shore,
And some are gone where the blest abide,
And children are children evermore.

But echoing over the space between,
Adown the sky, and across the sea,
Floating like dreams over Time's ravine,
Those household voices come back to me.

And I sit and muse on the days to come,
'Mid memories dim of the days gone past,
And the meeting sweet in the heavenly home,
Where God will gather us all at last.

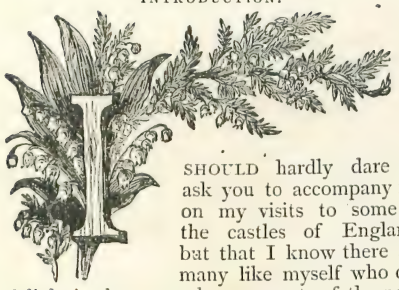
ENGLISH CASTLES;

OR,

MILESTONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

By EMMA BREWER.

INTRODUCTION.



I SHOULD hardly dare to ask you to accompany me on my visits to some of the castles of England, but that I know there are many like myself who can delight in these grand monuments of the past, and people them with the imagination without possessing any great learning.

Fortunately there are many ways of getting enjoyment out of a study or a visit; and if you will be content with me for chaperone, the chances are we may find many a wild flower growing out from between the broken columns, be they Norman or Saxon, which the learned might think beneath their notice, but which we may pluck and take home with us, there to blossom and give pleasure in the winter evenings, whether our home be a palace, a hut, or a London garret.

It seems almost like presumption to ask you to come with me far from this pleasant nineteenth century, to pass milestone after milestone back into the bygone ages, where little of comfort, security, or means of locomotion will fall to our lot.

Had our country always been as secure, as comfortable, as easily traversed as now, there would have been no need for all these milestones, or at all events they would have been of another character.

They are in many cases signs of deadly strife, of false friends, of insecure possessions, and of unrighteous rulers.

They form a perfect chain of history round our island, link within link, from the time of the ancient Britons; they are brimful of information, not only of wars and ambitions, but of love and romance.

If we look upon our nation's history as one grand drama, then the Castle Age forms the first scene.

That many of these milestones have been allowed to fall into decay, that the writing on them has been permitted to become illegible, and that they must be sought and coaxed into telling their story, are all signs that later generations have not needed their sheltering arm, or their reminders of the enemy's approach, or their indications to a refuge.

These milestones of England's history, projected into life and beauty by the necessities and troubles of our ancestors, are to us indications of their stern character, their beautiful workmanship, their indomitable courage, and their untiring energy; and beyond all this they are to us centres of romance, storehouses of knowledge and daring deeds.

Just as even the most faulty of us bear about in us the impress of our Creator's hand, so each stone and arch, as well as ornamentation of these castles, betray the age and people which started them into existence.

Castles, like human lives, vary in their experience; some have much of sunshine and little of dark shadow to relate, while others have been the very embodiment of gloom, and could scarce tell what it would feel like to be merry and bright.

Like human lives, too, each has its story to tell of enemies conquered, of the fortress left undefended, of dark dungeons lighted up with love, of partings and of meetings.

Castles and human lives alike leave their mark on their own age, for good or for ill.

I do not propose following any special plan in visiting these milestones of England's history, but just take them as opportunity offers—sometimes one in the east, sometimes one in the west.

It so happens that I have been spending part of my holiday in Norwich, and part in Swanage; and thus I have had the opportunity of visiting Norwich Castle, Castle Rising, and Corfe Castle. Friends have been very kind in each of these places, and have given me the means of speaking with antiquarians, and of looking through ancient writings not accessible to the public generally. Adding these advantages to that of personal inspection and impressions, we may not only learn something of the age in which these castles flourished, but may, if we will, build for ourselves castles in the air, not for resistance nor for self-preservation, but for the entertainment of our fancy, which if well housed will not run away with us, nor intrude too much into our work-a-day world.

I shall want all your encouragement and approbation in the cursory and erratic way in which I propose to visit these castles; for on opening a book published a century and a half ago, I find that the writer, with a righteous indignation, asserts that "a cursory view of these august ruins of the past can no more qualify the spectator or admirer to give an opinion than can the country air inspire her with a knowledge of architecture."

I shall be content, and even happy, if I can hear you say, as each castle drawbridge is raised—"I have really enjoyed that view!"

NORWICH CASTLE.

NORWICH, described by old Fuller as—"Either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city," is a pleasant old place, rich in specimens of antiquity and quaint corners; but that which meets the eye and commands the attention wherever one turns, is the grand old ruin known by the name of Norwich Castle.

It stands on its elevated position as a testimony of its former magnificence; and a witness to the ruthlessness with which later ages have treated it, and of the base uses to which it has been subjected.

The castle is of ancient lineage, and to get to its origin we must go back two thousand years—so says the historian—as the period in which the ancient Britons fixed upon the spot as a place of security.

It seems that in former ages the rivers Yare and Wensum were not the insignificant streams of the present day, but on the contrary occupied the whole of the alluvial flat of their valleys, which must have rendered the spot doubly secure by nearly surrounding it with water.

These forefathers of ours, notwithstanding that they may have been rough, or even savage, without a poet or an architect among them, are not such as we, in our high state of civilisation, need feel ashamed of.

Wherever they settled they left their mark for future generations, and there are few valleys in the maritime counties of England but show traces of their strongholds, which have, in many cases, formed the basis of our principal cities.

It is thought that the country close about the castle was densely populated by these

ancient relatives of ours. This is confirmed by the historian, Samuel Woodward, who relates that there existed until quite lately the remains of a British village on the tableland opposite the castle, which consisted of six conical hollows disposed in a circle, in the centre of which was discovered, in 1826, a British interment, and that the number of barrows (graves) south of this was very large.

The work in which these ancestors excelled, and which has lasted even to our time, was the raising and forming of stupendous earthworks, which was their method of erecting strongholds. Those round about Norwich Castle, with their perfect and circular form, leave no doubt as to the hands that fashioned them.

The advantages which these earthworks offered for the erection of castles seem to have been fully exercised both by the Romans and by the Saxons, the latter giving it the name of Northwic, or North Castle.

Thus we leave behind the first milestone of our nation's history, set up by the ancient Britons 2,000 years ago, and which to-day stands perfect in form, and with inscription legible.

The origin of the castle itself is involved in great uncertainty. Early historians declare that a castle was built on these earthworks about the year 575 A.D., and that it was made a royal castle in 642, while others think that Julius Cæsar built it.

Alfred the Great, in the ninth century, repaired and restored many strongholds which had suffered from the devastations of the Danes, and for the first time built many of stone which before had been constructed of earth, and Norwich seems to have been one of these. Unfortunately it was destroyed in the early part of the eleventh century by the Danish invader Sweyn. So, putting together all we can collect from old books and parchments, we come to the decision that there was a castle in Norwich before this one, and that that of which we see the ruin was probably built by Canute, or very early in the Conqueror's reign.

Although so much has been done to destroy this castle, sufficient remains of it to excite our interest and curiosity. It received the name of "Castle Blanche Flower" in its early days, probably because of the beauty of its situation, or, as some say, from the colour of the stone with which it was built.

We call that part of the building which now stands, "the castle," out of courtesy, but in reality it is but a very small part of it. Formerly it occupied a space of twenty-three acres, but much of this is now turned into streets and alleys, and the grand old keep or main structure is the only part remaining, and that is a mere shell, without roof and without partitions. The walls are, in some places, thirteen feet thick. There were three bridges, which served as entrances into the castle. Only one remains, and is one of the most ancient structures of this description in the kingdom.

The first grand deed recorded as having been done here was by a woman, who valiantly defended the castle. It appears that the custody of the castle was entrusted by the Conqueror to Ralf de Gunder, Earl of Norfolk, who, as was not at all uncommon, rebelled against the king in 1075, and, being defeated, took shipping at Norwich and fled to Bretagne. It was in this dilemma that his wife so bravely defended the castle. She was, however, obliged to capitulate, and her husband's title and office were bestowed on Roger Bigot, in whose family they remained for very many years, with occasional breaks.

It was probably by means of this Roger Bigot that the bishopric of the East Angles was removed from Thetford to Norwich, and that the foundations of the cathedral were laid.

The visit of Queen Elizabeth to Norwich was one of interest and importance, and crops up in one's memory as one looks at the castle walls. In a spot where she could get a good view of the Castle of Blanche Flower, a pageant arrested her attention—a stage, with several looms at work, showing the weaving of worsted, of crape, of lace, and of fringe, all introduced by the Flemish colony, who had been permitted to settle in Norwich.

The Queen was flattered by the address of a pretty little boy, who was put forward to recite some lines in explanation, the two last being—

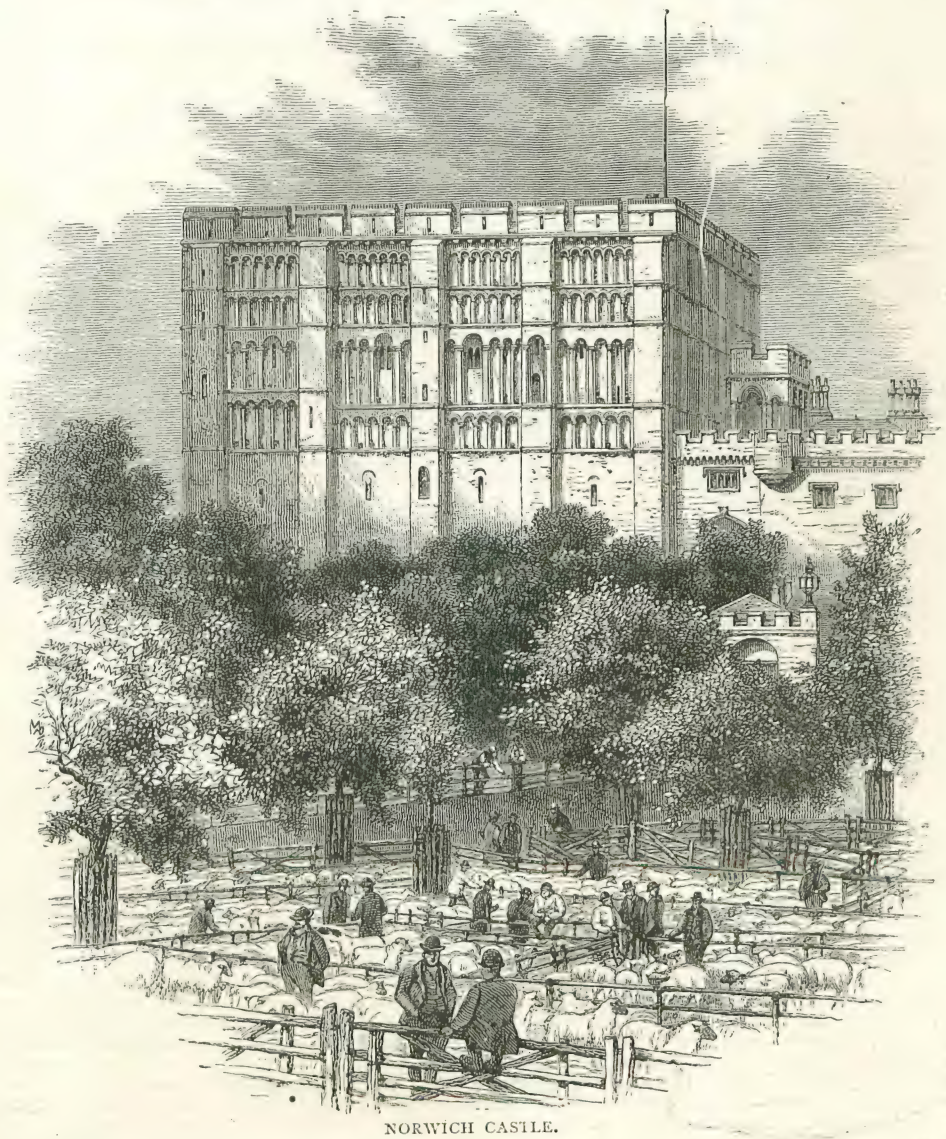
"Thus through thy help and aid of power Divine
Doth Norwich live, whose hearts and goods are thine."

There is very little of interesting history connected with this castle. It became eventually the property of the Crown, in whose possession it remained till 1806, when, by Act of Parliament, it was made over in trust to the magistrates of Norfolk, to be by them disposed of for purposes connected with the business of the county. The first use they made of the trust was to build a gaol on the grand old keep, without any regard to the character of the architecture, and a gaol it has remained until a few weeks ago.

The late Mayor of Norwich seems to have felt that such a building as Norwich Castle should enjoy a better fate than that of housing prisoners and working the treadmill. His widow, therefore, bought the entire castle and grounds, and gave them as a present to the City of Norwich, to be used as a museum and recreation grounds. I was there a fortnight ago, on the first day of its being visited by the people. The crowds continued to go in and out hour after hour, and many a one looked as sad and disappointed as I did at the complete ruin into which the place had been allowed to fall.

It is a miserable place inside, and the governor's house looked as much a gloomy prison as the cells themselves. The only bright things that pleased the eye were the children of the warder and a splendid view from the keep. Through the kindness of the late mayor and his widow it may have a more glorious end, but it can never be restored to beauty inside.

(To be continued.)



NORWICH CASTLE.

VICTORY IS IN TRUTH

By the Author of "Princess," "The Young Laird," "Conflict and Victory," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun was shining over the Park, and glancing among the barren branches, as Mary and Jim slowly paced along the path leading from the Marble Arch to the drive.

London was all astir with life, and, though it still wanted three months to the commencement of the season, a great many people had found their way to the Park.

"I suppose I shall be leaving for India about September," said Jim. "I can't say I look forward to going with unalloyed pleasure."

"India!" repeated Mary. "You never mentioned going last night."

"The fact is, I mean to try and put away the remembrance of everything unpleasant until it is forced upon me. I haven't yet broached the subject to mother. It doesn't ever do to give her long to fret over a grievance. I wonder who will take you out when I've gone?"

"I shall stay at home, as I've done before."

"If you'll miss me a little," said Jim, "it will be something."

"I shall be very busy," said Mary, hurriedly, "and mean to remember what you said last night; but I can't give up study—it is a part of me. The routine of school is still upon me. I never felt its thraldom. I never rebelled against its rules. It seemed to me those very things were making me equal to those with whom I associated, and I persevered until they felt that I had surpassed them. That knowledge makes my present work almost unbearable. It seems as if I had suddenly been dropped into a dark place without a glimmer of light to help me on. I shrink from meeting those I have known. What could I offer them in return for the kindness I have received? Tea in the dingy parlour of a lodging-house! You, who have educated yourself, yet never been in a false position, cannot grasp the whole of what I mean, but, Jim, you can understand the time with you is the nearest approach I may know to the past."

"I suppose it is," said Jim, with a glow of satisfaction; "but it will never do to be always harping on one string. You must make new interests, and yet neglect none of the old. You must force yourself to live for others, and not always be dwelling on your own private sources of annoyance or sorrow. It's wonderful how duty develops and becomes part of one's life, even when it costs untold difficulties in the onset. But we'll talk of something else. You'll have plenty of time to think all that matter out for yourself by-and-by, when I have gone. Tell me about your life at Fontainebleau, that I may see how far my picture fell short of the reality."

"I don't suppose a man, particularly a soldier, would have considered it a very happy life, and yet I did," said Mary, smiling. "We had a certain amount of work to get through, and that I thoroughly enjoyed. They taught well there, Jim. There were difficulties to be grappled with, and I never rested until I overcame them. One of the governesses, seeing this, took such an interest in me she gave me private lessons in the evening, and explained everything so well that I saw the light where before was hopeless chaos. That is what I feel now—all is chaos. But I'm not going to grumble. Life was quite different there to that in any English school. We used to go for picnics and excursions all round about, and sometimes Madame Le Blanc took Carry St. Clair and me to a concert or small evening party. She knew a very nice set of people. Oh, they were happy days! Jim, turn down here, please."

Mary had suddenly paled to the lips.

"What's the matter?" asked Jim. But Mary hurried on.

Sauntering along, arm-in-arm with a friend, came Captain St. Clair. As Mary's eyes fell upon him, the earth seemed to tremble and rock beneath her feet. He would see her, bow to her, and Jim was there in his scarlet coat. That would lower her in the captain's eyes.

Indignant tears struggled in her voice as she spoke. She was ashamed of her cowardice, yet incapable of advancing towards her friend's brother.

"Jim," she said, "hate me—despise me if you will—but I can't—I can't pass him."

"Pass whom?" asked Jim.

"Captain St. Clair. There—there—behind us now, in the drive."

"Poor little girl!" said Jim, gently. "It is I who am the blot upon your pleasure today. Mary, if you would care to speak to him I can sit down, and you need not mention me, dear."

"No," said Mary, "I am horrid. Forgive me."

"Forgive you!" said Jim. "I am sorry for you. It is not wholly your fault."

It was the first time Mary had been brought face to face, outside her own personal feelings, with the difference in the social status of her former and present life, and she recoiled instinctively from the difficulties that such a knowledge must entail.

There was no actual wrong committed, nobody really injured, except perhaps one extra pang given to an honest heart; but she felt as if this act of hers had burnt itself into her brain, and must torture her. She did not exonerate herself, she could not blame herself, and so she wavered, and days and weeks passed before she was able to throw off the impression of that meeting—days when she resolved that, come what may, she must carve out new interests for herself. Evidently she could not hope to mix with those congenial to her. Yet she could not join her fate to one in the sphere of life to which she was born.

Jim, the last link binding her to the past, was leaving her; the books he had brought could not fill up all her thoughts. She was young. She expected great things from the problems of life, and beat her wings in vain struggles to grasp the mystic key unlocking the future.

As the spring drew near there was a fresh cause for secret anxiety as to Carry St. Clair and her visit to London. The frequent letters she wrote to Mary teemed with plans for her expected pleasure, and what would make it nicer was that her brother Reginald, quartered at Aldershot, could often join, or, if need be, escort them to different places of amusement. She wondered if Mary and Reginald would meet before her arrival, and even suggested that he would call if her friend cared to see him.

To this last Mary made no answer, but each time the bell rang her heart beat and her limbs trembled, lest when she opened the door the familiar face of Captain St. Clair should meet her eyes.

In the middle of April Carry wrote sadly. Her youngest brother had died suddenly; they were all in the deepest sorrow, and no thought of London or pleasure mingled with her grief.

The summer rolled by much in the same way as the winter. Sometimes Mary smiled faintly as she pictured the difference between her dreams and the realities about her; her sole variations from the daily routine being the walks with Jim, whenever his duties permitted an absence from barracks. Gradually Mary learnt to look forward to these meetings as the one bright spot around which her hopes centred, and to dread the idea of September and separation.

The night before Jim sailed he came to Portman Square, and persuaded Mary to take a last turn in the Park, where they had passed so many pleasant hours.

Mrs. Wonham had been tearful all day. She loved Jim as a son. He was going to the other side of the world, and as yet no word of marrying Mary had been broached between them. She did not want to part with her daughter. She hoped a long engagement might ensue, but the idea of Jim in India filled her with dismay. In Mr. and Mrs. Wonham's eyes Sergeant Saunders was a very good match. He had money in the bank, which he had intended to settle on Mary. He stood well with his officers, and was an honest, steady man. As to Mary's fitness for the position he could offer, they gave no thought. She was a good girl, the daughter of hard-working parents; she would consequently make a good wife, and know a deal more than any of the other wives, which was only right and proper since Jim was so fond of his books. Of dreams, of aspirations, they knew nothing. Life had meant work for them; they had not shrunk from it, and all things had prospered. "God helps those who help themselves" was their favourite axiom; they did not look beyond. To study Mary's nature would have been an impossibility. They took it that what was good enough for them was good enough for her. Jim met all their requirements, therefore Jim was the husband for Mary.

And Mary—Jim was her cousin, her sole adviser and friend, the recipient of all her past joys and present troubles. Without him the days would drag wearily, yet with him she shrank from meeting those who had formerly made her world. She would suffer, she knew, from his absence, but would the suffering not rather be from the need of intellectual companionship than from the absence of her lover?

It was in this frame of mind that she listened as Jim spoke of the morrow.

"It's leaving you, Mary," said Jim, at length, "that makes it hard to go. We have been very happy together."

"Yes," said Mary.

"I know I'm not half good enough," he said; "you ought to marry a very different sort of man, in a different sphere of life, who could offer you what I could never hope to do, but I can only say I love and will be faithful to you for ever. Could you think of me like that? Don't turn away, Mary."

"I'm not turning away," said Mary, faintly, the resolutions of her dark hours melting as she saw Jim's face and heard his pleading voice. "Why should I turn from the only person who understands me? And yet—and yet——"

"And yet you don't love me!" said he, in quick, nervous tones.

"It's hardly that," said Mary, slowly; "I mean I can't love like you; perhaps it isn't in me. I want to be fair to you; and you are so good to me."

"I can wait," said Jim. "I would rather have your friendship than another woman's love. You have been my one hope all these years. Oh, Mary, come to me at last! This time to-morrow the sea will be rolling between us. Won't you give me a little comfort?"

"I do love you," said Mary, thinking of her desolation after Jim's departure. "Yes, Jim, not as much as I will try to do, some day; but you are very dear to me, and I—I will. Jim, you really want me?"

"Want you!" said Jim, as his arm closed round her. "I have wanted you all my life. And you mean it, Mary? You will be my wife? You will come out to me?"

"Yes," said Mary.

* * * *

Jim sailed on the following day.

From every port he wrote to Mary, and arrived at his destination in India. Each mail brought her a letter. He was counting the months, he said, and urged her starting not later than the beginning of the year, when a home would be awaiting her.

As habit is second nature, the duties calling for her attention had become to a certain degree less wearisome to Mary, while the knowledge that she materially assisted her parents made her unwilling to leave them, and seriously to consider whether or not she should postpone her marriage to an indefinite period.

In the midst of this mental debate came a hurried note from Carry. She wanted to hear more about the mysterious cousin to whom her friend was engaged. She wanted to know when the wedding was to take place, and these wants she could soon satisfy, as her mother's health failing, and complete change of scene advised, they were coming to London for some months; and, best of all, the neighbourhood of Portman Square being preferred, the agents had sent them the address of the very next house to the Wonhams, so that now the long-talked-of delights could come to pass, and the daily companionship begin once more as of old.

Mary felt as though a net were cast about her, shutting out every means of escape. The bells rang, but she heeded them not; her mother's voice reached her, still she sat immovable with Carry's note in her hand, conscious of nothing save an overwhelming sense of humiliation.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. "Oh, Jim!" she cried aloud, "I will leave it all. I cannot face it. I will come to you. You want me, and soon no one else will. I never meant any wrong when I deceived Carry and the others. I only allowed them to keep the impressions they themselves had created; you understand I never meant it." And then a burst of tears came to her relief. Her father and mother would, she fancied, be spared much trouble if she were gone, for how could Carry's relations with their daughter continue when the truth was known? The inevitable consequences of their mistaken training would bear bitter fruit, and raise a barrier which hitherto the daughter had striven, and successfully, to hide by loving deeds and acquiescence in every phase of her daily work.

Everything pointed to Jim. It did not strike Mary that she was taking an unfair advantage of her cousin, that her feeling for him was mingled with a keen desire to avoid any personal discomfiture. She had avowed the inequality of their affection—she would strive to do her duty as a wife—and Jim wanted her.

She set about her preparations with an eagerness that astonished her mother, and, without further demur, declared herself willing to start, according to Jim's wish, by the first week of the New Year.

(*To be continued.*)

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

III.—VENTILATION OF THE SICK-ROOM.

In the article in a previous number of this magazine on "The Sick Room," we have considered carbonic acid excreted from the lungs as alone the contaminating agent of the atmosphere of the room. This was done chiefly for the sake of simplicity, and partly because it is usual to judge of the presence of other impurities by the amount of carbonic acid which is always found in association with them; but it is desirable to make distinct mention of other agents which diminish the purity of the air, and which are apt sometimes to be overlooked, in order that the necessity of thorough attention to the ventilation of the sick-room may be impressed on our readers. From the skin, both in health and still more in sickness, some impurities are constantly added to the atmosphere. Carbonic acid, in small quantities, is exhaled from the skin just as from the lungs; but the quantity is so very small compared with that which is evolved in respiration that it may practically be overlooked. The more important secretion from the skin is the perspiration, which, sometimes visibly, but more generally invisibly, is constantly given off in very considerable amounts. It consists chiefly of water, having in solution in it various salts, chiefly common salt, and some organic matter, which exists probably partly as vapour and partly in microscopically minute particles. It is the presence of this organic matter which produces the close smell which is always perceived more or less in crowded rooms and halls which are inefficiently ventilated. It can be separated from the carbonic acid and chemically measured, but as its presence is always accompanied with carbonic acid in excess, and is indicated by that excess, it is usually considered unnecessary to determine how much may be present in the atmosphere without obviously injurious results. From the lungs, also, in addition to carbonic acid, considerable quantities of water in the form of vapour, with organic matter both dissolved and suspended in it, are given off constantly. The presence of the water can always be demonstrated by its deposition when one breathes on any cold surface, such as glass.

In many forms of illness the cutaneous excretion (that is, the perspiration and the carbonic acid) is very much increased, and constitutes a condition to which a nurse must give a good deal of attention. It will be obvious, too, how necessary perfect cleanliness of the whole skin must be to maintain the atmosphere of a room in satisfactory condition, when one considers that any impurity left accidentally in the skin will be dissolved by the perspiration, and distributed through the room by its evaporation.

Other more accidental sources of organic contamination are to be found in the occasional discharges of ulcers, and in cases of disease of the nose or ear, or other parts of the body, accompanied with disagreeable secretions. In a similar manner any unwashed clothes, or soiled bandages or dressings of wounds, constitute a source of impurity to the atmosphere, and should never be allowed to remain in a sick room a moment longer than is necessary.

Another contaminating influence is to be found in the artificial illumination of the sick room by night, whether this is effected by gas, oil lamps, or candles. All these illuminating agents both require a considerable amount of oxygen to enable them to burn properly, and give off a large amount of carbonic acid, as well as some organic impurities in their fumes after combustion; so that they actually steal from the atmosphere the useful and beneficial ingredient, and add to it useless and even injurious products. A common gas burner burns from 5 to 10 cubic feet of gas every hour, and in doing so will destroy about the same quantity of oxygen, and add to the atmosphere from 10 to 20 cubic feet of carbonic acid. So that one gas burner, lighted in our imaginary airtight room of 2,500 cubic feet, would in about ten minutes render the atmosphere unpleasantly overcharged with carbonic acid. Good burning oil does not contaminate the air quite so rapidly as gas, assuming that both are to give the same amount of light. Candles, on the other hand, render the atmosphere impure more rapidly than gas does.

The most perfect light for a sick room is the incandescent electric light; but for most people the possession of this light in their homes can only be a dream of the future.

Probably, after reading this rather long catalogue of injurious influences to which the atmosphere of inhabited rooms is exposed, my readers will be inclined to express surprise that it is possible to remain alive for any lengthened period when shut up within four walls. But they will perhaps have observed that in giving estimates of the amount and rapidity of contamination by various agents, I have always stipulated that the room referred to should be airtight. Now, as a matter of fact, no room in an ordinary house is ever airtight, and cannot be made to approximate to that condition; and as a preliminary to suggesting means of artificial ventilation, it is desirable to inquire what are the natural means by which ordinary rooms both receive a constant supply of fresh air and part with a continuous current of impure air. And in the first place a very short account of one or two elementary principles on which ventilation is based will not be out of place. My readers are probably aware that if two liquids of different weight, such, for instance, as oil and water, are put in a glass, the lighter one, the oil, being above the heavier one, water, they will remain in their relative positions without mixing the one with the other. A similar result will be found to take place with any other two liquids of different weight, provided they are left at rest in their position, and not shaken or mixed up. Gases, on the contrary, act in an entirely opposite manner. If a light gas, such as oxygen, is put in the same vessel with a heavy gas, such as carbonic acid, instead of remaining separate, the lighter one resting on the top of the heavier one, it is found that they always diffuse through each other, until the whole vessel is filled with the gases uniformly mixed with each other. This phenomenon is known as the diffu-

sion of gases, and the intermixing of gases in this way is absolutely essential to the maintenance of life; for if gases, instead of diffusing, acted as liquids do, the accumulation of heavy and impure air on the surface of the earth would very rapidly poison every living being.

Another property of gases which is important in relation to ventilation is its expansion, and consequently decreased weight when influenced by heat. This property is shared by most liquids, although not to anything like the same extent. All my readers are quite familiar with the expansion of the fluid in a thermometer when heated, and they can easily understand how it is that the actual bulk of fluid remaining the same, it must become less in weight as it becomes greater in volume. Atmospheric air expands at about the rate of one per cent. for every five degrees (Fahrenheit) of increased temperature, so that if the temperature inside a house were 67 degrees, which is a comfortable degree of warmth, and the temperature outside were at freezing point, 32 degrees, the air outside would be about one-fourteenth (seven per cent.) weightier than the air inside the room. Such a difference, if utilised properly, is quite sufficient to produce a very strong current of fresh air into a room; and one of the main problems in ventilation is the proper utilisation of the difference of density of the outside and inside air, so as to ensure a constant supply of fresh air, and at the same time to avoid the discomfort and danger of a perceptible current of cold air, which is popularly known by the name of a "draught." When the colder external air is admitted into a room it mixes with the warmer air inside in two different ways. In the first place, being weightier, it falls downwards towards the floor, displacing the warmer air upwards; and in the second place, by its property of diffusion, it tends to mix, in an intimate manner, with all the air previously in the room, the two processes going on simultaneously. But as a room can only contain a certain amount of air at one time, this will only occur satisfactorily when there is a proper exit for the warm air as well as an entrance for the colder air, otherwise only a slow interchange by diffusion will take place at the point of entrance.

In an ordinary room, *i.e.*, one not fitted with any special mechanical means of ventilation, air finds admission mainly through the interstices of the windows and doors. If these interstices are of fair size, as is very common, a very considerable amount of air is admitted, the rapidity of the current entering being often readily apparent when the hand is held against the crevice. A small amount of air diffuses also through the walls, but in the case of walls which are plastered and papered this is insignificant. If no fire is burning in the grate the chimney may act either as an inlet or an outlet for air; generally it acts as an outlet, if sufficient entrances for air exist in the other parts of the room. The practice which prevails in so many houses of closing the chimneys when a fire is not required is a most pernicious one if no other arrangement exists for ventilation. Chimneys ought to be kept clean and left open.

When a fire is burning in the grate, the chimney acts as a most valuable exhauster of the impure air of the room. It is calculated that the current of air up a chimney, below which a fair fire is burning, is at the rate of from three to six feet per second; so that if the chimney were one square foot in section, which means if it measured one foot from back to front, and one foot from side to side, three to six cubic feet of air would pass away up the chimney every second, which is about equal to from 10,000 to 20,000 cubic feet per hour. In a previous paper we saw that to maintain a room in healthy condition 3,000 cubic feet of fresh air should be admitted per hour for every person in the room, so that a good fire, with proper inlets for air, would insure enough fresh air for from three to six persons in the room. If, however, there is not sufficient air admitted to allow of this extraction by the fire, it will be found that occasional down draughts in the chimney occur, filling the room with smoke and impure air.

The great problem in ventilating an ordinary room, in climates where the external temperature is lower than that inside the room, is to admit a sufficient quantity of colder fresh air in such a way that the temperature of the room may be kept equable, and that there may be no "draughts" or cold currents of air. In every room in which there are two openings by which air can be admitted or expelled (and every room has at least two openings in the door and the window, and generally a third in the chimney) there must necessarily be certain currents of air. If the room has no chimney, the general direction of the current will be from the window to the door usually; if there is a chimney, and more especially if there is a fire burning, there will be two currents—one from the window and one from the door towards the chimney. Our object is to admit those currents in such amount and such direction that the rate of their movement will not be sufficient to be perceptible, and that they will be raised in temperature in their progress, so as not to be unpleasantly cold. If a certain quantity of air has to enter in a certain time, it is quite obvious that the smaller the opening it has to pass through the more rapidly it must pass through it, and, conversely, the larger the opening the more slowly need the fresh air pass through it. On the other hand, a large opening admits a mass of air, which is much more difficult to raise in temperature by contact with the air inside the room, so that what is wanted is to find out the largest current which can be admitted without unduly cooling the room, and the best method of admission, so that it may be distributed as well as possible throughout the room. Generally speaking, the higher in the room the opening for admission is, the larger current can be admitted, as it gets heated in its descent towards the floor, so that an opening at the top of the window, as a rule, acts well as an inlet for air. Another very satisfactory method is to have an opening in the middle of the window by raising the lower sash a little, and filling up the space left below by a block of wood fitted for the purpose. The opening in the middle being directed upwards, the air entering first ascends towards the ceiling by the force of the entering current, and then descends by its own weight, getting warmer both in the ascent and descent.

Such, then, are the general principles upon which the ventilation of the sick-room must be based, and every nurse must learn to apply these principles as ingeniously as possible to the existing circumstances of the room under her care, remembering always that upon the perfectness of the ventilation depends, in some measure—in many illnesses in great measure—the recovery of the patient.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

MY aunt examined and approved of the gown which Miss Martin submitted for her inspection, and madame, having seen it tried on, agreed that with a very slight alteration nothing could be better.

"You will arrange that this shall be at once completed," she said, addressing her assistant. "The robe is required for immediate wear by this lady, who is the relative of young Madame Beauchamp. We deplore her indisposition, you and I, Ellen. Is it not so?"

Miss Martin answered that she had been sorry to hear of my continued illness. "I was afraid from her appearance, when she left the hotel at Longminster, that the attack of fainting might precede something more serious," she added.

The girl looked and spoke like the lady she undoubtedly was. She raised her fine, honest eyes to my aunt's face and made a further inquiry after me, with such evident interest and sympathy, that it was impossible to associate her with a thought of wrong-doing. Then she alluded frankly and naturally to her attendance on me at the hotel—the last thing she would have been likely to do had she been troubled with false pride or a guilty memory.

Miss Martin left the room, carrying with her the gown, as my aunt decided to wait until the slight alteration was completed.

"I have no other business in Longminster," she said, "and should prefer going straight from here to the station."

Madame again became effusive, and suggested that her sitting-room would be more private than the show-room, if my aunt would do her the honour to enter it.

This invitation was exactly in accordance with my aunt's wish, so she accepted it with thanks, only stipulating that Madame Leeson should accompany her thither. "You must not let me turn you out of your private room," she said, "if you are sufficiently at liberty to share it with me."

Whereupon Madame Leeson, who dearly loved a talk with a customer, and whose tongue could be set running at any time by a very simple question, prepared to enjoy herself. She began upon the very subject my aunt was longing to open, but knew not how.

Had madame by chance noticed the girl who brought down the robe?

My aunt replied in the affirmative,

and added that she had been much attracted by her appearance.

"Ah! the poor child. She is so much to be pitied. So good, so amiable!" Then she went on to tell Ellen Martin's story, much as Fanny Gregg had already told it in the housekeeper's room at Castlemount. She dilated on the wickedness of that *mauvais sujet*, the brother, and on the angelic patience of her favourite in dealing with him.

"And now," continued Madame Leeson, "Ellen might rid herself of him once and for always. He has—what do you call it?—join the army?"

"Enlisted," suggested my aunt.

"You are right, madame. That is the word I could not recall to mind. I forget still sometimes when a word is not of the most common, though I have lived so long in England."

My aunt complimented the speaker on her excellent English, and evidently gratified madame, who continued, "The poor child came to me, it is now five days, and told me what her brother has done. I rejoiced, and replied, 'Now you will have peace in your home, and be no more troubled.' But instead of looking glad, Ellen began to cry, and said, 'It will break the heart of my mother if Edward leaves the country. She would see him no more, and he is her only son. She would like him to be——'"

"Bought off," again interpolated my aunt.

"Thanks, once more, madame," said the *modiste*. "Yes, she would pay many pounds to release this man from becoming a soldier. She would keep at home this worthless, idle son, who has strength which he will not use, to prey upon the daughter who works beyond her power, and becomes thin and pale, because she takes not the proper rest. I have no patience. I have no son or daughter, and I have been a widow since twelve years, but I say to myself, 'If I were a mother of two children, the one good, the other such as this Edward Martin, I would cherish the daughter given by God to be my comfort and let the wicked work for himself or starve.'"

The little Frenchwoman's dark eyes flashed with indignation as she thus aired her opinions, in which my aunt cordially agreed.

"I presume the young man will have to bear the consequences of his act this time," she said, "if his mother cannot buy him off?"

"This again is what makes me angry," replied Madame Leeson. "Ellen cares so much for her mother that she would buy off the brother, only she has not enough of money. Many times I have advanced a few pounds when she has asked me, and she has worked, oh, so hard, until it has been repaid. She has asked me again, and shed many tears, for enough to pay her brother's price, but I have refused. 'For you, or even for your mother, it should be done; for that wicked Edward, no.'"

Madame's little foot came down on the ground with a decisive stamp, and for an instant she was silent, whilst my aunt said to herself, "This revelation furnishes a motive why Ellen Martin should take Mrs. Beauchamp's diamonds. Poor child! She must have been desperate, indeed, to run such a frightful risk, less to save her worthless brother than for her mother's sake. What would that mother think if she knew the position in which Ellen may be placed through

"'YOU WILL ARRANGE THAT THIS BE AT ONCE COMPLETED,' SHE SAID, ADDRESSING HER ASSISTANT."

her own mistaken anxiety about her son?"

"Was it not Miss Martin who kindly took Fanny Gregg's place when Mrs. Tom Beauchamp was at Longminster last week?" inquired my aunt. "Surely she alluded to this herself."

"But, yes. I sent her, because she is so good, and merits to be trusted. She was amused, too, about going to act the lady's maid, for once poor Miss Ellen had her own maid to render to herself the service she gave to young Mrs. Beauchamp. Afterwards she said she was glad she had gone, though it had seemed strange to be offered a douceur for what she did."

"It would, indeed, seem strange to a young lady, brought up as Miss Martin had been," said Aunt Hesketh. "Is it not a pity that, during her days of prosperity, she did not win the heart of some good man, who would have made her his wife despite her changed fortunes?"

My aunt had a motive in throwing out this suggestion. She wanted, if possible, to find a clue to the identity of that stranger in the hotel corridor.

"Ah," replied Madame Leeson, "the pity is that Ellen not merely won a heart, but gave her own in return—a pity only, because the *fiancé* is poor, when he ought to have been rich, and able to offer the home of splendour to Ellen. He is a clergyman's son, and in himself most excellent. He is named Herbert Read. He was at college, a student of promise, when his father died, leaving, beside the son, a widow and two girls still more young. He thought, this poor Mr. Read, that there would be money for all as before. He had insured his life for a large sum, and died in the belief that his wife and their children would still have everything to which they had been accustomed. But, alas! the insurance company failed, and instead of many thousands, there will be but a little sum of dividend."

"How very sad!" interrupted Aunt Hesketh, who was much moved in listening to the story of these young people, for the sight of Ellen Martin's sweet face had created a feeling of deep interest in her mind.

"It was indeed sad," replied madame. "Sad to lose the good father, the home, and then the money. Sad for the young man to leave the studies which were his delight, and the hope of distinction in the future, and to take a place in the office of a merchant, where his salary is small, advancement must be slow, and his prospects so very limited. He must give what he earns for the mother and sisters at home. He must see Ellen, whom he loves, toiling for the support of her own mother, and he cannot lighten her work, or say to her, 'Come, I have a little home to offer you, and the hope of gaining a better.' He must know that she is grieved by that *mauvais sujet*, the brother, and even distressed by the mother, who loves the wicked Edward because he is her son, and would keep him by her side, though his presence causes torment."

Madame Leeson paused to take breath. She had spoken so rapidly, and been so carried away by her indignation against Edward Martin and her sympathy for Ellen and her lover, that she was fairly panting with excitement.

In the meanwhile my aunt was considering how far it would be wise to trust madame with the special reason for her own visit to Longminster. She had learned so much from the *modiste*, would it be well to tell her frankly about the loss of the diamonds? On the one hand, it seemed that Ellen Martin was the only person who could have had the chance of taking them. On the other, her whole life and conduct testified to the impossibility of her having committed such an act.

After a brief self-conference, my aunt decided to mention the little scene in the corridor of which Tom had told her. She therefore first expressed her sympathy with Miss Martin, and then asked, "Could it have been the brother who had followed her to the hotel, and was seen talking to her by Mr. Beauchamp? She was evidently annoyed by his presence, and anxious to rid herself of it as soon as possible."

"I think not. Mr. Edward has reason for not showing his face in the hotel. Beside, he is absent, and, in any case, he would not dare to enter it." Then she asked my aunt if she could describe the young man who was speaking to Ellen.

"Mr. Beauchamp said that he was tall, well-built, and rather fair complexioned, but his face was spoiled by a coarseness which was suggestive of intemperance and self-indulgence. It was this which made me think of the brother, since such a countenance would correspond with a character like his."

"That is true," replied Madame Leeson, with an intensified expression of disgust on her own face. "Nevertheless, that was not the brother. Edward Martin is short, dark, ugly, with the little eyes and the look of cunning. But I know the man. I recognise the description. That young man is an officer, a guest at Dean Manor. He came there to spend a long leave of absence with his comrade, Lieutenant Dean, a good youth, for whom one wishes a better companion."

"What acquaintance or connection can there be between him and Miss Martin?" asked Aunt Hesketh.

"None," replied madame, in a tone of great indignation. "Ellen abhors him, this Captain Harold Stokes. He is——"

For once words failed the speaker, but the shrug of her shoulders and the expression of her face manifested such contempt, anger, and desire that the captain should get his deserts, that, in spite of my aunt's sympathy, she could scarcely restrain a smile. Madame did not notice this, but completed the story of her young *protégé*, so far as Captain Stokes had to do with it.

It seemed this man, who was idling away his three months' furlough at Dean Manor, had met Miss Martin in the street, and, presuming on her loneliness, ventured to address her in a familiar manner.

Equally pained and indignant, the girl had tried to go on her way without replying, and on his persisting in walking by her side, had threatened to call in the aid of the police. Baffled, but not conquered, the captain had set himself to find out the residence of the girl whose face had attracted him. This was not difficult in a quiet, old city like Longminster, and he soon knew her history, home, and occupation. He found out the time at which she left Madame Leeson's in the evening, and waylaid her, first professedly to apologise for his former rudeness, then to persecute her with attentions which—even were they as honourable as he declared them to be—could only be unwelcome to their object.

Worse still, he had made Edward Martin's acquaintance, or rather renewed it, for they had met at Dean Manor long before, and, under the pretence of friendship, lent him small sums of money, which had quickly melted from the borrower's grasp in scenes of dissipation or at the gaming table. Ellen even suspected that Captain Stokes had contrived the plan by which her brother had been induced to enlist, and then tried to gain her gratitude by offering to buy him off with the money, which was so indignantly refused.

"I would fain save my brother from the consequences of his rashness, for my mother's sake, but not at the cost of owing anything to that man," the girl had said; and Madame Leeson added, "A good thing, too. I hope Edward will have to go away, and that he will be kept far from Longminster for ever, unless he should become a better man."

My aunt thought she might now conclude that the papers which Captain Stokes tried to force upon Ellen in the corridor were bank notes, and that the money was intended to procure her brother's discharge.

Madame Leeson agreed with her.

"Ellen did not say where the money was offered; she only related the fact, and it could hardly have occurred in the street, as she had not gone home alone for several days past. Poor child! she must have someone to tell these things to, or her heart would break. She cannot go to her mother, for Mrs. Martin, in her insane devotion to her son, is almost capable of demanding greater sacrifices from her daughter than Ellen's self-respect can concede or conscience agree to. She cannot distress her *fiancé*, who is beside in London, and who would be torn with anxieties on Ellen's behalf, or perhaps come to her defence at all hazards, and lose his situation by so doing.

"Is it not wonderful how the wicked are allowed in this world to harass and make miserable the good?" asked Madame Leeson, as the sympathetic tears coursed down her cheeks.

"It seems so to us," replied my aunt; "but, after all, there is a bright and beautiful side to the sad story you have told me. Is it not glorious to see this young girl persevering in the right course, in spite of so many temptations, working for the mother, who makes her task harder than it need be, willing to help the brother in every lawful way, though he has been a clog and a hindrance

to her, the fatherless girl, whose protector he should have been? To see this girl bearing her heavy burden with such sweet patience, denying herself even the luxury of telling her trouble to the one whose sympathy would be the sweetest of all, rather than involve him in sorrow which the knowledge of her trials must bring to his heart! Ah! Madame Leeson, is not this indeed a precious instance of obedience to the command, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good'? Nothing but the strength and grace which God gives in answer to the prayers of His sorrowful and suffering children could enable this young girl to act as she does."

"Ah, yes. You are right, madame. We want this help, we who are older, as do the young. Ellen knows it not, but when I see her so patient towards her brother, and giving him good in return for his evil, so dutiful to the mother, who does not help the daughter, but by tears and complaints makes the home a place of gloom, I learn from her how to be patient also. The girls who work for me have not many hard words to bear. I have not been one to scold, scold from morning to night, but I am what you call 'hasty.' I have a quick temper, and I think not always before I speak. Sometimes the girls who feared to answer have paid back my sharp words by sulking or doing bad work, so that I could not keep my promise to my customer. Ellen has ever shown the gentleness of the dove. When she first came to me, even whilst I said to myself, 'She is a lady; I must not speak to her as to a common workgirl,' the quick temper conquered, and I was no more kind to her than to the rest. But Ellen gave me no rude answer. She spoke gently or not at all, except to ask how she could do better, because she wished to please me—she, whose work was the best of all. You will guess how such conduct made me feel towards Ellen Martin, madame."

"I can, indeed," replied my aunt.

"I was ashamed, though I did not say it. I began to think about my words before I spoke them, whether to Ellen or the girls. The benefit is mine, for I get pleasant faces and good work, instead of cross looks and bad work. At first, the coming of Miss Martin made trouble in the workroom. There was much of jealousy, for the girls said, 'This fine lady, who is poorer than we are, is brought here and put over our heads, though she has not learned the business.' They said spiteful things in Ellen's hearing, but not as to herself."

"What we call talking at a person," said Aunt Hesketh.

"Precisely so, madame. Well, she conquered them as she had done me. She would not hear the unkind remarks. She tried to brighten the workroom by her good taste, and by putting simple flowers here and there. If a girl looked pale and tired, she would buy an hour's rest for her by doing an extra hour's work herself. Once, when an apprentice was ill in poor lodgings, Miss Martin sat up the whole night with her, and persuaded a neighbour to take the next night. Is it wonderful that now she has the love of all?"

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN GOING TO MARKET.

By MARY POCOCK.

THE FISHMONGER'S AND POULTERER'S.—HOW TO CHOOSE SEASONABLE FISH AND POULTRY.

I do not think there is anything more difficult to buy than fish, for it is not necessarily good because it is fresh, and sometimes the appearance of fish is spoilt by being badly packed or roughly used in the boats; in this way, the scales are damaged, and one may think it is stale when it is not, for the best proof of freshness is the fish being covered with scales.

If fish is good the eyes should be bright, the gills red, the flesh firm, but elastic when pressed with the finger, and the smell not disagreeable. Do not buy fish when the gills are dark, the flesh flabby, and the eyes dull. Fish, when not in season, is frequently very unwholesome and quite unfit for food. Most fish are in good condition just before they spawn, but just after they should not be eaten; they have then generally a transparent bluish tint and look half boiled when they are cooked, whereas when in season the muscles of the fish are firm, and boil white and curdy.

Many neighbourhoods are badly off for good fishmongers. Should you be obliged for convenience to buy at a small shop that has not much custom, you will as a rule do better to purchase the commoner kinds of fish, which will probably be good of their kind, whereas for such a shop the proprietor cannot afford to buy salmon, turbot, etc., of the best quality unless for a special order.

Besides these general rules to be observed in buying fish, there are those which apply to particular fish.

I hope the following list, with the months of the various fish most consumed are in season, will be useful to many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Barbel (fresh water fish) require good sauce to make them nice; then there is some doubt whether they are worth the sauce.

Bream (fresh water) are not considered equal to carp; they are best from June to September.

Bream (sea); a good fish for baking or stewing if properly cooked; the flesh is white and succulent; they are moderate in price, and make a nice-looking dish. They are in season in September and October. Choose a firm-looking fish with red gills and bright eyes and skin.

Brill, when full sized, ranks high as a fish, but is not equal to turbot; it has a good appearance and a delicate flavour; is best from August to April. Brills are generally sold by the pound; they are much cheaper than turbots. Choose a thick one, the flesh of which is cream-coloured; if bluish the fish is not good.

Carp is a fresh water fish; it is generally stewed; is seasonable from April to December.

Chub (fresh water fish); rather coarse; in season in May.

Charr (fresh water fish); much esteemed; the flesh is red and fat; in season from July to November.

Cod. A good cod is plump and round, with the head and tail small in proportion, and the sides looking as if there were ribs in the fish. The flesh should be very firm, but elastic when pressed with the finger; it should look white and clear, with the gills red and the eyes bright; if otherwise, the fish is probably stale. Cod is in season from October to March, but is best at Christmas-time. I consider the middle of the fish the most profitable part to purchase, but cod's head and shoulders make a more imposing-looking dish for the cost. The middle is generally twopence a pound more than the head and shoulders, or the tail. Some people like a cod's head alone; they are cheap, and there is a good deal on them; but they must be fresh, for being gelatinous they soon lose their delicate flavour. What is known as "salt fish" is cod salted.

Dabs and flounders should have a pinkish tint, and the eyes should be bright. They are not a much esteemed fish. Thames flounders are considered superior to others; they are good fried or boiled, and eaten with lemon. In season from August to November.

John Dory is a very good fish; its flesh when cooked is of a clear white, not unlike lobster claw. It is easily known by its golden colour with dark spot on either side, its ugly head, and the long filaments. When not fresh it looks particularly dead. Best from Michaelmas to Christmas.

Eels should be alive when they are purchased; when in good condition the backs are bright and glossy and the bellies silvery white. The silver eels caught in the Thames or other running streams are the best. Pond eels have often a muddy taste. Dutch eels, so often sold in London, are not good. In season from June to March.

Gurnet, or gurnard, is a very nice fish. Choose for freshness as you choose cod, but remember that a large portion of the fish is head, so you must buy a larger gurnet than cod for the same number of people. They are best in October, but remain in season until March.

Haddock, a cheap and useful but not a first class fish. Choose haddocks as you would cod. They are in season from July to February.

Finnan haddocks are common haddocks cured and dried.

Hake and ling are inferior to cod; they are liked by some people, but are bought most by the working classes; they should be round, plump, and firm, but rise when pressed with the finger. In season from October to March.

Halibut is a very large fish, somewhat like a sole in shape; they are sold by the pound, and are moderate in price. Slices cut from a medium sized halibut are very nice fried. The fins and head are esteemed by some people.

They are in season in October, November, and December.

Herrings are fish that must be very fresh to be good, but they are very easily chosen; they should be stiff and firm, with the eyes and scales very bright, and the gills very red. They are usually very cheap. They are good cooked in various ways, and are in season from May to the end of October.

Pilchards are very much like herrings, and come into season at the same time. You may know a pilchard from a herring by the position of the dorsal fin; if you take up a pilchard by it, it balances, but if you hold a herring in the same way the head hangs down.

Lampreys, considered a delicacy, are in season in March, April, and May. They are dressed like eels, but require to be cooked longer.

Mackerel when fresh are bright green with black stripes; when stale they get a dull, coppery hue, and the stripes on the back are less marked; these are nearly straight on the male, but are waved on the female. The male mackerel is the best. They should be full and round from the shoulder. In season in May, June, and July, and again in October.

Mullet (red) are much esteemed; they should be firm, bright in colour, the scales in good order, and the eyes bright. They may be had all the year, but are best in summer.

Mullet (grey), quite a different fish from the red, and not so much liked, but still they are good fish. When fresh the scales are silvery. In season from July to October.

Perch, one of the best of the fresh water fish. Their condition may be judged by the pinkness of the gills, the silvery look of the belly, and brightness of the back. They are in season from June to the beginning of February.

Pike, or jack as it is called in some places, is a rather dry fish, much dependent on the cooking. In season from September to March.

Plaice are a low priced fish; they vary very much in quality. When not quite in season, or stale, they are watery and insipid, but from June to September they are very good if carefully cooked. Choose a firm, thick fish; the white side should have a slight tinge of red.

Salmon. The best is known by the smallness of the head and tail and thickness of the shoulders; the flesh and gills a fine red, and the whole fish stiff. A quantity of Canadian salmon is now brought over in a frozen state; it is very much cheaper than English salmon, but I would not advise the purchase of it. I think it very tasteless.

Skate is a particularly ugly fish; it is generally crimped—that is, cut up soon after it is caught—and sold by the pound. It is a cheap fish. If bought whole, choose a firm fish that is broad and thick, and has a creamy look. It is in season from August to April.

Smelts, a nice delicate fish, that may be served at any meal; when fresh the skins are very silvery, the eyes full, the gills red, and they smell rather like cucumber. If the eyes are sunk the fish are stale. They are in season from October to May.

Soles should be thick and firm; the skin should not come off too easily. They are always in season, but vary very much in price according to the number brought to market. Small soles are called slips. A very inferior fish, a lemon sole, is often sold as a sole; it is worth much less. It has, in my opinion, a brackish, disagreeable flavour. The lemon sole is rather wider than the other, and the dark skin is not so dark, or has not such a greyish tint as the skin of the ordinary sole.

Sprats must be very fresh to be good; they should look very bright and silvery with sparkling eyes. They are in season from November to the end of February.

Trout is a first-class fish, and is generally expensive; it is chosen from the brightness of its skin and eyes, and redness of its gills. It is in season from May to August, but is best in July and August.

Turbot, the best of all the flat fish, is generally sold by weight. When good the fish is thick, and the under side is a yellowish white, not bluish. Do not buy a skinny, flabby turbot. If you have not a turbot kettle, the fishmonger from whom the fish is purchased will lend one to cook it in. Always seasonable.

Whitebait can only be bought at a good shop. The bright appearance tells its freshness; it is in season from May to September.

Whiting is a very light, digestible fish, in appearance very like haddock, but more delicate looking, and having the brown marks at the back of the gills much paler in colour. They can be selected like haddocks, and are in season from Michaelmas to March. Small haddocks are much more plentiful and much cheaper than whitings, but they are frequently skinned and trussed (their tails in their mouths), and sold for whiting. When cooked the flesh of the whiting is clearer and more transparent than that of the haddock. I rather prefer a haddock dressed whiting fashion to a whiting, but I object to paying whiting price for haddock.

Whiting, soles, skate, and plaice are considered light for invalids.

Shell fish may be judged by the smell and the weight. Lobsters and crabs should be heavy for their size. The male lobster is the best for eating, as the flesh is firmer than that of the hen lobster, which is preferred for sauce or salad on account of the coral.

The hen lobster has a broader tail, and is less bright in colour than the male. When fresh cooked the tails of lobsters turn in strongly, when stale they are limp. If bought alive heavy ones must be chosen. In season from beginning of May to end of August.

Crabs. Choose medium size with the leg joints stiff. The shell should be a good red, whether they are alive or dead. Crabs are of less value than lobsters. The fishmonger will, if requested, dress a crab and send it ready to put on table, charging a little extra for the trouble. Best from August to April.

Cray-fish, prawns, and shrimps are stiff when fresh boiled. They are always in season.

Oysters should close on the knife as they are opened. Whitstable natives are the best eating oysters, but there are others, such as blue points, which are good and less expensive. Large oysters are best for cooking.

Poultry is, I think, easier to choose than fish. In selecting fowls or chickens, remember that small-boned, short-legged birds are generally the best. They should be young and plump, but not over fatted; the skin should look clear and finely grained; the breast should be broad and meaty. For the London market the breast bones are nearly always broken to make poultry look more full fleshed than it is, so it is better to judge of the depth of meat by feeling it. Birds should be heavy in proportion to their size. The legs should be smooth and the toes pliable and easily broken if bent back; the spurs should be small and the end of the breast bone flexible, more like gristle than bone when the bird is young. Except in very small spring chickens, the size of a fowl is no guide to its age. For boiling, choose fowls with white legs and white skins; they look much more delicate when cooked, but I like the dark-legged, yellow-skinned ones quite as well for roasting.

Capons are much larger than ordinary fowls, and are very good from December to March. Fowls are not so good in the early part of the year. Young ones are scarce when chickens are coming in. The latter are in season whenever they can be bought; this often depends on the weather. They are more scarce when the spring is cold, and consequently very dear and small. Poultry will bear a little hanging in cold weather, but should always be cooked while fresh. The back and the skin at the end of the breast turn green when the birds are stale.

Turkeys and turkey poults are chosen in much the same way as fowls, but all turkeys should be white skinned. If young, the legs are black and smooth and the spurs short; if old, the legs are lighter in colour and are rough. Many people think a moderate-sized hen turkey is better for boiling than a cock. Turkeys are in season from March; turkey poults as soon as they are large enough to kill; in the spring they are generally very dear. They are never very plentiful, but most so from July to September.

Choose plump ducks and geese, with clean white skins, plenty of meat on the breasts, and yellow flexible feet. Red feet and a coarse hairy skin betoken an old goose. Ducklings are in season from April to August. Ducks all the year, but best in June and July. Geese are in season from September to March. Green geese (geese less than five months old are so called) June, July, and August. If your cook can truss poultry well, it is a good plan to have it drawn at home, as you then get the giblets, which from fowls or ducks will make gravy, and goose or turkey giblets will make some good soup, a stew, or a pie. I know in some shops the giblets are the perquisites of the man who trusses the poultry, so it is not easy to get them sent if the birds are drawn at the shop.

Pigeons. Select plump pigeons, with the legs smooth and the feet flexible, the fresher the better for eating, as they lose their flavour by hanging; they are good whenever they can be bought young, but are most plentiful from March to September. Bordeaux pigeons come to market ready plucked; they are fatter than English pigeons, and different in flavour; they are also dearer.

Wood pigeons are much larger than others, and require to be hung to get tender before they are cooked. They do very well for roasting, as there is a good deal of meat on them; they are prefered by some people to tame pigeons for pies, but must not be hung so long for that purpose. A wood pigeon would not be as suitable for an invalid's dinner as a tame one. In season from November to January.

Guinea fowl, or pintado, as it is sometimes called, is excellent eating. Choose one with plenty of meat on the breast, and notice the feet as in buying other birds. They are much esteemed by housekeepers, because they are in season in the winter after game has gone out, and can take the place of game in a bill of fare. They should not be too fresh when cooked.

Young pea fowls are particularly good, but can very rarely be bought.

Wild rabbits are generally considered the best; buy them with smooth, sharp claws. If the claws are blunt, and the ears tough, the rabbit is old. They are seasonable from September to February.

Ostend rabbits come to market packed in boxes and ready skinned. They are tame rabbits, and are sold by weight, whereas wild rabbits are sold at so much each.

There are a variety of small birds that are eaten; the principal are:—

Larks—seasonable in November.

Wheatears (the English ortolans), a very delicate little bird; in season from July to October.

The garden warbler—the *beccafico* of the Italians, with which name it appears in *menus*—is in season from May to August.

Fieldfares are to be had in winter.

Feathered game can be chosen in nearly the same way as poultry, as regards age, etc. By opening the bills it will be easy to detect if the birds have been kept too long. Game requires to be hung, but the length of

time depends so much on the weather that it is impossible to give it. When ready for cooking, the feathers come out very easily and the backs are beginning to get discoloured; but it is rather difficult to give rules for the condition in which to purchase, as what some people consider ready for cooking others think too far gone for eating. A very little attention will soon teach a housekeeper how to buy for her particular table.

Grouse.—There are several kinds of grouse, but that known and so much esteemed as "grouse" is the red grouse. It is in season from the 12th of August to the end of December.

The black cock or black grouse and grey hen are in season at the same time as grouse; they want hanging longer than most game, and are then very good.

The capercailzie (I think it is also called the woodland grouse) is a much larger bird than the ordinary grouse, and not nearly as much esteemed. It has a strong flavour, but is liked by some people.

Ptarmigan or white grouse are a little smaller than red grouse; they are useful birds, for they are in season from February to April, and are nearly always cheap.

Landrail or corncrake.—It is necessary to allow three or four for a dish—one makes a delicate little dinner for an invalid; in season from the 12th of August to the middle of September.

Partridges.—Young partridges should always be bought for roasting; if you find them too expensive, abandon the idea of roast partridges for your dinner; but last year's birds are very good for stewing and cooking in other ways. Young partridges have yellow legs and dark bills. In old birds the end feather of the wings is round, not pointed as in young birds. They are in season from the 1st September to the 2nd February, and as long after as you can keep them.

The red legged partridges known as French partridges are not equal to the others, and consequently are of less value.

Pheasants.—I prefer a good hen pheasant to a cock. They are in season from the 1st October to the 2nd of February, and as long after as they will hang.

Plovers.—Choose fat birds. There are two kinds of plovers—the golden, which are thought the most of, and the grey. They are small birds and moderate in price when plentiful. Best from September to end of January.

Quails are small birds and are expensive; in season from October to December.

Woodcock and snipe are birds generally more esteemed by gentlemen than by ladies. They are in season from November to February, but are plentiful until after frost sets in.

The following wild fowl are all in season from about October to March, and are most plentiful when the weather is severe:—

Brent goose, a smaller bird than a tame goose. I do not think it is equal to wild duck.

Wild ducks are smaller than tame, but have more meat on them.

Widgeon are again smaller birds of the same species.

Pintail or sea pheasant is a sort of widgeon; it is very good eating.

Teal is the smallest of the ducks and the most delicate. Choose plump birds. In buying wild fowl remember they are so well covered with down and feathers that they are not so large as they look.

Hares are stiff when lately killed; when young the claws are smooth and sharp, and crack if turned sideways, and the ears are tender enough to tear. An old hare will jug very well. They are in season from September to the end of February. Leverets are hares in their first year; they are in season from May to August; they are a delicacy that can be served on any occasion, but are dear in May and June.

Venison is different from all other game in one respect, for we want to know how old, not how young it is; five year old venison is the best. If the cleft of the hoof is smooth and small, it is young; if the reverse, it is old. The fat should be bright and clear, and there should be a good depth of it; the lean should be dark in colour. A sharp knife or skewer run into the shoulder or haunch will tell its condition by the scent. The haunch of venison is the prime joint, but necks and shoulders are also very good, and can be cooked in many ways. Venison is divided into haunches, necks, shoulders, and breasts. Buck venison is considered the best; it is in season from June to Michaelmas, then doe venison comes in and remains in season until after Christmas.

There is really no shop that there is more advantage in going to, instead of ordering from the house, than the poulterer's, for game differs more in price than anything else. A little change to milder weather, and poulterers want to sell their poultry or game; then a sharp frost, and the shops are often overstocked with wild fowl which are proportionately cheap.

I have often found it a good plan to glance at the market prices of different things which are given in some of the daily papers before I went out in the morning. Of course shop prices are higher than the market price; at the same time it is somewhat of a guide.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONABLE BAGS AND THEIR USES.

HANDBAGS, reticules, carriage bags, bags for holding fans, opera-glasses, etc., are looked upon at the present time as a fashionable and almost indispensable finish to a lady's toilette, and an account of their shape and make will be welcome to our girl readers, who can then make them for themselves, or for presents to friends.

The bags intended for outdoor use or for concerts, whatever their shape, are finished with long ribbon strings by which they are hung upon the arm, and certainly their convenience is unquestionable, as in them can be stowed away the opera-glasses, fan, purse, scent-bottle, and handkerchief that would otherwise have to be carried separately. The present fashion of putting the pocket in a dress just where it cannot be reached by the owner without a struggle, obliges ladies to burden themselves with numerous small articles, and many are the bad five minutes passed in searching for missing possessions, or fancying they are lost, that these useful bags save, and thus not only prevent the wear and tear of such anxieties, but by keeping the lady's temper sweet and unruffled, contribute to the enjoyment of her escort.

These bags are made of all shapes and sizes, and of any materials—in fact, as long as they are daintily got up they can be diversified at the maker's will; thus many remnants of plush, satin, brocade, and velvet can be utilised in this becoming manner, while clean pieces left from light silk or satin evening dresses will often come in for the linings, and smaller scraps to line just the upper part of a handbag or pincushion bag, where the lining does not show beyond the draw-strings, and less expensive material can be used to complete it.

The long bag shown in Fig. 1 is intended for use at concerts or parties, where opera-glasses are not required. It holds fan, handkerchief, scent-bottle, etc. The outside material is of a pale-tinted brocade, or of plain ribbed silk, delicately embroidered with sprays of field flowers worked by hand and in floss-silks. There are brocades to be procured at most silk mercer's of a cheap description that would answer this purpose almost as well as embroidery or brocades of an expensive make. Their foundation is either white, pale blue, or pink, and they are covered with soft-looking flower tendrils. The lining to this bag is of Liberty's silk, and its colour will depend upon that of the cover. It should either match the deepest shade used in embroidering the flowers, or be a contrast to the foundation colour. By a contrast we do not mean a violent opposition, but any of the following combinations. If the foundation colour is of soft blue or eau de Nil green, the lining colour is of a salmon shade; for a pink foundation a sky-blue lining is required; for a lemon-yellow foundation an orange-yellow; for a heliotrope, a lining of cream white; for a purple a lining of old gold or pale blue. The ribbons that form the draw-strings, and are hung over the arm, are an inch and a half wide, and should match the lining as to colour; with the bow at the side added to them three yards of ribbon will be used. To make up the bag: cut out a piece of brocade or rep silk, thirty-two inches long and sixteen inches wide, and cut out the same size piece in the surah lining silk; sew the two pieces together, and be careful to make the edges neat, particularly at the two ends. By end is meant length, not width. Lay the piece down on a table with the surah uppermost, and three inches from each end pleat the sixteen inches into a double box-pleat, reducing the width to ten inches. Stitch the box-pleats firm at this spot only, then fold the piece together, still with the surah silk outside. Bring both ends together and join down the two sides, by first running the two edges of brocade very neatly together, and then overcasting or slip stitching the lining over the seam so made. A piece of plain ribbon is sewn over the stitching down of the box-pleats to form the runner for the strings; this is kept to a line of three inches from the edge of the bag. The bag is then turned to its right side, and two large button-holes made at the back of it to bring the ribbons through. Two lengths of ribbon each forty inches long are necessary; their ends are brought out through the button-holes and sewn together. The remaining piece of ribbon is made up into a dainty bow, and fastened to the side of the bag as shown.

The opera-glass bag (Fig. 2) is more of the "granny-bag" than the above, but it has the peculiarity of being fitted with a stiff bottom made by inserting a piece of cardboard shaped like the flat part of a double opera-glass. The lower part of the bag from the cardboard to the draw-string is made of satin or silk, the upper part of velvet or plush, and the lining of thinly quilted satin. A piece of silk twenty-three inches wide by six deep, a piece of plush three and a half inches deep and twenty-three inches wide, and a piece of quilted satin twenty-three inches wide and nine deep, make the bag, with the exception of some six inches of plush and satin used to cover the cardboard. The foundation of cardboard is six inches long, the sides are rounded off, the curves on which

FIG. 3.

the wide part of the opera-glass rests are two and a quarter inches wide, and the narrow part in the centre is one and three-quarter inches wide. The easiest way to cut out this foundation is to mark out the shape of a pair of opera-glasses and cut to these measurements. Sew a piece of plush to one side of the cardboard, turn its edges over on to the other side, and tack them across and across, and then line with a piece of satin. Keep the plush side as the outside of the foundation, the satin inside. When selecting the plush and silk for the outside of the bag choose colours that combine together, such as a handsome piece of gold brocade and a seal-brown plush, or a flame-coloured brocade finished with a russet red plush. Some very pretty pink brocades are now sold with gold and silver thread flowers worked all over them; these are very suitable for this kind of bag, and are finished with rose-coloured plush top; linings white, and white-and-gold draw-strings. To make up the bag: prepare the foundation cardboard, and sew the plush to the brocade with a very close running; open the seam thus made, and iron it with a warm but not hot iron. Take the lining and run it on the wrong side to the other end of the plush, and join the side seam up, first running the brocade and plush piece up, and then the lining. Now join the bag to the foundation, gather the brocade into a fulness where it is to be attached to the rounded sides of the cardboard, but leave it plain at the narrow parts. Arrange the side seam to come into the fulness. Sew the brocade to the foundation, and slip stitch the satin lining on its right side, so as to hide the raw edge of the brocade and leave the inside of the bag neat. A case for the draw-strings to run in is made by running two lines of silk through lining and outer material. The draw-string case is made where plush and brocade meet, and is finished with two large button-holes worked on the outside of the material and placed opposite each other on each side of the bag. Double draw-strings are run through the casing and form the loops to hang over the arm, while a large bow of ribbon is tied on right in front of the bag.

The bag shown in Fig. 3 is a combination of the two already described; it is made long enough to hold a fan, and is fitted with a cardboard foundation, so that opera-glasses can be carried in it, or other heavy articles, such as small books, cardcase, etc. The outside of this bag is made of ruby-coloured or seal-brown plush; the lining salmon, or pale yellow satin, or pompadour silk. The piece of plush is thirty-four inches long and twelve wide, and the lining is of the same size. The lining is sewn to the plush as in the fan bag, the two ends of material placed together, and the side seams attended to; but before these latter are secured, a piece of strong cardboard or millboard, size five inches by three, is slipped into the lower part of the bag between the lining and the plush, and kept in position by a few stitches passed through it. The case for the draw-string is secured by two run lines taken through both lining and plush and placed four inches from the bag opening—that is to say, the first running is put in at this distance and the second below it. A yard of ribbon is used for each draw-string, and forms the loops over the arm. As the outside of the bag is of plain plush, some decoration is needed. In the illustration this decoration consists of a spray of barberry berries and their leaves; these berries, with their scarlet and yellow tints, are very bright, and the autumn-tinted leaves that accompany them are well contrasted against the sombre plush ground. Any pretty flower or spray is, however, suitable, and natural flowers matching the owner's toilette preferable where such perishable decoration can be procured without expense. Sprays of tinted seaweed, or of minute shells or beetle wings, are now much in demand for toilette purposes, and any of the three can be recommended.

FIG. 4.

The duster bag shown in Fig. 4 is a drawing-room and not a personal ornament, and is one of the light nothings that find a ready sale at bazaars. It is intended for hanging upon some conspicuous part of a drawing-room wall, and to contain a large Indian muslin duster that is used only by the ladies of the

FIG. 2.

house. A duster at hand should the tea be spilt, or other mishap occur, is always a convenience, and saves the needless fuss and delay entailed by ringing up a servant, and then waiting until the article required has been fetched.

The duster bag takes one yard of material eleven inches wide, a silk lining of the same size, a brass curtain ring, and a trimming of coins, plush balls, or fringe. Broad children's sashes, with satin stripes or brocade flowers woven into them, are sometimes used for the cover, and sateen for the lining, or the bag is made from one of Liberty's coloured sashes divided in half (one sash making two bags), and a bright-coloured satin used for the lining. To make up the bag: cut four inches off the yard of material, and then draw an outline pattern of a flower spray at the extreme edge of the end of silk that is to form the upper flap. Draw a similar spray on the opposite end, but place this three inches from the end, and let it cover a depth of three inches. Work this design with crewel wools in outline, or with filoselles in filled-in satin stitch. Now run the lining and the covering together as described for Fig. 1. Make a box-pleat nine inches from the top end of the strip to give the depth of the flap; fasten the curtain ring to this place, running it through the silk and securing it well. From the curtain ring to the bottom of the bag the distance is sixteen inches; measure this off, and then turn up the remaining material to make the pocket, which will be six inches in depth. Box-pleat the extreme edge of this pocket, and then sew the sides together, being careful to make the bag fit in front and not bulge beyond the back piece. Trim the upper flap only, and put the balls, fringe, or sequins round it, according to individual fancy. Some people, instead of embroidering these bags, fasten a large well-made bow to one side of the pocket and a smaller bow to the opposite side of the flap. These bows, if used, should be made with several distinct kinds of ribbon, such as red, white, and blue ribbons; purple, yellow, and orange ribbons; blue, pink, and ruby ribbons, or other combinations. The duster is made of a large square of Indian muslin turned down with a wide hem, and finished with a line of herringbone or coral stitch worked along the hem in coloured silks. A good allowance of dusters should be prepared, but one duster is put into the bag at a time.

FIG. 1.

The bag-pincushion is another drawing-room ornament of the day. It is useful besides being pretty, and can generally be made from remnants of plush left from larger articles. It is simply a small granny-shaped bag fitted tightly with a well stuffed out bran pincushion, and lined to the depth of the draw-string with a bright bit of satin or silk. A piece of plush sixteen inches long by five wide is required, or two pieces of plush eight inches by five. This is lined to the depth of two inches only, then a well stuffed cushion made to fit the rest of the material, which is seamed up over it, and a running arranged to draw the plush together above the cushion, leaving the lined top free. A smart bow placed on the running, and bows and ends to hang the cushion up by, are added, and pins arranged in the form of a star or other device.

A carriage bag seems an unnecessary appendage, but it is as useful in its place as other bags are in theirs. As its make does not materially differ from a "granny-bag," it requires no illustration; it is, however, larger in size, and its bottom and sides are strengthened with a cardboard stiffening. The materials used are either black brocade, dark plush, or cashmere for the outside; and a light-coloured handkerchief or child's sash for the lining, also silk cord and tassels as draw-strings. To make the bag: cut out a piece of black brocade or other material twenty-four inches long by twelve wide; ornament this either by outlining all the brocade flowers with double lines of gold thread, and fill in their centres with coloured filoselles; or buy a spray of already worked flowers, and sew this to the material, placing it on the lower side of the bag, where the cardboard lining will help to keep it flat. Round such a spray couch down two lines of gold thread. Line the plush or brocade with the coloured silk, and insert a piece of cardboard twelve inches by twelve between the two, sewing it down in the centre of the material. Then sew up the sides of the bag, putting the two ends together, and make a casing for the draw-strings. Finish by inserting the cords, making the

FIG. 5.

button-holes, and putting on the tassels. Two yards of cord are required, as each draw-string takes one yard.

The bag shown in Fig. 5 is used in France at weddings by the chief bridesmaid, who collects money in it for the poor during the ceremony. In England they are only used as ornaments. These aumonières, as they are called, are sometimes heart-shaped and pinned to the dress, and at others "granny-bags," filled at the opening with fresh flowers. Fig. 5 is made of silk tightly stretched over a piece of stiff cardboard. It is lined with the same coloured bright silk, and has an outer covering of netting put over it. This netting is managed with a fine mesh, and with bright-coloured purse silk; every mesh is finished with a gold spangle or bead that is run on to the purse silk before the netting is begun. The fringe round the bag is also of netting, ornamented with spangles. The cover does not come beyond the draw-string; but a bow is attached to the last line of netting, and bows to the end of the draw-string.

The knitting bag (Fig. 6), which forms the last illustration, is a very welcome present to give old ladies, as they can carry it over their arms, and while knitting leave it there, and

FIG. 6.

thus keep their ball of wool within reach and unsoiled. The bag is made of Roman sheeting lined with quilted satin. It is ornamented with a spray of embroidery, and when white brocade or pale coloured Roman sheetings are chosen for the outer covering, and pale blue or primrose satin for the lining, is most dainty. The colours used for the embroidery should blend with the lining colour. To make up the bag: cut out two fiddle-shaped pieces of material—length seventeen inches, width at the lower end eight inches, at the top four inches. Work the spray of embroidery on one piece only, and across the widest part. Shape and sew in the lining to each piece, then sew the two pieces together, joining them across at the narrowest part, and leaving an opening on each side of eight inches to pass the arm through. Below this opening slip-stitch the two pieces together for the rest of the bag. At the narrow part of the bag make a single box-pleat, and bring the four inches of material into a two inch space. Sew a silk cord round the edges of the bag, concealing the seams at the sides, and carry it round the armhole openings. One yard and three-quarters is sufficient cord to use.

B. C. SAWARD.

VARIETIES.

THE USE OF FRIENDSHIP.—The best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things one cannot do for oneself.—*Bacon.*

PLEASANT EVENINGS.

The Duke of Nivernais was intimately acquainted with the Countess of Rochfort, and never for a single evening missed going to see her. As she was a widow, and he a widower, one of her friends observed to him that it would be more convenient for him to marry the lady.

"I have often thought so," replied the Duke, "but one thing prevents me: where could I then pass my evenings?"

LIFE AND DEATH.

What is life? a flower that blows,
Nipped by the frost and quickly dead.
What is life? the full blown rose,
That's scorched at noon, and withered.

Such is life—a breath, a span,
A moment, quickly gone from thee.
What is death? Oh! mortal man,
Thine entrance to eternity.

A READY MONEY BUSINESS.—A hatter in Aberdeen has a bundle of unpaid bills hanging up in his shop labelled "The reasons why I do not give credit."

CORRECTING A COMPLIMENT.—Quin told Lady Berkeley, who was a beautiful woman, that she looked blooming as the spring; but recollecting that the season did not appear very promising, he added: "That is, my lady, I wish the spring would look like your ladyship."

SLANDER.—The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.

IN COURT.

"Call silence!" the judge to the officer cries,
"This hubbub and talk, will it never be done?
These people this morning have made such a noise,
We've decided ten causes without hearing one."

MEDICAL GENEROSITY.—An enterprising physician in California advertises, "I will pay half of the funeral expenses in cases where I am not successful."

AN ANECDOTE OF FASHION.—Fashions have frequently taken their rise from circumstances as silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip II. and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken. This siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of the archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, hence called *L'Isabeau*, or the Isabella; a kind of whitish-yellow-dingy.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

I took you, deceiver, "for better, for worse,"
Submitting to wedlock's hard fetter;
While your worse part has daily grown still more perverse,
I have not discovered your better.

PACKING UP.

A Parisian, accompanied by his servant, who was a Gascon, went to spend some days in the country with a friend. On the morning of his return, as he was on the point of departing, he asked his servant if he had packed his portmanteau. The servant replied that he had.

"But," said the master, "have you put in everything that belongs to us?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the servant, "*at least.*"

THE NOTES OF BIRDS.—If they are connected in a melodious succession the notes of birds are called a song; if unconnected, a call. In some cases the call is always the same, however different the emotion it is intended to express; in others it is very various. For instance, the chaffinch's call, when on the wing, is "Eyak! eyak!" its expression of joy is "Fink! fink!" if angry the same syllable is repeated more quickly; and "Trief! trief!" is the sign of tenderness or melancholy. The raven's call, "Graab! graab!" is, on the contrary, the same under all circumstances; and the only indication of a change of emotion is the degree of rapidity with which it is uttered.

EXAGGERATION.—There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

A QUEEN IN TROUBLE.—Adelaide, the widow of Lothario, King of Italy, one of the most beautiful women in her age, was besieged in Pavia by Berenger, who resolved to constrain her to marry his son after Pavia was taken. She escaped from prison with her almoner. The Archbishop of Reggio had offered her an asylum; to reach it, she, accompanied by her almoner, travelled on foot through the country by night, concealing herself in the daytime among the corn, while her almoner begged for alms and food through the villages.

A PECULIAR WORD.—Heroine is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in the English language; the first two letters of it are masculine, the first three feminine, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

GOOD LIVING IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.—The science of good living was as well understood in the days of Queen Elizabeth as it is now, though the fashion might be somewhat different. Do you think the maids-of-honour of good Queen Bess breakfasted on beef-steaks and ale? Not they. The nobility had French cooks, and among the dishes enumerated we find not only beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, rabbit, capon, pig, but also red or fallow deer, and a great variety of fish and wild fowl, with pastry and creams. Italian confections, and preserved fruits and sweetmeats from Portugal; nay, we are even told of cherries served up at twenty shillings a pound. The variety of wines can hardly be exceeded at present; for a writer of Elizabeth's time mentions fifty-six kinds of French wines, and thirty-six Spanish and Italian wines imported into England.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

See Christmas Number, page 47.

1. L i n c o l N
2. O n p h a l E (*a*).
3. U r s u l A
4. G r i n l i n G (Gibbons).
5. H e t H (*b*).

Lough Neagh.

(*a*) Queen of Lydia, who delighted in thus showing her power over Hercules.
(*b*) Father of the Hittites, and ancestor of Uriah.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY E. G. offers her verses in so modest a way that we regret our inability to say more in their favour than that we sympathise in the sentiments that they express. It is only friendly, however, to point out a considerable confusion of thoughts in the second verse. What connection can there be between the "Moss rose * * ever gay" and either "A messenger from heaven," and the fact that

"Nought can here befall us
But the loving Saviour knows"?

You must try to write sense.

A. S. A. (Lincolnshire) asks for our "undivided opinion" upon two poems. We willingly give an unprejudiced one. As very usually, we approve of the pious sentiments they express, and the measure is correctly sustained in the first. In the second the same care has not been taken. It is irregular, and a word of one syllable is made to do the duty of two, and a word of three to stand for one of four, viz., "stretched," "enrobed," and "celestial." The line,

"And up beside Him a cross now He rears,"

is not only two feet short as compared with its fellow, but is a very bad line.

A CONSTANT READER.—Possibly the swellings in the glands of the neck need the application of iodine, painted on them for three days successively, and then leaving an equal interval of time between these applications to prevent soreness of the skin; also a course of cod-liver oil, commenced in very small doses.

AMATEUR STUDENT.—From your description, we imagine that the instrument you desire to make is the "tellurion," an apparatus in which the seasons, day and night, and the orbit of the moon, with its inclination, nodes, and phases, are shown. We doubt your being able to make it for yourself, unless an exceptionally good mechanician, as well as astronomer. The earth's axis has to be inclined in it to an angle of 23 deg. 28 min., and the three rotations of the sun, earth, and moon must be arranged in the same relations and proportions as exist naturally. We think the price of a new one would be about £2—perhaps a little less.

A BRADFORD GIRL will find the earliest mention of hand-shaking or hand-giving in the Bible. It seems to have been originally the sign of a compact to signify peace, to pledge an alliance or friendship, or to give a security, as Jehu says to Jehonadab, "Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thine hand." To-day we live in easier times, and the sacred promise of a former day has become merely a formal greeting.

BLACKBERRY.—The passage you name seems to refer to the sin against the Holy Ghost, of which our Lord speaks in words of solemn warning—*i.e.*, the description of His mighty works in demonstration of His Godhead to the power of Satan, through devil possession. Such was the awful and blasphemous statement of many of the Jews, who rejected the personal teaching of Christ (not to say at secondhand), and so rejected salvation in the one and only way in which it has been offered to them by their Creator.

T. C. L.—Many thanks for your kind letter. We fear, from the tone of it, that you are inclined to "give way," as it is popularly called. If so, try to alter that at once, as it is not only a form of selfishness, since it makes others miserable, but very bad for your own health. Cheerfulness is an essential of health; sadness and melancholy the beginning and cause of disease. This cheerfulness can be attained to and acquired as a habit and state of mind, and you will never be constantly and permanently useful to your fellow creatures until you have tried to acquire it. Do not forget also that both physical and mental exertion are needful to health and joy. Lastly, do you remember the lines in "The Christian Year"—

"A mind at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise"?

So you must acquire unselfishness, too, to be useful to other people.

WINTER SWALLOW.—Just now much attention has been turned to the Canary Islands as winter homes for those compelled to fly southwards. Las Palmas, in Grand Canary, according to a paper read by Dr. Morden Douglas, before the British Medical Association, has a splendid climate, which had benefited the doctor personally to an immense extent. He calls it the finest climate in the world. There is a good English hotel, a good Spanish one, and many steamers call there.

M. J. CLARKE.—It is impossible for us to judge of the value of an advertisement, or say whether it be fraudulent. You must use your own common sense in the matter.

BEREAVED.

WHERE art thou gone,
Beloved, from the winter snows and cold?
I am alone,
And weary, and my heart is growing old.

My empty hands
I stretch into the night, and call on thee
Through darkened lands:
The night is still—no answer comes to me.

Sometimes I hear,
Or seem to hear, thy voice as in a spell;
How far or near,
Or voice or memory, I cannot tell.

Thy gentle hand
Sometimes I touch again as in a dream,
And love's soft band
Unbreakable by time or space doth seem.

Dear sister mine,
Still mine—I know in heaven thou still dost care;
Thy love will shine
Upon me till with Christ I meet thee there.

Thy rest is won—
Somewhere in light beyond the glowing west
And setting sun
Thy weary heart is satisfied with rest.

I sing and weep
For very love of thee—until we meet,
Waking from sleep,
And hand in hand sit at our Saviour's feet.

I onward go,
Praising His name who gives a hope so bright;
Who by His woe
Brought life and immortality to light.

J. HUIE.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 416. DECEMBER 17, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO AND CO.

The Syrens of the Sea. Song for soprano solo, female chorus, and orchestra. Music by Florian Pascal. — We heartily recommend this song, which is in reality a scena, as being one of the most graceful things of the kind that we have ever come across. The voice parts are simple, but the accompaniment, a digest of the orchestral score, naturally makes greater demands upon executive skill. However, the graceful arpeggios and passages, and the fairy-like modulations, fully merit the trouble and study required to reproduce their Melusine-like beauties.

Scènes Poétiques. By Benjamin Godard.—Best known to us as a French violinist and writer for his instrument, M. Godard is here introduced as a writer for full orchestra; for the charming *scènes* before us are transcriptions by George Pfeiffer, either as solos or duets for pianoforte, from the full score. Of the different numbers we prefer No. 1, "Dans les Bois." Good as the arrangements are, they are essentially orchestral, and therefore difficult as solos for piano. The other numbers, "Dans les Champs," "Sur la Montagne," and "Au Village," are published separately.

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

Sylvan Echoes. Composed by Oliver King.—A book of duets for female voices is always a welcome publication nowadays, and these five duets will prove an interesting addition to the fast-increasing *répertoire.*

METZLER AND CO.

Christmas Album. — We specially call attention to the

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AT THE ORGAN.

new and pretty custom of singing in quadrille or waltz measures. This album contains a specimen or two, viz., "Fairie Voices" waltz by A. Gwyllym Crowe, and "Goosey Gander" waltz (on nursery rhymes), by T. W. Stephenson "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "The Boy and the Bee (Industree and Curiositee!)." "Poor Little Tom-ee (a Cat-astrophee!)." These are the titles of three humorous four-part songs, composed by Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., whose "Humpty Dumpty" is already well known, and whose really funny treatment of old rhymes insures that plenty of fun for Christmas parties may be derived from getting up the above part songs.

The Story of Years is a semi-sacred song, a little allegory of faith, by Clifton Bingham, and is set to delightful music by Frank L. Moir.

A Faded Flower. By R. D'Oyly Carte.
This Heart of Mine. By Lawrence Kellie
The Spring Legend. By Cotsford Dick.

These are three ballads, rather better than the ordinary run of such commodities. The idea of the "spring" legend is pretty. A maiden, after long watching and waiting for the return of her Crusader lover, at length sinks her fair head to the earth, and where her spirit is sleeping, a well springs up, fed by her tears.

Victoria Regina. A "grand" march, to commemorate Her Majesty's Jubilee. Composed by H. W. Goodban.—The illustration on the cover is very effective. The interior of the piece is more like a recollection of Scotson Clark's greatest successes than anything else.

The American Organ Journal. Edited by J. M. Coward—No. 13, the number before us, is not equal in interest to many preceding it. Few amateurs will care to revive Jackson's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* as harmonium solos. Some numbers are particularly full of good and interesting things, and that the arrangements are perfectly suited to the instrument goes without saying.

E. Ascherberg and Co.

Moods of a Moment. Weary, grave, and gay. For the pianoforte. By Tobias A. Matthay.—We hope that these extremely clever pieces will all be published separately by now, so as to place them within the reach of pianists who cannot afford 7s. 6d. for the entire book. Considering that for this sum you obtain ten pieces, full of the truest musicianship, of grace and originality, and ever-varying expressions, we should advise you to possess the complete work, remembering that its purely intellectual character demands a purely intellectual performer, and therefore let only such approach it. Nos. 4 and 9 are already published apart from the others.

Thou Still art Near. A ballad. By Henry Smart.—There yet remains some interest attached to the vocal writings of Smart; but as time passes on we find that interest being gradually transferred to his organ music and church compositions, which are likely to outlive all his songs, and in which his greatest talent has been displayed.

I Wish to Tune My Quivering Lyre. Duet for tenor and bass (in C), or tenor and baritone (in D). By Michael Watson.—We scarcely think full justice is done to Lord Byron's powerful words, but duets for the above voices are so scarce that we are pleased to find any contribution towards their needs. This duet is, at least, very effective, and easy to learn and sing.

Patey and Willis.

There's a Friend for Little Children. Song. With violin, or flute and 'cello obbligati; and a harmonium or organ accompaniment *ad lib.* By Michael Watson.—We noticed last month a number of these songs set to words which we associate with our well-known hymn tunes, and find this equally good for Sundays at home.

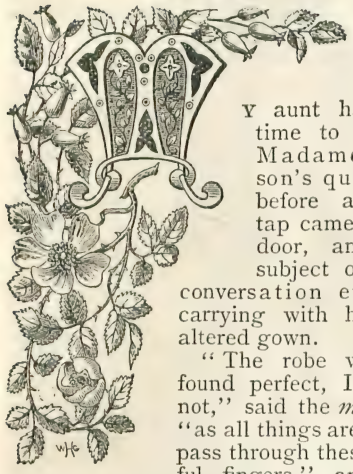
Gentleman Jack. A capital pedlar's song. By Behrend.—Will make a suitable present to any bass friend. It is so full of life and fresh activity, and such a healthy contrast to many of its sadly sentimental predecessors.

Hush-a-bye. An easy little piece for the piano. By Herbert F. Sharpe.—This is the very thing for little players. The responsibility of forming youthful tastes is very great, and often disregarded; and yet the love of good music in England greatly depends upon the character of the music first given to children in their early days, when the power of receiving is at its best.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER X.



My aunt had not time to answer Madame Leeson's question before a light tap came at the door, and the subject of their conversation entered, carrying with her the altered gown.

"The robe will be found perfect, I doubt not," said the *modiste*, "as all things are which pass through these skilful fingers," and she touched Ellen's lightly with her own plump hand.

The girl smiled in her employer's face, and my aunt thought that there was an expression of greater cheerfulness in her own. One thing was evident—Madame Leeson was warmly attached to her young *protégée*, and treated her with equal affection and respect, whilst Miss Martin as evidently proved her grateful appreciation, by devoted service and admirable work.

Aunt Hesketh had no time to try on the altered gown. It was packed up as quickly as possible, a cab called, and the driver enjoined not to lose a moment on the way to the station. My aunt stepped on to the platform as the Castleton train ran alongside it, and returned home with a great deal of new information respecting Miss Martin, but without having dropped a hint to Madame Leeson about the disappearance of the valuables. So far as these were concerned, her journey had been absolutely fruitless. It was annoying to come back with a sense of failure, but my aunt had done what she could, without betraying the secret which my husband was so anxious to keep.

Naturally, my aunt's first inquiry was about me, but there was nothing new to tell her when she returned after the few hours' absence. It is unnecessary for me to give particulars as to the nature and progress of the illness which prostrated me. I have already said that for nearly a fortnight I was in such a state of bodily weakness and mental wandering that it was impossible for my husband to make me a sharer in his perplexities. All other matters were, however, deemed of secondary importance in his eyes, and those of Mrs. Beauchamp and my aunt, who made me the object of untiring tenderness and solicitude. Everything that love could suggest and money command was secured on my behalf. This is all that need be told. That the means used were not in vain in the end, is sufficiently shown by the fact that I am able to tell my own tale to-day.

My husband's feelings on hearing Aunt Hesketh's account of her interview with Madame Leeson, were of a mixed description. He was deeply interested in Ellen Martin's history, and glad of the explanation which it suggested of the corridor scene.

"It is all very well, so far as it goes, but the diamond business is at a deadlock as before," said Tom.

"I will see Madame Leeson again if you like," replied my aunt; "I am sure she is a woman who might be trusted."

"I daresay she is, but she is more likely to be very angry at us than to help in this matter. She would scent an imputation against her favourite in the story itself, and most likely resent it bitterly. Your warm-hearted women are generally sufficiently hot-tempered also."

"Madame Leeson owned that she is," replied my aunt; "but I should have no fear of any angry manifestation towards myself. I might first tell her that I was about to confide a secret of importance to her. Then I would tell my story, and ask for an interview with Miss Martin, of whose kind assistance I should say I wished to avail myself. I should suggest that the young lady might be able to tell us whether she had noticed any suspicious-looking person loitering in the vicinity of Olive's room at the hotel."

"If the girl had been there on the preceding evening, such a question might have been asked in all good faith. Seeing she never entered the room until late in the morning, after having waited downstairs for a long time, until Olive awoke and asked for her, would not such a question seem ridiculous?"

My aunt could do nothing but assent,

and then there was an interval of silence, during which my husband walked restlessly up and down the room. She had a very decided opinion as to what course he ought to take, and again she suggested—"Tell Mrs. Beauchamp all about it."

"I wish with all my heart I dare. But it is useless advising this. It sounds horribly cowardly to say it, and when my own mother is in question, but I cannot muster courage to let her know that her pet diamonds are gone. I must try every means for their recovery, before I appeal to my mother."

"And during these researches you will trust so many people with your secret, that it will be such no longer. One or another of your enforced confidants will tell Mrs. Beauchamp, most likely in the belief that she already knows. Then what will she think?" asked my aunt.

"I would rather not try to imagine what she would think and say," responded my husband. "If every effort fails, she will have to know; but I will see Fielden this very day, and consult him as to the next step. It hardly seems right to lose articles of such value without at least making every effort to recover them; does it? Though the time that has already elapsed since their disappearance makes success very improbable, if they have been taken by a professional thief."

"I cannot believe that any one else has had a hand in the robbery," said my aunt, her mind running on Miss Martin.

"The worse for me then. If an amateur had yielded to a sudden temptation, born of opportunity, there would be a chance. Such a person would find the booty a species of white elephant, of which he would not know how to rid himself. I will not go to Longminster to-day—it is too late; but I will take an early train in the morning. I shall be certain to catch Fielden on Tuesday, as it is the market day. I know the first thing will be a grumble that I did not consult him immediately after missing the things," added Tom, with a spiteful emphasis on the last word. Poor fellow! I believe he was wishing that diamonds had never existed.

When he mentioned his intention of going to Longminster on the following morning, Mrs. Beauchamp looked astonished.

"Is it about those two leases that will fall in directly, that you wish to see Mr. Fielden?" she asked.

"I do want to speak to him about the leases," he replied, telling the truth, but not the whole truth. "You know I talked of going last week, and then I put off because all the Longminster people were in a flutter of excitement about Thursday's affair. Since then, my poor Olive's state has given me enough to think of."

"Will not Mr. Fielden be too busy to bestow much time upon you to-morrow? So many people go to him from the country round on market days. The terms for those new leases cannot be settled in a few minutes."

"I know that, mother, but I will just run over and have a short interview with Fielden, preparatory to a longer one," said Tom, playing nervously with his knife and fork, and avoiding Mrs. Beauchamp's eye as he spoke.

My aunt of course knew that the leases, which seemed important enough to the mother, were at this moment only of a secondary interest to the son. Also, that it would take a great many minutes for the proposed talk with Mr. Fielden. She, however, made no remark, and it was Mrs. Beauchamp who resumed the subject after they left the dining-room together.

"Poor Tom is miserably unsettled," she said. "He is so anxious about dear Olive. The time passes very slowly in a house where there is serious illness. To a man, inaction combined with anxiety is terribly trying. I can see that my son is planning this visit to Longminster in order to run away, as it were, from himself. He will not be able to complete this law business to-morrow, or even enter fully into its details. But he will have something to distract his mind for a little while from his great trouble, and that will repay him for the journey and the lawyer's fee."

My aunt felt quite guilty as she listened. It was a real trouble to her to leave Mrs. Beauchamp under a misapprehension, but bound to secrecy, she could not break the promise made to my husband.

The letters usually reached Castlemount in time for Tom to open the bag and distribute the contents before breakfast. Generally speaking, his mother and Aunt Hesketh were present to receive theirs, but on the Tuesday morning the former had not come down when the letters were given out.

Mrs. Beauchamp had watched beside me during half the night, and needed extra rest to make up for this.

One of my aunt's letters was in a hand strange to her, and on opening it she found it came from Madame Leeson. Previous written communications from the *modiste* had been merely on matters relating to business, and were in the hand of her book-keeper.

The contents of madame's letter suggested a new complication. In it she told my aunt, in effusive language, that having been charmed at the interest she manifested in her *protégée*, she took the liberty to inform her that Ellen had by some means, obtained money to purchase her brother's discharge. For herself, madame wrote that she should have been delighted if the "*vaurien*" had been removed from Longminster, to return thither no more. But there was the mother to be considered, and Ellen adored her mother.

So this good daughter had, she was sure, made some great sacrifice in order to buy her brother off. Having accomplished this, she rejoiced, though by this act of self-devotion she had tied more firmly round her own neck the burden which anyone might have been glad to get rid of.

Madame Leeson did not know positively how Ellen obtained the money, but of course it must have been by disposing of some valued articles—souvenirs of better days, probably. At any rate, she had not borrowed it, and it was equally certain she could not have received it as a gift, though she had told madame that Captain Stokes tried to induce her to take it from him—thus confirming her former suspicions as to his motive for following Ellen to the hotel.

The letter finished with all the compliments usually to be found at the end of a Frenchwoman's communications; but there was also a postscript, in which Madame Leeson expressed her regret that she had not lent Ellen the required sum in the first instance, since the young man was to be set free.

My aunt read the letter, then gave it to Tom, without commenting on its contents. My husband also read it carefully, and remarked, "Poor girl! Can it be possible that after all she, pressed as she was on all sides, yielded to a momentary temptation, and took the diamonds?"

"I cannot imagine her capable of such an act," replied my aunt. "But the receipt of this letter has made me feel still more uncomfortable. Ought it to be shown to Mr. Fielden, do you think? No doubt Madame Leeson would regard it as a confidential communication. She was moved to write it by remembering the sympathy I expressed for the girl."

"I will see Fielden, and tell him the whole story," said Tom. "I must hasten to catch the train, but I will not take this letter, as I might be tempted to let the old lawyer see it, if I had it with me."

Away went Tom, leaving my aunt oppressed with a sense of accumulating trouble. She was very tender-hearted in all that concerned the young, and especially girls. She wished to believe in Ellen's innocence, but her confidence was somewhat shaken, in spite of herself, by the intelligence sent in Madame Leeson's letter.

My husband, in the meanwhile, was as eager to take counsel with Mr. Fielden as he had at first been to avoid doing so. He did not even make a pretence of beginning about the leases, but having obtained audience with the lawyer, dashed straight into the story of the missing diamonds.

If he had not done so, it is more than probable that Mr. Fielden would have mentally anathematised Tom for coming on a day when he was certain to be overwhelmed with business. As it was, he listened with the utmost attention whilst Tom told him how he had unclasped the necklet and bracelets, and seen that all the articles were safe. How he had gone down stairs, leaving me in the bedroom; together with all the particulars already related up to the time when, on asking Bedson, he ascertained that she had not found the jewellery amongst the contents of the boxes we brought back from Longminster. He also described his subsequent examination of my various drawers, etc., and his return to the hotel, and of the fruitless search made by Mrs. Musgrave in his presence and with his assistance.

"If I understand rightly, Mrs. Beauchamp's maid did not accompany her mistress," said the lawyer. "Did any of the hotel servants assist in re-packing her clothes?"

"No," replied Tom. "The chamber-

maid waited on my wife, but she was never alone in the room from the time I unclasped the diamonds, until the luggage was packed and ready to be carried down stairs. I have wondered if any prowler could have entered whilst my wife lay fainting on the hearthrug." Mr. Fielden no doubt took note of this suggestion, but he did not comment on it. He again asked: "Who packed young Mrs. Beauchamp's clothes? It is obvious she did not."

"She had some help from a young girl sent by Madame Leeson, the milliner in the High Street. Another girl named Fanny Gregg, a former inmate of Castlemount, was to have come, but she broke down from over-pressure, and madame kindly sent this Miss Martin in her place. She did this in order that my wife's maid might not have the journey to and from Longminster for only an hour's work."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, and Tom afterwards declared that he seemed to put a whole interjectional volume into a monosyllable, whilst his face assumed an expression of the keenest interest.

"This young person was a stranger to Mrs. Beauchamp, junior, I presume?"

"Yes," replied Tom, "but not to Madame Leeson, or many others. The girl is, in fact, a lady, and we—by we, I mean my wife's aunt and I—believe her to be utterly incapable of an act of dishonesty."

My husband gave a very ludicrous after account of the examination and cross-examination to which he was subjected by the clever man of law. In a surprisingly short time he had, as Tom expressed it, literally turned him inside out, and left him nothing to tell. He entered the office, intending only to reveal so much about Ellen Martin as referred to her actual ministrations to myself. At the close of it he stood looking ruefully at Mr. Fielden, feeling excessively angry at his own want of power to baffle his questioner, and with absolutely nothing more to tell.

The lawyer, moreover, returned his rueful glance with one of considerable severity, as he said, "Mr. Beauchamp, you ought to have come to me at once. This matter has been trifled with from the beginning. Of course your wife's serious illness—which I deeply regret to hear of—would have been an excuse for neglecting it altogether. But since you did begin inquiry and search with a view to the recovery of the diamonds, why not carry them out thoroughly, and avail yourself of experienced help at the outset? You have made a mistake, Mr. Beauchamp—a grave mistake."

My poor Tom might have been a juvenile delinquent hauled up by his schoolmaster, so small and helpless did he feel when *thus rebuked*, and he humbly inquired what would be the best course to take.

"So much time has been lost, that it is very questionable whether the best we can do will be of much avail. What might have been done, I hardly like to think of. I suppose I ought to compliment you on your kind-heartedness and unwillingness to think evil; but I am afraid I cannot. In this present nineteenth century world, those of us who are forced into contact with the darker side of human nature are apt to grow severe in our judgments, and give to some of our neighbours even less credit than they deserve."

Mr. Fielden wasted no more words on his client, but having summoned a clerk, he bade him seek out and bring to the office a certain James Smith.

"Now Mr. Beauchamp," he said, once more addressing Tom, "I must see some of the people who were waiting for me long before we began our talk. I must ask you to get through an hour in the best way you can, and then come back here."

The lawyer turned away in token that he had done with my husband for the present, and another client was at the same instant informed that Mr. Fielden was at liberty to receive him.

(To be continued.)

ODD CHARACTERS.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

By NANETTE MASON.

II.—SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

It does not sound like an aristocratic name. They called her Sarah Jennings.

She was the daughter of a Hertfordshire squire, one of a family of twenty-three children, so that she came into the world with more than her fair share of uncles and aunts.

Sarah grew up handsome and attractive. Energy characterised her, and ambition; but what showed themselves as early as energy and ambition were a violent, domineering temper and a vigorous tongue. These, however, were not so noticeable at first as her beautiful hair and fine eyes; for there is a charm in youth that makes people think lightly about defects of either tongue or temper.

When "our good Queen Anne" was but a princess, Sarah Jennings was fortunate enough to be chosen for her particular attendant. Now the princess was as unlike Sarah as anyone could be. She was timid and gentle, "dull, stout, and crammed with prejudices." Her intellect was sluggish, and no pains had been spent on its cultivation. No one ever heard of her opening a book. Another characteristic to be borne in mind is that when she had once resolved on anything, she was not to be diverted from her purpose—a characteristic which in common clay would be called obstinacy, but in a princess may be allowed to go under a finer name.

It was not long before the princess and Sarah became united in the closest intimacy. It was natural. The princess felt the need of a strongminded friend to lean upon—one who could both think and act for her. The two could hardly live apart, and when separated by chance now and then for a short while, they wrote to each other four times a day.

The princess held, rightly enough, that there can be no satisfactory friendship when a feeling of superiority exists on either one side or the other. With a view, therefore, of dispensing with all ceremony in her intercourse with Sarah, she made an ingenious proposal, by carrying which into execution "Madam," "Your Royal Highness," and suchlike expressions were entirely done away with.

"She grew uneasy," Sarah tells us, "to be treated by me with the form and ceremony due to her rank; nor could she bear from me the sound of words which implied in them distance and superiority. It was this turn of mind which made her one day propose to me that whenever I should happen to be absent from her we might in all our letters write under feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names her fancy hit upon, and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. My frank, open temper naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the princess took the other; and from this time Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman began to converse as equals, made so by affection and friendship."

At Court Sarah fell in with Colonel Churchill, a rising young officer destined to become, to quote the words of the Duke of Wellington, "the greatest man that ever appeared at the head of a British army." Sarah's sagacity and lively manner, combined with her beauty, made a deep impression on the colonel. He fell violently in love.

Sarah accepted him, and the two were married early in 1678. They had not much money between them, but it could hardly be called an imprudent step for a young officer to marry the favourite attendant of a princess.

Churchill—who by the kind influence of the Princess Anne was, after a time, created Earl of Marlborough—proved a faithful and devoted husband. He and his wife had one remarkable feature in common—that was greed for money. They had a positive mania for riches. There was a difference, however: the husband loved to hoard, whilst the wife was not unwilling to spend, especially when it was a case of gratifying animosity.

The friendship of the princess was of incalculable service for enabling the two to rise in the world. Submission to her "dear Mrs. Freeman" became almost a habit with Anne, and Sarah was not likely to let go her hold so long as she could keep open for herself and her husband the fountains of promotion and affluence.

The princess came to the throne in 1702, on the death of William III. "We have lost a great king," said Mr. Granville, "and have got a most gracious queen."

Her Majesty continued to do her best for her favourite and her favourite's husband. Before she had been three days on the throne the knighthood of the Garter was conferred upon Marlborough. Sarah was placed in the courtly offices of Groom of the Stole, Mistress of the Robes, and Keeper of the Privy Seal, which profitable posts—they were worth altogether over five thousand pounds a year—enabled her to continue by the side of the sovereign as closely as she had lived with the princess. She also had the rangership of Windsor Park granted her for life, with the especial object of enabling her to live in the Great Lodge.

The grasping and domineering character of the countess now had a fitting opportunity for display. The sovereign was completely under her dominion, and, through the sovereign, she lorded it over everybody else. "She is," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "the strongest example, perhaps in the history of the world, certainly in the history of this empire, of the abuse of female favouritism; and the most flagrant instance of the incalculable influence of household familiarity over the destinies of mankind."

She did an extensive business in the buying and selling of places in the Queen's household. "Within the palace itself was a busy market of all the offices of government. The Queen's own relations were kept at a distance, and all things were transacted by the sole authority of one woman, to whom there was no access but by the golden road."

Not satisfied with making untold sums by means of her position and influence, she accepted many substantial benefits from the Queen. As a specimen of these, take a portrait of Marlborough which Anne gave her. It was executed in the minutest style of miniature, and instead of being covered with crystal, was protected with a large diamond of the purest water. This artistic present was valued at no less than eight thousand pounds.

Sarah's two daughters, Lady Harriet Godolphin and Lady Spencer, were appointed ladies of the bedchamber. And that reminds us of a bedchamber insurrection which took place in the palace on the subject of old clothes. The royal left-off garments were claimed by the countess as one of her perquisites, but quite another view of the matter was taken by the bedchamber women. They asserted that they had better rights than she, and that they would stand it no longer. To make peace the good-natured Anne promised them five hundred pounds a year, and New Year's gifts besides; but even this liberal dealing does not seem to have calmed the troubled waters.

As actual manager of the royal establishment, Sarah, whilst enriching herself, contrived to keep her mistress ill-supplied with funds. Ready money was a luxury Anne had little acquaintance with. On one occasion, when she wished to give fifty guineas to a Mrs. Dalrymple, who had brought her a fine japanned cabinet from Scotland, it was more than six months before she could lay hands on that sum. Another time we find her borrowing twenty guineas from one of her ladies-in-waiting, to pay the funeral expenses of an unfortunate gentleman who had been totally ruined by his adhesion to her father's fortunes.

It was otherwise with Sarah and her husband. The two ran up their joint income till it reached the respectable figure of ninety-four thousand pounds per annum. In the first year of Anne's reign Marlborough was raised to the highest rank in the peerage; he and Sarah became duke and duchess. After the victory of Blenheim, in 1703, the manor of Woodstock was transferred by Act of Parliament from the Crown to the duke. "The gift, even in that form, was a noble one, but the Queen heightened it by instructing Sir John Vanbrugh to build a palace in the park at the royal expense, and although the works subsequently caused much anxiety to the duke and duchess, £240,000 of public money was spent on the buildings."

But queens' favourites, especially if they have a domineering temper, do not hold their positions for ever. About 1707 the duchess felt the ground slipping from beneath her feet, and how she unwittingly supplied her enemies with an avenger and herself with a successful rival is a curious story.

She had a full cousin called Abigail Hill, the daughter of a London merchant. Abigail was poor, and Sarah, ready enough to provide for her relations at other people's expense, introduced her to the Queen, and got her an appointment as one of the bedchamber women. In this humble post Abigail had to sleep on the floor, and was looked upon as of no account whatever. She was no beauty; she had poor health, and a very red nose. She was clever, however, well educated, smooth-tongued, and a regular schemer.

This poor relation was to be the cause of the haughty duchess's downfall.

Abigail's first steps in the royal favour were quite unknown to Sarah. She was even kept in ignorance of the fact that one morning her cousin was married, in the presence of the Queen, to a Mr. Samuel Masham. The bridegroom was hit off afterwards by Sarah's descriptive pen as "a soft, good-natured, insignificant man, always making low bows to everybody, and ready to skip to open a door."

The duchess had a suspicion that she was going out of favour, but could not at first imagine why. Then someone gave her a hint that she had a secret enemy in Abigail, and not long after that she made quite sure about the matter. "Being with the Queen," she says, "to whom I had come very privately by a secret passage from my lodging to the royal bedchamber, on a sudden this woman, Abigail, not knowing I was there, came in with the boldest and gayest air possible; but upon the sight of me stopped, and immediately asked, making a most solemn curtsey, 'Did your majesty ring?' and then went out again. This singular behaviour needed no interpreter now to make it understood."

She now found out the fact of the marriage, and discovered to her dismay that Abigail was become "an absolute favourite with the Queen, and the medium of secret communication between Her Majesty and the most dangerous enemies of Marlborough and herself."

"I was struck with astonishment," she says, "at such an instance of ingratitude, and should not have believed it if there had been any room for doubting!"

She wrote to Mrs. Masham, furiously upbraiding her, and Abigail sent her very able letters in reply; so well written indeed were they that the duchess could not believe them written by herself. In one of them Mrs. Masham forwarded a message from the Queen, kindly worded, though whether it was kindly meant is a question. "It was very shocking," Sarah remarks, "to be assured of Her Majesty's favour by one whom I had raised from starving."

The duchess next wrote angry and insolent letters to the Queen. These only served still farther to cool Anne's affection, and make her take a stronger liking for Mrs. Masham. As we have said before, Anne was stubborn, and she showed it in this quarrel with Sarah.

Stormy interviews now took place between the duchess and Her Majesty. After one of these, the duchess in making her exit slammed the door of the Queen's closet in such a temper that those in waiting several rooms off thought the sound was that of thunder.

Another day she spoke so loud that her shrill voice reached to the bottom of the backstairs, and the footmen in attendance there had the full benefit of her forcible observations. When Anne on this occasion could stand it no longer, she rose to leave the room. At once Sarah made a rush to the door, placed her back against it, and informed her sovereign that "she should hear her out, for that was the least favour she could do her for having *put the crown on her head and kept it there!*"

She stood and raged there for an hour, and the last words overheard were that "she did not care if she never saw her majesty again."

"The seldomer the better, I think," observed the Queen.

When the duchess afterwards published an "Account of her conduct," an answer to it appeared, evidently inspired, under the title of "The other side of the question." The writer of this answer accounts very justly for the termination of this famous friendship.

"The grand inference," he says, "that your grace draws is, that you were betrayed, but the inferences of the world are such as these: That the Queen was a captive and you her gaoler; that she was neither mistress of her power nor free to express her inclinations; that she was so far overawed by a length of oppression, as to dread the very approach of her tormentress; that she was forced to unbosom herself by stealth, and that she durst not enter upon a contest with your grace, even to set herself free from your insupportable tyranny, a situation so terrible that no private person would for any consideration submit to it, and consequently what a sovereign might justly endeavour, at almost any rate, to be delivered from."

The husband of Queen Anne—George Prince of Denmark, "a dull man," says Macaulay, "whose chief pleasures were derived from his dinner and his bottle"—died in 1708. During the illness which terminated his life the Queen had an anxious time of it, but no allowance was made for her by the duchess. She pursued both her and Mrs. Masham with fiendish malice.

When the prince was in his last agonies she forced herself into his dying chamber, and only withdrew on being ordered out by the now thoroughly-roused Queen. She went, however, only into an adjoining apartment, and continued her persecution of Anne till the funeral was over.

An extraordinary scene had preceded this by about two months. On the 19th of August, 1708, there was a grand service held in St. Paul's Cathedral, to return thanks for the victory of Oudenarde. The Queen went in state, and as Mistress of the Robes the duchess had laid out the jewels she was to wear.

Going up Ludgate Hill, however, Sarah happened to look at Anne's dress, and to her amazement and mortification saw that she had not put on the jewels. At once the thought flashed into her mind that Mrs. Masham was at the bottom of it, and out of pure spite had persuaded Anne to leave the jewels behind.

Without caring anything about the presence of thousands of spectators, she began to vent her rage on the poor Queen. Anne forgot her dignity too, and returned the scolding of the duchess with interest. They quarrelled at the door of the cathedral, and kept up the warfare of words even after Anne had taken her seat. The Queen spoke so loud that many of their fellow-worshippers turned and stared. At last the duchess brought the squabble to a full stop by a piece of unparalleled insolence.

"Hold your tongue," said she to the Queen.

"Was there ever," remarks one writer, "such another scene? A Queen and a subject quarrelling like two fishwives, and the Queen ordered by her subject to hold her tongue!"

This piece of audacity secured silence for the moment, but the Queen never forgave it. It was a stroke that no friendship could survive. The duchess, far from apologising, followed up the quarrel by a letter, repeating her suspicions about Mrs. Masham, and saying that "she thought she had chosen a very wrong day on which to mortify her, when they were on the way to return thanks for a victory obtained by my Lord Marlborough." In this epistle she enclosed a letter of the duke's.

Here is the Queen's reply:—"After the command you gave me on the thanksgiving day, of not answering you, I should not have troubled you but to return the Duke of Marlborough's letter safe into your hands, and for the same reason I do not say anything to that, or to yours which enclosed it."

The duchess now had the last word. She wrote again, pretending to explain away the word command, but had the coolness to tell her royal mistress that since she had not answered her observations, she flattered herself she had said several things that were unanswerable.

After this Sarah made many attempts to recover her lost position; but it was hopeless. It occurred to her at last that as insolence and audacity had failed she would try a milder course. She began by telling Her Majesty that before taking the Sacrament at Christmas she ought, if her religion was not makebelieve, to dismiss from her mind all enmity and harsh feeling. This good counsel was followed up by her presenting Anne with a handsome Common Prayer Book, in which the Queen found underlined all passages in the service that enjoined forgiveness of injuries. To this was added a copy of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," with the passages marked and the leaves turned down which recommended the necessary preparation for the Sacrament by casting out all resentment.

When the Queen went to St. James's Chapel to communicate, the duchess placed herself in her path. Anne gave her a gracious nod and smile, and passed on to the altar. No reconciliation followed. "The smile and nod," the mortified duchess remarked afterwards, "were only meant for Jeremy Taylor and the Common Prayer."

Mrs. Masham was now triumphant. She distinguished herself as dispenser of favours, just as the duchess had done. Comfortable berths about the Court were secured through her—for a consideration. If an officer wanted promotion, it was said that he could only secure it by "carrying Mrs. Masham's lapdogs, or putting a heavy purse into the hands of Mrs. Abigail Earwig."

There was a last interview between the duchess and the Queen. The duchess has left an account of it, and though she had brought her troubles on herself, one can hardly read what she says without a feeling of sympathy. With tears, but in vain, she begged—quite unnecessarily, one would think—to be told of any fault she had committed. At last her violent spirit got the better of her, and she predicted that Her Majesty would yet suffer for her inhumanity.

"That will be to myself," replied the Queen.

They parted, to meet no more.

The duchess now dreaded, as something disgraceful, a dismissal from her posts of Groom of the Stole and Mistress of the Robes. The blow came at last. The Queen intimated that she desired her to return the gold keys which were the token of these two offices.

Sarah refused to comply. She sent her husband to see if prostration and humiliation would serve her ends. On his knees Marlborough entreated for at least delay, so that the blow might be less mortifying. But pathetic appeals from such a quarter were thrown away upon Anne.

To make a long story short, the duke had to tell his wife that she must give up the keys. She refused. They argued the matter. The argument was long and stormy, and it ended, according to Cunningham, by her flinging the keys at his head. "Take them," she cried, "and carry them where you like."

The duke snatched them up, and hurried to the palace, where, says the authority we have just quoted, the Queen received them with far greater pleasure than if he had brought her the spoils of war. "The duchess," he adds, "flew about town in a rage, and with eyes and words full of vengeance."

Her exhibition of temper on this occasion was the delight of all her foes. She gave way to childish resentment. When she quitted her official rooms at St. James's, these looked as if they had been sacked by an enemy. The locks were torn off the doors, the looking-glasses and pictures rent from their panels, and the marble slabs forced out.

After the duchess had been dismissed from her offices, Marlborough himself was permitted to continue in his position for a short time; but his fall was only delayed till the last day of 1711. He took his reverse of fortune with more philosophy than Sarah. In a letter to her we find him hinting at one of the causes of her broken friendship with the Queen. "It has always," he says, "been my observation in disputes, especially in those of kindness and friendship, that all reproaches, though ever so just, serve to no end but making the breach wider."

"I cannot help being of opinion," he adds, "that however insignificant we are, there is a power above that puts a period to our happiness or unhappiness. If anybody had told me eight years ago that after such great success, and after you had been a faithful servant twenty-seven years, we should be obliged to seek happiness in a private life, I could not have believed that possible."

After the death of Anne, the duke resumed his old military posts, but he took little part in public affairs. He died at Cranbourn Lodge, near Windsor, on the morning of the 16th of June, 1722.

The duchess survived her husband for nearly twenty-two years. Widowhood toned down none of her singularities, but rather the reverse. She seemed to delight in being at enmity with all mankind, and in bringing her career to a close in the character of a "malignant old beldame."

The duke had left her an enormous fortune, and she did not spare it in making mischief, and indulging her ill-will. Quarrels with her family, with her servants, with politicians and authors kept her busily occupied. Much of her time and attention was devoted to the vindication of her husband's memory, which is a point in her favour not to be forgotten.

The wealth of which she was possessed brought even at her age many offers of marriage. She declined them all. Amongst her suitors came the Duke of Somerset, and in refusing to accept of his hand she proudly told him that "if she were only thirty instead of threescore, she would not permit even the Emperor of the World to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough!"

Of the quarrels of the duchess with her relations Lady Mary Wortley Montague used to tell a funny anecdote. One of the duchess's granddaughters was Lady Anne Egerton, who inherited a good deal of her grandmother's temper. The two came one day to high words, and parted, vowing never to meet again.

Now the duchess had a portrait of Lady Anne in her possession, and she made use of it to gratify her revenge. She did not give it away, nor sell it to a broker, nor send it up to a lumber room, nor even turn its face to the wall. She had the face blackened over, and this sentence inscribed in large letters on the frame:—

"She is far blacker within."

And thus placed in her usual sitting-room it was exhibited to all beholders.

The great Sarah was a good friend to the lawyers. Amongst the advocates whom she honoured with her patronage was the "silver-tongued" William Murray, afterwards the Earl of Mansfield. It was he of whom Colley Cibber wrote:—

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

He was a rising young man when her grace first took notice of him, and sent him a general retainer, with a fee of a thousand guineas, of which he was obliged to return nine hundred and ninety-five, explaining that "the professional fee, with a general retainer, could not be less nor more than five guineas."

She used to call on Murray at most unreasonable hours. One night, on coming home from a supper-party, he found King's Bench Walk in a great state of excitement. The duchess's carriage was there, surrounded by a little army of footmen and linkbearers. He entered his chambers; there sat the duchess. She gave a look of displeasure, and treated him to this piece of advice:—

"Young man, if you mean to rise in the world you must not sup out."

On a subsequent occasion she called without appointment long after business hours, and waited till past midnight in hopes to see him ere she went to bed. But Murray, who does not seem to have followed her counsel, did not return till the small hours of the morning. He found she had left in an overpowering rage.

"I could not make out, sir, who she was," said Murray's clerk, "for she would not tell me her name; but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality!"

In Pope's "Characters of Women" we have the duchess represented under the name of Atossa. Pope has been accused of taking a considerable sum from her grace for suppressing this character, and yet afterwards publishing it; but this has never been proved, and the story, to say the least of it, is not probable.

The poet scornfully depicts her as making life a warfare, and acquiring distinction "in exposing knaves and painting fools," yet being herself everything she hated and turned to ridicule. He gives her no credit for stability of judgment; points out her revengeful disposition, and how with her no passion was gratified except her rage. It was a loveless nature.

"Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live!"

Her stormy career lasted a long time. Exhibitions of volcanic temper did not wear out her vigorous constitution till she was nearly ninety. She died on the 18th of October, 1744, having by that time alienated all her friends, and numbered some of her own descendants amongst the most bitter of her foes. She retained the most affection for her dogs, which, she said, had "gratitude, wit, and good sense—things very rare in this country!"

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDITH'S SCHOOLING.

EDITH'S education was strangely desultory, but as she was in earnest in pursuing it, and as her mistresses were equally in earnest in imparting what they knew, she did not do amiss. It was delightful to her to know that she gave new life to the inmates of The Cottages. They actually rubbed up the rusty iron of their lore, and took to all sorts of accomplishments in her service. The expected guerdon from her father was second to the gift she bestowed—she and Fan—for they both brightened up the lives of the good ladies. Edith spent the best part of her day with them, and it might have made the cynical or satirical smile to watch her go from one flower-encircled door to another, to take her various lessons. But she saw nothing ridiculous in it. Her teachers were accomplished women, and each instructed her in the art she understood best. Neither she nor Fan had been thrown much with other girls, so they had not acquired the manners of the day. They did not call their friends, "Poor old thing," which is the pitifully respectful epithet by which young people speak of their elders, or patronise them as if they had been born before the Eocene period, whatever that may be; or take the words out of their mouths because they were "so awfully slow." On the contrary, Edith was grateful to them—genuinely grateful, and reproved Fan when she sometimes grumbled at Miss Vigors's "hard books." These they managed to study together when fortunate chance permitted, and nothing pleased Miss Vigors more than to deliver a lecture on some learned topic to the two girls, who were expected to take notes, and to give her a full, true, and particular account of it.

"People suppose, my dears, that because one is not certificated one knows nothing thoroughly. A great mistake," she said one day, as she sat, spectacles on nose, cap erect, and huge book before her, giving a history lesson. "I hate cramming. One ounce of well-digested food is more nourishing to the body than a pound of ill-digested. And so with the mind. One thing at a time. History to-day, geography to-morrow, and so on."

"I wish it was always geography," sighed Fan. "I should like to go all over the world."

"And I to stay at home," put in Edith.

They were a great contrast. Edith with her pale, fair, sweet, intellectual face, and small delicate form; Fan with her russet cheeks, black glittering eyes and hair, red lips, and strongly-built figure; a greater contrast, indeed, than were Edith and Janet. But Janet was Fan's favourite, and she never tired of asking questions about her and her education. Edith discovered that Janet had never planned to run away, but had only said how much she should enjoy it, when Fan had suggested the charms of a roving life. That Janet should actually be chained to the desk, learning languages of native teachers, and pursuing the "abstruse sciences," as she called them in her letters, bewildered Fan, while it delighted Edith. The sisters wrote once a week to one another, and the minute details on either side were quite a domestic diary, in which the ladies of The Cottages and the Monsieur and Madame of the Vale figured largely.

To return to Miss Vigors from this digression.

"I considered myself a traveller, my dears, when I was young," she said, "for I went with a family to Boulogne. Now people go from pole to pole. *Apropos* of the poles, Fan, what can you tell me about them?"

Fan, who was expecting a foreign episode, started.

"The poles, Miss Vigors! Why, they are the ends of the great, big axle, on which the earth turns like a wheel; but I never shall understand how the axle was pushed through, or how the earth runs round upon it, and we don't tumble off. Miss Aspenel says she does, but I don't."

"The law of gravitation——" began Miss Vigors, extending her hand, in which she held a paper knife, when there came a tap at the door.

It was Mrs. Clarville, and both girls rose to give her an enthusiastic greeting, as they always did.

"I fancied your time was up, Miss Vigors," she said. "I just looked in to arrest Fan before she goes home."

"It is more than up," said Fan, pulling out a small silver watch, a parting gift from her friend Jack. "It is nearly a quarter-past twelve, instead of twelve; and Miss Aspenel ought to be at Miss Lilyton's at twelve."

"Then you are kept in," laughed Mrs. Clarville.

"When I once begin my historical lecture, I forget time. Young ladies, you are dismissed," said Miss Vigors, who never forgot what she considered due to the scholastic scheme.

Fan put on her hat with alacrity, and went off with Mrs. Clarville, while Edith lingered to thank Miss Vigors for her painstaking lesson.

"It's a pleasure to teach you, my dear; but Fan!" Miss Vigors uplifted her hands significantly, while Edith busied herself in replacing the school-books beneath a curtain in the passage, improvised to conceal them.

Miss Vigors's sitting-room resembled nothing if not a bazaar. Every available space was covered with ornaments, to which even her favourite authors gave way, and were relegated to a bookshelf on the small landing. "Presents from my pupils, my dears. I, like her most gracious Majesty, our pattern Queen, have kept every gift I ever received, from childhood until now," she would say. To which Edith would reply, "How very nice of you, Miss Vigors!" and Fan, "No wonder you've got so many, ma'am, for that must have been a long time ago."

Edith hastened on to Miss Lilyton, who was seated at her piano, industriously practising the accompaniments to the exercises and songs she was teaching her. The piano and music stand occupied much space; and Miss Lilyton's room was not as neat as it should be. It was strewn with music, hymn-books, scores for the choir, and all the other accessories of village practice, for Miss Lilyton was the organist's right hand; indeed, people were so ill-natured as to say that not only she, but others of the "old ladies," as they were called by their neighbours, had an eye to the widowed rector.

But he knew better, though he and Mr. Harton would sometimes poke Miss Vigors and Miss Lilyton at one another, for they both loved a joke. Mrs. Lucy was not beyond suspicion; but nobody ventured to suggest Mrs. Clarville, who, having a grown-up son, was considered sufficiently provided for.

"Widowers, widows, and old maids are staple commodities at Roselands," Tom Harton would say to Mrs. Aspenel, when wishing to be amusing, which he was not by nature, only satirical.

However, to see meek Miss Lilyton giving Edith her lesson, you would not have supposed her capable of matrimonial aspirations; she was too much engrossed with her music. So was Edith, who loved both the art and her mistress too well to think of anything else while engaged with them. Fan once called them a Christmas rose and a snowdrop; and her illustration suited them well.

Fan was engrossed in serious conversation with Mrs. Clarville while the singing lesson went on. That lady had given much time to Fan of late, for she had discovered in her a strange spirit of restlessness, which she could not account for, and Fan would not.

Mrs. Clarville had undertaken the superintendence of the Sunday-school, in which Fan had a class that she managed remarkably well. Her pupils were devoted to her, and whatever Fan said was law. Of course she had her own irregular method of teaching, but she taught, and Mrs. Clarville did not interfere.

It was in connection with this class

and in reference to a previous interview that Mrs. Clarville wished to speak to her. Fan had already poured out her heart to this friend, on the subject that had frightened Edith, and had received counsel that she did not seem inclined to follow. When they were seated in Mrs. Clarville's pretty room, Fan began—

"Sir says that he will fight Squire Aspenel to the death before the gipsies shall be expelled from the common. He has offered to pay for the children's schooling, and Mr. Tom is in a great way. I can't live any longer with Mr. Tom, ma'am. I shall run away, I know I shall."

"Nonsense, Fan. You must stop and teach the gipsy children. If Mr. Harton will pay for them at the Board school, and we can get them to Sunday school, think what good we may do."

"They're too wild and dirty. Tidy children won't learn with them. They've no shoes and stockings, and wouldn't wear them if they had."

"But, Fan, the inspector has been down upon them and caught them. If they do not go to school they will be fined, and if they decamp, Mr. Aspenel will follow them up. They are liable to imprisonment for breaking the law, and he is resolved to root them out."

"Horrid old miser! How did he manage to be Miss Aspenel's and Miss Janet's father? Now I'm just like my fathers, and I suppose you are, ma'am. 'Cat after kind,' Mr. Tom says of me. But he isn't like Sir."

Fan looked reflective; Mrs. Clarville laughed.

"Heredity is a difficult question, Fan; but if you will help me and my son, we may perhaps be of use to your fathers, as you call the gipsies. Gerard is accustomed to meeting all sorts of people when he prowls about London to try and do good; and you know he and I visit the encampment most weeks. To-morrow is Saturday, and he will be down. If you will come with us, we will try to persuade the children to go to the Sunday school, as a preliminary to the Board school; you can have them in your class. Once bring the young under Christian teaching, and they will tell their parents of Him who died to save them."

"That's what I want to do. I must find my mother Clorandy, and ask her for my father, and give them the 'glad tidings.' That's the meaning of 'Gospel,' Mr. Austen told me."

Fan rose in her excitement, and stood before Mrs. Clarville.

"In God's good time, dear Fan, you may even do this. But first let us help our friends who are near us. Ask Mr. Harton if you may come with us to-morrow afternoon."

"Mustn't tell Tom. He's like a weasel. That's the same as a skunk which Jack killed, only it don't smell like those American beasts. Tom is always after me, and pokes his nose into everybody's affairs. I'll manage to puzzle him to-morrow, though, and put him on another scent, while we go to the common. I'll say Mr. Aspenel has sent for him—oh! it won't be a story, ma'am, for he has—and he'd make his way through the earth, like that dreadful axle, straight to the poles, for an Aspenel. How does the axle get through the earth? and what a big piece of iron it must be! I can't believe all that Miss Vigors tells us; and what's the use?"

This question was too deep for Mrs. Clarville, who, like Fan, found enough to do immediately round her, and never puzzled her brains over abstruse matters. She had, however, relaxed somewhat in her determination not to undertake Edith's coaching up in languages; for she read and spoke French and German with her whenever opportunity offered. But this was done with the proviso that no return should be made; for Mrs. Clarville had an independent spirit, albeit, poor lady, she was living, as she herself expressed it, "on charity." These anomalies are curious, and occur, turn where you will; but her pride resisted what it called being under an obligation to Mr. Aspenel. The founder of the "Homes" had nothing to do either with him or his family, therefore she did not owe her house or annuity to him. Edith, who looked on her as a perfect woman, did not understand the root of her apparent generosity.

While she and Fan were still discoursing of the plans for the morrow, Edith appeared. She was in haste, for it was nearly the Park luncheon-time. She said she would return in the afternoon, and then she and Fan departed together. She did return in the afternoon, and found her friend ready for her. Mrs. Clarville, though a clever linguist, was not a teacher, so the lesson was more conversational than theoretical; but they both enjoyed it. According to modern custom they discussed their English friends in French, and Janet and Gerard were their themes.

"I promised to go to Mrs. Lucy!" exclaimed Edith, in the midst of a maternal effusion. "I am learning a wonderful embroidery stitch, which she says is hundreds of years old, but which has been reproduced at the School of Art."

"Nothing new under the sun," laughed Mrs. Clarville, and Edith proceeded to Mrs. Lucy.

No one knew exactly how Mrs. Lucy managed to keep up with her age in the High Art school of needlework; but she did, and, it was shrewdly suspected, turned an honest penny—as many a richer woman does, to whom the sous are not a necessity—by supplying a certain shop with her work. Pride again! She did not confess this, but preferred conversing on past generations of Lucys to her own praiseworthy exertions. For she owed the power of helping occasionally the poor around her to the sale of the beautiful and fanciful designs that grew beneath her fingers. Edith admired and imitated, and Mrs. Lucy, in her most lackadaisical voice, generally wound up her lesson by, "My dear Miss Aspenel, you will soon surpass me."

She and Edith might have been themselves mediæval as they sat over their embroidery in that small Elizabethan room; for Mrs. Lucy had managed to save such remnants of her former home as were stiffest and ugliest. She called it æsthetic and artistic, and prided herself on having nothing absolutely modern in her very small abode. A great display of blue ware hung between the family portraits, and the village carpenter had surpassed himself in certain shelves that surmounted the chimney-piece, and contained crockeryware enough for the use of all The Cottages. She endeavoured to educate Edith up to High Art and High Church; but, as Fan said, "Miss Aspenel is too lowly for that sort of thing," and she did not make much way.

However, obedient Edith made the best of her opportunities, and was quite happy so long as she was not separated from her old friends and Nurse True. Her scholastic day would not be finished without a visit to bedridden Miss Lorne and energetic Miss Short, both of whom welcomed her, as did their faithful attendants, as moonlight on the evening of their lives.

(To be continued.)

VICTORY IS IN TRUTH.

By the Author of "Princess," "The Young Laird," "Conflict and Victory," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A SMALL drizzling rain was falling as Mary and her father drove to the docks, hardly speaking on the way, their pent up feelings too deep for words. Mrs. Wonham had remained at home to receive a fresh relay of lodgers, and now and again as she dusted the furniture, a tear fell to be hastily wiped away with the corner of her apron, and followed by another. Mary had brought youth and joy to the home, and a sense of utter loneliness crept over the poor mother as she plodded on with her work.

Mr. Wonham, forced to be back in time to wait on the tenants at dinner, had arranged to take Mary to the ship early in the day, leaving her in charge of the captain, until such time as Jim should meet and claim her at Bombay.

A berth as a first-class passenger had been secured, and every arrangement made for the comfort of this precious daughter.

"She's my only one," said Wonham, striving to steady his voice. "And a good 'un is Mary; she'll be the light of the ship, that's what she'll be."

"As it happens, she will be our only young lady on board," said Captain Johns, "and she is certain to be a favourite."

"Father," whispered Mary, with a hungering after every moment of his undivided attention, "come and look round the ship. I

want you and mother to know something of the place which is to be my home for five weeks. It will be a new world to me. Look at those coloured men."

"Lascars," said the captain; "capital sailors. I am afraid I must be off, if you will excuse me. I shall certainty look after Miss Wonham, and hope she will enjoy the voyage."

Mary and her father walked up and down the deck for some time, watching the men, and peering into every nook and corner. There were as yet no other passengers on board, and Mr. Wonham shrank from leaving his daughter, but presently hearing the hour strike he stopped short.

"I'll be 'aving to go, my gal," said he. "Don't forget us, Mary; we've loved yer well, and worked for yer. You're all we've got. God bless yer."

For some moments Mary saw nothing but a blurred mass of figures looming through a mist of tears, her father's arms still seemed to cling about her, his kisses were yet warm upon her face, yet he was standing there on the quay, alternately waving a red handkerchief and drying his eyes. By-and-by his figure faded into distance, and only strangers were about her. The business of life was stirring and throbbing around, her joys and sorrows mingling with the vast whole.

Mary sat gazing at the quays in a vague absent manner, dwelling in thought upon the past, and afraid to lift the veil of the future.

"Well, old fellow, I wish you a safe voyage," said a voice close to her. Two men were standing there; they had already been on the ship for some time, but the girl, lost in the newness of her position, had not perceived them.

"The passengers will be coming on during the next hour or so. You won't be alone for long; drop me a line when you've nothing else to do." The speaker shook hands with his friend, and in another moment was on the gangway. "I'd like to stop and see the last of you," he said, "but time's up, and I am due."

"Good-bye," said the other man. He leaned forward, waving his hand as his friend nodded for the last time, then turning, suddenly, knocked against the bag by Mary's side. "I beg your pardon," he said, "it's awfully clumsy of me. The truth is, I was looking the other way. Allow me." He stooped and placed the bag on the seat. "It's almost better not to say good-byes," he said, slowly, "they are always depressing, and I declare I won't be seen off. Circumstances, however, were ordered otherwise to-day; my friend insisted. Are we to be fellow passengers?"

"I suppose so," said Mary. "I am going on to Bombay."

"And I to Kurrachee. Well, I hope we shall have a pleasant party. Are you travelling alone?"

"Yes. Everything is made so easy that I shall get on very well. My father put me in a kind

"'I TOTALLY DISAPPROVE OF THE WHOLE PROCEEDING,' SAID THE CAPTAIN."

of way under the care of Captain Johns; he was anxious, as I have never been about quite alone before. Oh, here come two or three more people."

"I presume, then, that you are our one unmarried lady? You will be quite at a premium."

"Really!" laughed Mary, "it will be a novel sensation. I mean I am not used to very much society. I have led a quiet life."

"Then you are likely to appreciate the change all the more," said Mr. Ronald Adair. "I see by the passenger list we are to have several ladies, but men preponderate, Ah! there are some fresh arrivals, just opposite that knot of Lascars; they, by the way, must nave been a new experience."

* * * *

Before many days Mary felt quite at home on board ship. She was a good sailor, notwithstanding the stormy winds which at first beset them, and thoroughly enjoyed herself.

The first evening at dinner there had been rather a discussion as to whom should occupy the next seat to her; but this was speedily put to an end by Adair, who coolly, and as if by right of prior acquaintance, took the vacant place, having secretly bribed the steward with half-a-crown to arrange the matter for him. Mary was a great acquisition to the whole party, being musical, and perfectly willing to amuse her fellow passengers by playing herself, or in accompanying any of them in a song, or a violin solo. It was amusing to watch the manœuvres of the men to win some token of her regard. She was courteous to all, but Ronald Adair was the privileged one to give her his arm when she walked the deck; it was Ronald who placed her lounge chair in the shadiest corner, protecting her from the wind and the sun. It was he who sat beside her, reading aloud while she sketched, and in a way isolating her from the rest of the company.

Mary was at first unconscious of danger in this companionship. The present was very sweet to her. She wished it might go on for ever. She would not think of Bombay and Jim; all that seemed far off and unreal, as the days in Portman Square. She was drinking in the tones of a voice which each day seemed sweeter, and lived with her even when its owner had ceased speaking.

She had told Ronald of her life at Fontainebleau, she had said her stay in Portman Square had been of short duration (the lodging house was completely ignored; she had not entered into the matter of her worldly position); that she was on her way to marry her cousin Jim, at Delhi, with his regiment. Ronald, in return, had given an account of his life at home in the Scottish Highlands; of his aunt and cousins, with whom his early years had been spent since the death of his parents; of his first voyage to India, and his work there, in the Civil Service.

He did not care to talk much to the other lady passengers. Mary was enough for him.

He would live and enjoy these weeks of the voyage, he told himself. If there were pain to be borne later, he would bear it; for the moment the sea was filling his heart with some sense of its freedom, and in its smiling joyousness, hiding the yawning depths below, the tears, the groans, and the vain regrets.

It was when they reached Alexandria that Mary first awoke to the fact that she rested more on Ronald than was consistent for an engaged girl, and she turned with a start and a sigh to Jim's letters, where loving trust appealed to her in every line. He was awaiting her. He had been faithful for years to his early affection, and her parents expected her to remain faithful too. If for a moment she wavered, and the possibility of another future dawned for her, she as quickly pushed it aside.

By-and-by a new temptation arose. Her parents had considered Jim as the nearest approach to a gentleman among their acquaintance, therefore the fittest husband for their only child. Here was Ronald, with all the required attributes, and she loved him.

Mary closed her eyes. She would not fall into this snare. She would arrange to pass her time with the other ladies, and so to make the conversation general. For a few days she persevered.

She refused Ronald's accustomed attentions. "She was too interested in her reading to sketch," she said, yet when he retired, she stared at the page before her, seeing nothing but a blank, with Jim in a scarlet coat looming closer.

They were midway through the Red Sea, when one morning Ronald managed to evade all Mary's honest endeavours in the opposite direction, and to secure one hour's happiness.

"What do you think of young Lochinvar?" asked he. Mary was sketching in the vast expanse of sea, with its alternating blues and greens shimmering in the sunshine. Ronald was reading "Marmion" aloud.

"He was a daring lover," said Mary, without raising her eyes. "The genus has died out, with a good many myths and other things."

"No," said Ronald, leaning forward, "you may not have come across it down south, but among us the old customs still exist. There is a primitiveness and a certain respect for the ways of our forefathers in the north that one misses elsewhere. I would dare act as did Lochinvar."

"If the fair Ellen were willing," said Mary, mischievously. "Young Lochinvar was—— Captain Johns, come here, please, and give me your opinion."

"What's the matter?" asked that gentleman. "Ah! you were wise to take advantage of such colouring. Where will you find a landscape as variable as the sea, never two days alike? I ask for no sweeter nurse to rock me to sleep than the song of the waves—you're not used to it yet But what did you want to ask?"

"Mr. Adair is reading 'Young Lochinvar,' and seems to approve of his wild ride—absconding, in fact, with his lady-love. Do you think it such an heroic deed?"

"I totally disapprove of the whole proceeding," said the captain, gravely, fixing his eyes on Adair with a meaning glance. "The young lady was engaged to another man. Lochinvar caused her to break faith all round. No, no. I like fair play."

"All's fair in love and war," retorted Ronald.

"Not always," said the captain. "Promises are apt to be forgotten, and a general upset to take place."

"You are quite right, Captain Johns," said Mary, but even as she spoke she seemed to feel the grasp of Ronald's strong arms about her, and herself given up to him for ever.

"Captain Johns," called one of the passengers, and he moved away with a grim feeling of pleasure at having, as he thought, shown his dissatisfaction, and perhaps nipped any rising plans in the bud.

Mary looked out over the sea. It was not fair, she said to herself. It could not last. It was just the one gleam of brightness in a lifetime of grey shadows. So that future now appeared which Jim had portrayed in rosy hues.

"Your eyes don't tell the same tale as your lips," said Ronald. "You don't approve of so bold a lover; you would not trust him, and I—I would not believe a woman loved me unless she could dare something for my sake."

"We will change the subject," said Mary, quickly. "What time will the concert begin to-night?"

"Soon after dinner, I suppose. You will give me some songs, won't you?"

"I shall not sing," said Mary, lightly, while her resolution to avoid Ronald grew and strengthened with her wish to consent to his request. "I shall play for you all."

"Not sing? Nonsense! No one will hear of such a thing. You will be besieged with would-be hearers."

"And shall consequently be perfectly justified in refusing all. Seriously, Mr. Adair, I mean to volunteer to be the musician, though how I shall contrive to play all on a harmonium, I know not. They will all have to be in very slow time, which perhaps may be kinder on some of our more slow friends. As any way there will be a dearth of ladies, you gentlemen had better cast lots and sing in turn."

"If you play, I shall turn over the music pages for you," said Ronald. "I say, Captain," as that officer passed near him, "do you think we can persuade our eccentric friend with the fiddle to play for us to-night?"

"Yes, certainly; and, what's more, I am sure that good-natured Jones will sing a song or two. I'll lend him a speaking-trumpet, so that his voice may carry better; we've often resorted to that before."

"I have offered to play the harmonium the whole of the time," said Mary.

"A likely thing," laughed Captain Johns, walking away, "a likely thing, and you the only young lady among us."

* * * *

"What a difference between this and my former voyage out!" said Ronald, as, the music over, he leaned on the arm of Mary's chair. It was full moon, and the silver light rippled over the sea. To Mary they were drifting away and away in the light for a moment, but the future stretched out dark and mysterious as the impenetrable gloom beyond the track of the moonbeams. "I was a mere boy," continued Ronald. "I hardly knew of anything beyond my home, and fancied myself in love with our parson's daughter, a child like myself. I sometimes fancy that in passing through the Red Sea I drank a draught of Lethe that changed my very nature. New thoughts, new hopes, new feelings urged me forward, until the past grew faint as a dream. This time——" He paused.

"This time," repeated Mary, hardly conscious of speech.

"This time I cannot drink of Lethe—I cannot forget," he said. "Mary, why do you look at me like that? You know what I would say. You know that it is no good battling against our fate, that it is irresistible, and will break down every barrier. No, don't take your hand from mine, let it rest there—for ever."

"Oh! think of my claims," said Mary. "Jim loves me, he trusts me, he believes in my faith and honour. What are you asking me to do?"

"And don't I love you?" asked Ronald, fiercely, all the jealousy of the Highlander springing to life at the idea of another man sharing in the remotest degree the affection he desired. "What is the good of making two people half happy, and one utterly miserable? Other people have had to suffer before now. You may ask, why not I as well as they? I almost believe, if it were possible for you to love Jim, or for him to love as I do, I could give you up—mind, *almost* I say. But we are wasting time. It is not possible; we cannot part."

"Yes," said Mary, very low, "it is possible."

"Then you would sacrifice us both to a cousinly regard, which, in three months' time, will have wrecked your life? Is it reasonable? I have no grudge against the man individually. I never heard of Jim before. I take it on trust that he is all you say, and yet again I ask, can you choose between us?"

A terrible struggle was going on in Mary's heart. She had never before so fully realised her affection for Jim as an intellectual companion and cousin as different to the all-absorbing passion which drew her to Ronald Adair. Jim, quiet, trustful, working for years with the hope of her love as the crown of his life—she could grasp his pain at her defection—it was possible to contemplate; not so the parting from Ronald. She clung to him with the whole force of her nature, and, besides the love, there was the knowledge that as his wife she would move in the society for which her education and tastes had fitted her, the old galling humiliation buried for ever. It was one of those crises that comes perhaps once in a lifetime—when the demarcation between right and wrong is so faint as to be barely distinguishable, when every fibre of our nature urges us towards one course, and a feeble hand points towards another. She could not push the love from her; to renounce it would be to renounce all she held dear. Her lips refused to form the words which trembled upon them, but her hand still lay in Ronald's as he drew nearer.

"Mary," he whispered, as a hot tear fell on their clasped hands, "you are crying, dear. Oh! keep your tears until we have said good-bye, if it must be said. Let me think of you as I have always known you. No; I cannot let you go. We will both land at Kurrachee; we shall be there in a few days. We will be married there, and no one can part us then."

Mary no longer resisted. A force, against which she was powerless, had completely carried her away. She sat passive and silent, while Ronald poured out his plans, conscious only that those plans embodied her too, while the ship followed in the track of light, melting all the gloom that had gathered about them.

"My father and mother!" said Mary, faintly.

"We can write to them," said Ronald. "I will tell them I can give you all the luxuries of life to which you have been accustomed, that as my wife you will be in a far higher position than as that of an ordinary officer——"

"Yes, yes," said Mary, hurriedly, turning cold. Oh! fatal coil, that had again wound its folds about her. Position in life—an officer's wife—she saw Jim in his scarlet coat, and herself the associate of the soldiers' wives. The idea was repugnant to her; she turned from it—she clung to Ronald.

"I," she said, "I will write. My parents will forgive me. There is no going back now."

In her passionate endeavour to escape from the trials of her former days, and at the same time to follow the bent of her affections, she completely lost sight of the fact that where most she loved there she wrought the deepest wrong, by placing the impassable gulf of an unspoken lie between herself and Ronald.

* * * *

A week later they reached Kurrachee. There was so much to think about and to arrange, so many excuses to be made for Mary's change of plans, that dreaded letter to be written to Jim and entrusted to the captain. In it she threw herself upon her cousin's generosity, she asked his pardon, she told him how this marriage with Ronald would separate her from all that she dreaded, and then she touched lightly on his pain.

Captain Johns promised to deliver this missive into Jim's hand when he came to the quay to claim his bride, but as he promised he looked sternly at Mary. Mr. Wonham had in a way placed her under his care, so that, although he had no absolute authority over her, he felt bound to say something on the subject of her falling away from duty.

She bore his remarks in silence; she felt she had deserved them, but the future was hers, and Ronald loved her.

They had been married little more than a week when a packet reached Mary. It contained two letters—one from Captain Johns, the other from Jim.

"I have very sad news to give you," wrote Captain Johns. "On the way down to Bombay Mr. Saunders was taken ill with fever. He stopped at a friend's house, hoping that a few days' nursing would bring him round. All that could be done was done, but nothing could save him, and he died on the morning of the day he should have met you. Thank God, he never knew that you were faithless to him!"

The other letter was from Jim, written in an uncertain hand, and in some places almost illegible.

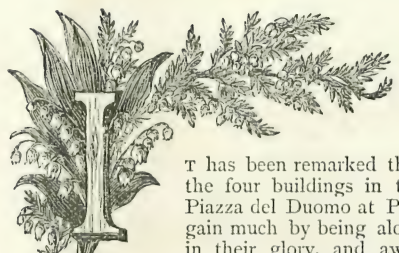
"Mary, dear, I shall never see you again in this world. At the moment when life was offering me her greatest joys, it has pleased God to call me hence. Do not grieve too much. It may be some comfort for you to know that your love has been most precious to me; that the having known you, and the thought of you, has helped to keep me straight in a land and amid surroundings that tend to bring out the evil in man, and repress the good. Good-bye. God bless and keep you always——"

Mary sat with the two letters in her lap, while a dull kind of stupor crept over her. Jim was dead! At the very moment when she pronounced her marriage vows he was lying dead among strangers, and with his last breath he had thought of her! He never knew her changed and faithless; his honest heart had held no fears; he had trusted her completely, and she had failed him. For a time a shadow of grief rested upon her, clouding these first hours of her married life, but by-and-by new interests and affections banished the sorrows of the past, and Jim lived in her memory but as one of those about whom the halo of family love has shed a never-to-be-forgotten chain of remembrance.

(To be concluded.)

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.



It has been remarked that the four buildings in the Piazza del Duomo at Pisa gain much by being alone in their glory, and away from the disturbing influence of the town. This is certainly the case; for though there is in Pisa little of that bustle and activity which are generally associated with cities, yet when we stand on the green sward from which the buildings rise, and gaze at their stately magnificence, it is a great advantage to be quite undisturbed—the deathlike stillness adds so much to the solemnity of the group, and enables us to revel in those thoughts of bygone ages which are certain to suggest themselves to the intelligent observer, be he ever so little of an archæologist or moralist.

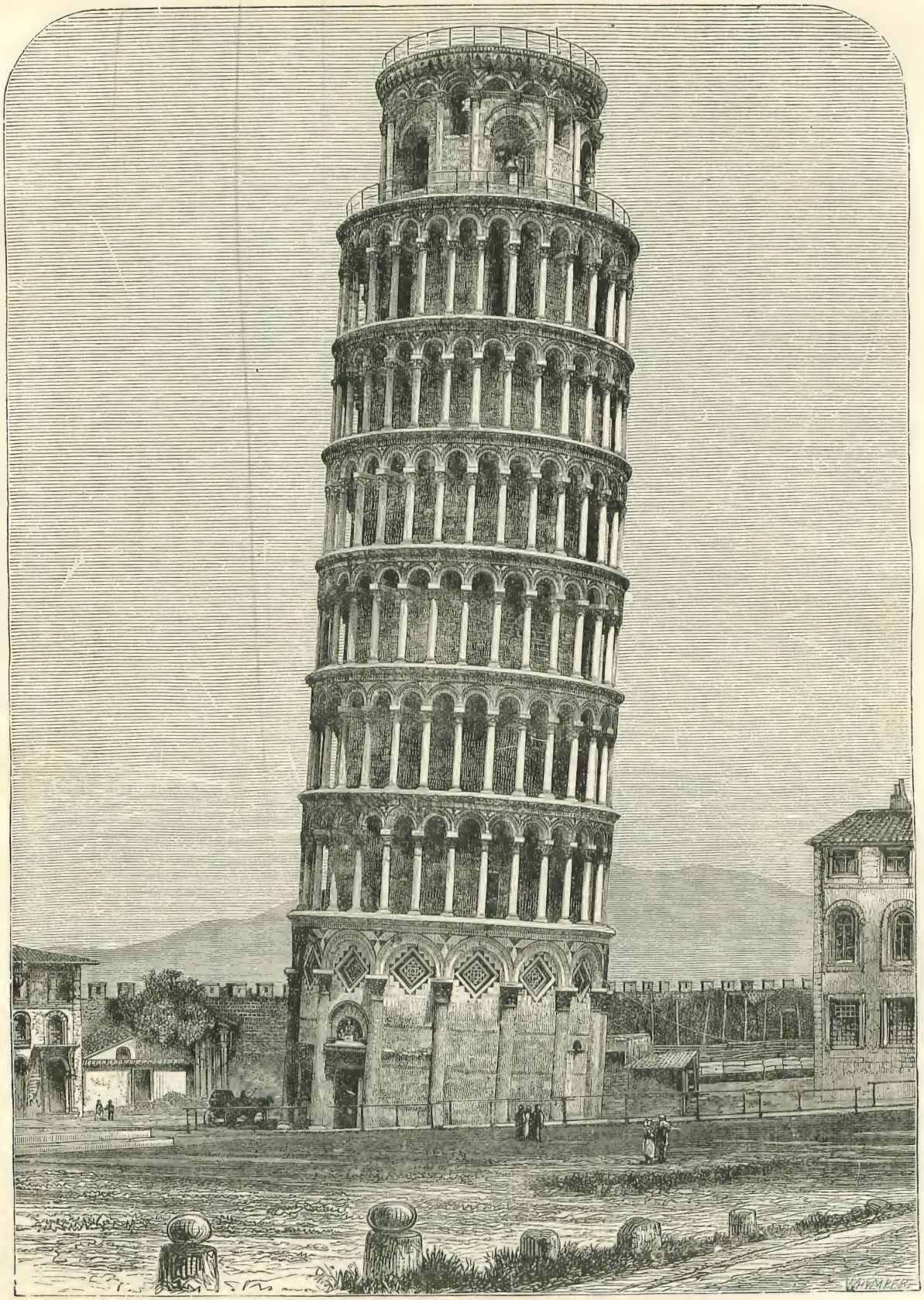
We turned our steps first to the Campanile, or, to call it by its more familiar title, the Leaning Tower; as whether deservedly or not, it is far more famous than its brethren, the Cathedral, Campo Santo, and Baptistery. Does it lean very much? Does it seem as if it is toppling over? These questions we asked ourselves, and while we agreed that "it inclines as much as the most sanguine tourist could desire," yet we thought, when viewed from a distance, that it does not give the impression that it is falling. But when we got underneath the falling side, so to speak, we altered our opinion, and thought the tower looked very unstable. The reason of this is that at a distance the tiers which were built to correct those that had given way are more apparent. Indeed, the upper portion of the tower is scarcely visible when one is immediately underneath the aslant side.

The beautiful design and grace of the Campanile are as noticeable as its curious slanting appearance. Cylindrical in shape, and consisting of eight stories of columns, bearing semicircular arches, it rises 179 feet from the ground, and is constructed of white marble, which has toned down into a lovely cream colour. The Campanile, like the Cathedral, Campo Santo, and greater part of the Baptistery, is Romanesque in style, and was begun in the twelfth century. A few people consider that it was designed to be out of the perpendicular; but this is hardly likely. The probability is that the foundations "gave" when the tower was being built, and this supposition is strengthened by the fact that the upper portion is built so as to correct the slanting appearance of the lower. It is possible, however, that this was done to preserve the tower from falling, and to keep the centre of gravity within the base.

It is undoubtedly the fact of its being so much out of perpendicular that has made this tower famous throughout the world. It is also certain that a great number of people know that there is a tower at Pisa which leans, but who know nothing of its architecture, and have never heard of the three adjacent buildings, which are of even greater beauty and architectural value.

Close to the leaning tower, and in the same style of architecture, though earlier in date, is the glorious Duomo. Consisting of a nave with double aisles, transepts also with aisles, and a dome, or, more properly speaking, a cupola over the centre, the Cathedral of Pisa is a perfect example of the style of architecture to which it belongs. Externally the façade is the most beautiful portion. It consists of five tiers of columns, supporting semicircular arches, arranged under a gable, similar in design to the Campanile, which, moreover, it exactly resembles in colour (or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Campanile resembles the façade, the latter being the older), the original white marble having assumed a creamy hue.

Grand as the cathedral is externally, when it is entered the majesty of the proportions and the perfection of the details almost take one's breath away. We entered the choir, and the moment we did so my friend separated from me in order to escape my "talk," as he called my criticisms and comparisons and



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

recognitions of objects we had read about. When first entering such a building there is, perhaps, something to be said in favour of casting away all details, and allowing the general effect to strike us—to shut out all criticism, in fact, and to allow the harmonious grandeur of the whole to give us that thrill of delight and astonishment which is perhaps somewhat diminished when we come to discuss its details, and to compare it with other buildings. Of course, I only mean this when we first enter a building, as we ought afterwards to find out its particular excellences and peculiarities, and even faults (if there are any), and it is only when this is done that we may be said to have seen it properly, and be able to form any judgment upon it. Besides which, if we trust too much to our emotions we can never classify a building, find out its historical interest, nor describe it to another.

The interior of the Duomo at Pisa is grandly harmonious and impressive, and, as before stated, it is a perfect example of its style of architecture, just as Amiens Cathedral and the west front of Rheims are perfect for Gothic work. In the form of a Latin cross 311 feet in length and 237 feet across the transepts, the church looks considerably larger than it really is. On either side of the nave are twelve marble columns of the Corinthian order, from which arches spring; above is another order of columns, smaller and more numerous; while to complete the classic character an architrave is carried along the nave between the arches and the gallery. The dome or cupola is supported by arches which rest on four piers, and the church is lighted by windows, chiefly of beautiful stained glass, situated above the second order of the interior. Many of the details, such as the bases, capitals, etc., come from an earlier building, but fit in excellently with the present structure; and the nave has a flat wooden roof very richly gilded, but the aisles are vaulted.

The furniture of the church is excellent. There is a restored pulpit from the design of Giovanni Pisano in the nave, and near to it a fine picture of St. Agnes, by Andrea del Sarto, and the twelve altars are said to have been built from the designs of Michael Angelo. But perhaps the most interesting thing in the nave, or indeed in the whole church, is the handsome bronze lamp suspended in the middle of the church, for according to tradition it suggested to Galileo the working of the pendulum. (See our illustration at the end of this paper).

In the right transept is the chapel of St. Raniero, who must have played an important part in the ecclesiastical history of the city, judging from the numerous representations and allusions to his life in the paintings of the Pisan school. Nearly all the cities in Italy have their particular pet saint or saints, the plural only referring to two, generally a man and a woman. Thus Siena has its Catherine and Bernardine, Assisi its Francis and Clare, Pisa its Raniero, and so on with the greater number of Italian cities. Whatever may be said for or against this practice, it is interesting to the traveller to find so many representations of one particular saint, and so many churches and streets named after him. One always thinks of the saint and the city together—the one suggests the other. Thus, who could think of Assisi, and forget the mystical Francis? and in reading the life of that singularly interesting man, would not the grey walls, ancient buildings, and glorious paintings of his native city rise up before us?

How the Italians, even now in this matter-of-fact age, cherish the memory of their native saint! How every detail of his life, whether historical or traditional, is fondly remembered! What an undying interest generation after generation feel in his deeds and words! We sometimes scoff at the Italians for this hero-worship; but after all it may not be a bad thing to take the example of a holy man for a model, and to imitate whatever was good and righteous in him! *We* are also hero-worshippers; but we venerate the name of a statesman or general who happens to have been a native of our town or village.

But I am wandering, and must return to my subject, the cathedral at Pisa. The nave has been spoken about, and we now come to the choir and apse, which are richer in ornament, as they escaped the fire which did so much damage to the building towards the end of the sixteenth century.

Before leaving the cathedral we must mention that the name of the architect was Buchetus, and a great genius he must have been, for the building is one of the most remarkable in Italy, and far in advance of its contemporaries. Its origin arose from the victory of the State over the Saracens in the middle of the eleventh century; the warlike Pisans having beaten the enemy at the port of Palermo, and returned home with six ships heavily laden with valuable booty. With a truly mediæval spirit they determined to spend their gains in erecting a mighty monument to surpass all others in architectural grandeur and costly splendour; and that this monument should take the form of a church is surely an evidence of religious fervour and gratitude to their Maker on the part of these ancient warriors.

Perhaps in some cases it would have been better for the Italians to have built fewer churches, and have expended more money on their poorer brethren; and a common idea with us is that the early Italian states exhausted themselves by building such costly edifices, and that a good deal of their decline may be attributed to this. But the opinion is hardly tenable; much more likely that it arose from civil and foreign wars, or, more likely still, from mere natural causes—the inevitable decline of all states and kingdoms that have had their share of civilisation and success, and have died, or are dying, a natural death. Nations are like individuals. However careful we are of ourselves, however particular never to commit any excess, anything, in fact, against the laws of health, and whatever pains we take to ward off decline, we shall most inevitably follow the natural course.

"At first from age to age we ripe and ripe,
And then from age to age we rot and rot."

And as the Italian states had their share of success, they only followed the example of all things human in declining from their former prosperity.

But as I write this, the fact comes before me that, notwithstanding its wonderful classic and mediæval past, Italy as an united state undoubtedly has a future before it, and even at the present moment is a great country, and one of increasing prosperity. This does not contradict the above, for the old states and their capital cities have sadly declined, but the spirit and enterprise which so greatly distinguished them still live in many parts of Italy. Like a man who has had local ailments, but whose general health is reviving, the glorious peninsula may again be foremost in the world, and defy old age, and prove itself the one country which can never die.

After the cathedral we visited the Baptistery, a beautiful circular structure also of white marble, and built in three stories surmounted by a cone, next to the leaning tower the best known building of the group. It was stated in the last article that the Baptistery even by moonlight was seen to be more ornate than its companions. Daylight showed us that this ornamentation is of a different date from the main structure, and is pointed Gothic.

Commenced in the middle of the twelfth century, thus later than the cathedral, but rather earlier than the Campanile, the Baptistery was started in the same style of architecture as those buildings, but owing to lack of funds was not completed until the fourteenth century; and the mediæval men, who nearly always built in the style in vogue at the time, added the Gothic additions, which are said by purists to mar the general effect. Nine people out of ten, however, will agree that the later additions add very much to the beauty of the Baptistery, and make it externally the most attractive building in the Piazza del Duomo.

As we were entering we heard what appeared to us to be the tones of a grand organ—a sonorous, majestic, and perfect triad, which could only proceed from the diapason notes of the king of musical instruments. The moment we entered I looked for the organ, but saw at a glance that there was not one. Could the sounds have come from a harmonium? No, they were too clear and "pure" to have proceeded from that instrument. As we were wondering from whence the sounds came, another triad was heard, bell-like and beautiful, and we then discovered that the harmony was simply caused by the custodian singing three notes in succession. We could scarcely believe it; pleasing echoes are no doubt often produced by these means, but that such beautiful sounds could be thus caused seemed almost incredible. This may seem an exaggeration, but I am sure that the majority of people on entering the Baptistery and hearing such harmony would have been convinced that the building contained a very perfect organ.

The interior of the Baptistery is not especially interesting, except for the superb pulpit by Nicolo Pisano. This great work, one of the masterpieces of a great genius, is hexagonal, and rests upon nine pillars. There are five bas-reliefs, all of surpassing beauty; four representing scenes from the life of our Lord, the remaining one being the Last Judgment. The sixth side of the pulpit is formed by the staircase.

After seeing the Baptistery we walked about the piazza, ascended the leaning tower, and entered the cathedral again, and it was afternoon before we found ourselves at the entrance of the long, low building known as the Campo Santo, or garden of the dead. Externally, it is less interesting than its three companions, but its interior contains valuable monuments, statues, and sarcophagi, and above all its walls are covered with original frescoes of extraordinary interest and value. The building is 415 feet long, and was chiefly built in the thirteenth century, from the design of Giovanni Pisano; there are, however, many Gothic additions of a later date. The frescoes are almost all of the fourteenth century, and the finest are the work of the Pisan painter, Andrea Orcagna. Many of the frescoes are of huge size, and contain several scenes, being, in fact, perfect histories on walls. Some of the pictures are allegorical, such as "The Triumph of Death"; others descriptive, like the Life of St. Raniero; some contain perfect Biblical histories, and others consist of vast representations of the Crucifixion, the Last Judgment, Hell, etc.

Many tourists just glance at the frescoes, and seeing their damaged appearance pass on, and thus miss many a lesson in early Italian art, and many a charming mediæval legend quite intelligible to the careful observer. But above all they miss the grand Christian truths portrayed with such realistic ability by the old painter and moralist. For instance, how much is taught by the huge picture on the south wall, evidently allegorical of the Triumph of Death! Look at the cavaliers and ladies seated under orange groves, sumptuously apparelled, and listening to sweet music! The people are evidently of high degree, and the group is

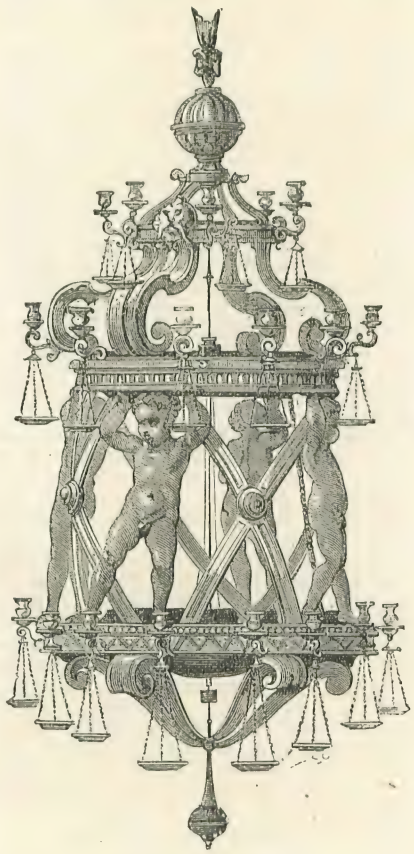
symbolical of the pleasures of life. But lo! Death is approaching them in the guise of an awful woman swinging a scythe. Many princes and dignitaries have already fallen under her ghastly weapon, and their souls in the guise of infants are seen emerging from their bodies; some to be borne upwards to realms of eternal peace; others, alas! in the hands of fiends, are carried to the regions of the lost, here represented by a fiery volcano; while a few are the objects of contention between angels and demons, who wrestle with one another for the mastery. How this portion of the picture brings before us the unexpected and fearfully unwelcome approach of death! How we despise the pleasure and frivolity of life, when we realise what its termination may be! Then turn to another portion of the picture and see a group of God's poor—men and women in rags, suffering from crippled limbs and incurable maladies. The world has no joys for such as these, and they pray for a deliverance from their life of unending misery and pain. But death hearkens not to their cry, and pursues her way where she is most unexpected and most unwelcome.

These two groups form one part of the picture, and are separated by a rock from two other subjects. The lower of these is a party of richly attired men and women on horseback, accompanied with dogs and falcons. They are evidently returning from the chase, when their path is intercepted by three open sepulchres, and near to these an aged man holding a scroll containing words which refer to death. The hunters are not impressed; the sepulchres point no moral to them; and one of the party holds his nose to escape the smell of corruption. One charming lady only is touched with the sight, and bows her beautiful head with an expression of great sorrow. Thus it is with us. We are continually brought face to face with death, but few, very few, of us learn from it the lesson we might. "Of course people are always dying; but it is not my turn. I am not going to die yet."

Above the hunters is a group of men who are engaged in tilling the land, milking a doe, and reading for their own and other people's benefit. These are the true philosophers, and death, which they neither fear nor long for, is here not portrayed.

The "Triumph of Death" is perhaps the finest work in the Campo Santo; but the picture of the "Last Judgment," also on the south wall, and by the same painter, Andrea Orcagna, is very interesting. As usual, the blessed are to the right of the picture and the wicked on the left, while below is the earth, where the graves are open and giving out their dead, angels parting the good from the bad. Those on the right side have a beautiful, tranquil expression, but it would be hard to describe the agony and utter despair of the lost. Orcagna has, indeed, represented the awful character of the final judgment with terrible power, and well does he bring before us the incalculable difference in the ultimate fate of those that have led a good life and those that have abandoned themselves to sin.

The "Pandemonium" is attached to the left of the picture of the "Judgment," and is really a continuation of it. Here, of course, everything is horrible. Seated in the centre of the picture is a colossal figure of Lucifer, with the horns and forehead of a bull, and the snout of



GALILEO'S LAMP.

a wild hog. He is chewing and spitting out a figure—probably Judas—and round about him and beneath are the wicked, and from the various devices we can guess what were their besetting sins. Thus, a series of figures with their hands tied behind them, seated at a table spread with viands, are the gluttonous. The group gnawing their own flesh are those that have given way to anger. The tongues of the malicious and calumniators are being drawn out with pincers; and vanity, the most curious of all, is represented by a group of women with high hats, somewhat resembling the present fashion, only of paper; their faces are hideous, but they hold hand-glasses, and are intently gazing at themselves.

The "Pandemonium," though designed by the great Orcagna, is the work of his brother, and is garish and coarse, vastly inferior to the "Judgment" and the "Triumph of Death."

The three pictures which I have attempted to describe are the most interesting in the Campo Santo; but many of the others deserve to be carefully studied, as also do many of the monuments and sarcophagi. But we must now take leave of the Campo Santo, and also of the Piazza del Duomo; but, before leaving Pisa, I will relate a little adventure we had, which shows that the women touts no less than the men are ever on the look out to "turn a penny," whether honest or otherwise.

My friend and I were choosing a Carrara marble model of the Baptistery, in a shop adjoining the little chapel of La Madonna della Spina, when we found that we had not brought sufficient money with us, so I returned to the hotel to get more. On returning I could not find my friend, and an old woman, who appeared to be looking out for me, pointed to the door of the chapel, and said in good English, "He is in there." I accordingly entered the chapel, and she quickly following, locked the door after her, and commenced to describe the altars, statues, etc., to me. But my friend was not in the chapel, and I saw that a trick had been practised upon me, and telling the woman to "stop jabbering, and let me out at once," I commenced to tug at the door. She laughed, held up the key, and continued her remarks on the chapel. It was very annoying. I could not get the key without a struggle, and that of course was out of the question. But I was not to be "done" so easily, and I threatened to shout if she did not let me out at once. This she said she was willing to do on payment of a lira, for showing me the chapel. I paid the money at once, glad to get off so easily, and returned home to the hotel, vowing vengeance against the rascally Italian touts.

Meanwhile, my friend, who had taken a walk, and thus missed me, returned to the marble shop, thinking I should be there. The old woman was evidently on the look-out for him, and she had the cool impertinence to decoy him into the chapel with the same pretext which had been so successful with me. In fact, my friend was even worse off, for he had to give two francs for his ransom, probably because I had paid up so willingly.

We afterwards met the woman, and she, not in the least disconcerted, made us a low curtsey, and muttered some words of thanks, and we could not help laughing at a trick which was so characteristic of the Italian tout.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

WIT WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.—Wit without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in the night to the top and by skilful hands may soon be whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

ON GOOD TERMS WITH EVERYBODY.—If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

SLOW PROGRESS.—One reason why we all grow wise so slowly is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

THE DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHER.—There was some philosophy in the hen-pecked husband, who being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

LOOKING BACK.—Joyful remembrance of wrong actions is their half repetition, as repentant remembrance of good ones is their half abolition.

MODEL HUSBANDS.

There are a good many men in this world who know all about what a wife should be, but who have very hazy ideas about the component parts of a model husband.

A STRAIN ON THE AFFECTIONS.—A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections.—*George Eliot.*

SUPERIOR LANGUAGE.

"Mamma," said Mrs. Meagrim's daughter,
"The superfluity of water
Destroys its flavourality,
And quite obnoxious makes the tea."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our portrait of Mrs. Craik, published in the preceding part of this magazine, is from a photograph taken by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, Cathcart Road, South Kensington.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Sailor's Daughter.—Classes for the teaching of the Swedish gymnastic exercises are held in the Edgware Road, W., as also, we believe, elsewhere in town.

Nellie.—See answer to "A Sailor's Daughter" respecting physical exercises good for the improvement of the figure; also inquire at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, W.

Anxious.—The International Exhibition of Glasgow, to be held next year, will have a special section devoted to "women's industries," and there will be a preliminary exhibition of plain needlework, which will be held first in London.

Nessa should read our articles on Heraldry, where she will find information respecting ancient mottoes, and much that will interest her. The articles are but recently completed, and succeeded by subjects of a kindred character.

Lady Clarissa has our thanks for her recipe for certain troubles connected with the wearing of tight, hard, or ill-fitting shoes; but of which (we find it requisite to tell our girls) no one ever speaks in "polite society." It is very vulgar to speak of them excepting in the privacy of a bedroom, and to a very intimate associate. However, we willingly give the recipe. "Mix some tallow and carbonate of soda very well together, and grease the painful supernumerary night and morning." We should suggest a nicer description of ointment than "tallow" as an adjunct to the soda. "Clarissa" omits to name the proportions.

Dicipulus.—We sympathise with you in your trouble, and are glad that you know where to look for strength and consolation. Your verses are lacking in originality of thought and beauty of language, though fairly correct in point of versification, according to the rules of rhythm.

Lover of "G. O. P."—The anchovy was not uncommon in former times on the English coast, but the best ground is at Gorgona, a small island off Leghorn. It is a tiny fish, and belongs to the herring family, the largest being about three inches long. Its home is the Atlantic, and it passes into the Mediterranean in great shoals for spawning. It is taken at night-time in immense quantities, in May, June, and July. The small boats engaged in the fishing have little lamps at the stern, and the fish are attracted by the light in such numbers that they are taken in bucketsful out of the water.

Westbourne Grove.—Small jackets are as likely to be popular as ever this winter for the young as well as for those who are of maturer age, who wish to obtain an inexpensive and not too heavy garment for walking wear. If yours is to be worn in the country, why not have one of the new shape, called the "pea" or "middy jacket," made of navy blue or black pilot cloth? Other shapes, however, look best in beaver cloth. The very newest jackets have longer basques, and have two side-pieces, and no darts in front. There are many large cloaks, and of one of them we shall have a paper pattern in time.

White Heather.—We do not think any of the books you mention are of much value. The last edition of "Cruden's Concordance," corrected by the author himself, was that of 1769, in 4to. It is a good edition, but not of much value in money.

P P. had better go to the National Dental Hospital in Great Portland Street, W. We cannot promise her that she will find her teeth taken out by gas. Certain unattractive-looking pincers will be employed; but we think they will give her the use of gas, if desired, to render her unconscious of the operation.

Madge gives us "a piece of her mind" respecting the superiority of her own to "the opposite sex" in some respects, and complains that girls have no other recreation than to sit at home and mope, or walk about the streets. Alas, poor Madge! Your views of pleasant possibilities, and of a happy and useful life, are grievously be-fogged. You are mistaken in thinking that there are no "swimming clubs" for girls, nor gymnasium and calisthenic classes; and as to tennis, and even cricket, there are mixed clubs for both. Girls can also ride tricycles and sociables. Why not form a little private society among your friends for mutual recreation and instruction, and for useful work—including music, drawing, needlework, reciting, and walking parties, etc. There are swimming baths in the Queen's Road, Bayswater, W., and a variety of classes of a useful and recreational character are held in the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, W.

Factory Girl.—Camomile tea must be taken fresh. Were any spirit or drug put to it to keep it from turning, we think it would be unsuitable for you to take. We are glad that you and your friends derive benefit from our prescription.

Anxiously Waiting.—The small spiders, whose gossamer threads are extended across the garden walks and from shrub to shrub, contrive to make their fairy suspension-bridges by waiting for a favourable breeze, and then swing themselves across, and alight on the opposite side, where they make fast their silken ropes. After you have pressed a flower, according to our directions, brush it gently over with a thin solution of gum arabic, or a fine transparent white varnish.

Pinkie.—We scarcely understand your difficulty. How can it be "wrong" to do as your Heavenly Master commands? "When ye pray, believe that ye have the things that ye ask for, and ye shall have them." "If ye shall ask anything in My name I will give it you," etc. Of course you could not expect such an answer to any prayers not justified by divine authority; such as prayers for great wealth, and fame, and greatness. But we may ask for a blessing on honest work, and for our daily bread, and for the sick and suffering, and protection in danger, as well as for grace and faith and guidance.

Georgie.—We really must decline to repeat ourselves so often about such simple things. Look for Everton toffee in our indexes. The inventor of this luxury for children withheld his name from the public, although doubtless it was known in some private circles. He was a medical practitioner at Liverpool, and benevolently sought to benefit one Molly Bushell, who lived in a cottage at Everton in 1759, by giving her his own recipe. Molly kept the whole secret, and made her fortune.

Polly.—The coin you name is of no value. The letter "H" placed under the date on some pennies and halfpennies is meant to indicate that they were struck by the Messrs. Heaton, of Birmingham, and not at the Royal Mint, owing to the inability then existing at the Mint to supply an extraordinary demand. A hundred tons of bronze coinage were manufactured in Birmingham during the year 1874. If your freckles come in the hot weather, they are what are known as mere summer freckles, produced by the action of the sun on a very thin, transparent outer cuticle, and they are not necessarily permanent. If they be cold freckles, not produced in the summer season, they are the result of some improper condition of the system needing medical advice.

Intending Bee-keeper.—If you keep bees you will find beetles, hornets, drones, and moths their worst enemies, especially the death's-head or hawk moth. This latter is nearly as large as a small bat, and emits a sound somewhat like that of the queen bee; and with the same paralysing effect on the working bees. We suppose it terrifies them. To preserve the hives from beetles, surround the legs of the stand with a little unslaked lime. Let your bees have a good garden within a short distance of a sunny, flowery hillside—that is, within about two miles, for if they have to travel far the stock will not thrive.

Nobody's Own.—1. You are very unwise to set your heart so much on changing your present condition. You seem to be blessed with a comfortable home, and as you are not obliged to earn your bread, you have the more time to devote to others. Try to study what will help and please the members of your own home circle, and to organise a little society amongst your young friends for helping the sick and sorrowful by your visits or handiwork. If your Divine Master should require you to undertake new responsibilities as a married woman, He will send you a suitable husband. 2. All fish do not sleep. The carp, dace, gudgeon, minnow, roach, and tench all sleep periodically, and among saltwater fish, the bass, dory, dogfish, conger eel, and wrasse, and all flat fish likewise. But goldfish never do; they rest periodically; and so do the pike, angler-fish, and *salmonidæ* family. This all rests on the authority of Mr. Coates, who made experiments in connection with the Inventions Exhibition at the South Kensington aquarium. Let your goldfish rest undisturbed when you see them disposed to be quiet.

Ignoramus inquires how many styles of architecture there are. In England the Anglo-Saxon prevailed previously to 1066. After that six styles followed successively, viz., the Norman, Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, Tudor, and Jacobean—which latter prevailed from 1603 to 1641. It would occupy too much space to enter into descriptions of each. You had better get a little manual on the subject of architecture.

Mary E.—We could not recommend Florence as a winter resort for a consumptive patient, nor as suitable to one liable to bronchial attacks. The wind is too sharp. If you decide on going there, take apartments in an open square, such as the sunny Piazza Sta. Maria Novella; and avoid the streets, which are cold and draughty, and most of them entirely without sunshine, being so narrow, and the houses so lofty. But we should recommend Pisa for such cases. Good front bedrooms can be had at some of the hotels on the Lung' Arno at two francs a bed, if taken for a few days, while looking for permanent quarters.

Nora.—Yes, certain wax effigies of the kings and queens and some others were formerly shown in Westminster Abbey; but they were removed in 1839. The exhibition used to be called "The Play of the Dead Volks," and in "The Ragged Regiment" Dryden alludes to it.

Mary.—You had better procure a book on geography. We have one published at our office (56, Paternoster Row). Hallamshire is only a portion of Yorkshire, in the West Riding. It derived its name from the ancient manor of Hallam, the court, or aula, of Earl Waltheof, which manor and hamlet were destroyed by William the Conqueror, the people having stoutly withstood him. There are other districts also called "shires," not so described on maps, as Bamboroughshire, Hexhamshire, Islandshire, and Norhamshire. Hallamshire includes Sheffield, Ecclesfield, Bradfield, Treeton, and Whiston. We thank you for your kind appreciation of our paper.

Little May.—We are glad that as you delight so much in flowers you have so nice a garden. But always remember that others are as fond of them who have none, and when you can send or take a few to old or sick people, you will be showing your thankfulness to the Great Giver. The reason that some flowers seem to go to sleep is that they love heat, and when they lose the warmth of the sun they droop their petals towards the earth, to obtain what they can from what is called radiation. You will understand this better when you remember how hot things smoke and send up steam. If the earth did not send out some of the great heat which the sun gives it, the ground would become too hot for either the plants or ourselves. The flowers would not droop their heads at sundown if exposed to heat overhead at night.

Sufferer.—We should be glad to be able to give an unfailing prescription to sufferers from cramp. It is usually the result of acidity, and certain drinks and food will produce it in certain habits. A dose of magnesia or bicarbonate of potash will often be of service in curing the cause. Some people derive benefit from cork bandages, and, when in the leg, from a tight ligature above the affected part. Cramp rings were superstitiously employed as having been consecrated for the purpose of cure on Good Friday; but they were not efficacious from any inherent qualities, like magnetic chains and belts. Simple prayer in faith for relief to the Great Physician would be better than using cramp rings. One preserved in Westminster Abbey, supposed to be effectual in the touch by persons afflicted also with the "falling sickness," is said to have been the origin of the hallowing of rings by some of our English kings on Good Friday. This original ring was reputed to have been brought to Edward the Confessor from Jerusalem. In a letter dated June 21, 1518, Lord Berners (ambassador to Charles V.) requests Cardinal Wolsey to send him some "crampe rings" to Saragossa. (Harleian MS.) We should rather recommend strict attention to your diet, and avoidance of sweetmeats more especially.

Milkmaid.—A good dairy cow ought to yield about 6 lbs. of butter a week in the summer, and half that amount in the winter. Making due allowance for the season of being dry, she should give on an average about 200 lbs. a year.

Sunday School Teacher.—The word "Maranatha," employed in 2 Cor. xvi. 22, means "The Lord is at hand!" It has no connection with "Anathema," further than as being a sort of warning to those who reject Christ, whether St. Paul meant that the Lord was actually though invisibly present to take note of all unbelieving words, or that His coming to judge them was near at hand. In teaching your class endeavour to make the children speak and answer questions, so as to make them use their minds and reflective powers; and do not make long discourses yourself. They will not give their attention to what you say unless you teach by the telling of an interesting story. So make them tell all they know, and say all *they think; and then set* them right if wrong, and explain what they do not understand. The word "Alleluia" is Hebrew, and is derived from two words—"Allelu" means to praise with jubilation, and "Jah" is the divine name (for God).

S. A. and Louie complain of the infirmity of stammering. Why do they not follow the advice we have often given to read aloud in private, and beat time to every syllable; taking in a long, full breath at the beginning of every sentence, and keeping the lungs always well filled? This is the method prescribed by Dr. Warren, and one which has proved most successful. Do not attempt to speak fast. The average height of men in England is 5 ft. 9 in., when measured in the morning, for the vertebræ of the spine sink closer together after the fatigues of the day. The average height of English women varies from 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 5 in., and our people do not attain their full height until twenty-two years of age. According to Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, the Irish are taller than either the Scotch or English. The average height of men all over the world is 5 ft. 8 in.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

PEACE ON EARTH,
GOODWILL
TOWARDS MEN.

A FLEECY cloud came drifting down the wakened sky,
When Christmas bells were pealing forth their minstrelsy;
And Earth was glad, for Time had brought again the morn
On which her Christ, her Hope, her promised One was born.
Within the bosom of that heavenly cloud there lay
A messenger celestial—sent to earth that day
To reign as king, in place of one whose parting knell
Was mingling with the echoes of the Christmas bell.
The angel of the cloudlet looked on earth, and said—
"I come to thee all stainless from the Hand which made
The universe, unrolls the years; and in His name
Thy highest aspirations, hopes, and deeds I claim;
But only claim to keep for thee. Then never fear
To meet the God-sent angel of a coming year.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 417.] DECEMBER 24, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

BY RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

My husband acted upon the lawyer's intimation and left him. He knew that the time would hang heavily on his hands, but he was also aware that if he stayed on Mr. Fielden's premises he would be very much in the way. The larger offices were crowded with farmers, clients from the surrounding districts, eagerly waiting for a word with the lawyer, who was the great authority by whose advice they were wont to abide. Tom could not sit down amongst these, many of whom were tenants of his, so he sauntered out, mentally regretting that, whilst he had blurted out everything that he could possibly tell, Mr. Fielden had left him in absolute

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"FANNY LOOKED QUITE HURT."

ignorance of the course he meant to advise.

Tom was angry at himself for having *said so much;* angry at Mr. Fielden for having made him feel so like a child, and vexed that by his own vacillating conduct he had laid himself open to the rebuke he had received.

"I wish," thought Tom, "that I had either gone thoroughly into the inquiry in a business way at first, or simply let the diamonds go. I know by what firm they were set for my mother, and it would not have been difficult to obtain another parure sufficiently like the original one to defy detection. The cost would have been trifling to me in comparison with the annoyance I have gone through, and of which I cannot see the end. I may be only at the beginning, indeed. My mother attaches a sentimental value to the jewels, but she would have been no wiser if I had kept my own counsel. The new set would have taken the place of the old. Bedson might have got an inkling of the matter, but I should have found it an easy matter to silence her."

Not so easy if Tom had only known.

Bedson was an excellent servant in every respect—faithful, honest, and self-devoting. But she was given to gossiping when occasion offered, which was not often. Castlemount being isolated from other dwellings, her field of observation was rather limited and her associates were not numerous. She and Mrs. Motley the housekeeper were close friends, but as the lady's-maid, Bedson held her head high above most of the servants, and would have considered she demeaned herself too much if she entered into familiar converse with them.

There were two masculine exceptions; the head gardener, a well-educated Scotchman, who was a bachelor. He occupied a desirable residence within the grounds. The butler was the second. He was a fine-looking man, who carried himself with rather more stateliness and dignity than do the majority of bishops.

These four made up the aristocracy of our household service.

With illness under its roof, Castlemount was of necessity quiet, not to say dull. Under such circumstances the presence of Fanny Gregg was more appreciated than it might have been at another time. As a near relative of the housekeeper and a young person who was learning a business in the city, Fanny was admitted to the select circle, and, by Bedson's own request, shared her room at nights.

When in good health Fanny was very bright and lively as a companion, and not at all afraid to use her tongue. She possessed a keen sense of the ludicrous, and could tell plenty of amusing tales about Madame Leeson's lady customers. She mimicked the airs and graces, the humours and caprices indulged in by the younger and prettier of these when discussing articles of dress. She told of the shifts of some whose means were narrow, but who wished to vie in appearance with far wealthier neighbours, and exposed to ridicule with an unsparing tongue the contrivances of the old and ugly to conceal age or deformity.

All these peculiarities and weaknesses had been noted by the girl, who now reproduced them in order to furnish food for gossip or amusement to her hearers at Castlemount.

Once in the fresh country air, and surrounded with comforts of every kind, perfect rest included, the roses that had left Fanny's cheek began to bloom again, much to her aunt's satisfaction. The good woman's only regret was that her dear mistress could not see or even know of the improvement in her visitor's health.

At this time, Mr. Craik, the head gardener, became a more frequent caller in Mrs. Motley's room, and everybody, Bedson included, though she would not have owned it for the world, believed that he was attracted thither by the pleasant talk, good looks, and trim appearance of the lady's-maid.

Mr. Craik had been heard to say that Bedson had as clever fingers as any young person he had seen, and could turn them to account in so many ways.

An old aunt was his housekeeper, and she, in addition to her natural taciturnity, was hopelessly deaf, and wished to go back to Scotland. Taking all these things into consideration, the gardener was thought to be on the look out for a wife who would make his home-coming brighter and more to be desired.

Little Fanny Gregg's sharp eyes noted Mr. Craik's frequent visits, and in the privacy of the bedroom she told Bedson that it was easy to understand why the gardener's steps were so often turned in the direction of the housekeeper's sanctum.

"Anyone can tell who Mr. Craik wants to see," said the girl, with an arch look at her companion. "But please, Miss Bedson, do not get married yet."

"No likelihood of my getting married at all," replied Bedson, blushing; "but what difference would it make to you if I did?"

"I want to be out of my apprenticeship first," said Fanny, frankly. "I have set my mind on being young Mrs. Beauchamp's maid when you leave to get married. And I am trying, oh, so hard! to learn quickly and do everything as well as I can, that I may be sooner fit for a place. Not that I shall ever be as clever as you. But then no more are plenty of other girls that get such situations."

"You are a little flattering thing," said Bedson. "I am no better than plenty of other young people that do not get good places. As to getting married, I am not likely to do that in a hurry, for several reasons."

In her own mind, Bedson added, "the chief being that Mr. Craik has not yet asked me." Nevertheless, she had no doubt he would do so in time. "But Scotchmen are proverbially cautious and perhaps even a trifle slow in coming to an important decision," she further thought, "though steady and reliable when they have given their word. And I am well enough off, and can afford to wait."

Before this conversation took place, it may be supposed that Fanny and the lady's-maid had become quite confidential, so much so, indeed, that Bedson had told the girl that some valuables, she did not say of what kind, were missing from her mistress's box when she unpacked it after the dinner at Longminster. And Fanny had replied instantly, "How glad I am now that I was hindered from going to wait on Mrs. Tom Beauchamp at the hotel. I was grieved at the time, but now I see it was all for the best."

"I do not see why it should make any difference to you," said Bedson.

"I should have been so miserable, for fear of being blamed," returned Fanny.

"Why, Mrs. Beauchamp would not have thought you had taken the things!"

"I know that; but somebody might have said I had not been careful enough. I should like to know what is missing. Do tell me, Miss Bedson. I will not say a word to anybody else."

Fanny continued to coax my maid, and at last Bedson said, "Some diamonds that Mrs. Tom wore at the party. But you must never breathe this to anybody living. The diamonds belong to Mrs. Beauchamp, and there would be a nice stir if she knew they could not be found. Now we must go to sleep, or you will be ill again, and I shall be good for nothing to-morrow."

Fanny apparently complied with Bedson's injunction, for she remained perfectly quiet. But long after her companion was asleep the young girl lay thinking, and, as she mentally called it, "putting two and two together."

On the preceding day, Fanny had received a letter from one of her workroom friends at Longminster, and a sentence it contained kept running in her head and mingling itself with Bedson's confidential communication. It was to the effect that poor Miss Martin had, it was believed, succeeded in buying her brother off, though no one knew who had stood her friend and advanced the money.

The story of Edward Martin's delinquencies and enlistment, and the grief these caused his mother, was no secret in Madame Leeson's establishment, or even in Longminster. The Martin family had been well known in their more prosperous days, and though they resided as far out of the old city in one direction as Castlemount was from it in an opposite one, it was their shopping place as it was that of the Beauchamps. No wonder, then, considering the high character of the sister, and the position the family had once held, all that concerned its remaining members had a considerable interest for Longminster gossips.

Little Fanny Gregg lost half her night's rest in wondering, first, what could have become of the diamonds, and secondly, where Miss Martin had obtained the money to buy her brother's discharge.

"She never got it from Madame Leeson," Fanny decided. "When *her* mind is once made up she does not give way, and I heard Miss Martin say that she had no friend in the world to whom she could apply to help her out of her trouble."

Remembering these words, it was

likely that Fanny should ask herself, "Can she have been tempted to take those diamonds?"

The girl was almost afraid to entertain the idea, and would have shrunk from giving it utterance. Yet there was, after all, a sort of pleasure in the very mystery, and she enjoyed it after a fashion.

To Bedson, the dawn of a new day brought a feeling of regret and penitence. She blamed herself for having trusted that little coaxing Fanny with a secret of such importance, and one which she ought to have confided to no one. Again and again she enjoined the girl to keep her promise, whilst, at the same time, conscience was saying to herself, "How have you kept your own? Have you not betrayed your master's trust?"

Fanny looked quite hurt at Bedson's repeated injunctions. "Surely you do not think I should tell when I have promised not to breathe a word about the matter. Is it likely I would be so wicked as to bring any trouble upon you, Miss Bedson, when you are so good and kind to me? I would not cause you a moment's uneasiness for all the world."

The girl spoke in a grieved tone, and raised her pretty blue eyes, already moist with tears, at the bare idea of such treachery, to Bedson's face. She looked so childish and innocent, yet so much in earnest, that Bedson could only kiss and soothe her and hope for the best.

Probably she would have had no fear about Fanny's trustworthiness had it not been for that accusing voice within which reminded her of her own weakness and breach of faith.

Unfortunately, it is such a common thing for people of all ages to receive confidences under a promise to hold them sacred, and then on the lightest provocation, or even without any temptation except the love of gossip, or a desire to appear important, to break the pledge thus given.

How often in our school days are we made the confidants of our companions about trivial things—such trifles that we wonder any importance can be attached to them by the speakers! Yet it is not for the recipient of a secret to judge of this. If a pledge be given it should be kept. If we doubt our power to do this, then we should refuse to accept the confidence. Far better keep outside all the concerns of our neighbours than betray the simplest secret entrusted to us by a little child.

We show true courage if, when tempted, we turn round at once and say, "The secret is not mine. I should be a faithless coward were I to lay bare the thoughts of another heart, which I alone was intended to see."

Just a brief glance into another home will show that the load of trouble had by no means been lifted from Ellen Martin's shoulders.

The girl had returned from Madame Leeson's at night wearied and dispirited, to be met by the eager inquiry, "Have you asked madame again? Will she not let you have the money?"

"I could not ask her, mother. She has been very good to me always, but ought I to take advantage of her kindness? Have I a right, because she has treated me more like a friend and daughter than a paid assistant, to tease her by repeating a request which she has twice refused to grant?"

"And a very unkind thing it was of Madame Leeson to refuse a loan which was certain to be repaid, and which if the money were given would never be missed," replied Mrs. Martin in a querulous tone. "You make so much of her kindness, as you call it. If your work were not worth the salary you receive, depend upon it Madame Leeson would not pay it. She is a shrewd woman of business, and well able to judge of the value of her assistants."

"This is beside the question, mother dear," said Ellen, gently. "I do hope you are right, and that Madame Leeson does not lose by employing an amateur like myself. But I cannot forget that, when I tried to obtain a situation in several other houses, before applying to her, I met with nothing but rebuffs. In each case I was asked where I had served my time and what testimonials I could offer? I had plenty as to character, but these only excited a smile, and were returned with a look of combined pity and contempt. It was not a broken-down gentlewoman that was required, but an efficient assistant, qualified by the regular apprenticeship, who could say, 'I have worked in such and such places.' I was sent away from every door but madame's. You know all these particulars, mother, and how dreadful it was for me to come home day after day, with a tale of disappointment, whilst our little money was slowly but surely dwindling away. You used to try to cheer me then, mother dear."

The girl raised her sweet face to her mother's with an attempt at a smile. That one memory was precious to her, and she loved to recall it, but the smile faded as Mrs. Martin turned from her with an impatient gesture.

"Where is the use of talking about these things now?" she asked. "They are not so pleasant as to be worth dwelling upon. Here is quite enough of trouble and worry in connection with the present, without raking up past annoyances. You would not ask Madame Leeson once more about the loan, as I begged you to do when you went out this morning. I feel certain she would have given in. But it was not for me alone. It was to save my poor boy, and I cannot expect you to involve yourself in debt for him. I dare say it will be a relief to you to be rid of him altogether. I do not wonder that you should feel in this way, but a mother cannot forget her only boy."

Mrs. Martin's sentence ended with a wail of sorrow, and then she burst into an agony of weeping which was terrible for Ellen to witness, whilst it was no less a trial to listen to her mother's unreasonable and unjust insinuations. Bad as her brother's conduct had been, she had gone on working, praying, hoping for him. She had used tender pleadings, striven by self-denial to supply money even for his fancied wants, in order to save him from the temptation to incur debts which he had no means to pay.

How well the girl remembered what it had cost her to go to Madame Leeson's when all efforts to obtain employment elsewhere had proved fruitless! It had seemed so terrible to ask for work from the tradeswoman to whom she had been accustomed to give orders, and pride had sent her on a weary round before she silenced its voice and sought an interview with the kind-hearted Frenchwoman. Did Mrs. Martin really forget these things, or was she purposely ignoring them?

Ellen was too easily worked upon by the sight of her mother's tears. The reproaches levelled at herself were undeserved, and yet she had to bear them almost daily. She worked hard, very hard, because she knew Madame Leeson dealt with a liberal hand where she was concerned, and she strove to give good measure in return. But far harder to bear than the wearying day's work was the return to a home whence cheerfulness and hope seemed to have fled. To see only a gloomy, tearful face, to hear nothing but complaints from the one who above all others should have striven to brighten her path, was almost more than she could bear.

Ellen knelt by her mother's side and spoke soothing words. She told her, and truly, that she would use every effort to obtain her brother's discharge, though it would be useless to make another appeal to her employer. "There is another way open, but——"

"I know there is, Ellen," interrupted Mrs. Martin. "You have only to hold out your hand and take what is offered, but I dare say you will not do that when it is to save Edward. You will say you cannot, when there is nothing but false pride to stand in the way."

As Mrs. Martin spoke she looked towards a card plate on the table, as if to direct Ellen's attention to a recent addition to its contents. Following her mother's eye, Ellen read on the topmost card, "Captain Harold Stokes."

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF MUSICAL FORMS.

By MYLES B. FOSTER, Organist of the Foundling Hospital.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In our short glances at the various *vocal* forms in music, which, I hope, stimulated some of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to a much more extensive and thorough investigation of the subjects touched upon, we found forms dependent upon words, upon dramatic situations and crises. For instance, in the ballad, the reason for the repetition of the same musical sentence is the constant recurrence of the "burden" or "refrain" in the words.

In *instrumental* works, however, with the exception of what is called programme music (music which has each number or movement labelled with a motto or programme, which it is intended to illustrate), the interest of the audience must be maintained, in some cases, such as in symphonies and sonatas, for a long period of time by some other means than language, and a feeling of unity and consistent plan must be impressed by some other method upon the listeners. This necessary plan or design, that is to supply the place of words in vocal music and of mottoes in programme music, is called "form."

Dr. Hubert Parry, in his really splendid article under this heading in "Grove's Dictionary," thinks that there is no doubt that the first attempts at form were "unconscious and unpremeditated."

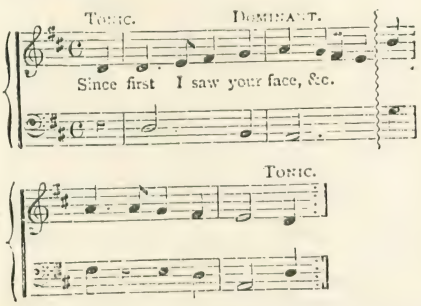
The earliest cravings for form were evident in the desire to return to the phrase with which the piece commenced; in fact, the first element of form was repetition, from which sprang the rondo, the earliest germ of rondo form being the repetition of a short musical phrase with a few notes between each statement of the phrase to join them together.

Gradually the phrase became longer and more important, and the few notes between became a bridge or connecting link, showing an interesting contrast to the main subject. Of this kind are the many Lieder ohne Worte, nocturnes, romances, etc., etc. The rondo itself was developed by the more frequent repetition of the initial phrase, and different connecting links between each repetition. Repetition, varying in extent and position, has ever been, and still is, a most important part of true form.

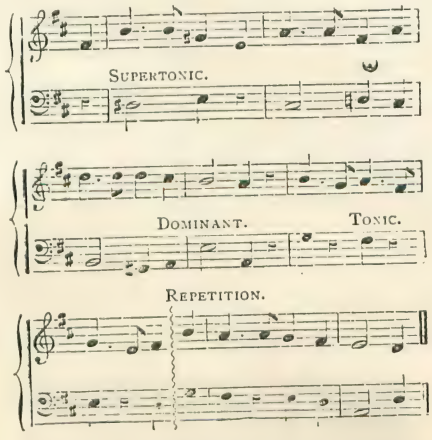
Another element in form is the balancing of groups of rhythms, "the bricks or blocks of stone," as Miss Prescott cleverly puts it, "which go to make up the edifices of our music." And the third element of form is nowadays as important a one as any, and that is key-relationship—a proper proportion of keys within the limits of the movement.

Musical form, then, appeals, not to the eye, but to the ear; and whereas in the former case—for instance, when gazing on a picture—you can see the entire form at one glance, in the latter, when listening to a classical movement, the form is gradually opened out to you as the composition is played, and it requires both patience and memory, and the experience bought by both, to appreciate the plan or method of the work. It depends upon these three elements as to whether a composition is "in form" or "formless"—viz., repetition of ideas, balancing of figures and rhythms, and proportionate distribution of keys.

This third element dates from the earliest times, if we simply consider the balance of tonic and dominant. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries vocal and instrumental music were not separated by such a gulf as they are now, and you will remember, in my "madrigal sketch," that many madrigals were published as "apt for viols" as well as for voices, so that I will quote a vocal example to illustrate the first attempts at repetition and balance of key, from tonic to dominant and back again.



Unconsciously, in the second part of this old English ballad a freer harmonic treatment is evident—a desire to distract our attention from the above two keys, partly to prevent the monotony of remaining in them, and partly to give us a wish for their ultimate return, which wish you will find partially gratified.



A more interesting germ than that of the primitive rondo previously referred to is to be found in the form which is sometimes called first movement form, and in which very many first movements of the great masterpieces of music have been built up, which germ is really dimly visible in the above little tune. There you see a miniature of the first movement of the most elaborate modern symphony.

I. A statement of subjects.

II. Either a development of those subjects or a discussion on topics arising from them (in new keys, and in a fragmentary, incomplete manner).

III. A restatement of the subjects, sometimes ending with a short peroration.

That is the symphony or sonata first movement of to-day, and this principle is, unconsciously perhaps, at the root of the little tune above. This form has what Mr. Dannreuther beautifully christens "the triune symmetry of (I.) exposition, (II.) illustration, and (III.) repetition," the most perfect system attainable, as far as mortals can see, and the gradual development of which includes the history of all great and noble instrumental works.

Of course at first, even as late as the middle of the sixteenth century, keys and scales, as we know them at present, were in their infancy, and the resultant harmonies were equally unsettled and vague, and it therefore seems marvellous to us that anything like form should exist, because nowadays that third element of key-relationship, or harmonic basis, is nearly everything in the formation of a work. This is only another assurance that what was done then was greatly the result of instinct.

About 1650 we find greater knowledge and freer composition. Corelli makes two advances. In some of his well-known sonatas he ends the first half—at the double bar—in the key of the dominant, thus giving the sense of incompleteness which demands the key of the tonic at the repetition; and, as another progressive measure, he is not content with extraneous matter after the double bar, but actually "developes the features of the subjects in the first part." Little dance subjects were favourites just then.

CORELLI FORM.

Sub. 1. Sub. 2.	Development	Repetition.
Tonic. Dominant.	of Subs. 1 & 2.	Part of Sub. 1.

Scarlatti, who lived until half way through the eighteenth century, and was born two years before Handel and Bach (1683), was only in advance of Corelli's form in that his subjects were more varied in rhythm, and more clearly separated in some cases from one another. Of course with Scarlatti, as with other contemporaries of Handel and Bach, we find these advances only occasionally, and in many of their works they adhere to the older and more primitive conditions.

To a great extent both Handel and Bach were ahead of the age in which they worked, although many of their earlier suites are in the same form as those previously mentioned. In many cases we get this new advance established, that the whole of the first subject appears after the double bar, often in the key

of the second subject (the dominant), and as often before the development as at the end of the movement, thus—

HANDEL-BACH FORM.

Tonic. 1st Sub.	Dominant. 2nd Sub.	Dominant. Repetition of 1st Sub.	Development, if any; or 2nd Sub. in Tonic.

The masters following these great men all began to comprehend that the statements or texts of Part I. must be (after the double bar) discussed and analysed in Part II., and then repeated in conclusion.

Emmanuel Bach, immediately preceding Haydn, in several of his sonatas, repeats the first subject, both immediately after Part I. (as in the case of Handel and Bach), and also at the end of the movement, as in modern works. By the time that we have reached the period of Haydn and then of Mozart, we find the idea of this newly-developed form to be paramount. Artistic feeling is frequently sacrificed, and "padding" substituted in order to make an exact number of bars, and after saying one good thing, if they find the number of bars incorrect, although they have nothing left to say, they make an attempt to say *that*, and cover with so much useless rubbish what left alone would be a precious gem!

You know that I refer to the brilliant, meaningless arpeggios and passages, tonic, dominant, tonic, dominant, which go on insisting on the key until the correct number of bars has been filled up. Curiously enough, though Haydn, in the first part of his movement, observes the relationship tonic and dominant, he often uses but one subject, simply transposing it into the second key; and yet sometimes, on the other hand, he uses as many fresh little second subjects in the key of the dominant as Beethoven or Schubert.

Haydn adds, at the end of the whole movement, the little peroration called a coda, a tail-piece made much of by Beethoven. He also writes an analogous passage after the first part or announcement of the subjects. In these times both Parts I. and II. were repeated, and it is only natural that the composers should not have been satisfied with the bare ending without any coda.

The technical perfection of form is reached by Mozart, and this is what we find—

MOZART FORM.

Exposition.			Development, or Discussion of Part 1.
1st Sub. Tonic.	connecting-link.	2nd Sub. Dominant.* Codetta.	

Frequent Modulations. Fragmentary Quotations.	Repetition.		
	1st Sub. Tonic.	2nd Sub. Tonic.	Coda. Tonic.

* If the 1st Subject were in a minor key, this would be in the Relative Major.

This is the most perfect anatomical figure or framework. By using this simile you will understand more clearly that to give the anatomy the chief place was perhaps natural, as the marvellous symmetry was gradually unfolded for the first time to wondering ears. But there it was, exposed in all its bare boniness, and it was not until Beethoven came that the figure and its chilly revelation were covered over with the flesh of life and being, and the whole form imbued with the spirit of truth. Beethoven understood that *ars celare artem* was the composer's true motto. The "padding" and brilliant passages used for the sake of filling in waste places were detestable in his eyes; where brilliancy and excitement were needed for the truthful development of intense feeling, there alone should they be found in his works.

He retained in the background the beautiful "triune symmetry" to which Mozart had reached, but in detail he was independent and untrammelled by traditions. By this time, too, the harmonic system of our day was growing familiar, and becoming more and more essential to the compositions of the time.

Instead of the cut-and-dried sections, almost like separate squares or bricks, Beethoven begins to abandon all formal definitions, and to pass with subtlety from section to section. He often used other keys for the second subject beside the dominant in major keys, and the relative major in minor keys, finding the relationship and balance equally good, and much fresher in either the major third above or below the tonic. Then, again, he often used one great central key in a movement, and surrounded it by a whole family of young relatives.

He increased the importance of the codas at the end of Parts I. and II. to a great extent, but it is perhaps in the development section of Part II. that he specially shines. Taking the subjects of Part I. as his texts, he moulds them into every possible variety of shape, and at every turn he makes them shine with a different light.

In the final section of Part II., the repetition, he avoids a bare restatement of his subjects, note for note, and frequently intensifies their reappearance, finally concentrating all the energy of his mighty genius upon the second coda, now no longer needed for formal purposes, no longer of necessity adhering cautiously to the tonic key, as though letting one's hold go at so late a period would be to run the dangerous risk of never getting home again to the principal key, but placed there as a culminating point, a climax, full of the most intense interest and vehement force.

We find ourselves gazing, in the contemplation of Beethoven's great movements, on the last development of form—mental beauty clothing physical perfection. Beyond this we do not go, nor do we need to go.

Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others, down to the latest symphony writers, show an increasing tendency to follow Beethoven's later plan of having one central principal key and idea throughout the exposition.

The form we have discussed and examined is nearly always used in first movements, but it strongly impressed itself upon the rondo (as frequently used for last movements), and the later development of the rondo form comes out thus, differing from a first movement in one or two points only—

RONDO FORM.

Subject 1. Tonic.	Episode 1. Dominant.	Subject 1. Tonic.

Episode 2, in new key, with Developments and Modulations.	Sub. 1. Tonic.	Episode 1. Tonic.	Sub. 1. Tonic.

Sonatas and symphonies contain other movements besides these first movements and rondos. One middle movement very often used is the little stately dance, the minuet, which for some length of time appeared, untouched and undeveloped, a simple example of the source of the larger and more important movements.

The first half is balanced by tonic and dominant keys; the second half begins with more extended harmonic bases, and finally reference is made to some well-known figure or phrase in the first half. The trio (or alternate minuet) was originally written for three instruments only, but is now principally observable by its contrast to the minuet in key and in style. This movement has been succeeded in many cases by the scherzo. A scherzo is less serious and more sportive and reckless in character. Scherzo means "a laugh," but it answers for every kind of laugh, from the gentle titter to the rough, brusque raillery of a giant, at the hands of different composers. With Mendelssohn the fun is decidedly fairy-like and graceful and happy.

Some scherzi have two trios—*e.g.*, in Schumann's Quintett, and in some of his symphonies.

The second movement, generally written in slow enough time to be called the slow movement, will be found, perhaps for contrast's sake, even in sonatas which do not boast a fourth movement. It may be formed in the same manner as the first, only abbreviated in consideration of the length of time taken over it! A few of them are written in rondo form. Several well-known ones are in the style of an air with variations, and many are in the form of that development of the early rondo which led to Nocturnes, Lieder, etc., etc.: viz., a subject followed by a contrasting episode, concluded with an interesting return to the original subject.

Of these or some of these interesting movements consist symphonies, concertos, overtures, chamber music, and sonatas, the bulwarks of classical musical art, which we will next proceed to consider in detail.

VICTORY IS IN TRUTH.

By the Author of "Princess," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

SIX years passed in the routine of Indian life. Ronald Adair was stationed at Chanda, but each year during the hot season Mary had moved to the hills. Notwithstanding this change, she had drooped, and Lena, her eldest child, now nearly five, seemed slowly to be fading before her eyes. The other two had not as yet suffered so visibly from the heat; but day by day the truth forced itself upon Mary that her delicate girl must be sent home, and cause the first break in their happy family circle.

Before many weeks the doctor's fiat going forth that both mother and child must sail at once, it was decided that she should take the three children, and that Ronald should follow a few months later, when he could claim his leave of absence.

"Your mother can now have you once more," said Ronald, all unconscious of the stab he gave his wife. "You have always said her letters were full of affection. What a welcome she will give you and the bairns! I daresay she will rather enjoy having you to herself for a time, and I will join you there. If we are too large a party, we can look out for a furnished house close by; it all fits in beautifully, and comes at a moment when we can most easily manage to leave."

It seemed to Mary that the difficulties of her position had only just begun. In the even tenour of her married life, the old thoughts that in former times had harassed and depressed her had become so vague, that the few months spent in Portman Square had faded from her mind, and her schooldays had joined themselves on to the present, forming a period of unbroken refinement of person and surrounding. To be thus rudely awakened was a shock that Mary could scarcely realise, and helpless, fearing to face the consequences, she made up her mind to write to her mother.

On receipt of that letter confessing all Mary feared, all her sufferings in the past, Mrs. Wonham sat bewildered.

"You must get rid of all your lodgers for a time," wrote the daughter, "and take us in. I will bring my ayah, and please engage another servant for me. You and father must live like other ladies and gentlemen in the good rooms. I could not help myself. Circumstances have arranged themselves about my path, and filled the minds of my friends with misconceptions from the first. If I had been meant to lead such a life as you, I ought never to have been given the advantages of Madame Le Blanc's—not that I reproach you, mother, I know you acted from love. Knowledge is power, and my education has fitted me for my life with Ronald, than which I can imagine no happier. But do not let him now learn what I have always hidden from him, that my birth is unequal to his, that I am one of the 'people.' I will tell you more when we meet, but you can enter into my feelings, I am sure."

"I pretend to be a lady," sighed Mrs. Wonham. In all these years she had never thought of her lowly birth as a cause for sorrow. Honest Wonham, smoking a long clay pipe in his shirt sleeves, puffed away in angry silence at his wife's remark.

"Look at my 'ands," she said, "'ard from toil, my face red from standing over the kitchen fire. O Mary, Mary."

"Do yer think it's come to that?" asked Wonham, fiercely. "Do yer think our gal's ashamed on us? We as 'ave worked and slaved for her——" A lump in his throat prevented him proceeding.

"No, bless you," said Mrs. Wonham, with forced cheerfulness, and, womanlike, defending her child. "She's our own flesh and blood, is Mary. He isn't, you know. She don't mind for 'erself; all 'er thoughts is for 'er 'usband. That's the way with a woman; she leaves father and mother, and cleaves to 'er 'usband, and 'is ways becomes 'er ways. Well, cheer up, father, we'll 'ave her and the little 'uns to ourselves, and then—and then when he comes we'll give them the 'ouse for a little, and just go down and stop with my sister Jemima. We don't mind losing a bit o' money; it will all be Mary's by-and-by, and she'd a deal sooner miss a few pounds nor 'ave him think as her people was low-born. Yes, father, cheer up, we'll go, and make room for the young ones. I think the change 'ud do me good, and maybe with a bit of rest I'd lose the swellings in my legs. There ain't no stairs to speak of at Jemima's, and no lodgers. Why, father, I'm lookin' forward to it; first the pleasure of seeing Mary and the children—bless 'em!—and then to see Jemima. Why, it will be a year of pleasures and quite a 'oliday. We deserves a 'oliday. We'll take one, and pass it with them as we loves best."

So spoke the mother, forcing back the bitter tears that made her eyeballs ache, as she thought of her only child divided from her by that invisible something which she had been the first, all unknowing, to raise about her. Would she be the one to bring sorrow to Mary? No, never. Rather would she forego the joy of seeing her—rather would she fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, than let a shadow fall across her young life.

In the first false step which eventually led to such complications of thought and feeling there had been no kind of premeditated wrong. It was the desire of enduing the one dear object of their lives with every advantage obtainable by force of money that had moved Mr. and Mrs. Wonham to deny themselves, not only the luxury of adding to their store in the bank, but also the delight of their child's presence, and when the blow fell, which at once and for ever shattered their hopes, and proved the hollowness of their plan, they were, as it were, overwhelmed by the revelation.

The mere fact of Mary's marriage with one so far her superior in point of birth had seemed to them but the natural sequence of her education, their position not counting in the matter. Mary had never before mentioned her silence to Ronald on that subject, shrinking from the pain such an admission would cause the worthy couple, who saw no reason for mystery in their occupation.

Mrs. Wonham, however, had no time to sit and brood over her sorrows. The house was full of people, whose demands upon her were unceasing, and she, from her nature accustomed to follow the daily round of duty, put aside as much personal feeling as possible, until the quiet of evening, and, with just one half stifled sigh, set to her work. Her influence over Wonham had never failed; and now, seeing his wife busy and bustling as usual, he began to look at things from a brighter side, and even to speculate as to whether the grandchildren would cling about him as Mary had done, and to think about buying a perambulator for the baby.

Two weeks later Mary arrived; and in the first joy of reunion, the parents forgot their smothered fears, and only told themselves that their cup of joy was full, and their darling once more beneath their roof. The house was rearranged, Sally dismissed, and two new servants reigning in her stead. The upper rooms were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wonham, and no trace of a lodging-house remained. Mary could not enter into the weariness which at times oppressed her mother as she sat with folded hands in the drawing-room, feeling sadly out of place—a sort of intruder, in fact, during a lodger's absence—her idle fingers aching to busy themselves about the cooking arrangements below; but Mary was with her, sweet as ever, almost always lying down—a pale, lily-looking daughter compared to the blooming girl who had left England six years before, but still her own. She required care and loving attention, so that the mother, scarcely needed in former days, now hovered near, and in a thousand ways showed the pent-up affection which had had no time to spend itself amid the hurry and the turmoil of household cares.

Still Mary drooped.

Delightful as it was to know herself the object of so much solicitude; delightful as it was to watch the children and their grandfather, all his doubts forgotten, or kissed away by the little ones, the knowledge of her husband's approaching arrival, and the consequent *dénouement*, threw her into a fever of anxiety, and she hailed the announcement of her parents' visit to her aunt Jemima with a relief she could scarcely conceal, as a reprieve from the evil to come.

Ronald, finding his wife pale and drooping, was at first seriously annoyed that Mrs. Wonham should have left her, but Mary assuring him it was by her own wish, he was fain to be content, and to credit her assertion against the evidence of his soberer senses.

A few days later he invited his aunt and two cousins to spend the afternoon in Portman Square, and be introduced to his wife, for Ronald desired his relations should see the woman he had chosen, and about whom so many glowing descriptions had reached them. He was very proud of Mary—her beauty had always carried the palm at Chanda, while her fascination of manner and superior education had made her the leader of the English society.

The Adairs—mother and daughters—were fashionable people, and not without a feeling of injury that Ronald, who had been brought up in their midst, should not have taken one of them unto himself, instead of this stranger, about whom no one seemed to know anything. But there was nothing to offend the most fastidious taste in the quiet elegance of Mrs. Ronald Adair, and the afternoon passed in pleasant conversation about India, new and old friends, and boyish reminiscences.

"I am sorry our family chat will be put an end to by visitors," said the aunt, as a loud ringing at the front door echoed through the house. "That is always the case in London."

"I don't know who can have found us out," said Ronald.

"I suppose you ordered the announcement of your arrival to be put in the 'fashionable intelligence,'" said aunt Adair.

"No, I never troubled my head about such nonsense, especially as Mary is not well," said Ronald.

"If you please, ma'am," said the parlour-

maid, opening the door, "there's a lady and gentleman downstairs asking for Mrs. Wonham, and they says, please is the drawin'-rooms to let?"

"I'll go down and speak to them," said Ronald, rising and leaving the room; while Mary, white and trembling, could only lie still on the sofa.

"I told them it was a mistake, sir," continued the maid, "but they said they'd been here for years at this time, and please——" But Ronald had already hurried past her.

"How funny!" giggled Miss Adair.

It seemed to Mary that mocking laughter was ringing all around her, and Ronald drifting away into a world peopled by his aunt, cousins, and their associates, leaving her out in the cold. She resolved, however, to betray nothing, and with a wan smile exerted herself to entertain her guests.

In a few moments Ronald re-entered.

"Well," asked aunt Adair, "were you able to satisfy the irrepressibles? I shouldn't be surprised if they were members of the swell mob, trying to force an entrance here, under the impression that you have brought home Indian valuables."

"Oh, it's all right," laughed Ronald; but the laugh was mirthless, and jarred upon Mary, filling her with terror at the ordeal to be undergone when her visitors should have departed.

"Supposing them to be honest," continued the aunt, "I can almost enter into their mistake. Some fifteen years ago, when your uncle and I came to London, we had rooms on this side of the way. I can't remember the number, but the house was kept by a most respectable hardworking couple, the man acting as butler, the wife as cook. Perhaps by referring to my diary I could find out the number, in case you may have friends coming home, and desirous of being near you. Of course those same people may be dead; for the moment I can't remember their name. I believe it began with a W; Waring, Willis.——Well, well, I will look it out, for I remember the rooms were charming, and——"

"Mother, we must be going," said Miss Adair.

"If you both can come on Thursday, do," said aunt Adair. "I daresay if Mary is not well enough she will spare you, Ronald. It is just a family gathering in your honour; but she will be sadly missed."

"We will see," said Ronald, as he ushered them out. Then he came back to the drawing-room, and shut the door.

As in the moment when a drowning man rises to the surface, his whole life passes before his mind's eye, and he sees clearly the half-forgotten sins and discrepancies of bygone years; so in that interval between the closing of the front door and Ronald's return to her side, did Mary's life with its many deceptions and shortcomings pass in review before her; and with that same mental review there welled up a deep fount of repentance, and a longing to end at once and for ever the shallow pretences which had beset her.

"Ronald," said she, faintly, as the tears slowly trickled down her cheeks, "Ronald, I don't know where to begin; I feel almost lost in a mist that is falling between you and me. Oh, if I say that I have led you to expect what has never been, will you forgive me? If I tell you that I have kept a secret from you, will your heart still trust me in the future? It is such a long story, but I must begin at the beginning, and you—you will know that, much as I was to blame, it was my love for you that made a coward of me."

Mary told her story. The life at Fontainebleau—those months in Portman Square—Jim's offer—her subsequent journey to India—all through fraught with the consequences of a first step in the wrong direction, a desire to appear what she was not, rather than to seem what she was. And then she stopped, and stretched out both hands towards Ronald.

"Mary," he said, as he took them in his own, "could you not trust me utterly? What is it to me if you are of high or humble birth? I married you for yourself, not for your position. Besides, this is no secret to me. I have known of your parents' condition in life for the last five years. *Just after Lena's birth*, I opened all the letters that came, for fear of upsetting you; among others one from your mother, written in a tone of deep excitement. It would appear that your friend Miss St. Clair's visit to London, which you know had been deferred the year before, came off at last, and she and her family arrived and took up their abode next door to your people. On the following day, in the middle of a general clean for fresh lodgers, Miss St. Clair called to see your mother, and I imagine received somewhat of a shock (that explains her subsequent silence); however, your mother, good soul, seems to have thought all went off well. Remembering your nervous anxiety on receiving your mother's letters, your unwillingness to share the contents with me, I guessed the truth with little difficulty. There is nothing to be ashamed of in honest work. I look at it, and see the result in you, than whom no man ever had a truer, better wife. So dry your tears, Mary; we will bury the past for ever, and begin anew. If there has been error, it was from affection, and your parents should in no way be made to suffer. I cannot help fearing it was to escape me they went away. Ah! I see by your eyes that it was so. Well, I will write to-night begging them to return, and yet to allow us to prolong our stay. We will have no more clouds, no more shadow of deception. Your people shall be my people, and together we will learn the meaning of the motto handed down to me from a far off distant time—

"Victory is in Truth."

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.—There is no greater test of any one's regularity and easiness of conscience than her readiness to face the postman. Blessed is she who is made happy by the sound of a rat-tat. The good are eager for it, but those who have done amiss tremble at the sound thereof.

A SMALL KITCHEN.

The kitchen is often the burial place, not only of the epicure's health, but of his fortune. "What a small kitchen!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, after going over a handsome mansion.

"It is by having so small a kitchen," replied the owner, "that I am enabled to keep so large a house."

WHAT IS LOVE?—Dr. Johnson, being asked by a lady what love was, replied, "It is the wisdom of a fool and the folly of the wise." Dryden, being once asked the same question, said, "It is a thing I have often seen, felt, and heard of, but never could understand."

THE OLD RAT'S RETIREMENT FROM THE WORLD.

"My dear children," said an old rat to his young ones, "the infirmities of age are pressing so heavily upon me that I have determined to dedicate the short remainder of my days to mortification and penance, in a narrow and lonely hole which I have lately discovered; but let me not interfere with your enjoyments; youth is the season for pleasure; be happy, therefore, and only obey my last injunction—never to come near me in my retreat. God bless you all!"

Deeply affected, snivelling audibly, and wiping his parental eyes with his tail, the old rat withdrew and was seen no more for several days, when his youngest daughter, moved rather by filial affection than by that curiosity which has been attributed to the sex, stole to his cell of mortification, which turned out to be a hole made by his own teeth in—an enormous Cheshire cheese!—*Horace Smith.*

ON A LADY'S SECRET.

"She's secret as the grave, allow
I do—I cannot doubt it;
But 'tis a grave with tombstone on,
That tells you all about it.

FORTUNE.

Fortune a goddess is to fools alone;
The wise are always masters of their own.

THE END OF A GOOD RESOLUTION.

A Chicago girl told her young man that she was resolved never to marry until he was worth ten thousand dollars. So he started out with a brave heart to make that sum.

"How are you getting on, George?" she asked at the end of a couple of months.

"Well," said George hopefully, "I have saved twenty-two dollars."

The girl dropped her eyelashes and blushingly remarked, "I reckon that's nearly enough, George; we are both of age, and a license will only cost fifty cents."

TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING.

"There are two sides to everything," said the lecturer: "I repeat it—there are two sides——"

At this point a tired looking little man stood up in the front seat to say, "Well, if you've no objections, I'll just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return."

As he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.

THE HIGHEST PRAISE.—In no way can you bestow higher praise on an author or an artist than by showing that you have studied and understood their works. When Augustin Caracci pronounced a long discourse in honour of the Laocoon, all were astonished that his brother Annibal said nothing of that celebrated *chef-d'œuvre*. Divining their thoughts, Annibal took a piece of chalk, and drew the group against the wall as accurately as if he had it before his eyes: a silent panegyric which no rhetoric could have surpassed.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A SAILOR'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

By ALEX. HAYES.

WHAT hold'st thou for me, island home,
That nearer grows and nearer?
Dost thou not guard for me my love,
Who dearer grows and dearer?
O seagull, hasten to her door,
Tell her no more we part,
Say that I come across the sea
To find a faithful heart.

Else wherefore should I feel this joy,
Blent with no touch of doubt?
And wherefore should the breakers seem
To me to sing and shout?

The sweet birds flying from the land,
The scent of trees and flowers,
All in prophetic accents tell
What meeting shall be ours.

And now we near the fair white town,
Again I see each place
On which her presence shed for me
A glory and a grace.
And, yes, behold her waiting there!
I come, my love, I come!
These weary years are all repaid
By such a welcome home.

THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAND O' THE LEAL," "THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN," ETC., ETC.

IN the present instance we have less to give the history of one song in particular than to tell something of the character, life, and times of a remarkable woman who has enriched the literature of her native land by the production of many pathetic and sweetly arch lyrics, which are familiar to the lips of thousands who yet never heard the name of Carolina, Baroness Nairne.

Like Lady Anne Lindsay, Lady Nairne was the descendant of proud old families on "both sides of the house." Her father was Laurence Oliphant, laird of Gask, in Perthshire. The family dated from 1142, and had had intermarriages with the royal blood of Bruce. Her mother was one of the Robertsons of Strowan, Perthshire, whose genealogical tree had already borne one poet of the rough primitive flavour. Both families (Oliphant and Robertson) were staunch Jacobites and Scottish Episcopalians. They had suffered for their principles, which, at the time of our heroine's birth, were not those of the triumphant party. Laurence Oliphant and Margaret Robertson had married in 1755, while in exile in France over "Prince Charlie's business." They did not return to their own country and their ancestral home till 1763, and their daughter Carolina was born on the 16th August, 1766.

She was their fourth child, having been preceded by two sisters and a baby brother, who had died. She used to say that her parents never forgave her for being a girl. Perhaps this atmosphere had something to do with a prejudice which she herself acknowledged in after years, of "in some degree undervaluing beforehand what is said to be a feminine production." A son and heir was, however, born two years after Carolina.

"Carolina" was feminine for "Charles"—"the king over the water," as the Jacobites loved to toast the exiled Stuart. The sacrifices which had been made by the family for the lost cause were ever before the eyes of the young folk, serving, as such sacrifices always do, to fan the flame of enthusiasm. The family plate was all gone, and nothing but pewter was used in the household, and the remnants of their broad acres were only secured to them by purchase, the money being raised among kinsfolk. In the Books of Common Prayer which Mr. Oliphant gave to his children he pasted the names of the banished Royal family over that of the reigning house. At every point he was equally staunch to his principles of loyalty, though his honesty of character would not permit him even to seem blind or be silent to the faults of the Stuart Pretender, and his plain statement of these did not fail to give offence. Yet when the clergyman who had been accustomed to officiate at Gask notified his final allegiance to the House of Hanover, his gown and books were promptly sent to him, and he was told to come back no more, though it is pleasant to find that his relations with the Gask family were renewed in long years after. When, in extreme old age, the old laird would require some of his family to read the newspapers to him, he always reproved them if they happened to designate "the German lairdie and his leddy" by anything more than the initial letters K and Q. It does one good to learn that the kindly King George III. was so able to appreciate this firm adherence to a standard which was not his own, that on some occasion he sent the following message to the "dour" old Jacobite:—"Give my compliments—not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover—to Mr. Oliphant, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles." And truly the old laird appears to have been a fine specimen of the true gentleman; for when he was himself reduced to live on foreign bounty, his first thought was how to relieve the sufferings of his still poorer clansmen. We find him exhorting his children never to assert their rights to certain properties, on which he conceived others had a stronger moral if not legal claim, and bidding his young son, starting out into the great world of London, to remember all those to whom he and his family should be grateful, and especially not to forget to pay his respects to the old family governess.

The laird's wife died in 1774, when her little daughter, Carolina, was only eight years old. She left six tiny children behind her. Of her little is known beyond the sweet character hinted in the widower's account of her last hours. "She talked to me of death and our future meeting as if only going a journey. She called for all the children, took leave of them without the least emotion, and said, as they were going away, 'See which will be the best bairn, and stay longest with papa.'"

Their training and education devolved upon sundry kind old kinswomen, who appear to have found excellent teachers for them. By her father's side Carolina visited the homes of his devoted "people," some of whom were wont to say, "Oliphant is king to us." Thus she gathered "snatches of minstrelsy in the peasant's hut, while in the patrician society of the manor house she listened to the stirring tales of loyalty and heroism." She watched her father directing the plantations about "the auld house o' Gask." Perhaps it was to please her that he called some of them after his little girls.

She had been a delicate child, but she grew strong with years, and she was playfully called "Miss Car, the pretty." She was very fond of dancing, and played sweetly on the guitar; but her father's solicitude was "particularly as to behaviour, principles of religion, and

"A FAITHFUL HEART."

loyalty, a good carriage, and talking tolerable good English." She wrote a clear, beautiful hand—a practice she admired; for in extreme old age she used to take out of the drawers of her writing-table the invitation to the coronation with the Queen's (Victoria's) signature, as a model of clear and bold handwriting.

Carolina grew up in her father's house, giving great pleasure to her home circle by her musical powers and unfailing vivacity. She was among the first to recognise the genius of the poet Burns, inducing her brother to enter his name for the early subscription edition of his poems. She was particularly interested in Burns' skill in adapting new words to pleasant tunes which had heretofore been linked to verses degrading and impure. This was the inspiration which awoke her own genius, though it does not appear to have begun to work until some months after the death of the old laird, her father, in 1792.

Then, driving through the country on the occasion of an annual fair, Carolina noticed many people carrying a yellow-covered book. Made alert by her interest in Burns' work, she sent her footman to buy one of these pamphlets. It proved to be a song-book, and much of its contents was shocking to her. She resolved to make an attempt at purifying the national minstrelsy. She soon found an opportunity. She provided her brother with a song which he sung at the tenantry dinner, and afterwards distributed among the guests. This was "The Ploughman." Its authorship was kept a profound secret. It is now but little known, and is worthy of interest, not only as the initial lay of our songstress, but from its pleasing picture of the privileges of honest rural labour.

"There's high and low, there's rich and poor,
There's trades and crafts eneuch, man;
But east and west his trade's the best
That kens to guide the pleugh, man.
Then come, weel speed my pleughman lad,
And hey my merry pleughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken
Commend me to the pleughman.

"His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
His cares are light and few, man;
His mother's blessin's on his head,
That tents her weel, the pleughman.
Then come, weel speed, etc.

"The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet
The morning fresh and new, man;
Blithe though she be, as blithe is he
That sings as sweet, the pleughman.
Then come, weel speed, etc.

"All fresh and gay, at dawn of day,
Their labours they renew, man;
Heaven bless the seed and bless the soil,
And Heaven bless the pleughman.
Then come, weel speed, etc."

At this period, when twenty-seven years old, Carolina Oliphant was already engaged to Captain Nairne, and when she was seen, busy at her desk, she was supposed to be writing letters to him—her dignified and reserved character forbidding any undue inquisition into her private affairs.

Among the earliest of her productions were her Jacobite songs, which were written to please her maternal grandfather. They "breathe the loyal fervour of a warm-hearted people, awake a compassionate sympathy for the ill-starred adventurer, and excite to valour and patriotism." Her early surroundings and interests gave the subject an intense reality to her. There is an original of "Charlie is my darling" which is now simply "impossible." That used universally is our heroine's version.

"'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our toun,
The young Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

"As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

Wi' Hi_land bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

"They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

"Oh, there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc."

Almost more touching in its pathos of futile hopes is—

"He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's owre the hills we daurna name;
He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

"My faither's gane to fecht for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame;
My mither greets and prays for them,
And deed she thinks they're no to blame.
He's owre the hills, etc.

"His right these hills, his right these plains;
O'er Hieland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our lads will do;
Were I a laddie I'd follow him too.
He's owre the hills, etc.

"Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
O did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done,
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
He's owre the hills, etc."

The furthest of the Ochils, that rise "above Dunblane," are just visible from Gask, nearly twenty miles away.

Other beautiful Jacobite songs Carolina wrote, among them the stirring "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" and the wailing lament—

"Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"

But though she could throw herself into this vanishing enthusiasm, it is very plain that, as time passed on, Carolina Oliphant, inheriting the honesty of her sire, could, like him, recognise the defects of the princely race whose cause they had espoused so chivalrously. This is seen very plainly in her song, "What do ye think o' Geordie now?" It is a dialogue between a wildly Jacobite young lady and a more prudent sire, who urges that—

"O Mysie, lass, ye little ken
The drift o' cavaliering men."

And when she pleads the personal charms and graces of Charles, he doucely answers—

"It's no to sing, nor yet to dance,
That we will take a king frae France;
A bird that's ta'en frae an ill nest,
It aye will do like a' the rest."

The old gentleman replies to her gibes about Geordie's clumsiness and violent temper—

"Aweel, aweel, an' what's a' that,
To them that promise and draw back?
Nae wiser by adversitie,
Oh, tyrants a' the Stuarts wad be,"

summing up the whole matter with the exhortation—

"O Mysie, lass, dry up thy tears,
And think nae mair o' cavaliers:
To fight 'gainst heaven is a' in vain,
The Stuarts will never reign again."

"The Laird o' Cockpen" was one of Carolina Oliphant's early productions. There is an old song of that name, whose hero was said to have been a personal friend of Charles II. Carolina wrote her version to the same air, and, owing to the strict secrecy which she maintained, this song was long attributed to Miss Ferrier, the novelist, one authority simply adding, "The two last verses are by another hand." Others assigned it to Sir Alexander Boswell. In truth, "the verses by another hand" were added by Miss Ferrier to Carolina Oliphant's original song, in which the laird was left disconsolate. One of the immense disadvantages of her persistent anonymity was this difficulty of keeping work untampered with. "McClish," the name of Cockpen's lady-love, was probably suggested by that of the parish minister of Gask, who in 1746 had refused to pray for the laird's family, as Jacobites and rebels, and had actually travelled into Perth to denounce them to the vengeance of the Duke of Cumberland.

For the sake of readers "out of the way," perhaps we may transcribe the whole song:—

"The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,
His mind is taen up wi' things o' the State;
He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious* to seek.

"Down by the dyke side a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she'd look well,
McClish's ae daughter o' Clavers ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

"His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, a cocked hat,
An' wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

"He took the grey mare, an' rade cannily,
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers ha' Lee;
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen.'

"Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine.
'An' what brings the laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

"An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the laird when the lady said 'Na,'
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

"Dumbfoundered was he, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;

* Troublesome.

An' aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mrs. Ferrier's additional verses certainly detract from this charming picture of petty self-importance. Except as part of the song's history, they should be always omitted. They run—

"An' now that the laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
'Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

"Next time that the laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green.
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen."

Let us dwell on some of the quaintly humorous touches — the conceited laird, too much engrossed in political mysteries to find leisure for the "mere frivolities" of love-making; his desire for a wife whose appearance will grace his table; his fussy personal decoration; the sly suggestion of "the grey mare"; his over-confident summons of the lady, who, not at all impressed by the honour of his call, wishes he had come at some other time, and his disappointed ride home, consoling himself with the reflection that nobody but a "daft" person could have dreamed of refusing the honour of his hand.

To the same period may be assigned her production of the popular "Caller Herrin'," with its touching description of the fish—

"Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men."

It was about the year 1798 that Carolina, her mind already solemnised by sundry family bereavements, wrote her matchless "Land o' the Leal." The immediate cause which called it forth was a dear friend's grief over the death of her little daughter. It is justly considered "almost perfection." It consisted originally of seven stanzas, but in later life its author added one or two more, which do not add to its poetic beauty. We give the song as it first appeared:—

"I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.

"There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

"Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.

"But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy is comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

"Oh, dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

"Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

"Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal."

Surely a remembrance of the sweet calm of her own mother's deathbed is embodied in these verses.

It was observed that the name "John" was presently changed by public use to the feminine "Jean," which is still often used. The reason for this blunder is shown by the author herself, in a letter written late in life. She says:—"I was present when it was asserted that Burns composed this song on his death-bed, and that he had it 'Jean' (his wife's name), instead of 'John'; but the parties could not decide why it never appeared in his works, as his last song should have done. I never answered."

Reserve, even to a morbid degree, seems to have been characteristic of Carolina Oliphant, covering, as it so often does, unsounded depths of warmth and devotion. She was engaged to Captain Nairne for fourteen years before he, heir to an attainted title and alienated estates, was in any position to marry. Her constancy was tried more than once—once most temptingly—but remained unshaken. Yet it is said she put aside with some impatience and vexation her bridegroom's kiss on their wedding-day (in 1806), "as being too bold and public an assertion of the rights which she had just given him." It is believed that she never told him she had written "The Land o' the Leal," so fearful was she lest between his frankness and his pride in his wife the secret would become public. But surely he knew her authorship of "Kind Robin lo'es me," the sweet expression of her happy married life, in which her real tenderness shows clearly through the poetic disguise.

"Robin is my ain gudeman,
Now, match him, carlins, gin ye can,
For ilk ane whitest thinks her swan;
But kind Robin lo'es me.
To mak' my boast I'll e'en be bauld,
For Robin lo'ed me young and auld;
In simmer's heat and winter's cauld
My kind Robin lo'es me.

"Robin he comes hame at e'en,
Wi' pleasure glancin' in his e'en:
He tells me a' he's heard and seen,
And syne how he lo'es me:
There's some ha'e land and some ha'e gowd,
Mair wad hae them gin they cou'd,
But a' I wish o' warld's gude
Is Robin aye to lo'e me."

The greatest part of their married life was spent in Edinburgh. One child, a son, was born of the union. In 1824, when many attainders were annulled, the husband's ancestral title was restored to him, and the pair became Lord and Lady Nairne.

Though at that period Edinburgh was at its brightest, both in society and literature, the Nairnes lived a singularly quiet existence. Town gaieties, doubtless, seemed but dissipations to those accustomed to the more real and wholesome hospitalities of country life. They wished to be particularly careful as to the influences surrounding their son, and it is a striking proof of the honest impartiality of their minds, that in selecting a companion tutor for him their choice fell upon a student of high accomplishment and character, who had forfeited valuable exhibitions owing to his family's determined opposition to Episcopacy (and its Scotch concomitant of Jacobitism), Lady Nairne simply remarked, "This shows steady principle, however applied." Nor did she hesitate to express her regret that Sir Walter Scott in his works had been inclined to dwell too much on the harsher and more ignoble traits of the Covenanters. Yet Lady Nairne told one of her nieces, "There was never a merrier home than ours. Your uncle was full of fun, and kept his best spirits for his own home."

It was during her residence in Edinburgh that Lady Nairne made certain arrangements for the publication of some of her pieces. But even then her incognita was preserved by many devices. She corresponded with her publisher under an assumed name, that of "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan," and her poems were signed with the initials "B. B.," and not always with these.

The Nairne family did little visiting, and that little was in simple, neighbourly style, chiefly with an old bachelor laird and his still older sister, who "received" every Saturday from morning till even, the informal entertainment always concluding by a vocal concert, at which Lady Nairne's assistance was invaluable, since it was reported, "Never was anything in poetry said or sung which she does not know." She was always busy with needle, pencil, and brush. Her little drawing-room was adorned with her own painting and embroidery, of which, too, her gifts usually consisted.

Lord Nairne died in 1829. Owing to the lateness of her marriage, the sorrows which fall into most women's lives overshadowed hers in the feebleness of old age. In 1837, when the death of her only son left her bare of all near ties, she was in her seventy-second year. At such an age the forces of life can scarcely rally under repeated blows; but at any rate her losses failed to make her bitter or selfish. During her journey from the foreign land where she left her son's grave, a young relative records that "sunshine had always been the most trying thing for her in her grief, but now she would have all the blinds up, that I might not lose the views," and she "made room on the carriage for a guitar case." The old reserve was on her. "She never spoke of her sorrows, nor did her companions recollect ever seeing tears." She occupied herself with needlework, knitting diligently for "quietly-conducted bazaars," to which alone she contributed, but preferring to sell her work herself to any friend who fancied it, and so giving the money direct to whatever good cause she was forwarding at the time. She bought the cheapest materials, and made them beautiful by her taste and skill, saying "it was best to use our labour on things which cost little, as it would then be all profit." She used to tell her nieces that an old kinsman of hers had informed her that when he was in exile at the French Court "the ladies thought it graceful to be always at work, and that conversation flagged without it; but that none might suppose that they wished to be of any use in the world, he had seen some of them, as soon as a lovely little leaf was produced by the tatting-shuttle, throw it into the fire." Such were the women and such the ways which ended in the great French Revolution; and yet they are but an exaggeration of the same spirit which makes girls too weak for household work, but strong enough for tennis!

In whatever town they stopped, Lady Nairne and her party made friends among the sick and poor—the almsgiving being as abundant and as secret as the lyric writing had been. "Religion is a walking and not a talking concern," was Lady Nairne's favourite maxim.

She was in her seventy-sixth year when she wrote those lines, so strangely thrilling at once with pain and peace:—

"Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given—
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

"If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

"Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly time, fly speedily;
Come life and light."

In 1843 she ventured to return to her childhood's home at Gask, as the guest of her nephew and his newly-made bride, who crossed the Channel to escort her on the journey. Here she reports herself as "greatly occupied in selecting and arranging papers which were sent for my inspection from my too happy home—letters more than a hundred years old, full of hopes, fears, and anxieties of other times." Her constitutional reserve still shows in the next sentence:—"There are many dear memorials of those I myself have loved and lost, and I wish to destroy them, precious as they are, that no one after me may read them with indifference." It is believed that she carried out this intention, since "No letters addressed to her during the entire period of her married life have been found among the Gask papers."

On the 26th October, 1845, the end came, sweetly and quietly.

After she was gone to "The Land o' the Leal" her family saw no reason to maintain the secrecy she had observed as to her writings.

It has been well said that "as a Christian gentlewoman, Lady Nairne was an honour to her age and country." Her Swiss maid, who was with her during the eleven years preceding her death—those years of sorrow and loneliness when "the grasshopper" must have been "a burden," bore this significant testimony:—

"My Lady Nairne approached as near to an angel as human weakness might permit."

We cannot conclude this paper without adding that among her less widely-known verses are some which we think are so appropriate and acceptable to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN, that they may thank us for transcribing them:—

"THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARLD.

"The bonniest lass in a' the warld,
I've often heard them telling,
She's up the hill, she's down the glen,
She's in yon lonely dwelling.
But nane could bring her to my mind,
Wha lives but in the fancy.
Is't Kate or Shusie, Jean or May?
Is't Effie, Bess, or Nancy?

"Now, lasses a', keep a gude heart,
Nor envy e'er a comrade,
For be your e'en black, blue, or grey,
Ye're bonniest aye to some lad.
The tender heart, the cheering smile,
The truth that ne'er will falter,
Are charms that never can beguile,
And time can never alter.

"SAW YE NE'ER A LANELY LASSIE?

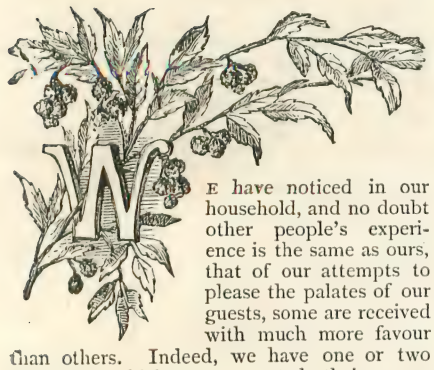
"Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie,
Thinkin' gin she were a wife,
The sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down,
But warm and cheer her a' her life?
Saw ye ne'er a wearie wifie,
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,
She would aye be blythe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass.

"Wives and lassies, young and aged,
Think na on each other's state;
Ilka ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings,
Peevish dinna pass them by,
But like choicest berries seek them,
Though amang the thorns they lie."

We cannot help thinking that both her humorous and her pathetic songs will have renewed and deeper interest when it is seen from what a pure, upright heart they came, and how the faith which she depicted in her deathless lyric served to uphold and cheer herself in the days when she, too, was "wearin' awa'."

(To be continued.)

SOME CHARMING DISHES.



WE have noticed in our household, and no doubt other people's experience is the same as ours, that of our attempts to please the palates of our guests, some are received with much more favour than others. Indeed, we have one or two dishes for which we are noted, their popularity is so widespread. Their appearance is the signal for their disappearance. We are continually asked for the recipes by our friends; but they are few in number, and one cannot go on presenting the same old favourites week after week and year after year. But if other people would let us into the secrets of their popular dishes, giving us full directions how to prepare them, we feel that we should owe them a debt of gratitude, which we could only attempt to repay by making them a free present of our own. Our payment shall be made in advance.

The most popular sweet dish that appears on our table is dignified by the name of a casserôle. It is especially a favourite with gentlemen.

THE RECIPE FOR A CASSERÔLE.

Take one pound of French plums, those sold at tenpence to a shilling a pound; take out the stones, set the fruit in an enamelled saucepan, with three-quarters of a pint of cold water, a few lumps of white sugar, and a small piece of lemon peel cut very thinly from the lemon. Let the fruit stew until it is quite tender, when add an ounce packet of gelatine dissolved in a little hot water (care must be taken that it is thoroughly dissolved before the prunes are removed from the fire) and a small glass of port wine. If you possess a casserôle mould, pour the stewed fruit into it, but if you do not the following plan answers admirably. Take a cake tin of the size that would hold an ordinary shilling cake, place in the middle of it a moderate sized Liebig or currant jelly jar, turned upside down. The object is to turn out the stewed prunes when cold in a smooth round jelly, with a space in the centre for cream. Please do not forget to carefully oil the tin, and observe that there should be a sufficient proportion of juice to quite cover the fruit. You will have to place a heavy weight on the little jar before pouring in the fruit, or the juice will rush underneath and lift it up. This weight must remain until the jelly is firmly set, which will take twelve hours. Now crack the stones and take out the kernels. Carefully remove the little jar, and turn out the jelly on to a glass dish. Take half or a quarter of a pint of thick cream, whip to a froth, fill up the hole in the centre, and lay the rest in the dish round the casserôle. Colour a little crushed loaf sugar by laying it in a saucer with a little cochineal, and sprinkle lightly over the cream. Stick a double row of kernels round the top of the casserôle, and it is finished.

Let me add that where strict economy is an object, a quarter of a pint of cream may be made to answer the same purpose as half a pint, by beating the white of an egg to a stiff froth with a knife, and adding it to the cream, before proceeding to whisk it. This dish is really very easy to make, the critical points in it being to have a sufficient quantity of juice, so that it may turn out a smooth dark jelly filled with fruit, to stew the fruit until perfectly soft, and to turn it nicely out of the tin.

Next in order of favour comes a German or spiced apple tart. This is an extremely pretty dish, and makes a charming addition to a luncheon, supper, or high tea.

RECIPE FOR GERMAN APPLE TART.

Take one pound and three-quarters of good cooking apples, a quarter of a pound of dates; peel and core the apples, cut them up small, and put them into an enamelled saucepan with the dates stoned and cut up. Let them stew together till quite soft. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Beat up smoothly, and turn out into a dish to cool. In the meantime proceed with the crust.

Take half a pound of flour, add to it two ounces of castor sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, and a quarter of a pound of butter. This tart is best made in a small oval baking tin, the sides of which are as straight as possible. An ordinary tart dish slopes too much, besides which it is always more difficult to get an undercrust thoroughly baked in earthenware than in a tin. Mix the dough with the yolk of an egg and half a teacupful of milk. It should be mixed dry enough to leave the sides of the basin quite clean. Cut the dough into three pieces. With one, rolled out to a thickness of a quarter of an inch, line the bottom of the tin. With the second piece line the sides of the tin, wetting the edges of the crust where it overlaps with a little milk. Fill the tin with the stewed apple, and with the third piece of crust cover the whole. Trim the crust round evenly where it joins the sides, and notch it round. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, taking care that the undercrust is thoroughly done. When baked, loosen the tart from the sides of the tin, but do not turn it out until it is about half cold, or it will probably break. Have ready a suitable dish with a d'oyley neatly folded on it. Turn the tart out on to it. The easiest way of doing this is to place a small chopping-board over the tin, reverse it, and let the tart drop gently on to the board, then slip the tart from the board to the dish. In the meantime, beat the white of the egg (the yolk

of which you used for the crust) to a stiff froth with the blade of a knife, sift in two ounces of castor sugar, add a few drops of vanilla, and spread smoothly over the tart. Ornament it round the edge with preserved cherries, cut in half alternately with pieces of preserved greengage, apricot, or fruit of any prettily contrasting colour. A star in the centre, of the preserved fruit, is a pretty addition. Two ounces will be found sufficient for ornamenting the tart.

A very favourite pudding, both with adults and children, is one which goes by the name of snow pudding. It may be eaten either hot or cold.

RECIPE FOR A SNOW PUDDING.

Take any pieces of stale bread, or if you wish a very delicate pudding the crumb of a stale roll, cut into small pieces; pour over them a pint of boiling milk, and let them stand near the fire until thoroughly soaked, so that they can be beaten up to the consistency of bread sauce. Then add a little sugar according to taste, but be careful not to oversweeten, two ounces of butter, a few drops of vanilla, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. When sufficiently baked (it will take about three-quarters of an hour), spread over the top a layer of raspberry jam. Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth with a knife until it is like snow, and pile lightly on the top of the pudding.

A dish which is always welcomed by the gentlemen of our household is pineapple fritters. Fritters are not nearly so difficult to make and serve as pancakes. They require to be very hot, but they will keep very nicely in the oven for a quarter of an hour or so, provided the oven is a hot and not a cold one. If allowed to cool they become flabby and greasy.

RECIPE FOR PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.

Make a batter with half a pint of milk, two eggs, and sufficient flour to make it the consistency of thick cream. Have ready a tin of pineapple—those containing a whole one are much the best. Cut off as many thin slices as you require, and drop them into the batter. With a large spoon or saucer take up a slice of the pineapple with enough of the batter to quite cover it. Drop this into a frying-pan of boiling lard. When it is nicely crisp and brown, take it up with a skimmer and place on some kitchen or coarse tissue paper on a dish in the oven. When drained from all extraneous fat, pile on a very hot dish, and sift a little crushed sugar over the fritters. A little practice will enable you to fry three or four fritters at the same time. Do not stint the lard for frying; it should quite cover the fritters, and any left in the pan can be poured into a pot and set by for future use.

One very favourite dish in our house I must not omit to give you, it is such a delightful way of using up cold beef.

RECIPE FOR BEEF OLIVES.

A very useful joint for a large family is nine or ten pounds of the top side of the round of beef, the part from which prime buttock steaks are cut. It yields plentiful and delicious gravy. When the joint is served hot, some of this gravy should, if possible, be set by for the olives. If this is not at hand, some stock must be made in the usual way, or failing that a small quantity of the soup sold in tins, say ox tail, makes a very good substitute. Cut your cold beef into slices as evenly as you can, and about four inches square. Make a plain forcemeat with a cupful of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of mixed herbs finely pounded, and a little pepper and salt. Mix into a mass with a little milk; with a knife spread a little forcemeat over each slice of meat, roll it up neatly, and tie it round with cotton, or fasten with a small skewer. Place these rolls in a stewpan with an ounce of butter, and braise them a nice brown. Pour away any fat that may remain, dredge a little flour into the bottom of the pan, let it brown but not burn, then cover the olives with some stock. Bring it quickly to the boiling point, then add a small onion, a carrot, a turnip cut into dice, and a little celery. The outside pieces from a head of celery do admirably, as it is only the flavour that is required, and the celery itself should be removed before serving. Add a few peppercorns tied in a piece of muslin, and salt to taste. If tinned soup is used instead of stock, less vegetable will be required. The soup may be diluted with two parts of water. Let the whole simmer gently for an hour. Take up the olives, remove the skewers or cotton securing them, place them on a hot dish in the oven. If the gravy is not sufficiently thick, add a little flour rolled in butter, or mixed with a tablespoonful of walnut or mushroom ketchup. Pour over the olives, and serve. Garnished with young carrots, or enclosed in a wall of snowy mashed potatoes, this dish makes a very presentable *entrée*. It may also be made with fresh meat, when it would take two and a half hours' gentle stewing.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE ENCAMPMENT.

GERARD always said, change of occupation is recreation, which his affectionate mother believed to be a proverb, whereas he made it out of his own head, as the children say. He could not always secure a half holiday on Saturday, for Mr. Aspenel used many curious arts to deprive him and his other *employés* of it; but he managed to be at the encampment on this particular Saturday at about four o'clock. His mother and Fan were with him. The trio went into the midst of the gipsies, just as if it was a natural thing, and began to converse with them freely. Mrs. Lee, or the Tigress, as she was called, was chief speaker, but such men and women as were "at home" joined occasionally. Preparations for decamping appeared to be in progress, and there was an unusual stir when the visitors appeared. Children and dogs were numerous as usual, and the scene was diversified by the return of certain members of the community, who had been abroad selling their wares. Men with skewers, pegs, or cane for chair-mending; women with baskets of all kinds of wares, and babies tightly shawled to their sides. They spoke to one another in a jargon incomprehensible to our friends, but having its origin in Romany, diluted and degraded by intermixture of the born gipsy with the travelling vagrant of less pretentious lineage. Indeed, the genuine gipsy is fast dying out of the land, and the Tigress was a true specimen of the vanishing race.

It was a clear September day. The air was bracing, the sun was not too hot, and Gerard felt that it was a boon to breathe and feel. He thought of the multitudes he had left, crowding bridge, riverside, and wharf, and no longer wondered that his bare-footed, brightly clad brothers and sisters preferred the breezy common and canvas tent to the close room and foggy atmosphere.

Mrs. Clarville was a frequent visitor to these poor people, and, thanks to the rector and Mr. Harton, seldom came unprovided with comforts for such as were sick; though the invalids were few. She managed, however, to enter, by stooping, into a low tent where a woman lay on a bed on the ground, with a week-old baby by her side, and to administer a small deed and word of comfort, but as this was not the object of her visit, she did not remain long. Glancing into another tent, she fancied she saw a man at the further end, but she did not venture to intrude. Most of her motley acquaintances were in view. Having paved the way by this kindly act, she opened the campaign.

"We are old friends now, and I

shouldn't advise you against your interest," she began; "but since it is the law of the land that all children shall be educated, why don't you take advantage of your present situation, so near the Board school, and send your children?"

"We want none of their eddication; we won't be beholden to them," said the Tigress, extending her arm, and stamping her foot.

"We ain't got no money, ma'am," put in a man, with a whining voice.

"Perhaps the money would be found for a week or so, just to make a trial," continued Mrs. Clarville. "Only think how much better it is to grow up with knowledge than without it. Such of you as can read confess that."

"Yes; there's some truth in what you say, missus," growled another itinerant, who was no more of a gipsy than Mrs. Clarville herself.

Here Gerard broke in.

"Why, my friends, I shouldn't have a shirt to my back but for the three R's. You know what that means: Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic." A laugh. "In these days you haven't a chance without learning. You may as well go to gaol or workhouse, if you don't know how to use what brains you have. Tents are pleasant, God's air is delightful; but railroads and fresh towns leave no space for tents, and the smoke from the machinery blackens the pure air. By the time these boys are men, they won't find standing-room unless they force their way through the throng by learning. Why, friends, you stand in their light by letting them run away from school."

"Force us to school—force us to stone walls—force us to death in stifling smoke!" cried the Tigress, the crimson kerchief that covered her head trembling as she shook it and her fist. "Never! I'll die where I've lived, under God's heaven, with my grandchildren and great-grandchildren round me."

"God's heaven canopies city as well as moor," replied Gerard, reverently. "Our Father cares for us everywhere, and we should show our gratitude by following Him. But how can we do that unless we learn the way? And how can we learn the way unless through His Holy Word? And how can we understand that, unless we read it?"

Murmurs of "True for you. I don't want to know the way. He speaks like a parson," succeeded this effort, accompanied by whiffs of tobacco smoke.

One handsome young fellow stood up, however, and spoke out. He was the husband of the sick woman in the tent, and both were of the old families of Lee and Boswell. He glanced deprecatingly at his grandmother, the Tigress, and addressed Mrs. Clarville.

"I'm all for learning, ma'am. I can read a little myself. There's my eldest, turned five, and you may have him, if we stops on here. You've been kind to my wife and all of us. But I couldn't sell no skewers to-day, and where the money for the schooling's to come from, I can't tell."

"Let him come to Sunday school to-morrow," cried Fan, seizing on the ragged urchin indicated by the father, who himself looked almost a youth. "You needn't pay for that; and I'll give bullseyes and toffy and a halfpenny to every boy and girl that is in my class by half-past nine o'clock. Who'll come?"

"I will," and "I will," and "I will," sounded on all sides, and every child of the encampment surrounded Fan.

"A miracle! a miracle!" were words that reached Gerard's ears, in the midst of the children's "I wills." He glanced in the direction whence they seemed to come, and saw a head peering through the opening of one of the tents. A slouched, gipsy hat enveloped it so efficiently, that beyond a row of gleaming white teeth just visible through a black, bushy beard, he discerned nothing of the said head. It was withdrawn when he looked towards it. He thought it strange, and resolved to see more of its owner, if possible. A fairer sight awaited him, however, for on the outskirts of the camp, just beyond this particular tent, stood Edith and Bruce, with Nurse True as chaperon. They had been attracted by Fan, and the "I wills."

"Let them all come to-morrow, Mrs. Lee," said Fan persuasively, facing the Tigress. "I'll see they have fair play." Then she whispered something which the old woman alone could hear, and which took instantaneous effect.

"I'm conwerted! I'm conwerted!" she exclaimed. "We'll stop and see the end on't. We won't move on to-morrow morning as we was to. We'll be here for your sermon, young mister, if you'll preach to us. I always listen, and now I'm conwerted."

This conversion had been effected by Fan's whispered finale—

"You can circumvent Squire Aspenel."

Then she continued aloud—

"No child shall have bullseyes or halfpence who hasn't clean face and hands and feet—legs, I mean; because, if it should rain, your feet must get a little dirty. Nine o'clock sharp, remember."

"Shall us have bullseyes and halfpennies if we goes to Board school?" asked a youngster, rolling about at Fan's feet.

"Perhaps; I'll ask. There's no knowing what you may get if you try."

"More kicks than halfpence, maybe," hissed a bystander.

"Learning is better than house and land," came in a mocking tone from the man in the tent.

"We don't want houses or land; we only want the common, what's public property, and the fresh air, and to be let alone," responded a neighbour.

"And the learning, which is better," put in Gerard, good-humouredly. "Our friend over there has hit the right nail on the head. Some of you who say you can see into the future by means of the occult sciences, can't you prognosticate which of those children may be member of Parliament some one of these days, and help to make the laws for the Egyptians? Who knows but your native country, Egypt, may belong to us before long?"

"Our ancestors were Asiatic," came from the tent.

"No matter; we've lots of possessions in Asia," replied Gerard.

A suppressed laugh from the tent was followed by an inroad upon it. Master Bruce suddenly escaped from True, broke through the encampment, and made for this particular tabernacle. He wanted to find out what was inside, and unceremoniously penetrated the almost imperceptible opening.

"Oh, Mr. Gerard, will you fetch him out?" pleaded Edith, who had followed him, and stopped near Gerard.

Gerard hastened to the tent. Its owner was using bad language, and Bruce was evidently paying the penalty of his intrusion, for he was screaming lustily. He thrust open the curtains and crept in, striking his head against the tent-pole as he did so. He saw a man holding Master Bruce by the arm, and cuffing him soundly. "You deserve it," was on his lips; but Bruce in his efforts to escape had managed to throw off the brigand hat, and Gerard recognised the man from whose grasp he had rescued Mr. Aspenel. He seized Bruce, and pushed him outside the tent, then faced the Wandering Will that his employer had bade him track.

"I have seen you before," he said.

"Yes; you have had the best of it twice. Beware the third time," replied Will, nonchalantly. "Your patron fears me too much to bring me to justice, so you had better let me alone. Mind your business of truckling to a miser and snivelling to unbelievers, and I'll mind mine. I'm a philosopher, and only want enough to eat. That was all I was after when your master and I came to blows. I'm neither murderer nor thief. I took the fine lady's purse, and availed myself of one shilling to buy a meal, and her railway ticket to come down here. Ha, ha, ha! I daresay he stormed at taking another. I saw you on guard, travelled with you, only I didn't go first class. 'He who steals my purse steals trash,' said I with my namesake Will, and sent back the miser's gold. I mean to return the shilling when I get one. Tell him so, with my compliments, and that he'd better not send spies after me. I nearly strangled that imp of his. Better let me pass quietly, for I've the best of it here, if I had the worst you know where."

Before Gerard could find words to reply to this rhodomontade, the man fell upon all fours, crept from beneath the tent, and vanished.

Gerard, who was less nimble, though many years his junior, got out with an effort, and glancing round, saw him scudding across the common.

"He's not to be caught," said the Tigress, defiantly; and as Gerard did not wish to catch him, he turned to look for Bruce, who was carried off in a contrary direction by his two guardians.

"Didn't he howl!" laughed Fan, approaching him. "But we had better go now, before they all change their minds."

Gerard agreed; for he was doubtful as to what course to pursue with regard to the fugitive. He went round to take leave of the gipsies.

"You'll come and preach to-morrow; for I'm conwerted," said the Tigress, her eyes flashing ominously.

"If the children are at school in the morning, you shall have a sermon in the afternoon," said ready Fan.

But Gerard was uncertain. Wandering Will's speech had troubled him, and he began to fear that his friends the gipsies might be harbouring a criminal.

His mother came forward, and promised that she at least would visit them on the morrow, and then the trio departed.

Fan's curiosity concerning Gerard's encounter with the man in the tent was insatiable, but he thought it best not to gratify it. He evaded her questions, and she grew almost as fierce as the Tigress, declaring that she ought to know everything; for wasn't she "a born gipsy, as Tom said"?

Gerard and his mother left her at Hoplands, and on their way to The Cottages he consulted Mrs. Clarville as to what he ought to do, having first recounted his adventure.

"I think you should be before Bruce in telling Mr. Aspenel," she advised. "The boy will complain to his mother, who will make the worst of it, and Mr. Aspenel will take out a summons for assault, and the gipsies will get into trouble, just as we may be softening them."

Mrs. Clarville was of a sanguine, hopeful nature, and "believed all things"—even in the conversion of a Mahommedan, much less a gipsy. Gerard's faith was scarcely less, only it was tempered by greater worldly wisdom. He believed it to be his duty to his employer, however, to tell him of this second episode of strife between an Aspenel and a vagrant, and turned into The Park instead of The Cottages.

He found Mr. Aspenel at home, and was ushered into his sanctum—if a room dedicated to Mammon can be called a sanctum. He was, as usual, surrounded by bills — always settling accounts. Gerard related as briefly as he could what had occurred. Mr. Aspenel turned livid, whether with fear or rage Gerard knew not.

"Always haunting me! Prowling about! My life isn't safe," he muttered. "Tom Harton has just been here with a similar story. Better keep it close. Don't let it get abroad; but watch, watch. This is what I say to Harton—watch."

The words recalled to Gerard irresistibly similar words in Holy Scripture, and the association was painful to him.

"If I knew who and why I should watch," he said, "I should do so on your account, sir; but I cannot work in the dark."

"Those who work for me must do my bidding. I can find plenty of willing hands," returned Mr. Aspenel. "That man is my enemy, and my life and property are not safe. Return the shilling! A spendthrift vagrant such as he! That isn't likely."

"But he returned the purse. If he is a robber, and threatens your life, he should be brought to justice."

"No, no. We must get rid of him secretly. I mean, send off the gipsies with whom he has fraternised at present. They shall go to prison if they don't obey the laws, and they won't send their children to school because they can't pay. I expect they will all have decamped to-morrow morning. Sunday is their day, because they have nothing else to do—no fairs and fortune-telling, no selling and buying. What a lot of time we lose—and time is money, you know — by this Sabbatarianism. But we're getting enlightened by degrees."

"I thought you respected the Sabbath, sir."

"So I do; of course I do. Only it comes in the way of business. Many a stroke of luck fails because the Stock Exchange and the shipping offices and the General Post Office are shut on Sunday."

"But the managers and clerks want rest, sir. The Day of Rest is a gracious institution of the great Creator. Can I do anything for you?"

"To-morrow, do you mean? Certainly, you can help me to get through this pile of work. Nobody will be the wiser."

"I meant with regard to Wandering Will."

This name recalled Mr. Aspenel from a momentary abstraction, and relieved Gerard from a sudden terror. He was always in fear lest his employer should want him to work on Sunday, and he should lose his situation by refusing.

"Wandering Will! Let him alone for the present. He is probably on the line by this time. I wish he were——"

What he wished did not transpire; for a servant knocked at the door, and asked if Mr. Tom Harton could see him for a few minutes.

"Certainly. Bring him here," replied Mr. Aspenel, with alacrity; and Gerard withdrew, to be replaced by a more willing slave.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ZENOBIA.—Half a pound of butter weekly for each person in the house. We never heard of an allowance of bread, but we quite agree with you that much need for reform exists in nearly every house in this matter of taking in bread. So much is wasted, and, as a general thing, far too much bread is taken in from the baker for the whole household. A good housekeeper should visit the receptacle for bread every day, and make up her mind as to what is needed and what is to be done with the remains of bread there. It may be used for soup and puddings, or grated.

FILBERTS.—Either walnuts or filberts may be kept for years by storing them in earthenware jars with their husks on. They should be packed very tightly, covered closely, and kept in a dry place. Some people sprinkle a little salt between each layer of nuts.

AN ANXIOUS HOSTESS would do better to have a waitress in to help, if in doubt about the capability of her parlourmaid. Do not arrange for a very difficult *menu*, and keep your cook to the dishes she knows well. Make no experiments.

X. Y. Z.—We should strongly advise you to have an early dinner for your children and their nursery governess, at which you should make a rule of being present. Children's manners are all-important as shown at table, and if neglected in early childhood you will find it hard indeed to teach them to eat, drink, and behave like ladies and gentlemen afterwards.

L. A. PLANT.—We hope that "when found" you will yourself "make a note of" what you might have known without writing twice to us if you had read either our answers or articles, or at least given yourself the trouble of referring to our indexes. See page 383, vol. ii.; and see "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, and 219; besides direct replies on the subject of the glaze. Stir the hot starch with a wax candle; or buy a packet of glaze or "starch gloss" ready-made at any oilshop, and try not to be so helpless.

A LADY'S MAID.—We are exceedingly glad to hear that instruction obtained through us enabled you to rise to the position of lady's-maid. We thank you for the recipe you kindly give us, and insert it for our readers' benefit. The method of Cleaning and Blocking a Hat.—First, procure a jug, jar, or bottle, the end of which fits into the crown of the hat to be cleaned; and when so placed scrub with a soft nail brush, using a mild solution of chloride of lime and water—a teaspoonful of the former to half-a-pint of the latter. Should the hat be much sunburnt or soiled, use a little stronger solution. Be careful not to damp the hat too much. When the cleaning is thoroughly done, turn the hat crown downwards upon a clean cloth (the jar still inside it) to dry. This process should be slowly effected, and away from the fire, so that it should not become warped.

EDUCATIONAL.

A WISH.—Of course women can be trained as missionaries. There are several institutions for that purpose. But before offering yourself you must possess certain natural qualifications, *i.e.*, good health, good temper, untiring patience, and perseverance, a good method of teaching, and an aptness to acquire languages. You must also be of mature age, and be well assured that you are not wanted at home—running away from God-given duties to select others for yourself. Above all, the love of Christ and zeal for the salvation of souls should so fill your heart that you are fully prepared to forfeit liberty and all that makes life enjoyable—nay, life itself—in pursuit of your high vocation. Apply to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., or Miss Bullock, 19, Delahay Street, S.W.

EMMA.—Lectures and classes for ladies on languages, science, and literature, by the professors of King's College, are held at 13, Kensington Square, W. Application should be made to the lady superintendent and secretary, Miss Schmitz.

STUDENT.—You might write to Miss Mary Cail, Russell House, Tavistock Square, W.C., for particulars as to the Lady Students' Home.

A HAPPY ONE.—Certainly you would be received as a paying lady pupil at any hospital, provided that your character, health, and age presented no obstacle. All nurses have to wear a dress suitable to the vocation and the work they perform in the wards.

TALL DORA.—Take the MS. sermons to one or more publishers of theological books, and be guided by their advice. Instruction given by means of reading sermons is but little sought by the public in general, but some clergymen are glad to glean portions for the making up of their own discourses.

RAFFAELLA.—You do not say in what branch of your education you wish to improve yourself. Perhaps the Mutual Improvement Society, of which the secretary is Miss Ewing, 17, St. Giles, Oxford, would help you. Art, biography, history, poetry, philosophy, theology, and travel are the subjects selected for one hour's reading daily. Entrance fee, 2s.; after the first year, 1s. Prizes given. There is also a Society for Studying Languages by correspondence—secretary, Miss M. Hedge, Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants. You had better consult the "Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran), price 1s. 6d., and select for yourself.

MISS FLORENCE STEPHENSON wishes us to give our girls notice that the Essay Club, of which she was once the secretary, has resigned in favour of Miss Paterson, Craigdarroch, Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, N.B.

W. B. H. should consult our indexes, or our answers under the above heading for information respecting Kindergarten institutions and exams. Apply to Mr. J. Fenton, 8, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., secretary of the Frœbel Society. He will give you all information as to the training colleges for teachers of this system. Good temper, patience, cheerfulness, and love of children are essential, over and above the technical training.

MACAW.—We thank you for your strong recommendation of a correspondence club directed by Miss Macarthur, 4, Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow, N.B. Our readers will some of them be glad to hear of one so carefully managed, and in which such punctuality in sending the papers to the members is observed.

French, arithmetic, and algebra. If you write for the rules, do not forget to enclose stamps for the postage. It is so ill-bred, as well as mean, to omit this, and many complaints come to our ears as to the omissions made by the girls writing for information to suchlike societies. Miss Mason's address is 9, Highbury Grange, London, N.

ART.

GRATEFUL.—We suppose that perspective is taught in all the drawing, painting, and sketching clubs. Write to Miss Winder, Belle Vue House Ulverstone, Lancashire; or to Miss C. F. Briggs, Catherington House, Horndean, Hants; and send a stamped envelope. Your letter is indeed gratifying. We are most thankful that some answers of ours have afforded you so much comfort and encouragement.

ART STUDENT.—Probably the Anomaly Drawing Club might suit you. The secretary, Miss Willis (Wick Episcope, near Worcester), informs us that more members are desired; and that the annual subscription is 1s. 6d., and that the works sent in are criticised by an artist.

ENQUIRERS FOR ART CLUBS.—We are informed by the late secretary of the Go-a-head Sketching Club, Miss Phillips, of Elm Cottage, Knight's Hill, West Norwood, S.E., that the club has been broken up, and that those who seek such a society must select another. Any of our girls who possess the little "Directory of Girls' Societies" had better place a mark against the mention of the one in question as no longer existing. The Hon. Mrs. Best, The Rowdens, Torquay, Devon, has likewise broken up her society, and requests this notice may be given.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN.—We never heard that dressing the hair high was in any way injurious. The Editor of this paper is not that of the *Boy's Own Paper*.

MERLE.—Take the cod-liver oil in a little lemon juice, or with sardines. Perhaps you take too large doses, and on an empty stomach. Teaspoonful doses are the safest, and just after a meal.

A GENERAL SERVANT.—It is not necessary that a person whose vocation gives them muscular exercise at home should take further exercise in walking out of doors; though essential for a needlewoman, or anyone employed in intellectual and other sedentary occupations. No doubt your mistress would allow you to take the air on some other day besides Sunday if you asked her to allow you to do a commission for her now and then, or take half-an-hour's walk before dusk. But we highly disapprove of young women of any class going out after dusk when it can possibly be avoided; unless with a steady female companion, and in a safe locality.

GERTRUDE CARNEGIE should show her dog to a veterinary surgeon. It is dangerous to keep dogs so out of health.

MARY A.—Of course we understand that to have so bad a complexion is a trial to you; but instead of seeking external remedies, or methods of hiding it, look for the cause in your state of health, and try to improve that by careful diet and some mild prescription from a medical man. On no account use powder; nor, still worse, paint! No sensible, modest woman should resort to such measures. We have seen a notable quotation from a little book called "England's Vanity," 1683, by the celebrated author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest"—Richard Baxter. A severe satirical attack on the unseemly style of dress worn in society in his time winds up with the following words:—"The French have a good litany—'From beef without mustard, a servant which over-values himself, and from a woman which painteth, good Lord, deliver us!'" Frivolous as the first sentences are, the worthy divine thought the latter part deserving quotation in his book.

MISS MATTIN.—We have much pleasure in bringing your society into the notice of our readers, *i.e.*, The Helping Hands Zenana Association. It is managed by a committee of young ladies. Members subscribe 1s. per annum, and wear or keep a badge—in silver, bronze, or brass; and each contributes a piece of work quarterly to be sold for the missionary cause. All information desired will be supplied by Miss Mattin, Kincardine-on-Forth, N.B.; Miss Benyon, 25, Ashburn Place, London; or Miss Melland, Port Eynon Rectory, near Swansea, Wales.

GLOVER.—Our Martello Towers were erected at the beginning of the present century as defences of the coast against foreign invasion. They are so called from the Italian towers built as a protection against pirates. Warning was given by striking a bell with a hammer, or *martello*, and this was the origin of their being called Torri da Martello.

L. M. W.—The practice of saying "God bless you" to a person who sneezes is of very ancient origin, dating back to the Greeks. Aristotle alludes to it. Sneezing was the indication of a crisis in sufferers from the great Athenian plague, according to Thucydides; and being a mortal symptom during an outbreak of the pestilence in Rome, it is said that St. Gregory used the benediction towards those smitten when he heard what was called "the death sneeze." The practice of blessing the sneezer obtains amongst the native Indian tribes in America, as well as elsewhere.

C. E. J. DAVIES.—We do not remember the correspondent to whom you allude. You might send the magazines to the New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone Road, N.W.

IGNORAMUS.—If you desire to improve your general education you might join Miss Frances Mason's classes, which are specially given for English,

VOL. IX.—NO. 418.] DECEMBER 31, 1887. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

"Pretium Laborum non bile."

THE Editor begs to note his satisfaction of the kind way in which his suggested scheme for rewarding whatever is noteworthy in point of character, for distinguished service in music, painting, and sculpture, and in literature, science, and education (see page 8, November number), on the part of the Girls of our Realm, has been received.

Commendations and support have been offered by many important literary people and celebrated artists; and we also have received charmingly encouraging letters from many of our readers, requesting further particulars of the scheme—the chief point being a request that all subscribers *to the present volume* (not

A CHARMING LETTER AND A CONTRIBUTION TO THE FUND.

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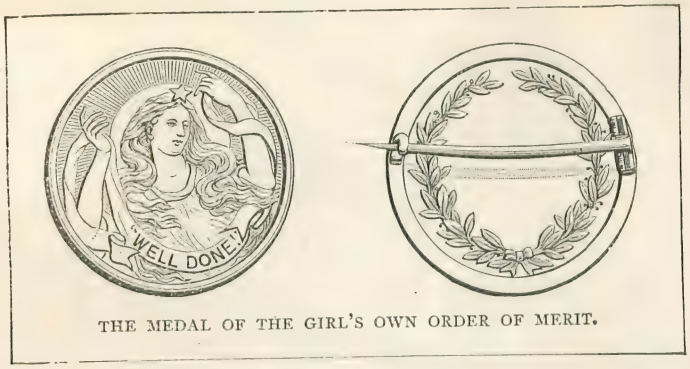
during the past twelve months) shall be entitled to vote, and to this request we have much pleasure in acceding.



THE MEDAL OF THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

The great question is, *Who deserves our first Gold Medal?*

Next month we shall make a suggestion to our readers, and, if we mistake not, they will be delighted at it, and their voting papers will be procured and filled in with the greatest enthusiasm. It is of no use our readers writing for the name we intend suggesting to them for their votes until January 25th, for we shall not reveal the secret before that time.

Until then we invite all who have not contributed to this unique and useful fund to send us their subscription, for until more money be received the trustees cannot proceed with their duties.

Contributions of one shilling and over will be acknowledged by the Editor personally in course of post.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

	£	s.	d.
The Proprietors, G.O.P.	10	0	0
E. Lannon	0	2	6
F. Eade	0	0	9
A. Ellen Osborne	0	2	0
Millicent Britton	0	1	0
St. John O'Reilly	0	1	0
Edith	0	1	0
Clara Cowper	0	0	6
Emily R. Watson	0	2	6
A. M.	0	1	0
Jessie Algie	0	2	6
Jane H. Parsloe	0	2	6
J. F. Percival	0	13	0

FAIRY TALES OF THE WORLD;

OR,

HITHER AND THITHER ON A BROOMSTICK.

By NIMBUS.

PART II.

FOR a time Wilhelm took an interest in the glass factory, going there every day and all day, but he soon grew tired of it, and spent his time in the public-house, dancing, gambling and drinking; but there came a day when his pockets were empty and his factory a failure.

It was at this crisis that, returning one night from the inn, he felt rather than saw someone walking beside him; it was the little Glass-man.

At this he broke out into angry words, declaring the whole of his failure to be due to the niggardliness of the man beside him.

"Do you not remember that you failed to ask for understanding?" the Glass-man asked.

"It is not understanding I want, but money; and now I have you here away from your firs, I will compel you to give me what I want." So saying he took the little man by his collar, but in a moment he had become a mass of molten glass, and ere Wilhelm could remove his hands they were frightfully burnt. Of the little man nothing more was to be seen.

For days his hands reminded him of his unthankfulness and folly, but he repented not of his evil ways. It was no unusual thing as he walked about full of unholy thoughts to meet Giant Michael, who never failed to offer him help, but as yet the charcoal-burner had not availed himself of it.

There came a day, however, when his factory and its contents were to be sold by auction, and while preparations were being made for the sale, Wilhelm resolved in his mind that as the Glass-man would give no help he would apply to Michael, and, without permitting himself time to think, off he started.

As he passed the little Glass-man's tree he thought he saw a hand held out, but he would not stop to make sure, but hurried on till he had crossed the grave into Michael's territory, when he called out, "Giant Michael! Giant Michael! Giant Michael!"

Ere the words had passed his lips the giant was by his side.

"Ah! so you have come," he said, gleefully. "Well, we will soon change all this want into plenty. Come with me to my house, where we will see if we can come to terms."

No time was allowed for thought; down a deep shaft they went, at the bottom of which was the giant's home. Spirits and glasses were brought, and while they drank, Michael discoursed of the joys of the world and the pleasures of foreign cities, till Wilhelm felt a longing to visit them, and he told the giant so.

"Well, you can do this and much more if you agree to my terms. You shall no longer be troubled with that stupid thing called conscience, nor shall your heart ever ache again. The cries of the poor shall cause you no pain, nor shall you have sleepless nights because you have driven the aged and the starving from your doors. All man's troubles reach him through his heart. I can relieve you of all these."

"I cannot make out how you mean to do all this, for, often as I have tried, I have never been able to still the beating and pain of my heart," said Wilhelm.

"Of course not," answered the other, laughing. "Just make over the stupid beating thing to me, and see how well you will get on without it."

"Do you mean to kill me, then?"

"No, I can operate without depriving you of life. If you doubt, come with me."

A great pain came into the man's heart as he stepped over the threshold, but he took no heed of it, for what he beheld was too startling.

The room into which Michael led the way had many shelves, all of which were full of glasses containing a transparent liquid, and in each glass was a human heart, the name of the owner being written on the outside, and many of these names were quite familiar to Wilhelm.

"Look," said Michael; "the owners of these have thrown pain and care to the winds, and are well content to be rid of the restless thing out of their breast."

"But what have they got in its place?" asked Wilhelm, almost fainting.

"This," answered the giant, at the same time taking from a drawer a heart of stone.

"Indeed!" said Wilhelm, shuddering. "But surely a thing like that must feel very cold in the breast!"

"Of course, but pleasantly so. I cannot see why a heart should be warm. No stupid sympathy can set this beating," pointing to the heart of stone.

"And so this is all you can give me after all your promises of help. I thought and hoped you would have given me money."

"Well, I don't think ten thousand pounds very little, and this you shall have. If you use it cleverly and put it out to interest you may become a millionaire."

"Ten thousand pounds!" said Wilhelm, almost choked with emotion. "I agree to your terms; give me the stone and the money, and you may take this restless thing which is beating so loud that it nearly suffocates me."

"I thought you would yield, like a sensible fellow. Sit down and drink while I count out the gold." And Wilhelm drank till he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke to find himself in a beautiful carriage on a wide road, with the Black Forest far behind him.

He would not at first believe that it was he himself who sat there in such fine raiment and grand carriage, but memory brought back th events of yesterday.

He was surprised, too, that he felt no sorrow at leaving the home of his childhood, nor that he had left his old mother in want and misery behind. Not a tear could he shed, not a sigh could he breathe, till he remembered that all these emotions were from the heart, and, thanks to Michael, his was of stone.

He looked about him, and found packed away in his carriage both money and raiment, as well as letters of introduction and letters of credit to all people and all lands. So he made himself comfortable in a corner of the carriage, and was driven on into the wide, wide world.

Here he saw beautiful pictures and wonderful works of nature; he heard grand music and visited in great houses, but nothing gave him pleasure. His eyes and his ears could convey no beauty where there was no heart to receive it. Eating and drinking and sleeping were the only things he could appreciate.

Just once and again he thought in a curious kind of way that he was happier when poor and hard at work; at all events, in the old days a very little thing would make him laugh, whereas now no power on earth would do so. He felt no home sickness, no sadness, yet was his life dreary as a desert.

After a year or two of absence he took his way back to the Black Forest; and as he saw the old spots and the familiar faces, the blood coursed quicker through his veins, and he put his hand on his breast, thinking that his heart must beat with joy; but no, hearts of stone do not laugh nor cry—they are not troubled with emotion.

One of his first visits was to Michael, who received him in a very friendly manner. Wilhelm complained to him of the entire absence of pleasure in his life, and begged that at least he would take away a little of the coldness of his heart, so that he might get some enjoyment. But Michael laughed in a grim kind of way, and told him he had only tried one side of life. "Come," he said, "and settle in the Forest; build a beautiful house, marry and set yourself something to do; get money by money; that will afford you some kind of pleasure."

Wilhelm followed this advice; he lent money at ten per cent.; he sold corn to the poor for three times its value; he showed no mercy to those who failed in their payments. He hated the poor; he allowed no beggars at his gates, but hunted them down with fierce dogs. His mother, who was old, homeless, starving, received no better treatment at his hands than other poor people.

He determined at length to marry; he knew he could pick and choose, for he was rich, but he did not find it easy to make a selection. At last he heard that the most beautiful and virtuous girl in the Black Forest was the daughter of a very poor woodcutter. Strange as it may seem, he married this girl, but she loved the poor, and had sympathy with suffering, and thought it no wrong to help them out of her husband's abundance.

For this he treated her cruelly, and peremptorily forbade her continuing this practice.

One day, however, the wife, whose name was Elizabeth, in her husband's absence from home, took her spinning wheel to the door, where she sat and sang as she worked.

While thus occupied there came towards her a very old man with a large and heavy sack, under which he panted. "Have mercy, good wife," he said. "I cannot go further; give me, I pray you, a glass of water."

Without a moment's thought she ran into the house and filled a glass, not with water, but with wine, and brought it and some bread to the old man.

He was much moved, and said, "Thou art good to the poor, therefore shalt thou find thy reward."

"Not so," said an angry voice, which was her husband's; "you have dared to give my best wine, and in my own glass, to a dirty beggar, so take thy reward." And he lashed her with the riding whip he held in his hand, till she fell bleeding and fainting at his feet.

He repented him of the deed as soon as it was done, and while bending down to see if life remained in her, a well known voice said, "Save yourself the trouble; she was the most beautiful and lovely flower in the forest; you have crushed it, and for you it will never bloom again."

"So it is you, Mr. Glass-man, is it? What is done cannot be undone, and I hope you won't accuse me to the magistrates as a murderer."

"Miserable wretch! you have a higher power to fear; you who have sold your soul to the evil one."

"It is you alone who are to blame for that," said Wilhelm. "You would not help me, and I went to one who would."

At this the Glass-man was so angry, that it is said he expanded to an enormous size, his eyes became large as soup plates, and his mouth like a furnace, out of which poured flames of fire. Wilhelm fell on his knees, and his heart of stone did not prevent his trembling in every limb. With eagle-like claws the Glass-man took him by the neck, and shook him, saying, in a voice of thunder, "Thou worm, I could destroy thee on the spot, for thou hast rebelled and blasphemed against the spirit of the forest; but for the sake of this dead woman who gave me to eat and to drink, I give you eight days' respite. If by that time you have not repented of your evil doings, I will come to you and send you hence with all your sins upon your head."

It was already evening, as some men returning from work saw Wilhelm Murmell apparently dead upon the ground; they sprinkled him with water, and at length he breathed and opened his eyes. His first question was for his wife, but no one had seen her; they sought high and low, but without avail, and Wilhelm knew that what he had thought a hideous dream was a reality, and he was alone, utterly alone!

It is true his heart of stone felt no sorrow, but he was wise enough to know that the disappearance of one so good and kind as his wife would bring him the curses of the poor, and, worse still, punishment at the hands of justice.

His sleep that night was troubled; he was constantly roused by the sound of a sweet voice saying to him "Wilhelm, get thee a warm heart, get thee a warm heart."

The following day he went to the village inn, there to drown his thoughts by drink, and so the days and the nights went by till the sixth day, when, as before, he went to the inn to while it away with his usual companions, but, oddly enough, their conversation turned upon death, and Wilhelm said, "What do you think becomes of us when we die?"

"Well," answered one, "our body is buried, and the soul goes either to heaven or to hell."

"If so, then our hearts are buried with our bodies?" questioned Wilhelm again.

"Why, yes, to be sure."

"But suppose I have not got one?"

"Then don't worry about it," said another of the men, laughing with an unmerry laugh.

"But I cannot help it," said Wilhelm, "for I used to hear that after death our hearts would be weighed."

"Well, ours will be heavy enough to sink us," said one.

"Yes," said Wilhelm, "that's true, for it is a stone; but that which troubles me is what will become of the heart which I sold."

No one being able to give him the information, he went home and to bed. Sleep it could hardly be called, for the same voice repeating the same words with an earnestness which compelled attention, "Wilhelm get thee a warm heart," went on the whole night. He could bear it no longer. At the break of day he rose and determined to see what could be done to get a warm heart, for he could not go on living in this way; so, mounting his horse, he rode away to the high firs, where once again he called upon the little Glass-man. At the summons the little figure appeared, but in no friendly or trusting mood. He looked stern and sad, and his dress was of black glass. Wilhelm knew for whom he mourned.

"What do you want of me?" was the question asked.

"I have one wish left," said Wilhelm, humbly.

"Well, you can wish for another heart of stone if you like. Be it what it may, I scarcely think I shall be inclined to grant it; as it is, you have more of good than you deserve. But ask and I shall hear."

"Oh, sir, take from me my heart of stone, and give me a warm living one in its place," said Wilhelm, earnestly.

"The sale was not between you and me," said the spirit. "I don't give riches for hearts; you must seek it of the one who holds it."

"But he will never give it up," said Wilhelm.

"I am sorry for you, evil as you are," said the little man, thoughtfully. "As your wish is not an idle one, I cannot refuse to help you. By force can you never get your heart again, but evil is not wise, neither is the prince of evil; go to him and obey me implicitly." So saying, he gave him instructions, and with these a little cross of pure crystal, which, if he held before the enemy and prayed earnestly, would preserve his life. "When you have obtained your desire return here."

So Wilhelm made his way to the giant's territory, and called to him three times.

He appeared, saying, with a horrible laugh, "So you have killed your wife! Quite right too, for she would in time have beggared you to enrich the poor. Of course you will have to leave the country as soon as it is known, and you want money for this I suppose."

"You are right," said Wilhelm, "but I shall want a great deal this time."

So Michael led the way to his house, and began counting out the money. While thus employed Wilhelm said, "That was all nonsense about your having my heart and giving me one of stone. You could not possibly take out one and put in another without causing instant death."

"You are wrong," said the giant, "your real living heart is here in my possession."

"No use telling me that; those you showed me can be only of wax."

"Is that of wax?" said he, pointing to one. "That is the heart of Wilhelm Murmell, the charcoal-burner. Would a wax thing beat like that?"

"I won't believe it," said Wilhelm. "My heart is in my breast, only your influence has made it cold and heavy."

"I will prove to you that you are wrong, and that that is certainly your heart."

So saying, he opened Wilhelm's waistcoat, took out the heart of stone and showed it; then taking the living heart out of the glass jar, he breathed on it, and placed it carefully in its place, and Wilhelm felt its beating, and was able to rejoice and be glad.

"Truly, thou art right," said Wilhelm, taking carefully out of his pocket the little cross of pure crystal. "I would not have believed it possible had you not shown me."

"Ah! you acknowledge my power; that is well; now I will take back the heart." But Wilhelm drew back a step, saying, "I have used your weapon of craft against yourself; if I can help it you shall never have power over that heart of mine again." And he tried to pray as he had done in his childhood.

While the prayer went on, the giant became smaller and smaller, till he ran about the room like a worm, and all the hearts in the

glass vases began to beat so rapidly that the room was like a clockmaker's workshop.

Wilhelm became so frightened that he could stay no longer; he ran from the house, and climbed up the steep, followed by Michael's curses. As he almost flew towards the high firs, a storm of thunder and lightning broke out, but without accident he arrived breathless at the little Glass-man's tree.

There sat the little man smoking his pipe, and looking less sad than before. As he saw Wilhelm, he said, "Why art thou weeping? Have you not succeeded in getting back your heart? Is it still of stone?"

"Ah, sir, I could not have wept had I still the heart of stone. Then my eyes were as dry as a July day, but now my old heart is almost broken at the evil I have wrought in its absence. And thou knowest how my riding whip——"

"Wilhelm," said the little man, "thou hast been a great sinner. Money and idleness have been your great enemies, and have driven out every good feeling, leaving you neither joy, sympathy, nor happiness. But a man's sins are remembered no more against him if his repentance be earnest and true. If I were sure of this being the case with you, I would still help you."

"Oh, sir, rather slay me. I have neither mother nor wife; both have been destroyed by my hand. What shall I do alone in the world?"

"Well, if thou wilt have it so, so it must be, I suppose." Thus saying, he took his pipe slowly from his mouth, and vanished behind the immense tree, leaving Wilhelm alone.

In a short time steps were heard, and looking up, Wilhelm beheld his mother and his wife both alive, and regarding him with affection. He sprang towards them, crying out, "Thou art alive! and I am forgiven!"

"They will forgive because your repentance is sincere. Go back to your father's house; be once more an honest charcoal-burner, and your neighbours will esteem you more than if you had ten tons of gold."

Thus the little Glass-man took leave of the three people, who blessed him, and thanked him, and took their way homeward to the poor hut in which Wilhelm had been born. But astonishment awaited them. A pretty, substantial peasant's house had taken the place of the hut. It was well furnished, and everything in it was simple, clean, and good. And this they knew to be the gift of the little Glass-man.

From this time they lived as honest and hard-working people, respected and loved by all their neighbours; and when the wife gave birth to a boy, Wilhelm once again visited the firs, to ask the Glass-man to stand godfather, but no answer came, neither did he ever again appear bodily to the charcoal burner; but while he stood entreating him a wind blew a few cones to his feet, which he said he would carry home in memory of his best friend.

On Wilhelm's return home he emptied his pockets; and lo! the fir cones had become rolls of silver guldens, which the parents knew to be the little Glass-man's present to his godchild.*

"And this, ladies, is just the tale I heard when a boy," said the old charcoal-burner. "Everybody knows it hereabout, and I only hope you are not tired of my yarn."

(*To be continued.*)

* Hauff made use of this legend to make a charming story.

A CONFIDANT OF THE MILLION.

THIS is the story he told me. I was amused as I listened to it, for I had formerly regarded the speaker as one of the most stolid, not to say stupid, youths, officially, whom it had ever been my lot to encounter.

A circumstance which need not be repeated made us friends, and revealed that I had been greatly mistaken in my estimate of his mental powers. That he was a keen observer, and read many an unwritten story in the faces and movements of those who visited the scene of his daily labours, his own words will, I think, abundantly prove. He began as follows:—

I sit, or perhaps I should say I spend, most of my days, from early morning until past eight at night, in a little office about eight feet square, lighted by one window. Its lower panes are whitened, to prevent curious persons from looking in, and perhaps also to save me from the temptation to waste time that is paid for by public money.

I generally communicate with the outer world by means of a little sliding shutter in the partition which separates my sanctum from an external apartment.

You will doubtless pity me when you think what a dull, monotonous life I lead as a post office clerk: the only clerk, too, in the one post office of a country town!

But I did not begin my talk with any wish to excite pity. I do work long hours. Our first mail arrives at 5.30 a.m., and our last leaves at eight in the evening. I am about the place pretty well all the while, have but a small salary, and short holidays; but I am no grumbler. There are plenty of people far worse off than I am, and whose work is much less interesting than my own. Beside, I have a small independent income; my people are fairly well off, so that I have expectations; and, though it would not do to tell everybody this, a friend in high quarters who will help me to a lift as soon as possible.

At twenty-two, and with such prospects, one can afford to wait patiently. So I go on month after month, pounding letters, scribbling my autograph on post office orders in a fashion impossible to be read, and anticipating the request for a "Queen's head" by shoving one into the hand of every individual who raps at the shutter, and then holding out mine for the penny in payment.

Moreover, I can be as deaf as the most dignified official in Her Majesty's Service. You may hammer away at the shutter till

your knuckles are sore, if you are so extremely ill-advised as to come there at the very last moment, when I am actually tying up the mail bags. Then I am a stoic and not to be moved. Perhaps outsiders may get very cross, but I never do. The raps at the shutter affect me in the same degree as do the hailstones which patter down the chimney. I simply remark to myself and at my paymaster, the British public, represented for the moment by a stout woman, who is using the knob of her umbrella to batter the shutter withal: "Peg away, my friend. It pleases you, and does not move me an *iota*."

It is very unreasonable in people to grumble and talk about "lazy officials," and to threaten to write to the Postmaster-General because I cannot attend to several matters at once. For instance, to tell that it is too late for a post office order, or that the North Mail went two hours since, and the London one will not answer as well for the conveyance of the letter you want a "head" for in such a terrific hurry. It is all there in print if you will only read it.

I began about my situation and my sanctum, and had no more thought of flinging in an expostulation than I had of flying. But when a clerk like me obtains a hearing, he naturally makes the most of his opportunity to remind the public that he has only one head at his disposal—not made of paper—and the usual pair of hands, and that neither can do the work of a dozen.

After such a digression, you will hardly be prepared to hear me say that I like my situation, still less that I do so on account of the imaginative, not to say poetical, side of my duties. Yet this is true. I look like a mere machine as I fill up forms and stamp letters, talking the while very little with my numerous visitors. Yet I believe I am more deeply in the confidence of my neighbours than any other person in the town.

I should tell you that I was born and bred here, and until the railway came and quickly doubled the population, I knew the face of every man, woman, and child that actually belonged to our old-fashioned town.

I have become acquainted with most of the newcomers during the two years I have filled my present post, and I have often learned almost as much from a man's face as he takes his letters as he does from their contents.

Of course we have a number of private box customers, and it is of these I speak as taking letters from me. But I do most of the sorting, and to us—the initiated—the outsides of letters are very expressive. The bulk of the million missives that keep flying through the post can be divided into so many classes.

Anyone could pick out the love letters by their frequency, and their sentimental devices at what I may call the "sticking point," since there is no seal nowadays. The young lady's letter to her dearest friend has usually a delicate odour clinging thereto suggestive of a dainty satchet.

The commercial letter is addressed in a bold dashing hand, as if it had been written in haste, and were one of many similar epistles sent to warn the retail tradesman of the traveller's impending visit, and bethink him of gaps to be filled in his shelves or cellars, perhaps also to have cash ready to settle an outstanding account.

The lawyer's letter is addressed in a stiff, severely neat hand, the envelope often blue-tinted, and if from a cautious man of the old school, may be fastened with a wafer in addition to gum.

Again, if you note the impress of a thimble on a misshapen seal, and find a crookedly scrawled address like this—

"mister jon Sprags
Milner
at Littel tunbery near
Crumbleton—blankshire,"

you feel sure that the writer is more familiar with broom and washing-tub than with a pen.

On Valentine's Day you may pick out the real tribute of regard from the anonymous abominations which depraved minds design, and coarse, evil-disposed persons send for the purpose of gratifying spite or giving pain, as easily as roses can be separated from thistles. I often feel my fingers itching to throw these last on the fireback; but I must not yield to the temptation, though the sending out of such is one of the most painful parts of my official duties. I wonder what sort of dispositions those must have who lend their talents to the production of such disgraceful articles!

These things, however, require little discernment to detect and classify. But sometimes I read whole histories without a word spoken or a glance at a single written page. Let me give you a sample:—

A tradesman left our town to take a larger business fifty miles away. Just a month after, a very smartly-dressed young lady sent him a post office order for ten shillings. She did this for three successive months on the same date, and then she stopped. But a blue envelope came, addressed in a formal hand, and post office orders four, five, and so on went regularly enough after that till many pounds had been paid.

What did I make out of that, do you say? Why, that the pretty young lady's love of finery had tempted her to run into debt, and that when Mr. Ellwand left she owed him a heavy bill for her smart gowns and velvet jacket. For my part I believe there is no garment so heavy to carry and uncomfortable to wear as that which is unpaid for.

When Mr. Jones lost his post as manager at the United Bank I understood why his private correspondence increased so tremendously when it might have been expected to decrease. He had been living too fast, and his creditors all wanted their money immediately. But I doubt if his many debts troubled him as much as did the one that lay like lead on the mind of that pretty young lady. I am afraid his case is a hopeless one. I trust her one experience will be a lesson for life, and that for the future she will "owe no man anything."

It is the letters "to be called for" that tell me most. Only yesterday, two girls came smirking and giggling towards my shutter. One said to the other, "You must ask for it," but the second replied, "No, you must," and feigned a retreat. Then the first, with a reproachful look, managed to ask if there was a letter for "X. Y. Z." I found and handed it, with a feeling of absolute certainty as to the contents.

One of these simpletons had been writing to an advertising astrologer, as he calls himself, and had sent certain questions respecting her future, and eighteen stamps to pay for the revelation. Her companion was her sole confidant. She would not have had her mother know for the world, poor foolish lassie! I am only young, and with no more, certainly, than a modest average of common sense; but I do feel sorry other young folks should be so credulous, and allow themselves to be gulled by advertising quacks who cannot tell them what they want to know. And if they could, would it not be a great misfortune for us to be able to look into the future?

If it could have been good for us, our All-wise, loving Father in heaven would not have left us without this knowledge, which folly hankers after in vain. All the same, there must be plenty who do try to obtain it, or these advertisements would not be continued year after year at a great cost.

The young folk who fetch these letters come at dusk, and between mails, for fear of being found out. Sometimes the letter is hurriedly thrust into the pocket, and there is always a guilty look on the recipient's face. It will, perhaps, stay there till bedtime; and the foolish girl can read it in her room, and lie down to dream of the handsome husband, with endless thousands, promised in the near future, and all for eighteen-pence!

I feel inclined to laugh at one side of this picture and to grieve over the other. It is alike ridiculous and melancholy. Young minds are tainted, improper curiosity still further excited, and nothing but harm can come of it, if only in the deceit practised by the young to keep their folly a secret from their parents.

There was another girl of a different sort, who came for letters addressed to "O. P. Q." I had seen her advertisement in the *Blankshire Herald*. It was for a governess's situation. She was so anxious, and came so often in vain, that I was glad when at last I could hand her a letter.

There is a crack near my shutter, through which I see many things without being seen, and I watched how eagerly she tried to open her letter. Her hands shook with excitement, and her face was full of hope.

When she began to read, the change was pitiful. Two great tears gathered and fell. She passed her hands across her forehead, as if to sweep away a cloud from her brain, and to understand why despair had taken hope by the shoulders, and sent him to the right-about.

The letter so long looked for was a bitter disappointment now it had come. As I read it from the other side of the partition, it was the offer of a situation with charge of seven children's minds, bodies, and wardrobes, and in return for this "a comfortable home and no salary."

The sight of her woe-begone face infected me with something very like despair, too, and I actually thought I should never get the "lift" to which I had been looking forward ever since I became a clerk.

Sometimes there are several acts in one life-drama played in front of my shutter. The curtain has fallen on one very lately.

It was soon after I began work that the heroine first tapped at my shutter. It was at a busy moment, and I thrust forward the usual stamp without looking at her. But a musical laugh made me turn, and I saw a sweet face still dimpled with the remains of that laugh. I positively blushed when the girl said, "Thank you; that is not what I want. Will you kindly weigh this?"

I knew what it was. A photograph in a morocco case, though I had not handled so many then.

I gave her the required stamps, and she tried to put them on; but they chanced to stick to her nice kid glove, so I spared her the trouble of taking it off by stamping the packet for her.

She thanked me, and asked if it would go safely.

"No fear of that," I answered. And she smiled again, and tripped away.

The dingy office went darker, I thought, after that; though I watched her out of sight, and closed the shetter, oh, so slowly! I could not have slammed it as usual, for the world!

I believe I kissed the little packet her hand had touched; and I hated the person to whom it was addressed, though I knew no more of him than the man in the moon. I felt glad that our only photographer was a bad hand at his business, and the likeness would not be worth much. But a poor likeness of that sweet face would be precious. I sighed: I could not help it.

Two days after a return packet came from London, and doubtless photography had done its best for the original. I was foolish enough to kiss the outside of this, for though it gave me a pang to think so, I felt sure my heroine would do the same.

For months letters passed very often between my heroine and the absent hero. I could not

help knowing this, and I stamped them with a vicious dig, I can tell you.

Then there was a sudden cessation which delighted me; but my joy was of short duration, for the next time she tapped at the shutter a tall, black-moustached individual came with her.

She only came for stamps, which she handed to the man, calling him "Fred," to put on the letters. My nose was jerked out by this wretched stranger even in the matter of stamping her letters. How I hated him more and more as he stood there twirling his heavy moustache whilst she asked for the stamps. He was evidently a guest at the house, and the mother, a widow, sanctioned his addresses.

I was glad that my hair was of a sunny brown—not red, mind—and my moustache tawny.

But he was handsome—no mistake about it—and the sort of powerful-looking man to whom a woman would naturally look for protection. Still there was a sinister expression about the face which I did not like, though my opinion might not be quite unprejudiced.

I was doubly glad when she began to post letters to him again; for he was out of her sight, and she was often visible to mine.

For six months the correspondence went on; then his letters became fewer. Then ten days passed without any, and the next thing was that she, looking wretchedly pale and ill, came to my shutter, and timidly inquired if I had anything for "X. X. V."

There was a thick letter, suggestive of four sheets, crossed.

Poor girl! Someone had cast a dam across her true love stream, and it could only steal through the one tiny channel left, in a sort of surreptitious dribble. I had no heart to feel glad when she was in trouble. I believe I could have made any sacrifice, just to know that he was worthy of her affection, and would make her happy in due time.

A new actor next appeared on the scene in the shape of the girl's mother, who asked me, in a careless way, if I would allow her to look at a letter that had been posted, that she might be sure it had been stamped. She named the address, which was that of the hero.

I found the letter and pointed to Her Majesty's likeness in the corner of it.

She thanked me, and a certain look on her face told me that I had unintentionally revealed to the mother the fact of a continued correspondence between her daughter and "Black Moustache." I thought she had behaved abominably in coming with that paltry excuse to get a sight of the letter. "No more dribbles" thought I, and sure enough there came no more epistles with that address on it again. Yes; there was one letter, but the widow posted it, and I did not save her the trouble of putting on the stamp, but I am afraid I mentally called her an "old vixen." I pictured her standing over the girl and obliging her to write it. I pitied the man, and if I had possessed fairy power I should have counteracted the brisk business-like widow's plans.

I wronged her. The mother was acting in her child's best interests. She had been herself deceived at first, but fortunately found out the true character of "Black Moustache" before it was too late.

Next, a little square packet containing her likeness, and a much larger, with her letters, no doubt, came to my heroine.

"Now," thought I, "the old lady will post back his likeness and letters." But she did not. The girl brought them herself, and, to my surprise, she was looking better, and more cheerful.

In her sweet way, she said—

"I must trouble you to take this, for, though it is stamped, I might break the contents if I dropped the small packet into the box."

There was a little quiver of the lip, a momentary lingering of the fingers on the tiny packet, then it was left in my hand, and she was gone.

I wronged the mother. Like all good mothers, she desired her child's true happiness, and here had I been blaming her without a cause.

Of one thing I am sure. There is now perfect confidence between the two. The face of the elder woman has become wonderfully softened in expression, and that of the girl has all the old sweetness, and is gradually resuming its brightness also.

I wondered often what had parted those two, and I know now. The man was divided between money, with a wife older than himself; and beauty, youth, and goodness in the person of my heroine, with a comparatively small dowry.

The widow found out that he was playing a double game, and wisely stopped it.

Black Moustache was married a week ago, and there was a half a column of particulars in a lady's paper. This was the closing scene of the drama so far as he was concerned.

I know what he has lost, and can even pity his misfortune; though he never knew the value of that pure heart which he flung away for money.

As for my heroine. Well, I do not mind telling you that I worship at a very humble distance as yet. There are the ashes of her first love to be cleared out and scattered to the winds ere a new flame can be kindled in the old place. Her heart sleeps, and it will not soon re-awaken to love of that kind.

I am glad of it. I could not bear to think of her as fickle or easily won, though I know she could not possibly cherish the image of one whose insincerity and unworthiness had been clearly proved.

But a good deal may be done in a year.

I have just had two letters myself. One of them announces the fulfilment of certain expectations at which I hinted. A legacy has given me quite a handsome income—enough to marry comfortably upon with what I had before.

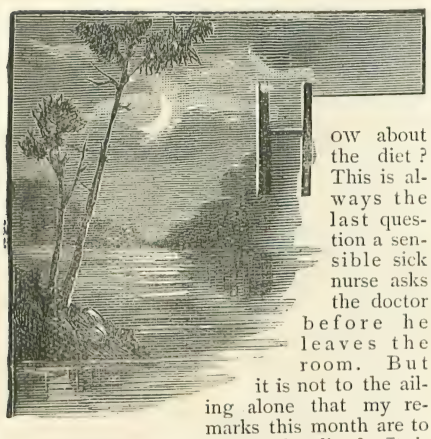
The second assures me that within the year I shall leave my present sphere of labour for a much better position, and cease to be what I have liked to call myself, "The unsuspected Confidant of the Million."

* * * *

And I, as this little confidence came to an end, could look at the bright, honest face of the young man who had trusted me with his experiences, and heartily wish him Godspeed in his wooing. R. L.

"HOW ABOUT THE DIET, SIR?"

By MEDICUS.



ow about the diet? This is always the last question a sensible sick nurse asks the doctor before he leaves the room. But it is not to the ailing alone that my remarks this month are to be addressed. How about the diet? It is a question that millions among us should pause and ask themselves. Are you chronically ill in any way, are you often poorly, and at your bravest but little more than middling? How about the diet?

Are you getting too stout or too thin? Is your blood too abundant and your face too rosy? Or is your blood thin and watery and your face too blanched? How about the diet?

Are you sleepy and dull during the day, "waukrife" towards bedtime, and restless at night? How about the diet?

Are you subject to toothaches, neuralgia, and inflammatory colds? How about the diet?

Do you often have nasty little attacks of what you are pleased to call rheumatism? Once again let me ask you, What about the diet?

Now, nothing would be easier for me, nor more pleasant, than to drift away into a sermon on the Physiology of Food. Don't start, gentle reader; I mean to do nothing of the sort. Were I to commence to lecture you upon nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous elements, oleaginous, saccharine, and so forth, you would be quite justified in turning over another leaf, and leaving Medicus severely alone.

But talking of turning over leaves, would you be surprised to know that this is precisely what I want a few thousands of my readers to do? To turn over a new leaf. It is just the season, you know, for forming good intentions. And the leaf I wish you to turn over, or turn to, is that which treats on reform in diet.

A dry subject, is it? Not a bit of it. I will not allow you to say that. I will touch it with a quill from the wing of genius, and lo! the subject, instead of being dry, becomes golden.

But I can promise more. I can promise that if you read this article carefully, ponder over its precepts, and adopt its principles, you shall have—— what? Why, health and beauty, and brightness of eye and complexion, and good sleep and lightness of spirits all the year through.

Do you know that on board ship the cook is—by the men—always dignified by the title of doctor? He is, though, and this only shows what very sensible fellows sailors are. If one-half of so-called delicate invalids who are continually on the hunt after new drugs and wonderful cures would lock up the medicine chest, pitch the key into the duck-pond, and trust to kitchen physic alone, they would soon get well, and it would be the family physicians who would begin to feel ill.

But I do not mean to go into the subject of cookery at present. I am willing to pat the cook on the shoulder, and tell him or her that I have no fault to find, in spite of all that made-dish-eating Frenchmen may tell us.

No, with the food in the kitchen I have

nothing to do now. But here it is served up, and by your leave—or without it—I sit down to dine with you. So I can talk, you see.

It is all the better, anyhow, to have some exchange of ideas at table; and fresh, lightsome, non-exciting conversation, or even gossip, in my opinion—and depend upon it I am right—does more good than sparkling wine. Sparkling wine, indeed! give me the eyes that sparkle with mirth and merriment, give me the laugh that ripples round the table, and the wit that scintillates, and you may keep the wine—I should forget to fill my glass.

I hold then that neither breakfast, lunch, nor dinner should be a prim or solemn meal. It must not be so, if it is to be wholesome and healthy; and, girls, I would a thousand times rather see you easy-looking and jolly at table, than sitting as mum as mice, with your elbows stuck into your sides, and your backs as straight and stiff as a dancing-master's.

And now, though I am sitting at the other side of the table, do not imagine my eagle eye is rivetted on your plate. The sin of overeating is a very grievous and painful one, but while we converse you eat slowly; thus you are not likely to commit the said sin.

But what do you eat? Ah! that is the rub, and the rub brings me to my sermon proper. It is only right that I should confess at once that the gist thereof is to tell you—and to prove to you, if you choose—that the chief reform in diet which is needed in this country is a diminution in the quantity of flesh-food consumed.

I quite distinctly hear a lady at the far end of the table telling a companion *sotto voce* that Medicus is a vegetarian. But Medicus is nothing of the sort, and if you will kindly listen, madam, I will explain the difference between the views of Medicus and that of the straight-laced vegetarian. But let me premise that I do not mean for a moment to say the vegetarian is altogether wrong in his views, much less to fall foul of his tenets. If he is content with the measure of health which he obtains from dieting himself as he does, so am I. Nay, I will even go a step further, and admit that there are some individuals who, if they never ate or tasted fresh meat from November to October, would enjoy better health, and be fresher and happier and lighter in mind than they are at the present moment. For constitutions and idiosyncrasies differ.

Our good old-fashioned forefathers knew as well as any of us new-fangled physicians that, in the matter of choosing diet, considerable latitude must be allowed even to the members of one family, if health is to be retained. They knew that while one individual could not touch pork, another delighted in it, but would be positively ill after eating a mutton chop. They did not understand the reason any more than we latter-day doctors do, but they were content with remarking, "One man's meat is another man's poison," while we, forsooth, must look wise and say, "It all depends on one's idiosyncrasy." Should taste, then, be our guide in the choice of food? In the young it is the best guide. Taste is an instinct in the child as well as in the chicken. The former knows better than we do that a milk or milk and starch diet with sugar is just the thing for it, and the chicken newly out of its egg will gobble up a juicy caterpillar. But when our reason comes into play, or fashion's reason, or the cook's, and we eat certain articles of diet because others do, and because it is the thing so to do, then ere long taste comes to be no longer reliable as a perfect guide.

"Reason raise o'er instinct, if you can;
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man."

If we go into the chemistry of food, with the view of selecting that which seems best for us, we may fall into error.

For example, we take up a table, which speaks to us as follows:—

TABLE FOODS.	Flesh-formers.	Heat-producers. Starch, Sugar, &c.	Heat-producers. Fat.	Water.
Lentils, Peas, and Haricot Beans	3 3/4	8	1/20	2
Oatmeal	2 1/2	10	2	1
Wheatmeal and Barley	2	11	0	2
Maize	1 1/2	10	1	2
Rice	1	12	0	2
Walnuts	2	1 1/2	5	7
Figs and Dates (stone free)	1	11	0	3

ANIMAL FOODS.	Flesh-formers.	Fat.	Water.
Beef	3	1 1/2	10 1/2
Mutton Chop	1 1/2	6 1/2	7
Fat Pork	1 1/2	8	6
Fowl	3	1/20	12 1/4
Mackerel	3 1/2	1	11
Herring	1 1/2	1	13

Well, one person might say, "It is flesh I want; I shall go in for beef, fowl, mackerel, oatmeal, beans, and walnuts." Another says, "I am not so plump and fresh-looking as I should like to be; it is evident I should eat pork, mutton chops, wheatmeal bread, and rice, with plenty of figs and dates." But taste and idiosyncrasy may step up, and quietly inform both these individuals that they cannot fulfil their intentions without consulting them; so the pretty plan falls through.

It is all very well for vegetarians to tell you to eat nuts or figs, and to substitute peas and beans for beef and mutton. There is a volatile oil in most of these, and we find no mention of it in the table, or it is included in the "Fat" column. It is this volatile oil against which taste so often rebels; and taste is often the servant of idiosyncrasy in this matter. Take a simple example: a cocoa-nut contains a large quantity of starch as well as fat, but only a savage could make a meal of it; there is the "goo," as the Scotch call it (French *goût*); it will not digest. For the same reason, if in a milder way, beans and peas do not suit everyone, nor oatmeal either, while rice and dates may turn one bilious. And the same may be said about eggs and milk—splendid articles of diet both, if they would always agree.

So much then for individual idiosyncrasy. This must be studied.

Again, the kind of work one has to perform during the day must be taken into account. When I have abundant outdoor exercise, or a cycling tour, for example, I can eat cheese, and relish it. For cheese and muscle are almost synonymous terms. I do not indulge in the dainty when at home, however. Again, when touring I could dispense with potatoes; when at rest, as far as body is concerned, I am inordinately fond of this vegetable; it is *par excellence* the vegetable for the brain-worker, albeit it holds no high place in composition of food-tables. Chemistry and experience a e not at loggerheads as regards oatmeal; it holds its own in all bracing countries, but not in relaxing. One could live and thrive on oatmeal and milk in the Highlands of Banff, but not in Jersey.

Referring to the Animal Food side of the little table given above, and leaving pork out of the bill, we find that a mixed diet of beef, mutton, and fowl would give the proportion of seven and a half of flesh-formers, to eight and a half of fat or heat-producers. With a sufficiency of vegetables to boot, we may be said to thus get a nutritive diet, and if taken in moderation, an easily digested one.

Vegetarians score a point or two when they adduce, as one reason for not eating flesh, the fact that the blood of the slain animals may be impure or diseased; nor does the carnivorous man make the case much less repulsive by claiming that all seeds of impurity are destroyed by the process of cooking. On the other hand, however, unwholesome meat is the exception, and very far indeed from being the rule.

But the great mistake carnivorous man makes is in eating too large a proportion of animal food. To overeat of anything is bad enough, but to sit down daily three times, or even twice, and consume an excess of flesh, is highly productive, first, of extreme discomfort, secondly, of disease itself, and thirdly, of a tendency to early decay and death.

Indeed, it is not going a whit too far to say that people who indulge much in meat diets cannot enjoy either health or comfort. For if they do not take exercise sufficient to necessitate the assimilation of such food, it remains undigested, and all kinds of mischief accrues; among which dyspepsia comes in the front rank, with nervousness, *ennui*, and general want of tone. Even outdoor workers lay on too much muscle, and form too much blood on a meat diet, notably butchers; and it comes to pass that when such people are struck down with an inflammation, which might be of little consequence to a hard, lean individual, it assumes the most sthenic type, and by-and-by the bell tolls for their funeral.

Nor am I going too far when I say that a reduction of the amount of meat consumed in this country, to the extent of even one-half, would shed as much joy and health and happiness throughout the land as would alter our character as a nation in the eyes of the whole world.

But apart from health, there is the matter of thrift to be brought into account. A diet of vegetables, such as are mentioned in the table I give, with the addition of eggs and milk and fruit (with a proportion of butcher's meat, fowl, game, and fish, if you must have it)—and once a day is often enough to partake of the latter—would mean a wondrous saving in household expenditure every year.

It would be a saving in quack sauces and quack condiments, too, with which the shops abound, and to many a saving in vinous stimulants. I hold no extreme views in either way as to the latter, but here is a fact which ought to be known from Land's End to Johnnie Groats, and to which I would like to append the rider often seen in notices of births and banns, "Colonial papers please copy." The use of exclusively, or almost exclusively, vegetable diet very soon does away with all desire for or need of stimulants. On the other hand, there is an increased appetite for fruit of nearly every sort, and thus the tendency to gout or rheumatism is to some considerable extent checked.

ALICE.

REVEALED—NOT SPOKEN.

THE little maiden that I love,
I met in yonder lane;
A flood of sunshine seemed to fall
Around her as she came.

Methought the very hedgerows took
A tenderer, livelier green,
And blossoms burst from every bud
As she passed on between!

And gladder, madder, merrier notes
A skylark round him threw,
As high above her golden head
He poised amid the blue.

I meant to tell her all my heart,
And yet—I know not why,
Upon the threshold of my lips
The story seemed to die.

It might have been the glamour
Or the magic of her smile,
That in a spell held all my soul,
And kept me dumb the while!

It might have been that all too pure
For earth-born love seemed she;
From her white height of maidenhood
How could she stoop to me?

But eyes more eloquent can be,
And though the tongue may fail,
In potent language they reveal
The old, old tender tale.

For, placing her slim hand in mine,
Methought I heard my name
So softly, murmurously breathed,
I scarce knew whence it came!

No need for words between us now;
A subtle sweetness stole
Through all our being, and we felt
That soul had answered soul.

And with the sunshine in our hearts,
The birds sang in our ears—
We left the lane, my love and I,
To meet the coming years.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

BY THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE DRAPERY OF THE WINTER SEASON.

ONE of the prettiest articles of women's dress, which some years ago was all the rage, has this winter returned to us again; and many people will be very glad to welcome it, as it was undoubtedly the most suitable and becoming style they could adopt. I speak of the polonaise, which, although worn, was not really very fashionable till this winter. It is most becoming to tall, stout people, of course, and gives an appearance of slightness even to the very stout from its long lines and draperies. The new polonaises are generally nearly all open to the waist, at either the front or the sides. Now that cloth and other thick materials are so much in favour, polonaises have returned to us, as they are undoubtedly the best style to suit them, as well as for applying trimmings of braid or bands of fur. A polonaise, however, requires a very good pattern, and most careful cutting and fitting, to make it look well, as its lines are so plain and very visible. To those who are obliged to limit their amount of dresses, and to think seriously of every one they buy, the polonaise, made in some black material, was a veritable godsend, as it could be used with a number of old skirts, and its kindly covering folds made them once more appear like respectable members of society.

The braiding on the newest polonaises is applied at the sides of the fronts, on the skirt, on the cuffs and high collar, and like braces over the shoulders, but not quite reaching the waist either in front or at the back.

The back drapery of the new winter dresses is not nearly so full nor *bouffant* as it was; and many of the best London dressmakers do not send any mattresses home with their dresses, but only confine their attentions to inserting the two or sometimes three top steels, which are quite enough for the decreased style of *tournure* now worn. It must not, nevertheless, be thought that the back draperies are so much reduced in size as to be skimpy or poor looking; but only that they are not in excess of fulness, with such thick and heavy pleats as before.

Coat sleeves, with a good deal of cuff, are as much worn as ever; but the full sleeve shows signs of being more adopted later on. It is better, perhaps, for thinner materials than the very thick; though it is always, to my mind, infinitely more graceful than the tight coat sleeve, especially for young girls and very thin people. However, we are every day advancing towards the enjoyment of more and more liberty in matters of clothing; and one looks steadfastly forward to a happy day, when with plenty of new things fashion's decrees will have given place to common sense and the individual good taste of our women and girls.

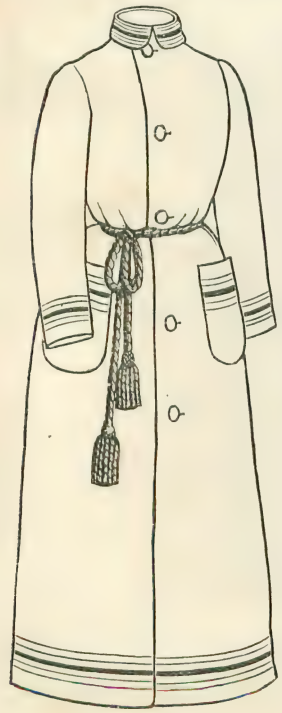
The edge of nearly all back drapery is left quite plain, without trimmings of any kind, and though the fronts may be braided or trimmed half a yard deep, it stops short where the folds of the back drapery come. This is, in fact, generally the case, both with mantles and dresses. Some of the good dressmakers are having the selvedge as an edge to cloth overskirts; and one of the most approved styles of the day consists in pinked-out edges, which are applied to everything; sometimes in large scollops, made of smaller ones, with braiding on each scollop of a separate design. Some of the edges of overskirts and polonaises have only a deep hem, on which are several rows of machine-stitching, to mark the depth of the hem. The fashionable braiding is in designs all over the material; such as coral, vermicelli, and closely-laid wheels. Russia braid is laid on one edge, and not flat. Cloth *appliqué* trimmings are a novelty. They are sold in sets, to be applied to velvet or cloth frocks. Very wide basket-braid, quite three inches in width, is used for woollen dresses. These are laid on the fronts and sides of dresses, like stripes, quite flat. Narrow rows of braid are also used, laid closely together. We have not space here for entering on the vast subject of bead and tinsel embroidery trimmings; they are quite numberless, and some of them very beautiful and costly. Beads are always an elegant addition to a dress trimming.

And now I must make a small mention of the colours most seen this season. A good many cloudy-looking blues, like gendarme blue, are still used; and navy blue seems to have returned to favour again. Numbers of browns are seen; the prettiest being called Vandyke, I suppose after the water-colour of that name. Castor brown is used with beaver fur for dresses. A pretty fawn colour is named chamois, and a golden brown is pactolus. Terra-cotta seems to have been improved off the face of the earth; and instead we have a

AT A WEST-END SHOP.

TWO JERSEY BODICES AND A GARIBALDI WITH FULL FRONT.

legion of other hues more or less like it, such as the Pharaohs (which are red-browns like Egyptian red), which also vary to clay colour, brick-dust, and red Devonshire earth. Charles the Tenth is a new colour that is like an old terra-cotta. In greens there is a great choice; but moss and olive have given place to clearer and rather more vivid shades, some of them being greyish, some brown, and others very grassy indeed. The brown shade of green has the ugly name of cobra; and evergreen, beetle-green, and prairie-green are the bright shades, beetle-green being like an emerald. A very bright golden yellow is called Crœsus, and a very ugly shade of mustard or ground-ginger is called turmeric. Grey is still worn; the new grey being called Puritan.



CANADIAN BLANKET DRESSING-GOWN.

I have illustrated three of the most used bodices, made from stockingette, silk, or material, and worn with different skirts. The centre one has a yoke, and the full-fronted Garibaldi has a plain back to it. Either of these would be now very fashionable. The jersey on the extreme left has flat bands sewn on of the striped material, cut the opposite way of the stuff. They are all simple and girlish-looking, as well as useful; and now that skirts can be purchased at a cheap rate, these bodices can be very easily run up at home to wear with them.

In the sketch of the skirt-drapery of the winter season I have endeavoured to show the chief way of draping skirts and of putting on skirt trimmings, as well as of making bodices. The tucked bodice, with the tops of the sleeves tucked to match, is shown on the left—a very pretty method of making girls' dresses. On the right the large stand-out pleats are shown at the back of the skirt, so many of which are worn at present. Of course they are not necessarily so large, except for the purpose of illustrating how they should be made.

In "A West-end Shop" is shown the general tendency of mantles in shape and material. Long mantles, as well as short, are used, the long ones being more for driving and shopping, and the short for walking. The latter have nearly always dolman sleeves and short backs, with long ends in front. The materials are plush, velvet, silk or damask. Woollen, pilot cloth, and beaver cloth are used for short jackets. Numberless ulsters are made of mantle woollens. These ulsters are really long plain cloaks, and are quite as useful as the ulsters, but not so unsightly-looking nor so undressed. Twilled cloth and cheviot are now made waterproof for cloaks, and seem likely to be popular. Some of these outdoor walking cloaks are made by tailors, with large capes, which are fourfold, and must be very heavy, each of them being braided also.

Muffs are still very small indeed, and most of them have a small pocket at the top, or if of the old shape, they have a ribbon three or four inches wide passed through them, and tied into a bow with short ends on one side, cords and tassels being sometimes added to the ribbon. Some cloth muffs are very pretty-looking and quite novel. They are intended to be used with the dresses of ladies' cloth. Both long-haired and short-haired furs are worn, and both are used as trimmings.

Jacket bodices now have the fronts rounded off, instead of formed in points, especially when the material of which the dress is made is of serge or cloth, and they sit very much better. The basques on the hips are slightly longer also. The cuffs worn with this bodice should be rounded also, and when points are worn they should be pointed to match. It is well to remember these things when ordering a dress.

There are many shapes in hats, but all seem to have high crowns and to sit closely to the head. The brims are wide, and, when turned up, are turned up close to the crown. This fancy for cloth is seen in the hats. It is used in strips, to trim both straw and velvet hats, like ribbons. Felt is the special material of the winter for hats, and the brims in both that material and straw are lined with velvet, and those of white felt with white feathers. These varieties are amongst the prettiest things of the winter. Brown hats have again asserted themselves, and will be worn with dresses of any colour. This is a good thing, as they were always most becoming and useful, and precluded the necessity for much thought and expense. Red hats are still seen, but are very trying to most complexions; and, unless carefully made, sometimes look rather vulgar. This winter, however, they are mixed with a good deal of black, which softens their glaring effect.

White veils, spotted with black, continue to be worn, and must be as bad for the eyes as their appearance is ugly and unbecoming, especially when tied over the face in the tight way that is the fashion. The newest veils for the winter, for both hats and bonnets, are of black lace with a wide border, and with small spots above it. This new introduction is sensible, and also more or less becoming to everyone.

The paper pattern selected for this month is that of a "blanket dressing-gown," an adap-

tation, probably, from the blanket coats so long worn in Canada—the cheapest form and the best for that cold country. It is also the cheapest form of dressing-gown on this side of the ocean, and the easiest to make when the cutting-out is once managed—which takes some little thought in arranging the pattern, so as to have the stripes of the blanket all round the edge of the dressing-gown. It is best to cut it out on the floor, so that the blanket may be spread out and the pattern laid on it and carefully pinned. There must be a seam up the back, and the four pieces, two back and two front pieces, are arranged so as to have the stripes at the bottom. The blanket required is two and a half yards by two yards, and of course any price may be paid for it. Either white or scarlet may be chosen. The cord and tassel should match the stripe of the blanket in colour. There are two small straps sewn on each side of the back, through which to put the cord and tassel; and the pattern is in eight pieces—front, back, two sleeve pieces, collar, pocket, cuff, and straps for the tassel. The front of the dressing-gown will need facing with a band of linen to strengthen it for making the button-holes and sewing the buttons upon. The collar can be lined or else worked in blanket-stitch at the edge, like the edge of the blanket, which is usually left as it is sold.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings; and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.;" price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may be always obtained*, as the Lady Dressmaker selects only such as are likely to be in constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's and plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress-bodice, suitable for cotton or woollen materials; new tea-jacket, or *après midi*, for indoor wear; Garibaldi blouse with loose front; new skirt pattern with rounded back; bathing-dress; new polonaise; new winter bodice with full sleeves; Irish round cloak; blanket dressing-gown.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GIPSIES AT SCHOOL.

FAN was at her post in the Sunday school the following morning punctually at half-past nine. She had asked Edith the previous day to take her class, fearing that the children of the decent cottagers would rebel against learning with the gipsies. She had also consulted Mr. Austen on her plan of compaign, and he entered into it, albeit doubtful as to the propriety of bribing "the young idea" into religion by means of bullseyes.

"They wouldn't come without them," said Fan, and that argument was conclusive.

Certainly that very appetizing temptation brought them—rags, clean faces, bare feet and all. The other children looked on in astonished consternation as Fan marshalled her new class and placed them around her. Mrs. Clarville, as superintendent, bade them be good and quiet, and Mr. Austen welcomed them kindly. They were a shrewd lot of youngsters, and had not roamed the world without picking up bits of its wisdom; but their hearts were set on the loaves and fishes more than on the instruction they were to receive, and Fan knew this.

"You shall each have a bullseye and a lollipop and a halfpenny if you are good," she whispered when she was sure that no one else was listening. "But you must all kneel down like the other children, and listen to that lady, and say 'Our Father' after her."

This when Mrs. Clarville opened the school with prayer. The black-eyed and wide-awake gipsies did as they were bid, and knelt down by the form at which Fan placed them; but of the "Our Father" they knew next to nothing. One, only, joined in that prayer so free to all, with a proud consciousness of superior knowledge. Another seemed to be acquainted with the tune of the hymn that succeeded the prayer, and hummed it amid the nods and reproofs of his companions. But these juvenile wanderers were not ill-behaved. Although their only education had been in the cleverest way to beg, their manners were superior to those of the ragged classes generally. Two or three of them had actually put on shoes, which Fan believed to be a concession on the part of their parents not to be disregarded. They had, indeed, been "got up" with some idea of effect. When Fan placed the easiest lesson books she could find in their hands, their thoughts again turned to the promised sweets, and she had much difficulty in keeping their attention alive. But some of them were not quite ignorant of letters, and declared their capability of reading with much boldness.

"That's big O, and that's A, and that's c, a, t—cat," echoed through the schoolroom; and poor Fan found her task even more difficult than she imagined.

She taught them the verse of a hymn; she told them a Bible story; she amused them, in short, until it was time for church; and then she kept them back while the other children filed off, and quietly presented them with the promised dole

"Shall I make them go to church?" she whispered to Mrs. Clarville.

"Better not; you have done enough for one day," replied that lady, passing the class with an approving smile.

"We'll go to school again to-morrow, we will," said the children, their mouths full of bullseyes.

Fan marshalled them a little way down the village in the direction of the common, then watched them a moment as they scampered off towards the encampment. She did not see that her gift of halfpence resulted in many games of pitch and toss, as they slackened pace outside the village; nor hear their account of their various experiences when they reached their vagrant friends.

She was late for morning service, and was met by a disapproving frown from Tom. Mr. Harton, on the contrary, gave her an inquiring glance, and she managed to reply to it, unobserved by her enemy, by whispering, "They all came. They'll go to-morrow." After this she essayed to be reverent and attentive, for she was always occupied by a mental study and imitation of Edith, who sat opposite her in the chancel, and thought that if she was only as fair and gentle and well-behaved as she, there would be no impediment in the way of her getting to heaven. "How to get to heaven" was as much one of her problems, as how to serve her mother's relatives the gipsies. Mr. Austen would make the abstruse subject clear on Sunday, but Tom would cast many clouds over it during the week, and assure her that she was "too disobedient for anything."

"Am I disobedient, Sir?" Fan would say to Mr. Harton, with angry tears in her eyes.

"Not to me, Fan; but then you know

Tom is *so good*," he would reply, with an amused twinkle.

On this particular Sabbath she was especially tried by this all-absorbing question. She wanted to make all the gipsies good, that they might not be excluded from this happy region, and her thoughts wandered off from her mother, Clorandy, to the ragged urchins she had been seeking to reform. She wished she had brought them to church; she wished she knew whether her mother were in heaven; she wondered if Tom would ever get there; she felt sure that Mr. Harton and Jack would, because they were so kind. Then she fell to thinking of other members of the congregation, settling their future according to their deserts, and finally fixed her eyes and thoughts on Mr. Aspenel.

No one in that sacred edifice was so devout as he, except perhaps Tom. Mr. Aspenel did precisely what Miss Vigors told Fan she should do—kept his eyes on his book, stood, knelt, and sat precisely at the proper moment, and joined both in the responses and singing. Fan had never spoken to him in her life, but she had watched him narrowly, and had heard people talking of him every day. What they said was certainly not in his favour, and she sometimes fancied that he had a queer way of looking up from his book without uplifting his eyelids. All this puzzled her, and when the Tigress talked of her "conversion," she wondered if Mr. Aspenel was, after all, as good as the Tigress. Of course Fan ought to have been looking into her own soul instead of the spiritual condition of her neighbours; but she had not been very carefully educated, and her mind ran adrift. Does yours ever run the same way, gentle reader? Are you ever guilty of speculating on the state of the soul of some son of Mammon, or that of his richly-attired, defiant-looking wife, or innocent daughter? Then you will make excuses for Fan.

She made none for herself, for her mind was in a constant state of turmoil about her manifold sins of omission and commission, and had it not been for Mrs. Clarville, she would often have been in an unnaturally depressed condition. She poured out her troubles to that lady whenever she had an opportunity, and was taught where alone she could find the way to heaven over which she was puzzling. Mrs. Clarville never tired of pointing to the Scriptures as the only certain guide.

It got abroad, somehow, that her son, Gerard, was going to preach to the gipsies, and, much to his annoyance, his congregation was increased by outsiders. Country people taking their Sunday walk on the common often tarried awhile to listen, but on this occasion, Tom Harton, Mrs. Aspenel, and Edith, as well as three of the ladies from The Cottages, stood on the outskirts of his camp. His mother and Fan were at his side, together with Miss Lilyton, who was always ready to lead the singing; and these interlopers, as Gerard considered them, placed themselves in their vicinity.

"I had heard of your son's powers of eloquence, and was curious to listen to them," said Mrs. Aspenel to Mrs. Clarville. "I hope we shall not be in the way."

"Not in ours, but your presence may interfere with the attention of the poor people," replied Mrs. Clarville. "I hope you won't make Gerard nervous."

"Oh! he always seems self-possessed," put in Tom Harton, with a sort of sneer.

If Gerard was nervous he did not show it, and his more aristocratic audience must have been disappointed if they expected either a display of talent or a sermon. Neither was forthcoming. He began his little service by giving out one of Moody and Sankey's hymns familiar to the gipsies, and he and Miss Lilyton and Fan led it off. Book in hand, he went in amongst them, singing as he walked, and, as if reproached by his presence, the men and children who were lounging on the ground sprang to their feet and began singing vigorously. The women, always more piously disposed, were already attentive, and stood about, with the Tigress as their centre. If you take religion to the backslider, the fallen, or the vagrant, they give you their attention—sometimes out of politeness, sometimes conviction; and Gerard knew his people and how to deal with them.

"He is very shy," whispered Fan to Mrs. Clarville, as she perceived that he had no intention of returning to their vicinity, but placed himself at the other end of the encampment.

The gipsies followed him, and Tom Harton and all the ladies were left a solitary group All but Fan, who was after him like a shot. What people chose to call his "sermon," was simply a familiar address, couched in such terms as his audience could understand, and took the form of a conversation. They responded, applauded, or condemned according as their feelings or consciences were aroused, and as Gerard was bold in the truth, he did not hesitate to speak out. Mr. Austen had joined him once or twice, but it was found that "the parson's choker" interfered with the success of the work. The gipsies, like hosts of other ne'er-do-weels, had a decided objection to the "cloth." Still, in the midst of an entreaty that they would "Seek the Lord before it was too late, and let their children learn of Him," one man interrupted by "Then we must send 'em to the parson's school. No 'spectors there. Ha-an't got no money, or mine should go for a week or so. 'Tisn't convenient to move on just now."

"We'll have bullseyes and halfpence there," shouted the children.

"Didn't I say that I was conwerted, and that they should go," broke in the Tigress, stamping her foot. "Let the gentleman go on with his preachment."

She and Fan had been holding a whispered conversation to the effect that Mr. Harton was still willing to help with the school fees, which the Tigress concluded with the mysterious words, "and we must stop here till we know that he who ran off yesterday is safe."

By this time the interlopers had cautiously skirted the encampment, and were standing near the speakers. Perceiving this, Gerard gave out another hymn, and even the cynical Tom and the high-spirited Mrs. Aspenel were surprised at the volume of song that succeeded.

"I am trusting, Lord, in Thee;
Blessed Lamb of Calvary,"

rang out upon the autumnal air, and who shall say which was the most impressed, the millionaire's wife or the gipsy queen? Certain it is, that this and similar hymns have a great effect on those classes which can only be reached by a force external to the regulated religious services of any sect whatsoever.

A short but solemn prayer succeeded, asking for the blessing of the Almighty on the assembly, through that "Lamb of Calvary" of whom they had sung. Most of the faces were covered by the hands, but such as came for curiosity saw a wonderful sight. In the midst of a little crowd, all standing, Mrs. Lee, the so-called Tigress, was on her knees, her hands uplifted, her head bent low. Fan saw this, and, with some uncontrollable impulse, knelt down beside her.

"That is the way to heaven," said excited Fan, when she rose.

"Through the wilds, through the wilderness; in the tempest, in the calm; under the tent, under the sky; that is the way, and we will tread it," shouted the Tigress, making her way to Gerard and extending her hand. "You, none of you believe it, but I'm conwerted. Henceforth I tell no more fortunes, no more lies. I change my life. Let us sing 'Shall we gather at the river?'"

Gerard was startled but not convinced. He had seen many excitable women at revivals, and had discovered that the Tigress was an actress as well as a fortune-teller; still, he gave out the hymn she asked for, and far away over the common and high up in the air floated the words—"River, silver river."

(To be continued.)

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

By MARY ROWLES.

A Happy New Year, and a new beginning
For hands that have wavered and steps that fall;
New time for toil and new space for winning
The guerdon of happiness free to all.

New hope for the souls long clouded over
With possible sorrows and actual pain;
New joys for comrade, and friend, and lover,
The year is bringing them all again!

New days and hours for the patient building
Of noble character, pure and true;
For faith and love, with their radiant gilding,
To make the temple of life anew.

A Happy New Year, and a truce to sadness,
Its every moment by God is planned;
Whatever may come, whether grief or gladness,
Must come aright from a Father's hand.

He blessed the old in its dawning—thenceforth
His love was true to us all the way,
And now in the hitherto shines the henceforth,
And out of the yesterdays smiles to-day.

We would have power in this year to brighten
Each lot less blessed and fair than ours;
The woe to heal, and the load to lighten,
The waste soul-garden to plant with flowers.

May every day be a royal possession
To high-born purpose and steadfast aim,
And every hour in its swift progression
Make life more worthy than when it came.

So shall our world with joy be ringing,
And all its music grow sweet and dear,
Till it blend, at last, with the angels' singing,
And God shall bid us a Happy New Year!

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

WHEN our three friends met, to sum up what they had done in December, they fell first to discussing the two short poems by Goldsmith and Coleridge.

Speaking of the "Deserted Village," Lucy said that if she had known what she knew now, she would have proposed reading Goldsmith's "Traveller" instead. "I am told," she observed, "that it is much the finer poem."

"There seems no reason," remarked Florence, "why we should always read the best first. The 'Traveller' will be a treat in store. As it is, I don't regret becoming acquainted with a poem so delightful as the 'Deserted Village,' so delicately finished, and so full of tenderness and melancholy."

"That is my opinion too," said Edith. "Let me read this criticism by Thomas Campbell, the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' He says, 'the "Deserted Village" has an endearing locality, and introduces us to beings with whom the imagination contracts an intimate friendship. Fiction in poetry is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of the 'Deserted Village.'"

Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"—a masterpiece of the supernatural and fantastic—had roused the three to an enthusiasm in which there was no dissenting voice. It was such a contrast, they all felt, to the quiet music of Goldsmith.

Lucy, however, brought forward the following criticism by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, to prevent their praises from running into extravagance, and to show that there are at least two ways of looking at everything. The "Ancient Mariner," says Mr. Rossetti, "is a most striking and thrilling invention, considered as a picture; but considered as a train of causes and effects in the poetic domain (to say nothing of the facts of nature) it seems to me essentially meagre—defective in the core of common sense. The informing idea of the poem is to inculcate a love of all the works of creation, especially all living things; and how is this enforced? By showing us the fearful lifelong doom inflicted by divine agency or permission upon one man for the wanton and cruel, but comparatively unreflective act of shooting an albatross; and further showing the death of an entire ship's crew, to atone for their having superstitiously supposed, on cause shown to their dim understandings, that the destruction of the albatross was approvable."

Speaking about their reading of "Pride and Prejudice," Florence remarked that Miss Austen's novels were great favourites with Sir Walter Scott.

"Yes, I know that," said Lucy. "I have read a letter of his to Joanna Baillie, in which he mentions Miss Austen as the author of some novels with a great deal of nature in them—nature in ordinary and middle life to be sure, he adds, but valuable from its strong resemblance and correct drawing."

"In 'Scott's Diary,'" Edith observed, "he speaks of the very novel we have been reading. I copied this note from an entry he made on

the 14th of March, 1826:—'Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of "Pride and Prejudice." That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and failings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like anyone now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me.'"

"I have not been much smitten myself with 'Pride and Prejudice,'" said Lucy, "but I can quite agree with the opinion that Miss Austen has given portraits of real society, far superior to what man, vain man, has produced of a similar nature."

Lucy's expression of personal opinion was met by Florence reading this criticism: "It is probable that Miss Austen's admirers will always be few in number; for not only does it require a somewhat cultivated taste to appreciate the rare skill with which the scanty materials of her tales are handled, but the author's experience of life was so limited that her works are entirely wanting in certain elements—such as depth of feeling and breadth of sympathy—which are indispensable before a work of fiction can exercise any considerable influence on the public mind."

By reading the "Life of Nelson," by Southey—the most perfect of all Southey's works—they felt they had gained something worth speaking about. The first of the naval worthies of the world had been previously only a name to them; now they had a vivid acquaintance with all the doings that had made him illustrious.

Edith quoted Sir Humphry Davy to the effect that Southey's book was "an immortal monument raised by genius to valour."

After discussing the Crimean War, and talking about Mr. Lockyer's "Astronomy," which they had just finished, our three students sat down one after another to the piano. In playing the three songs without words of Mendelssohn—the charming *andante espressivo* in F major, the "Frühlingslied," and the "Spinnlied"—the most successful were Florence and Lucy, who showed in a very marked way how the piano may be made to sing under the controlling fingers of players of real feeling.

But if Edith did not play so well as the other two, she supplied more information. She said her music-master had once pointed out to her that the "Frühlingslied" and the "Spinnlied" were remarkable examples of how unpretending melodies might be raised into importance by consummate musical treatment.

"The airy theme of the 'Frühlingslied,'" she added, "is accompanied throughout in an original way, and about that there is a story. As Mendelssohn sat at the piano composing this instrumental song, the children of the house in which he was staying came about him and began to plague him. This gave a turn to his thoughts, and suggested an idea for the accompaniment. As the children with their little hands tried to catch hold of his fingers, one at his right and another at his left, Mendelssohn moved his hands alternately, so as to make more fun for them. Both hands, however, always fell upon a group of notes; and those groups were the graceful arpeggios that now form the harmony between melody and bass."

The rest of the programme for December had been carried out with zeal, especially the writing of the essay on "The Art of Rule in Woman's Kingdom." In it all three, we need hardly say, were found laying down with emphasis the fact that—

"When woman wills, she will, you may depend on't;
And when she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

And now about the work for January.

The programme was headed by two short poems—Milton's exquisite companion pieces, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

Next followed a subject of study in fiction in the shape of an English translation of Chamisso's little prose narrative of "Peter Schlemihl," the man who lost his shadow. "This," says one writer, "is first and prominently a genuine story with full allowance of incident and fun; but it is also to the sympathetic reader an allegory only too accurate of the poet Chamisso's own life."

This story not being long enough to satisfy the appetites of our three friends, they added to it "The Gold-Bug" and "The Descent into the Maelström," two of the marvellous tales of Edgar Allan Poe.

The biographical work set down for reading was the "Life of George Herbert," by Izaak Walton; one of the most delightful specimens in existence of literary biography.

For an historical subject they chose the Great Plague of London in 1665; an event full of terrible interest. In connection with this they agreed to read the "History of the Plague," by Defoe, bearing in mind, however, that Defoe's narrative is one of that particular class of compositions which hovers between history and romance.

Now that Mr. Lockyer's "Astronomy" was finished, a general desire was expressed by the three girls to add to their stock of information about the earth we live on, and after some talking they gave their votes for the primer on "Geography," by Sir George Grove.

The musical study arranged for January was Schumann's "Novellette'" in F major (op. 21, No. 1), the most generally popular of all that composer's "Novelletten."

In domestic economy, besides the table of foods in season, they arranged to make a special study of the art of buying things, or how to return triumphant from shop and market.

The subject selected for the essay was the profitable one of "Some Advantages of Good Temper."

This concluded the programme, and all that remains now to be done is to add the instalment of Thoughts—on Friendship this time—for "The Girl's Own Year," and the List of Anniversaries for the month of January.

Thoughts on Friendship for the Girl's Own Year.

I. *What everybody says.* Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—*Cicero.*

II. *Easily proved.* The best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things one cannot do for oneself.—*Bacon.*

III. *In prosperity and adversity.* Friendship throws a greater lustre on prosperity, while it lightens adversity by sharing in its griefs and anxieties.

IV. *Friendship with good people.* The good alone are the best friends, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longest to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless they cease to be that for which they were chosen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

V. *The choice of friends.* Friendship contracted with the wicked decreases from hour to hour, like the early shadows of the morning; but friendship formed with the virtuous will increase like the shadows of evening, till the sun of life shall set.—*Herder.*

VI. *Likes and dislikes.* To be influenced by a passion for the same pursuits, and to have similar dislikes, is the rational groundwork of lasting friendship.

VII. *The friendship of prudence.* A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful, for which reason a prudent friend is to be preferred to a zealous one.

VIII. *A friend without discretion.* Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion. Even a prudent enemy is preferable.

IX. *Many or few?*

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice.
—*Ben Jonson.*

X. *An important inquiry.* Seek not to know your enemies so much as your friends; for where one has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.

XI. *A firm cement.* Confidence is the cement of friendship.

XII. *Unreasonably displeased.* Be not angry that you cannot make your friends as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be.

XIII. *The qualities of friends.* The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends.—*Lavater.*

XIV. *Women's friendships.* For two women to be really friends, they must have more reason, philosophy, and greatness of soul than is requisite for uniting two estimable men.

XV. *Bought friends.* Purchase not friends by gifts. When thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.

XVI. *Unstable friendships.* What makes us so changeable in our friendships is our difficulty to discern the qualities of the soul, and the ease with which we detect the qualities of the intellect.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

XVII. *Indispensable virtue.* Without virtue there can be no friendship.—*Cicero.*

XVIII. *One to avoid.* Avoid her as a friend who makes a wry mouth at the praises bestowed on a great and noble character.

XIX. *Money transactions with friends.* Oft and even reckonings make long friends.

XX. *Disputing with friends.* People who are fond of disputing will in time have few friends to dispute with.

XXI. *Praise and rebuke.* Chide a friend in private, praise her in public.

XXII. *A sure test.* Thou mayest be sure that she who will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for she adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few people that can endure it, every person for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

XXIII. *Good counsel.* There is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that which we give ourselves, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer.

XXIV. *An occasional quarrel.*

The falling out of faithful friends
Renewing is of love.—*Old Song.*

XXV. *Making trial of friendship.* Friends are much better tried in bad fortune than in good.

XXVI. *Uninvited visits.* True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—*Theophrastus.*

XXVII. *A losing game.* An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.—*Colton.*

XXVIII. *Distant friends.* Sweet is the memory of distant friends; like the mellow rays of the departing sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart.—*Washington Irving.*

XXIX. *The false and the true.* False friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the wall it embraces; but true friendship gives new life to the object it supports.

XXX. *Lasting friendships.* People do not sufficiently remember that in every relation in

life, as in the closest one of all, they ought to take one another for better or for worse: that, granting the tie of friendship be strong enough to have existed at all, it ought, either actively or passively, to exist for ever.—*Alfred Vaughan.*

XXXI. *Friends and foes.*

She who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And she who has one enemy will meet her everywhere.

JANUARY ANNIVERSARIES OF THE GIRLS' OWN YEAR.

1. Maria Edgeworth, the famous novelist, born in 1767. No writer teaches a more admirable practical philosophy than Miss Edgeworth; and she reaches her object by making her characters natural and capable, as well as worthy of imitation. "Some one," says Sir Walter Scott, "has described the novels of Miss Edgeworth as *a sort of essence* of common sense, and the definition is not inappropriate."

2. General James Wolfe, born in 1727. He died victorious over the enemies of his country on the plains of Abraham, in 1759. The last words of the young conqueror were—"Now, God be praised, I die happy."

3. St. Geneviève, 512. She is the patroness of the City of Paris. Her reputation for sanctity gave her great influence, and when the Franks under Clovis subdued Paris, her solicitations are said to have moved the conqueror to acts of clemency and generosity.

We must not forget that this is ever memorable as the anniversary of the publication of the first number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

4. Charlotte Lennox, authoress, died in 1804. She lived on friendly terms with Richardson and Dr. Johnson, and the latter considered her intellectual abilities equal to those of either Hannah More or Fanny Burney.

5. Catherine de Medicis, died in 1589. She was the wife of one French king and the mother of three.

6. Joan d'Arc, or more properly Joanneta, the Maid of Orleans, born in 1411. "The greatness of her career did not consist in her military achievements, but in her pure, true, and ardent character, which made her a pathetic victim to the mean and grovelling aims of those in whose cause she fought with such simple sincerity of faith, and to the cruelties of a superstitious age."

7. Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, born in 1528. D'Aubigné speaking of her says: "She possessed a manly mind, an elevated capacity, a magnanimity and fortitude of soul, proof against all the storms of adversity." She was the mother of Henry IV. of France, popularly known as Henry of Navarre.

8. St. Gudula, 712. She occupies the post of patroness of the City of Brussels. The best known legend about her, records that as she was going early one morning to the Church of St. Morgelle, two miles from her father's mansion, with a female servant bearing a lantern, the wax taper was accidentally extinguished, and she lighted it again by the efficacy of her prayers.

9. Caroline L. Herschel, died in 1848. She was the sister of Sir William Herschel, the famous astronomer, and a valuable co-operator with her brother in the most important labours of his life. As a remarkable fact in her career, she discovered seven comets by means of a telescope which her brother had made expressly for her use, and in the case of five of these she was the first to find them out.

10. Mary Russell Mitford, authoress, died in 1855. She is most famous as the author of "Our Village," a series of sketches of village scenes and characters unsurpassed in their kind, and after half a century of imitations as fresh as if they had been written yesterday.

11. Sir Hans Sloane, a celebrated collector and successful physician, died in 1753. From his collection, which, under certain conditions, he bequeathed to the nation, the British Museum took its origin. As a physician his favourite maxim was that sobriety, temperance, and moderation are the best preservatives that nature has granted to mankind.

12. Arabella Goddard, the most distinguished of English pianoforte players, born in 1838. She first appeared in public at Her Majesty's Theatre, of which Balfe was conductor, on the 23rd of October, 1850, when her style and mechanism at once made a great impression.

13. St. Veronica of Milan, 1497. She was originally a poor girl working in the fields, but in time became the prioress of the nunnery of St. Martha, in Milan.

14. Madame de Sévigné, the most charming of all letter writers, in all languages, died in 1696. In person, Madame de Sévigné was extremely attractive, though the minute critics of her time objected to her exhibiting several deviations from strictly regular beauty, such as eyes of different colours, a "square ended" nose, and a somewhat heavy jaw.

15. Dr. John Aikin, born in 1747. In conjunction with his sister, Mrs. Barbauld, he wrote "Evenings at Home," a book which has been translated into almost every European language.

16. Edward Gibbon, one of the most celebrated historians of any age or country, died in 1794. He lived and died a bachelor, but in his youth he was engaged to the beautiful Susan Curchod, who afterwards became Madame Necker. Gibbon's father objected to the match, and "without his consent," says the historian, "I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son."

17. François Joseph Gossec, the musical composer, was born in 1733 at a village in Belgian Hainault. From his earliest years he showed a decided taste for music, and it is told that whilst herding the cows of his father, who was a small farmer, he made himself a fiddle out of a sabot, with strings of horsehair.

18. Henry VII. married the Princess Elizabeth of York, the undoubted heiress of Edward IV., in 1486. "If," says Lingard, "the ambition of the princess was flattered by this union, we are told (on what authority I know not) that she had little reason to congratulate herself on the score of domestic happiness; that Henry treated her with harshness and with neglect; and that, in his estimation, neither the beauty of her person nor the sweetness of her disposition could atone for the deadly crime of being a descendant of the house of York."

19. Isabel of Austria, Queen of Denmark, a "nursing mother" of the Reformation, died in 1525. She was the second daughter of Philip the Fair of Austria, and was married in 1515 to Christiern of Denmark, "the Nero of the North," who proved little less than her murderer.

20. Anne of Austria, Queen of France, died in 1666. She married Louis XIII. in 1615. "Her Spanish haughtiness and love of ceremonial were impressed by education upon the mind of her son, Louis XIV., who got both the blame and the credit of much that was his mother's."

21. St. Agnes, martyr, 304 or 305. St. Agnes was a young Roman girl who suffered savage persecution, and at last martyrdom, under Diocletian.

22. Jean, Countess of Roxburgh, died in 1753. She died at the age of ninety-six, and is remarkable as having undergone one of the longest widowhoods of which any record exists—no less than seventy-one years.

23. The funeral of the mother of Dr. Johnson in 1759. In order to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral and to pay some debts which she had left, "Johnson wrote a little book in a single week, and sent off the sheets to the press without reading them over. A hundred pounds was paid him for the copyright, and the purchasers had great reason to be pleased with their bargain, for the book was 'Rasselas.'"

24. Grace Aguilar, authoress, died in 1847 at Frankfort. For some time before her death she lost the power of speech, but, having learned to communicate with others by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet, almost the last time her fingers moved it was to spell upon them feebly, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

25. The Princess Margaret of England married James IV. of Scotland in 1502. She was then only thirteen years and a quarter old, but is described by one who was present at the wedding as if she had already acquired all the graces, mental as well as bodily, of mature womanhood.

26. Francis Jeffrey, the famous critic and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, died in 1850. As a critic, the greatest mistake he ever made was as to Wordsworth, whose "Excursion" he greeted with an article beginning "This will never do."

27. St. John Chrysostom, the most famous of the Greek Fathers, 407. The name Chrysostom, or golden-mouthed, on account of his eloquence, was not given to the saint till some time after his death. He was at first known simply as John, or John of Constantinople.

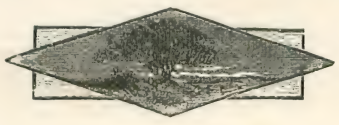
28. Mrs. Hester Johnson, the "Stella" of Dean Swift, died in 1728. In a note in his "Life of Swift," Scott says that his friend, Dr. Tuke, of Dublin, had a lock of Stella's hair enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which were written in the Dean's hand the words, "Only a woman's hair," an instance, says Scott, "of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference."

29. Mrs. Gore, novelist, died in 1861. Mrs. Gore's works are characterised by great cleverness, invention, lively satire, shrewd insight into character, and keen observation of life. "They are exceedingly deficient in feeling, and the lover of fiction passes a pleasant hour or two over her novels, not much excited by the triumphs or vexed by the sufferings of her heroines."

30. Napoleon III., married Eugénie, second daughter of the Count de Montijo, in 1853. In announcing the intended marriage to his ministers, the Emperor said, "I have preferred a woman whom I love and respect to one unknown, and whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices—placing independence, qualities of heart, and family happiness above dynastic prejudices and calculations of ambition."

31. Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, was born in 1598. She was the most eminent person of her age for intellectual accomplishments, for spirit, magnificence, and deeds of benevolence.

(*To be continued.*)



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. WEEKES & CO., 14, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, London.

Lampblack. Children's Cantata. Written and composed by Myles B. Foster.—Among the many silent workers who will, we trust, wake one day to find the fame they have so well earned, stands the author of the cantata under notice. In an age like this, when one constantly sees mediocrity advertising its way to fame, it is a sincere pleasure to find a man who believes that he has a genuine work to do, a definite purpose to achieve, and who has the necessary courage and talent to carry out his plans. Such an one is Mr. Foster.

Lampblack is one of a series of cantatas composed for the Keighley Schools.

Like its predecessors, *Cinderella* and *Beauty and Beast*, it is designed for performance by the little mill-hands of the Yorkshire factories, and it is with the aim to elevate their ideas and bring an element of sunshine into their young lives that these works have been written.

There are but few whose sympathy cannot be aroused by such an object as this, and whose imagination is not vivid enough to picture the infinite possibilities of happiness that such performances can bring to the weary little minds of those who take part in them. With this object in view, Mr. Foster and those who work with him bring labour, time, money, and enthusiasm to bear for its furtherance.

So far as they have yet gone, nothing but success has been met with, and it is no exaggeration to say that in those places where the enterprise has been carried out the failure to continue it would be a blow of incalculable severity to the children, who display a talent for, and a love of music that make the learning of these cantatas a mere holiday pastime.

In *Lampblack* Mr. Foster has given us some of his most charming work, replete with delicacy and refinement. The story, taken from "Bimbi," is a most delightful and quaint one, and it speaks volumes as to his belief in the capacities of the young mill-hands that the composer should have chosen it. To appreciate it one must possess a considerable vein of poetic instinct, to say nothing of a mind receptive to pure influences. By this we do not mean to infer that there is any "preaching" in it. Our enthusiasts have no desire to bring the children together in order to lecture them. Their object is to make the children happy, and they wisely leave the story to work its own influence. We will quote a few lines from the Epilogue, which betray the spirit of the poem, and tell "the conclusion of the whole matter":—

> "Oh! hearken, sisters, brothers!
> However poor we be,
> We have a noble mission
> Of love and sympathy.
> To sink ourselves in others,
> And leave to God the rest.
> Submissive, as in faith we cry
> The Master knoweth best."

What a contrast here to the tone of the fashionable modern lyric! If this be the food our little mill-hands feed upon, what a lesson they are unconsciously giving to the society-lady of the period!

Among the best movements are the first chorus, the minuet in number two, Lampblack's solo, "Ah! no, it cannot be;" number eight, "Come along, boys, come and play!" and, above all, number ten, "Bless thee, gentle one, for thy care," which is quite a gem. If, where there is so much that is good, one may indicate minor points that might suggest criticism, we would remark that, passing aside occasional reminiscences of Sullivan and Gounod, Mr. Foster indulges rather too freely in cadences—cadences that are often charming, we admit, but which interrupt the flow of the music; and, again, that he carries his ideas of refinement almost too far; in fact, he sometimes "refines" his music to the verge of weakness. Having said this, we have nothing but praise to bestow. Every number is full of melody, rich in harmony, clear in form, and graceful in expression.

Whatever may be its ultimate fate, Mr. Foster may congratulate himself upon having written a delightful little work; and if this article should bring it under the notice, we had almost said fostering care, of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, our purpose will have been accomplished. We shall have had the satisfaction to give a helping-hand to *Lampblack* on its way to public favour, and to indicate to the friends of this journal how they may occasionally while away a pleasant hour during the long evenings of the coming winter.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARY GARTH.—We were interested in your letter, and heartily wish you success. We think that if, for the present, you could take a situation as nursery governess, and join a correspondence class—one or two, perhaps—by this means you may be able to improve yourself in those studies in which you feel deficient. On no account draw upon the £50, which ought to be regarded as a "nest egg," to serve you on a rainy day, though we heartily hope long waiting for a situation or sickness will not prove "rainy days" to you.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.—You might obtain information of the Lady Principal, Westminster Hospital, Broad Sanctuary. You could be trained as a visiting nurse. Perhaps it would enable you to sing with less trouble to your throat if you used a gargle of powdered alum and water. It might be a means of strengthening it a little.

MARGERY.—Acquaintance with fine arts and accomplishments is not half so valuable to you as to write a "ladylike" legible hand; to spell, and express yourself well; to be well acquainted with geography, with the history of your own country (and general history included); to sew well, and to have a fair acquaintance with economical housekeeping. In all these branches of education you can direct and perfect yourself without masters or any expense; and with a little careful study of the rules of good breeding you would be fit for any society.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGLISH GIRL—It is thought that the charges on the American flag were selected by Congress, June 18th, 1777, as representing those on the escutcheon of General Washington, three stars being blazoned on the upper portion of his shield, and three bars, or barrys, running horizontally across the lower part. In the first instance a new stripe was added to the flag, to represent each new state annexed to the Union, which so far increased its dimensions that by a subsequent Act of Congress the number was reduced to the original thirteen, and a new star is now added in lieu of a new stripe. We think that you would prevent in some measure the decay in your teeth by rinsing your mouth well with a weak solution of Condy's fluid after each meal, especially after dinner. Get a chemist to give you the proper proportions, and brush night and morning with powdered chalk and curd soap alternately. Also have every cavity stopped.

GEORGIE.—Your query about the use of side-saddles was answered before. They date back in this country to the reign of Richard II., whose queen—Anne, daughter of the King of Bohemia—introduced them; and took pains to show Englishwomen that such a method of riding was not only more graceful but practicable. Before her time women of all ranks rode as men. The genealogy of our Lord given by St. Luke iii. 2, 3, was that of His mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, but given under her husband's name. Your writing is fairly good. Always try to write sufficiently careful as not to need such an apology as "Excuse blots, and a bad pen," or "Excuse haste." It is otherwise than polite to send anyone a dirty letter, scrambled off in a hurry, just as if anything would be good enough for them. We quite except our poorer girls in making these remarks. They may really have very little leisure, an imperfect education, and bad writing materials. To them we can only say, write to us as best you can, and fear no criticism. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

ILL-USED ONE.—We take your word for it that your family, and especially one member of it, are inconsiderate towards you, and even injurious in the action sometimes taken. But how can we tell what provocation you give by looks and manner; even in silence? You say they have sometimes admitted that they were wrong; in such cases banish the recollection of it, and never remind them of it. It shows nobleness of character to make an *amende* and apologise when you know you have done wrong; so appreciate it on their part. It is due to the person offended; do the same towards them. "Give to all their dues," and "confess your faults one to another." If twitted with your error, and your apology afterwards—hard as it would be to bear—do not regret having done your duty; for you "serve the Lord Christ," and never return "railing for railing." Only remember that when you forgive it must be a genuine forgiveness. Accept the *amende* in the fullest sense. There is an old Turkish proverb worth remembering—"The sword is not to be used against him who has asked forgiveness." "It is man-like to err; it is God-like to forgive."

A. & M.—All you want to know about the origin of the National Anthem was given by us long ago. See page 320, vol. v.

CURIOUS.—Ozokerit is a black earth-wax which is found in Galicia, and after going through a certain process is found to make good candles.

YAM-YAM.—The term "El Dorado" is used to signify a golden illusion—a land of inexhaustible wealth. Orellana, a lieutenant of Pizarro, pretended that he had discovered such a land in South America; but the real land of gold was not there.

A. B. C.—In a separation by mutual consent between husband and wife, all such things as the custody of children and division of money would be matters of arrangement between the parties.

*** *To our Readers.—The Editor begs to state in reply to numerous inquiries that the ages of successful competitors in connection with the Shakespeare Competition and the competition in Musical Composition will not be printed.*

*** *Our next number will contain the list of subscriptions to the Girl's Own Convalescent Home.*

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 419. JANUARY 7, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

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"'WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?' SHE ASKED BOLDLY."

CHAPTER XVII.

A SHIP LOST.

FAN seemed to be the person most likely to catch Wandering Will, if she chose. That very Sunday evening she met him, as she was returning alone from evening service. She was alone, because Mr. Harton did not go to church of an evening, and Tom was dining at The Park. Most of her friends had remained behind for the choir practice, superintended by Miss Lilyton and Gerard, but she felt singularly restless, and thought she would go home to her ever-sympathising benefactor. As she passed the big Board school, which was closed, she heard herself called from the surrounding copse. "Fan!" She was so accustomed to the name that she did not pause to consider who uttered it, but involuntarily answered, "Yes, who wants me?" "I do," was the reply, and she saw Wandering Will's head protruded above the hedge which divided the road from the adjoining pine wood. She was not in the least frightened, nor was she surprised at the man's freedom; indeed, nothing seemed either to frighten or surprise her.

"Hide yourself," she whispered. "I'm coming, so is somebody else," for she heard footsteps in the lane.

A countryman passed her with a "Good-night, Miss Fan," to which she responded by a "Good-night, Hawkins," and having waited till he was out of sight, she climbed a neighbouring high gate, and joined Wandering Will, who was in hiding beneath the hedge.

"What do you want with me?" she asked boldly, but in a suppressed voice.

"I want to make your personal and intimate acquaintance," he replied. "I know you by repute; I have seen you at a distance; I wish to meet you face to face."

"That will do you no good, and you will be caught and imprisoned if you don't take care. They say the police are after you," she said.

"No fear; I have a hundred lives, and if, hydra-like, they take one, another will replace it. A sort of transmigration, Fan. I have already inhabited numerous tabernacles, and am perfect in the art of transformation. I know the world and its disguises, Fan, having well scoured it."

"You talk a deal of nonsense. One can scour pots and pans, but not this dirty earth. What do you want with me?"

"I want you to have an eye on that electric eel, Tom Harton."

"I always have. That's only tit for tat, because he keeps an eye on me."

"But I want you to find out and tell me all you can about Aspenel, the so-called squire, through Tom Harton, whom we will call the electric eel."

"Why must I do this, Mr. Wandering Will?"

"Because you are one of us, and I knew your mother, Clorandy, and I promised her, when she died, never to lose sight of you."

"Then you have broken your promise, for she died when I was seven, and now I am nearly seventeen. The Tigress told me all about it."

"And when I was in foreign parts, she kept me informed of you, from time to time, when the tribe pitched their tents on Hoplands Common. I have not lost sight of you, Fan, and never shall."

"That's a story; for you could not see me when you were in other parts of the world. I suppose you mean you heard of me."

"Yes. You are sharp, Fan. You and I could make a fortune together. You are bolder, braver, handsomer even than your mother, Clorandy. I have always been on the point of making a fortune, but my fate has interfered. Aspenel has not half my talent or education, and see how rich he is."

"But I would rather be you than he. You are free, and he is afraid of his shadow."

"Afraid of me! Well said, Fan. I am his shadow, and will follow him wheresoever he goeth. In spite of his plots and his millions, I will be after him, and, if you will help me, have the best of it. Gather up stores of honey against you see me. It may be in a month; it may be in a year; but we shall meet again. Remember, child, that if you tire of the life you lead, and if the electric eel annoys you beyond your endurance, you can come to me. You belong to us. You are more mine than Mr. Harton's, though he has done better for you than I have. Perhaps I will tell you more when we meet again. My stars have been against me all my life, so says the Tigress."

It was getting dark, and Fan knew that she ought to be indoors; but the fascination of this man held her. His voice and manner were those of a gentleman, his appearance that of a vagrant. Was he mad or sane? She would ask him in Mr. Harton's words.

"Are you knave or fool?" she said.

"Both, Fan," he replied, and face and manner grew stern. "But I am not mad. I am sane as my enemy, Aspenel. Go."

He waved his hand toward the gate, and himself vanished into the wood. She stood to look after him. The moon was careering amid the clouds above; the breeze was moving the trees around; shadows lay thick and heavy everywhere.

"Strange! what can he mean?" she muttered, when she had seen the last of him, and was turning, slowly, towards the gate.

"What are you doing there, Fan?" came in a severe voice from the road.

It was Tom returning from The Park.

"Gipsying, Mr. Tom," she said, climbing the gate and running off down the road as fast as she could.

He had the curiosity to examine the spot, and saw other footprints than Fan's on the dew-bespangled turf. Doubtless he drew his conclusions, but they were not the right ones. Fan was home long before him, and had much difficulty in evading Mr. Harton's inquiries concerning her prolonged absence. But he soon reverted to what he called his "tussle with the squire," which enabled Fan to enlarge on her gipsy class and the camp meeting.

"You must pay the school fees, Fan," he said, laughing. "I shall make you my scapegoat. But I don't promise to provide the bullseyes and coppers."

"I wish we were a better race!" sighed Fan.

"You may be made so by Act of Parliament, Fan. We are going to provide education for the world on wheels, and all the vans and travelling villages, and, I take it, the very menageries that roll from place to place, will be taught their duty to their neighbour. I hope the lions will then conscientiously abstain from laying a paw on their keepers; and the tigers won't look hungrily at the outside multitude."

"Oh, Sir! but then the gipsies will be like everybody else; and that would be a pity."

"The result of education, Fan. Your friend Clarville thinks we should be all alike, and nothing but preaching will make us resemble one another."

"He wants to convert us, Sir," said Fan, solemnly.

Here Tom came in and Fan escaped, leaving that worthy to give his father the history of the footprints on the dewy grass. Mr. Harton only laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

The following morning the juvenile gipsies came to school, and when Mr. Aspenel was driving to the station he met some of them *en route*. His suspicions were excited; but then people of suspicious temperament always have their suspicions excited about something or other; and a very unhappy state of mind it is—a state to be religiously shunned. Instead of shunning it, however, he fostered it, and during his short drive to the station he was wondering what mischief the gipsies, and particularly Wandering Will, were brewing. Gerard was waiting for the train, and he bade him come into his compartment. If Fan was Mr. Harton's scapegoat, Gerard was certainly Mr. Aspenel's, only Fan incurred no expense, whereas poor Gerard did. It never occurred to Mr. Aspenel that he deemed it his duty to pay the difference between his third class ticket and the first class which did him the honour of receiving him at the squire's command.

"What are the gipsies up to?" he asked, as soon as they were seated. "I saw a lot of shameless children near the Board school."

"I fancy they are obeying the inspector's orders, and going to school as long as they remain on Hoplands Common," returned Gerard.

"Then Wandering Will is sure to be about. Is this the result of your snivelling and preaching, Mr. Clarville?"

"I fear not. I wish I could think anything I said bore such good fruit. They are going to school, because it is convenient to them to remain on the common, and they say everybody except Mr. Harton hunts them off his land."

"Quite right too. Harton is an ass.

They ought to be exterminated root and branch. But for them, my life wouldn't be in danger."

"But, sir, you have the law in your own hands. If you set the police after that man, they could catch him easily. I saw him attacking you—Mrs. Aspenel's purse was seized by him—we should both recognise him. I knew him when I rescued your son from him. It seems that he should be prosecuted in the interests of justice."

"I know my own affairs best, Mr. Clarville. I don't want the fellow shut up, but I want him kept at a distance."

Gerard was silent, and Aspenel's face wore an ominous frown. They were *tête-à-tête*, for early travellers by first class were rare from Roselands station. To Gerard's relief, a lady got in at the next station. It was Lady Ascham. She bowed to Mr. Aspenel, whose frown vanished, and whose company manners returned.

"I have been staying at Beechton from Saturday to Monday," she said. "I had not a moment to drive over and see Mrs. Aspenel. How is she? She knows how busy I am, and will excuse me. Is that your son? Oh! I beg your pardon, I see he is too old; but I seem to recognise him. May I ask——"

"It is Mr. Clarville, one of my *employés*," said Aspenel, with a sort of half-introductory, half patronising manner.

"Mr. Gerard Clarville! I am so glad to meet you," said Lady Ascham, stretching forward and holding out her hand. "I knew your mother years ago, and should much like to see her again. But I have no time even for old friends, as Mr. Aspenel knows. You, too, will understand, for I hear you are engaged in charitable pursuits. Somebody told Lady Beechton that you were interested in the gipsies, and so am I. We must have them brought under instruction by Act of Parliament, like the riverside population. Will you call on me? Any evening after nine—or perhaps you will come to dinner. Here is my card. We could work together in many ways; but I am quite unconventional."

"His time is mine, Lady Ascham. It does not benefit young men to take them out of their sphere of labour," put in Mr. Aspenel, ominously.

"Certainly not, Mr. Aspenel; but naturally his evenings are his own. I may reckon on seeing you, Mr. Clarville?"

Gerard could not help smiling, though he felt that the plot was thickening round him, and that he would have to be cautious if he meant to keep his situation.

"I shall be very glad to call, Lady Ascham; but my time is pretty well filled up," he replied, diplomatically. "It belongs, indeed, to Mr. Aspenel."

An approving smile passed over the millionaire's face, not unperceived by Lady Ascham, who glanced at Gerard. She wondered if he were a time-server; but his eyes were honest, his countenance impressed her favourably. He looked, indeed, singularly straightforward. She saw that he might have a difficult part to play.

"I shall expect you some evening. Come when you can manage it," she said. Then, without awaiting Gerard's thanks, turned to Mr. Aspenel, with, "How does your daughter Janet get on with my old friends, Monsieur and Madame de Belleville?"

"Very well, I believe," replied Mr. Aspenel, busying himself with his bag, for he had never inquired.

They reached Charing Cross, where Lady Ascham got out. She shook hands with both gentlemen, and said, aside to Gerard, "Don't forget." They proceeded to London Bridge, whence they went in a cab to the office.

Gerard had scarcely settled to his work when an office-boy summoned him to Mr. Aspenel. He found him seated at his table with an open telegram before him. His face was white, and he was trembling either with passion or terror. He pointed to the telegram, which was from South America, and announced the loss of one of Mr. Aspenel's largest ships. "Crew saved—cargo sunk," were the last words, and Gerard involuntarily uttered a cry of thankfulness that, though the freight of gold which the vessel bore was lost, the souls of men were saved. Mr. Aspenel clenched his fist and struck the table, exclaiming—

"You rejoice in my ruin, sir! Your own ruin! Our ruin! A shipload of gold at the bottom of the sea. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Come with me to the Stock Exchange; call Mason, Grant, Leslie, Brown—no; I'll cable back at once. If you had gone out to Chili, as I wished, you might have averted this, if——"

Aspenel sank back in his chair, and Gerard witnessed the awful power of gold. He grew livid, and gasped as if he were dying. Gerard unfastened his neckerchief, gave him water, and stood by while he recovered himself, not daring to speak to one who would resent any word he should utter.

The offices were soon all astir with the news, and although the clerks knew well enough that a loss which might ruin a poorer man would scarcely be felt by Mr. Aspenel, they doubted if they might not be dismissed upon pleа of it.

"Hundreds of thousands!" was the millionaire's cry, as he tore open several other letters and documents that lay before him. One of these contained the ominous words, "I must have money. —W. L." With a muttered imprecation, he thrust this into a drawer, turned the key, and again summoned Gerard, whom he had dismissed. He asked him if he would go for him to a certain small street leading down to the Thames, and inquire if a Mr. Loveridge had been there lately.

"I can only beg a confidential person to do this, for it is important," he said, giving him an address.

"Wharf Court. I know it," said Gerard, whose habit it was to penetrate all sorts of courts and alleys, and he liked nothing better.

But as he left his patron, and soon found himself engaged in this congenial occupation, he began to wonder whether he was being made a catspaw of. However, he got involved in a labyrinth, and forgot everything but how best to thread it. Down narrow streets, under arches, through crowded courts, past huge warehouses, into densely-peopled alleys, and finally within a small space surrounded by high, dirty, squalid houses—and this was Wharf Court.

He knocked at a dingy door, and inquired if Mr. Loveridge was within.

A suspicious-looking man, who eyed him askance through the half-opened door, said—

"No, he isn't; but he will be about ten o'clock to-night."

"If I should come again, could I see him?" asked Gerard.

"That's more'n I can tell," was the surly reply.

Gerard reported the result of his visit to Mr. Aspenel, whom he found almost as he had left him, seated grim and deep in thought.

"Would you mind going again at ten o'clock?" asked Mr. Aspenel, in a hoarse, despondent voice.

"Not if I can be of use—and—and—it is a righteous cause," replied Gerard.

"What do you mean, sir?" shouted Mr. Aspenel, roused from his lethargy.

"That it is a queer place to go to at that hour," said Gerard; "and one would almost need the escort of a policeman."

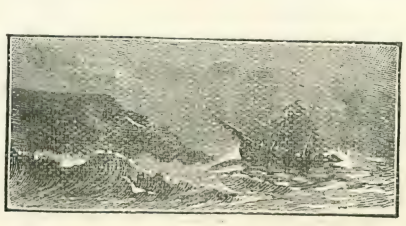
"You needn't be afraid. I owe the man Loveridge money, and I want to get it safely conveyed to him. You shall be no loser if you will take it to him."

"I want no gain, sir. But I will do what you ask."

"Then come to me before I leave. Now I must see about this loss. A hundred thousand pounds!"

Mr. Aspenel covered his face with his hands, and so Gerard left him.

(*To be continued.*)



ON THE CHOICE OF PIANOFORTE PIECES.

By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of Music at the Royal College of Music.

PART I.

"*Wahl ist Qual*" (choice gives pain), says an old German proverb, and, indeed, it seems almost as difficult to know *what* to play as *how* to play. There are persons to whom it is even more difficult to make a suitable selection of pieces, and this for the simple reason that they themselves do not know what they want; but to those who are conscious of what is necessary to suit their taste and to improve their deficiencies, the difficulty of making a good selection ought to appear not quite so formidable. The literature of the pianoforte is of all instruments beyond doubt the richest, in as far as the pieces written for this most popular instrument reckon by hundreds of thousands. Bulky catalogues are at hand; however, they give only the composers' names and the titles of their pieces. For this reason the advice of an experienced person may be welcome, and assist the amateur in selecting practical, useful, and suitable works.

Everyone who desires to play an instrument will admit that a good, clear, and correct technical execution is the most important requirement for a satisfactory performance—for a performance from which our family, friends, and connoisseurs may derive pleasure. For this reason exercises and studies are indispensable. But it is more particularly the selection of them which gives great trouble to an amateur, who misses the advice of a teacher or experienced musical friend. Generally the terms "exercises" and "studies" are thought to be identical, but this is a mistake. The exercise is a technical figure, repeated over and over again without change of harmony, and without the addition of melody or any other effect. The study, however, is a musical composition founded on a technical figure, and embellished by melody, harmony, and modulations. Exercise and study might thus be compared to the material of a dress, and again to the dress made up of such material. The exercise is, so to say, the groundwork of technical execution, and technical execution, again, is the garb in which we offer the intellectual contents of the composition; the clearer, more correct and even this execution is, the greater will be the effect produced by the performance. The technical material is not very great, but is multiplied by combining different technical figures. It consists of scales, single and double; chords, firm and broken; shakes, single and double; and of octaves. The scale might be called the symbol of industry, gliding on quietly and smoothly, without any jerkiness, yet crisp and pearly in its effect; its characteristic quality ought to strike the ear pleasantly and satisfactorily. The scale is actually the most important of all technical figures; everything in music can be deduced from the scale—the chord, for instance, is nothing but an interrupted scale. "Per scalam ascendimus" would be a capital motto for a collection of scale exercises. Every young lady-pianist ought to take Sebastian Bach's advice to heart: "Let the scale resemble a row of pearls—each of equal size—each touching the other without sticking to it." The chromatic scale, again, reminds one of the soughing of the wind, and, indeed, every composer describing wind or a storm uses for its representation the chromatic scale. With regard to double scales in thirds or sixths, the student ought to take care of playing the lower note with great distinctness; a slow and patient practice is particularly advisable for succeeding to play double scales in thirds evenly, distinct, and in a thoroughly finished manner. Persons with small hands should not attempt to play double scales in sixths before they have acquired great flexibility, muscular force, and suppleness in all five fingers, and more particularly independence and strength in the third and little fingers. Firm chords require great muscular strength, equal force of all the five fingers; the inner or middle notes must be struck with the same vigour as the outer ones, for the middle notes form and make the chord, the two outer ones constitute only an interval —fifth, sixth, seventh, or octave; but the interval is not a chord, any more than that a syllable is a word. The broken or arpeggio chord ought to be even, transparent, light, airy; it should remind us of a fine veil or a lace shawl, which surrounds in graceful folds the face or body, and does not in too great a degree hide the features of the face, or interfere with the contemplation of the form of the body. The shake gives lustre and brilliancy to the whole. A good, crisp, and vibrating shake produces the same effect as the diamond —it sparkles, it heightens the charm and beauty, and thus enhances our admiration for the piece; to the ear a good shake is as dazzling as the diamond is to the eye.

Octaves, boldly performed and rapidly executed, produce a striking, even extraordinary, effect; of all technical features they show the performance in that manner generally called "bravura style." Bravura is bravery; the soldier is brave when he possesses firm resolve, intrepidity, and fearlessness. In the same way octave passages ought to be attacked and executed.

We now come to the point which this paper aims to decide, namely, the proper choice of exercises and studies, indispensable for the realisation of becoming a good and distinguished pianist. Of technical exercises we have the collections by Adam, Herz, Czerny, Kalkbrenner, Knorr, Plaidy, Eggeling, Breslaur, Tausig, Köhler, Liszt, and others. For the ordinary purpose—for performers of but moderate attainments—the exercises by Herz, Plaidy, and Eggeling will be found extremely useful and thoroughly satisfactory; for those who desire to reach a higher standard of technical excellence, Czerny's 40 "Daily," Tausig's and Liszt's technical studies (really exercises) are most advisable. Here I may be allowed to intersperse my remarks with a small bit of good advice, which is:—Never to exaggerate the practice of technical exercises with regard to length of time, particularly those within the compass of a fifth. Almost every hand, even the smallest, must compress its natural size in order to execute exercises within the interval of the fifth; if such contraction is sustained for a very long time a kind of cramp will be experienced. As soon as this is felt the student should stop at once, and continue her practice in the form of scales, which assist to restore the former suppleness and flexibility of the muscles, and to remove the stiffness and heaviness of the lower arm, which is the natural and unavoidable result of overtaxing the muscular strength. Such exaggeration may lead to very dangerous consequences; nay, during the last ten years several well-known public players suffered from prostration of the arm and weakness of the muscles to such a degree as to make it necessary to consult specialists, who tried to effect a cure by means of galvanism and kneading (massage).

A much wider, almost boundless field is unrolled before our eyes when we look at the long, seemingly interminable list of studies—melodious, rhythmical, characteristic, brilliant, bravura, and concert studies—as composed by the foremost pianists. I propose to classify the most celebrated of them into divisions, namely:—strength, velocity, melodiousness, harmony and euphony, characteristic and concert studies. With regard to the acquirement of strength, the 100 Studies by Muzio Clementi, called "Gradus ad Parnassum;" Thalberg's 12 Studies, op. 26; Kessler's 24 Studies, op. 20; and those by Henselt, op. 2 (12) may be unconditionally recommended. Both Clementi and Kessler are more or less devoid of musical charm, are rather dry, and inordinately long (five to six pages); but for the purpose of gaining strength they are excellent. Thalberg's Studies, although not bearing comparison with the poetical, romantic, and highly original studies by Chopin, yet contain many fine and highly useful points; whilst Henselt's 12 Etudes, op. 2, assist in obtaining certainty of attack, expansion and flexibility of the hands, and a decided fulness of tone.

It would be ungrateful not to mention, for the same purpose, the 24 Studies by J. Moscheles, op. 70, or the 12 Etudes, op. 30, by Theodor Döhler, and the Studies op. 119, by Charles Mayer. Neither must the vigorous and grand Studies, Nos. 1, 4, 7, and 12 (op. 10), and Nos. 11 and 12 (op. 25), by Chopin, be forgotten.

After having practised all, or at least some, of these studies, and having made them "her own," the performer need not be afraid of an accusation of weakness.

With regard to studies for velocity, the "School of Velocity" by Czerny certainly stands foremost. This work has obtained a world-wide celebrity, but his "Schule der Fingerfertigkeit" (l'Art de délier les doigts), op. 740, and his "School of the Virtuoso" are likewise standard works in which every phase of velocity is represented. Some of Köhler's "New School of Velocity," and "Special Studies" of Charles Mayer's, likewise called "New School of Velocity" (op. 168), Chopin's No. 2 of op. 10, and No. 6 of op. 25, and Moscheles' No. 1 of op. 70, can also be highly recommended.

Harmony, melodiousness, and euphony will be found in J. B. Cramer's, Stephen Heller's, and Chopin's Studies. Cramer, although for one year a pupil of Clementi, imbibed Mozart's principles—gracefulness, affectionate and sincere expression, nobility and charm of melody, and plastic roundness of form. Could anything more favourable be said in praise of Cramer's Studies than Beethoven's words—"Were I to write a method of pianoforte-playing, I certainly should take Cramer's Studies for its basis"? Heller's Studies, op. 47, 46, 45, and 16 (thus run the numbers with respect to graduating difficulty) are a veritable mine of charming and beautiful music; each and all are good, and possess sterling merit. Burgmüller's 12 "Etudes mélodiques," op. 105 (rather easy), Haberbier's "Etudes-Poésies," op. 53, and Hermann Berens' "Etudes poétiques" deserve honourable mention.

Of characteristic studies those of Henselt, op. 2 and 5; Wilhelm Taubert's 12 Studies, op. 40; 12 Studies by Hans Seeling; Moscheles' celebrated collection, op. 95; Jensen's Ro-

mantic Studies, and some of Franz Bendel (Waldesrauschen, etc.), are the most prominent. Bravura or concert studies generally require very advanced technical execution. Among the most effective (but also most difficult) are Liszt's 12 "Etudes d'Exécution transcendante," the same author's 6 Paganini Caprices, and 3 Etudes de Concert (Kistner); also Thalberg's Caprice (op. 36), Thème et Etude (op. 45), Moszkowski's 3 concert studies (op. 24), preludes and studies by Xaver Scharwenka, studies by Zarembski, Joseph Wieniawski, Tausig, Raff, and, above all, the 27 Grandes Etudes by Chopin, which in point of originality and beauty excell all others. Felix Mendelssohn left us three studies and three preludes (op. 104), of which the music is very beautiful, original, and interesting, whilst with regard to novelty of technical treatment they offer nothing of importance. Schumann's transcriptions of Violin Caprices by Paganini (op. 3 and 10) must not be forgotten, neither Brahms' Variations (Studies) on a theme by Paganini, nor his transcription (really augmentation) of Chopin's Study op. 25, No. 2, and his inversion of Weber's "Moto continuo" (op. 24).

For anyone who has not the means to form a large musical library, and is not great at technical execution, nothing better can be advised than to rely on the above-mentioned "Schule der Fingerfertigkeit," op. 740, by Czerny. This excellent collection by an experienced, thinking, and practical teacher, and also a sound musician, consists of fifty studies, which treat each technical feature in varied examples, whilst a short and concise inscription above each study describes its aim, and is in every single instance correctly and satisfactorily carried out. Those who can boast of a greater technique will find the collection, "New Gradus ad Parnassum," 100 Studies by different composers, divided into several sections (such as Section A, Scales and Velocity; Section B, Thirds and Sixths, etc., etc.), suit their purpose; indeed, this collection does justice to every demand in this respect.

Before closing my remarks my readers may accept an advice, given by a teacher of forty-five years' experience. Modesty and honesty are two sterling qualities indispensable to anyone who earnestly desires to improve. Modesty, in so far that one abstains from attempting a task which is beyond one's powers, for it is better to play an easy or moderately difficult piece correctly and fluently than to make a scramble of a too difficult one. Honesty, again, is needed for carrying out all the directions given by the composer, may they concern terms of expression or the fingering. All who wish to gain success have to work for it; or, as old Euclid says, "There's no royal road to geometry," we may say, "There's no royal road to musical excellence."

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.

No sooner were the cloth clothes disposed of than Eleanor and her mother turned their attention to the boys' underclothing.

The white shirts were in a deplorable condition, with very few fit to be worn among the number. Some were hopelessly ragged and torn; so the stiff linen was cut off and the rest put away in, what Eleanor called, the M. D. Cupboard, for dressing cuts or bruises, burns or scalds. Accidents were common occurrences among her lively brothers, and she was always called on to act as amateur doctor and nurse.

Some of the shirts had the collars, cuffs, and fronts badly worn, but the rest good; of these a bundle was made to send to the manufacturer for refacing. Besides these a large basketful was still left, affording many hours' work for Eleanor and her mother. Gaping button-holes were neatly drawn together and re-sewn; missing buttons were replaced firmly, and, as Eleanor fondly imagined, permanently; rents darned and frayed edges carefully cut and mended, as best they could. Several pairs of cuffs would have been thrown away as too much frayed, but Eleanor begged to try an experiment on them. She got fine tape and bound the edges neatly, and was quite pleased with the result. Mark and Roger might refuse to wear them, but they would do very well for the younger boys.

Before the holidays were over Nell's education in nursing made great progress, for Will's adventurous spirit and love of climbing resulted in an accident, which might have been serious. He was carried home one day with his ankle badly sprained and his face and hands "profusely illustrated by cuts," as Mark said. From the first the doctor put him into Nell's charge, teaching her to bandage on the uninjured foot, and as she gained confidence, making her bandage the injured one and dress the other wounds. For a day or two Will was a very good, brave patient, but when the greatest pain was passed and he had only to lie still, Nell found it a difficult task to keep the lively, restless boy quiet, or content. He did not care for reading; disliked chess, draughts, and most other indoor games; could not draw or paint, nor, indeed, employ his hands in any useful way. Once or twice she thoroughly lost patience with him, to her own great shame and distress; until a bright idea struck her one night, as she was meditatively brushing her long hair.

Next morning when Will was carried down and comfortably settled on the sofa, she sat down by him with her work, for a serious talk. Pointing out to him that if his wish to be a sailor were fulfilled, he would have neither mother, sister, nor nurse on board to mend his clothes, she suggested that he should take this opportunity of learning to do it for himself, and, in spite of his eager objections, won him to consent.

After this a series of very pleasant mornings and afternoons followed. Frank was captured, and made to read aloud; this he did unwillingly, and very badly, improving slowly under Nell's vigorous teaching. One morning, however, Mark strolled in, and after listening for a few minutes to Frank's monotonous drawl, snatched the book from him, and gave a lively elocutionary lecture, which he continued daily, with Nell and the three boys for pupils. It was well that the three looked up to Mark with the dog-like admiration of young boys to an elder, for his teaching was severe in the extreme. Nell had often to call out for mercy for one or other of them, till she learnt by experience that words and remarks causing her anger and indignation were accepted by the lads simply as their due, and did not distress them at all.

Why schoolboys should not be taught to read aloud was beyond her reasoning powers;

but among all the boy acquaintances she made from this time on there was only one who could read aloud decently, and he was a born musician. After Mark's course of teaching, her own brothers were exceptions to the rule.

During the reading the two ladies were sewing, and Will, when it was not his turn to read, was laboriously threading a needle and sewing on a button, hemming a handkerchief, making a rough darn or still rougher patch. He found it very hard work; but before his foot was strong he had made great progress, and had also insisted on George taking the same course of lessons. After he was well Nell could very seldom catch Will to continue his needlework, but, unknown to her, he already made constant use of his new learnt handicraft at school on behalf of his companions.

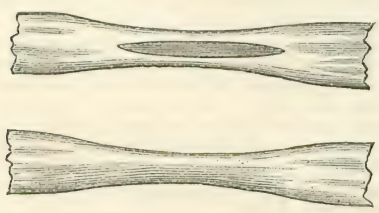
In the intervals of shirt mending Eleanor turned her attention to her brother's neckties.

Mark supplied her with a store of soiled dress ties, which she, unconscious of the difficulty, resolved to wash for him. At her mother's suggestion she tried them one by one in different ways. The first, after washing, she dipped into the starch with the collars and cuffs, and carefully ironed it herself, but found it much too stiff. The second she washed as she did her own laces in soap and water, and ironed it without any stiffening; this was too limp. The third she put in a solution made of a little starch and water, with a piece of wax stirred in it; but this gave a glaze to the tie which was not at all desired. Finally, she melted a small lump of sugar in a breakfast cup of water, instead of starch, and used a hot iron while the tie was still quite damp. Too much sugar made the ties sticky, too little left them limp. The ties never looked quite so well after washing; but they would do very well for home wear, as Roger kindly remarked to her.

Her next effort was to make the ties. She got a piece of lawn, cut the tie "on the cross," and, after hemming the ends, folded it to the right width, a little more than half an inch. She found that her brothers much preferred them made up into the neat little bows they considered the right thing, which saved them much time and loss of temper while dressing. Taking an old one to pieces, she carefully noted how it was folded and fastened, and made up the new one as much like it as she could.

With the unsparing candour of brothers, Mark told her that it would be much cheaper and better to buy the ties if they only lived near decent shops; though really for a girl her work was very good, and he should not at all object to wearing her handiwork. This was meant for high praise; but, as Nell remarked to her mother, "brothers' compliments take some time to penetrate."

The summer washing ties Nell found much easier to make. As usual she picked an old one to pieces as a pattern. Then, consulting Roger's taste, she bought several pieces of print one and a half yards long. This was the length of the tie, and she got five or six out of each piece, according to its width. The part to go round the the neck had to be narrower than the ends. It was hollowed slightly at each side of the material, and a long oval piece cut from the middle, so that when folded



together it left a band of about an inch wide, the rest of the tie being more than double that width. The ends and sides were lightly sewn together so the stitches were invisible. They were tied according to the fancy of the wearer. They washed well, but Eleanor was quite aghast at the number the elder ones used. Frank was in the transition stage of growth, and alternated between extreme untidiness and excessive care for his personal appearance; in either state of mind he was equally difficult to manage. Neither Will nor George gave a thought to their own looks; but only wished to get the greatest amount of comfort from their clothing, much to Roger's disgust—they were never fit to be seen, he declared. For his sake Nell fell into the habit of continually fidgeting them with rebukes for untidy hair or forgotten necktie, gloveless hands or badly-laced boots, till her mother warned her that she would only lose her influence over them without doing any good.

"I assure you, dear, they will in a few years' time begin to take quite sufficient pride in themselves," said Mrs. Lawrence; "in fact, it is often the untidy, careless boy who develops into the most particular of young men. You would hardly imagine the battles I used to have with Roger, to make him wear a jacket of any sort in India, before we sent him home to England. He wanted to dress as scantily as the natives did, and after being out for some hours would often return minus any garment which he thought unnecessary."

"Oh, mother, how funny to think of Roger being careless! I really cannot imagine it; for I do believe now if there were an earthquake he would not emerge from his room till he was fully dressed, even to his pearl pin, and at least one glove on!" And Eleanor's laughter rang out merrily. "However, it's encouraging to hear about him, for some day Will and George may change as much as he has done; and for the present I will try to be content with them as long as they are clean, and just fairly tidy, for I quite see, mother dear, that it does not do to be always nagging at them."

She was busy with her needle while this talk was going on; for so interested had she become in ties and tie-making, that she quite enjoyed experimenting in fresh directions.

"Now, how does this look?" she asked, crossing the room to her mother's sofa to show her work. It was a black satin bow, ready

tied, and stitched in place on a narrow band, fastening at the back of the neck with a little buckle. This buckle she had transferred from a cast-off tie, but all the rest was new.

Another bow was rather differently arranged, smaller and neater than the first, and this was to fasten in front; the end of the band, being

stiff, was to be pushed through at the back of the bow as usual, and drawn aside over a sharp spike. These, the stiff end for the band and the spike, were from old ties; the band was made of a narrow strip of coarse lining or holland, neatly covered with satin, and the bows were lined and stiffened with buckram. These nice-looking ties Nell considered had not cost a penny each, for they were made from some scraps of new satin, too small for any other purpose, which had been lying by a long time waiting till some use could be found for them; and the only thing that had to be bought was the buckram. In searching for the satin, she had found many scraps of coloured silk and ribbon, and these had been easily made into small bows for the younger boys, to fasten on to the front collar button with an elastic loop. They were mounted on the little stiffened half-moons from the back of old ties, which, under a turn-down collar, keep the bow straight.

Nell had also succeeded very well in cleaning some long, light-coloured silk ties, which had become soiled and creased by repeated tyings, by the following simple process. The ties were unpicked, and the lining removed, and then left to soak a whole night in cold soft water. Next day they were laid flat on a clean board or table, and the surface rubbed one way with a flannel soaped, and just made wet with lukewarm water. When both sides of the silk were clean, after being rinsed with clean water in the same way, they were wiped nearly dry with another flannel, and then hung up till quite dry. After ironing with a moderately hot iron (a sheet of thin paper being laid over the silk), the edges were soon joined again, and with a fresh lining they looked like new ties.

"They really don't look bad," said Nell, looking affectionately at the display before her; "but I do wish the boys would let me tie their bows really prettily, rather loose and artistic, you know, mother, with rather long ends. But they will not put them on unless they are very prim and stiff, looking just as if a gentleman's fingers had arranged them!"

"I think your loosely tied bows might look rather conspicuous, so you had better keep the artistic element to your own costume, dear," said Mrs. Lawrence. "But as you have been occupied with neck gear lately, I think you might take a hint from these collars which Mark brought home from Oxford. You see they have two little V-shaped cuts, one on each side, towards the back, just above the band. They are to prevent the tie slipping up over the collar; the band of the tie goes under the V, and therefore cannot get any higher. I think as the other boys have so many collars without this contrivance, it would be a good thing when they are washed to cut these niches, and buttonhole round the edges, before they are starched and glazed."

"Yes, mother, I'm sure I could do it, and shall be glad to, for nothing is more painful than to watch a boy's tie wriggling its way up above the coat by degrees towards the neck. I always long so to offer a pin to the unconscious victim. But I think I'll go now, and see if Mark will, play tennis. What a long vacation it does seem!" Nell said, as she lingered at the door with her apron full of scraps for the ragbag.

"Why, that sounds as if you are tired of your brother's company!" said her mother, surprised.

"Oh, no; it is not that!" cried Nell, vehemently. "I think I shall miss Mark more than I should any of the others. I am getting used to them all now, mother; and I love them all—ever so much! But there's something about Mark that draws me to him even more than the others."

"Yet he is not quite so attentive to you as Roger is, I think," rejoined Mrs. Lawrence, stroking her daughter's hair, as she now knelt at her side.

"No, perhaps not," said Nell; "but I think, dear mother, that he is a little bit my favourite. I only mentioned the vacation because I fear he's beginning to find it rather dull at home. I hope it's only fancy; but it must be so different from Oxford, where there is so much life and society."

"Well, he has no bright little sister at Oxford," said Mrs. Lawrence, "and your part must be to keep him from missing his friends and amusements."

(*To be continued.*)

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

IV.—SANITATION OF THE SICK-ROOM.

HOWEVER perfectly the ventilation of the sick-room may be carried out, under some conditions of illness it is impossible to prevent entirely the contamination of the atmosphere with disagreeable odours. The sense of smell is so acute, and the subdivision of odoriferous particles and vapours so exceedingly minute, that odours of different kinds may be painfully apparent even when accurate analysis of the air will not afford any indications of impurity.

Such smells, even when they do not indicate, as they not unfrequently do, the presence of matter in the air which may be the active agents in producing or conveying disease, exercise an injurious influence on the patient by impairing the appetite and sometimes by depressing the nervous system. They may be produced in various ways. In many cases of illness the secretion from the skin becomes very disagreeably odorous; this is more particularly the case in many kinds of fever, especially, perhaps, in rheumatic fever; and physicians with an acute sense of smell have been known to diagnose accurately cases of this nature simply by entering the room and encountering the atmosphere, without any further examination of the patient. Secretions from the lungs also, particularly in long-standing cases of bronchitis, may be very offensive; and among other contaminating agents may be mentioned discharges from abscesses and other sores.

To some extent the prevention and destruction of these smells pertains more to the medical attendant than to the nurse, for to the medical attendant belongs the duty of prescribing certain applications which may beneficially affect such discharges; but this certainly does not relieve the nurse of her responsibility to maintain a sick-room at all times well ventilated and free from smells.

So far as regards the skin of the patient, a great deal can be effected by perfect cleanliness. Unless special orders are given to the contrary, every patient should be carefully sponged all over every day once at least, and oftener when required. To prevent cold, one part of the body only is washed at a time, and successively each part should be carefully dried before another part is commenced. In patients very susceptible to cold, with a little practice a nurse will not find much difficulty in washing the greater part of the patient without removing the bedclothes. In most cases warm water is used, and to this may be added, for the purpose of destroying smells, various so-called disinfectant fluids. The addition of Condy's Fluid, in the proportion of about half a small wineglassful to a pint of water, is very useful for this purpose; it should not, however, be used along with soap, as its action is then neutralised. Carbolic acid in about half the proportion given for Condy's Fluid is most effective, and can be used along with any kind of soap. Its one disadvantage is its own smell, which to many people is disagreeable and prejudicial; but if a very pure preparation of the acid is used the smell is very slight. Another very pleasant purifying agent is Sanitas, which may be used in the same proportion as Condy's Fluid; its own scent is to many pleasant and stimulating, somewhat recalling the scent of freshly-cut pine wood. Some of these disinfectants are incorporated with soaps, which can be used for the same purpose; carbolic acid is perhaps most conveniently used in that form, as in its fluid state, when not very pure, it does not mix so readily with water as the others. These preparations actually exercise a chemical influence over the disagreeable secretions, destroying for a time their noxious character, and for this reason are to be preferred to other fluids more purely scents, which, by their own strong and pleasant odours, overcome the disagreeable but not so penetrating smell of the secretion. As examples of the latter kind may be mentioned eau de Cologne and lavender water.

For neutralising the disagreeable qualities of other discharges, various disinfectants and antiseptics are applied in different ways, in many cases the disinfectant being combined with some curative agency. Thus in cases where poulticing is required, powdered charcoal is often mixed with the meal with which the poultice is made, and forms one of the best deodorisers known; or carbolic acid dissolved in oil may be poured over the surface of the poultice when made. In other cases where lotions have to be applied, some one of the disinfectants already mentioned may be added to the lotion. When there is profuse discharge, various absorbent materials, such as specially prepared cotton wool, gauze, or fine tow, after being impregnated with some antiseptic, such as carbolic acid, iodine, or perchloride of mercury, are used to absorb, and at the same time render innocuous, the effused fluid.

Not unfrequently the breath of the patient may be offensive, and contamination from this source is sometimes obviated by the use of a respirator containing within it gauze or cotton wool impregnated with some harmless and not unpleasant purifying agent, such as Sanitas or a weak solution of oil of thyme.

Notwithstanding all one's efforts, however, to cut off, as it were, at their source the various fountains of impure and disagreeable smells, it will be found occasionally that success in this direction cannot be complete; and the air of the room having become contaminated, other means must be adopted for its purification. Most of the disinfecting agents already named may be used for this purpose; different methods being employed for bringing them into a position to attack effectively the noxious vapours.

Of these methods the most convenient is the hand-spray, charged with some fluid which should be either without odour, or possessed of a pleasant scent.

The appearance and method of use of the hand-spray is probably familiar to all my readers. It consists essentially of a bottle, into the mouth of which a cork is fitted so accurately as to be air-tight. Through the cork two tubes are passed, or one tube divided by a partition into two, one of the tubes having its opening above and the other below the level of the fluid in the bottle. The tube which has its opening above the fluid is connected at its other end with an indiarubber air-ball, by which air is pressed into the bottle; the other tube ends externally in a small opening, out of which the compressed air in the bottle drives the liquid contents in a very fine stream. This stream is divided into minute spray by a current of air introduced through a small communication between the two tubes, and thus mixing with the fine stream of liquid before its exit from the opening.

By means of this small instrument any disinfecting fluid can be made to influence beneficially the entire atmosphere of the sick-room. Just like the rain, which purifies the external atmosphere by carrying down to the ground, and, as it were, washing out the impure particles of matter with which the air in most places is constantly charged, the spray, which is artificial rain, removes from the atmosphere of the sick-room impurities arising from the patient and from other sources; while, much more than ordinary rain, the spray charged with some disinfectant absorbs and purifies any noxious vapours which may be present in the air of the room. Care must be taken that spray is not used in such quantity as to render the atmosphere unpleasantly damp; but used within such limits the nurse will find its use a most valuable aid in maintaining what is often technically called the "sweetness" of the sick-room. Of the disinfectants already mentioned Sanitas is perhaps the most convenient and pleasant to be used as a spray; and it may be used for this purpose without any dilution. If Condy's Fluid is used, considerable dilution is necessary, otherwise any white or light coloured material upon which the spray may fall will be discoloured. If carbolic acid is employed, care should be taken to obtain the acid as pure as possible; if it is then diluted to about the strength of one part of the acid to nine parts of water, and a little scent added, a very useful and not unpleasant spray is obtained.

Another method of purifying the air in the sick-room is by the evolution of some disinfectant or antiseptic gas. If the ordinary commercial chloride of lime is exposed in a saucer or plate to the air, chlorine gas is given off in small quantity; and its presence can be appreciated by the smell, which is not unpleasant if the gas is sufficiently diluted.

The chlorine gas can be produced much more rapidly if desired from the same salt by the addition of a little black oxide of manganese and some sulphuric acid. It is always easy to remove the saucer or plate from the room if the air becomes too much impregnated with the chlorine gas.

Another gas which can be used advantageously is the vapour of iodine; but only in small quantity, as it is very irritating to the throat and lungs when not sufficiently diluted. It is very easily produced by sprinkling the crystals of iodine on a heated shovel or iron plate, when the violet-coloured fumes are given off. If the vapour comes in contact with any white articles, stiffened with starch, it dyes them a blue colour, so that wristbands and collars are apt to suffer considerably during the evolution of the iodine.

Carbolic acid exposed on flat dishes gives off even when cold a considerable amount of vapour, and the quantity can be increased by gently heating the receptacles. It is a very useful deodoriser, but to many patients the smell of carbolic acid is not only unpleasant but also actively injurious; loss of appetite and attacks of sickness being the not infrequent results of injudicious over use of an otherwise valuable disinfectant.

Other methods of producing deodorising and disinfectant vapours are to be found in various patent pastils and ribbons, which are to be had at most chemists; and which have all in common at least the one merit of being very pleasantly scented.

We have dwelt at some length upon the various means of purifying the atmosphere of the sick-room on account of the paramount importance of the subject. The sanitary condition of the sick-room is a matter regarding which the responsibility rests entirely on the nurse; and her efficiency and capacity will not unfrequently be judged mainly from her success in maintaining satisfactorily that condition. The greater the difficulty in doing so in individual cases, the greater the credit arising from success; and of all the ways in which a nurse can contribute to the well-being and recovery of her patient, the thorough sanitation of the sick-room is both the most direct and the most important. One caution alone may perhaps be necessary. It must always be remembered that artificial purification is secondary and subordinate to ventilation; that its aid is properly sought only after the influence of fresh air has been utilised to the fullest extent attainable under the particular circumstances of the case.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE sight of Captain Stokes' card, placed so conspicuously on the top of a carefully preserved pile of others, which bore the names of those who had been intimate with the family in more prosperous days, roused a deep feeling of indignation in Ellen Martin's breast.

What could it mean, but that this man, the tempter of her weak-minded brother, had dared to present himself at her mother's door? From Mrs. Martin's manner, Ellen feared that he must have been admitted, despite her mother's knowledge of the annoyance to which she had been subjected by his persistent but unwelcome attentions.

"Surely," said the girl, "you have not allowed that man to cross our threshold. The very sight of his name makes me shudder."

"You have no need to do anything of the kind, Ellen," replied Mrs. Martin, half defiantly, but not venturing to meet her daughter's grieved look. "I forgot to tell you last evening that Captain Stokes saved me from a serious fall. Whilst I was in the High Street, yesterday, it began to sleet. The wind was strong, the pavement slippery, and I had great difficulty in keeping my footing. My umbrella was caught by a gust of wind and turned inside out. I should have fallen in the effort to recover it, when my arm was seized by a gentleman, who, by his well-timed aid, kept me on my feet. Then he managed to turn my umbrella right and replaced it in my hand. Of course I thanked him warmly, and was leaving him, but he insisted on seeing me home. He was so courteous and respectful, that I cannot help thinking you have judged him too hardly, my dear."

"I am grateful to anyone who has rendered a service to you, dear mother, even to Captain Stokes," replied Ellen, "but I cannot blame myself for having judged him hardly on former occasions. I do not yet understand the presence of that card."

"Captain Stokes called this afternoon to inquire after *me*, Ellen. I could do no less than see him, especially as Sarah had shown him in. I was upstairs when she opened the door. For my poor boy's sake," continued Mrs. Martin, "I thought it advisable to make a friend of Captain Stokes. I am sure he wishes to be of service."

"Oh, mother! that man a friend!"

"My dear Ellen, you are like most other young people. You think yourself better able to judge than those who are so much older than yourself. It is the modern fashion for girls to decide everything of importance for themselves, without troubling their elders to give an opinion. I cannot expect my daughter to differ from all others, though, in your father's lifetime, Ellen, I was not set aside."

Mrs. Martin spoke in a querulous tone, and finished by applying a handkerchief to her eyes, as if she were the aggrieved person and Ellen the offender. She was a weak woman in one respect, and unjust in that she did not deal impartially with her children, but gave the greater meed of love to the less worthy object. She was, however, versed in all the little artifices which enabled her to play upon the tender, loving nature of her daughter. If, as on this occasion, the girl ventured to remonstrate with her about any course of action, Mrs. Martin was sure to assert that she was the individual who had a right to complain.

In all important matters, Ellen's strong sense of filial duty made her yield to her mother's wishes, even when they ran contrary to her own; but where a question of right or wrong was concerned, she stood firm alike against tears, and a still more unworthy weapon often employed against her—taunts. Now she replied quietly to the one just uttered.

"I do not understand you, mother. In what have you been set aside? Both during my dear father's lifetime and since, my first and greatest desire has been to make you happy. God knows it is my daily prayer that He will enable me, not to make you forget the past and all you have lost, but to make the best of the present, since we cannot recall them. I would give up anything to add to your comfort. I would do more and better if I knew how."

"I did not complain of not having all that we once enjoyed, or say that I wanted you to do more," replied Mrs. Martin. "If you could only understand me, you would know that every day of my life I grieve to think that you should work as you do. To think that *my* daughter should be slaving from morning to night, at the beck and call of the person from whom she used to buy her gowns and bonnets! It is dreadful. The humiliation and disgrace of it make me feel ashamed as I go along the streets. I walk many a mile to avoid meeting people who used to call themselves my '*friends*,' people who sat at our table and whose guests we were in turn, but who now look another way when they see us, or speak to us in condescending tones which say as plainly as possible, 'See how good I am to notice you at all, now you have gone from a high place on the social ladder to the bottom.' I know well enough that they make capital out of us, and say to others that they have just been speaking to that 'poo Mrs. Martin,' and how sorry they are for her."

Ellen was pained at the bitterness manifested in this speech, and strove to soothe her mother.

"I think it is hardly just to class all together," she said. "You know after we came to this bit of a cottage, many of our old friends called upon us and would have continued their visits, but——"

"But I would not be patronised. I could not visit them on equal terms, and I wished for no one-sided hospitality."

"They are scarcely to be blamed, then, mother dear, since they offered and we refused to accept it. Of course it would have been impossible for me to wait on them as Madame Leeson's customers, assist them in the choice of their gowns in the morning, and sit at their table in the evening. My accepting, or rather seeking and obtaining such employment, necessarily shut me out from anything like social equality. But there are many whom I meet during business hours who go out of their way to show me little marks of attention—I may say respect."

"Such attentions would drive me mad, Ellen. Your receiving them with satisfaction and speaking of them as you do, proves how differently you feel from myself. If you had, what I call, proper pride, you would wholly ignore everything connected with the past. You would meet these people as if you had never seen them, and show that, whilst work might be a necessity, you could have as true a sense of dignity now as when you were Miss Martin of Wyndholm."

"I can hardly think it would be right, putting dignity out of the question, if I were to pretend not to recognise people whom it must be impossible for me to forget. I cannot help thinking it would be one way of acting a falsehood. Besides, all these little attentions have given me pleasure and sweetened my daily cup, which I own is not without its bitter flavour. They have shown me that there are many who are true to the person, not the position, and that, placed as I now am, they are not ashamed to treat me with all the affection and respect they gave me when we were at Wyndholm. Some almost go out of their way rather than let me imagine they would slight me, and this makes my heart glad and lightens labour. There are more amongst our old friends who listen rather to the voice of love than that of pride in dealing with me," said Ellen.

"They are not all alike, Ellen. You have told me of horrid slights and marks of impertinence that you have received at Madame Leeson's."

"That is quite true It would be

TIME'S MAGIC.

SORROW'S discords I have known
  Rhythmic grow at touch of time;
What was once a piteous groan
  Helps to make a dainty rhyme.

Rocks that one time barred my way,
  Thorns that tore me as I passed,
Seen by light of dying day,
  Make a picture at the last.

Say not in this life of mine,
  This was grievous, that was wrong;
Sorrow, by a law divine,
  Is the chosen seed of song.

True it is the griefs were great,
  True it is the songs are small;
Yet the verses compensate
  For the troubles after all.

Tones that seem too harsh to-day
  Make life's harmony complete;
Yet I do not dare to say
  Whether life is sad or sweet.

K. G. F.

strange indeed to find all one's old acquaintances alike large-minded and true. But think what it would be to me were the majority to treat me as you describe, instead of the exceptions! It requires a reasonable mind to distinguish between the poverty which comes from misfortune and that which follows wrong doing. I can always look the world in the face, mother, because there is nothing disgraceful in connection with our changed position. That can only be the result of what is wrong."

The girl's eyes sparkled, her face was flushed, and she raised her head as she spoke, as if indeed she were confronting the little world in which she lived and worked.

"I suppose I ought to be glad that you do not feel your position so keenly as I feel it for you. If you did, you would simply break down under the load. But whether you care or not, I do, and I should be indescribably thankful if you could be rescued from it," said Mrs. Martin.

"Patience, mother," returned Ellen, gaily. "Who knows but I may one day become Madame Leeson's junior partner? In all the boys' books, the good ones who go as errand boys and clerks become partners, and mostly marry the masters' daughters. I do not see why the girl's career should differ in business matters from that of a brother. If I should become Madame Leeson's partner in days to come, I shall occupy no mean position. A high-class *modiste* is an authority, before whose decision great ladies bow in submission."

"If there is one thing I detest more than another, Ellen, it is your turning what I say into a jest."

The girl looked aghast at this new accusation. "I was only jestingly alluding to some of my own day dreams, mother," she replied, all the brightness gone from her young face; and dropping wearily into a chair, she leaned her head on her hand and remained silent.

Mrs. Martin did not speak for a time, either. She had begun with the intention of revealing what had passed between Captain Stokes and herself a few hours before. Well knowing that Ellen would be pained and annoyed to find that he had been received in friendly fashion by her mother, Mrs. Martin made an attack upon the girl in order to turn her attention from this grievance. Now it seemed as if Ellen had forgotten Captain Stokes altogether, and she would have to re-introduce the subject, which was certain to be distasteful. She began by another complaint.

"When I have been alone all day, or nearly so, it would be a change to spend my evenings in a more cheerful manner, Ellen. You sit there, silent and sullen, as if you had forgotten there was such a person as your mother."

"Silent, but not sullen. Believe me, mother, I had no intention of appearing so to you. I am tired to-night, and I felt hurt at some of your remarks, and what happened this afternoon, so I thought it better not to speak any more about things respecting which we do not agree,"

"And I wanted to tell you every word that passed if I could, so that you might see how mistaken you were in your judgment of Captain Stokes. You must listen," for Ellen seemed ready to interrupt. "There will be nothing said which can possibly displease you. For myself, I am convinced that he means only what is right, kind, and honourable to Edward and to you."

"Leave me out of the question, if you please, mother."

"I cannot, Ellen. I must tell you what he said, and when you have heard all you will feel differently. Nothing could be more straightforward than Captain Stokes' words. After inquiring whether I felt any worse from the slip I had yesterday, he begged me to pardon him for alluding to my son and the unfortunate position in which he was placed by his enlistment. 'As a soldier, I should perhaps scarcely say so much,' he added, 'but I am speaking of Martin as the son of a widowed mother who evidently dotes on him, and to whom his absence would be like death itself. I have talked the matter over with my friend Dean, and he is quite of opinion that we may have been, innocently enough however, the cause of his taking such a rash step. Naturally, we are proud of the service to which we belong, and, I especially, have spoken a great deal about it in your son's presence.'"

"Where did he meet Edward?" asked Ellen. "It could only have been in some place of public resort. My brother is not now invited to meet him on terms of equality at Dean Manor."

"I did not ask where they met," replied Mrs. Martin. "There are so many places where young men may come across each other in a perfectly lawful way, without meeting in the houses of mutual friends. You must remember, Ellen, that Captain Stokes and my poor boy were first introduced to each other by young Dean, at a time when we all visited the family at the Manor. At any rate, the young men have often been together, and Captain Stokes thinks that it was through this that Edward got a sort of craze to try a soldier's life. He said to me, 'Your son enlisted without considering how great a difference there is between the position of an officer and the life he leads, and that of the private soldier and mere raw recruit. If your son could have begun in the way that Dean and I did, and in accordance with his proper rank in life, I, for one, should have said, 'On no account give up your profession.' I told him that no matter what rank he might fill I did not wish Edward to be a soldier, and that he must be near me. It would break my heart to lose him. I know your prejudice against Captain Stokes, Ellen; but I am sure you would have been ashamed of it if you had been present this afternoon. Do not interrupt me," for Ellen was again about to speak. "When I have quite finished, say what you please. We may not agree, but I will listen patiently, in turn, to whatever you choose to say. Captain Stokes told me how fully he could enter into my feelings, seeing that he too is an only son and blest with one of the most devoted of mothers. Naturally, she wanted him at home, especially that he might be the better prepared for the responsibilities that will devolve upon him in time, but she had at length consented to his following his own bent. He declared he could not bear to look forward to filling his father's place, and trusted that the time would be far distant when he should be called on to do so. He must be an affectionate son, Ellen, by the way in which he spoke of his parents. Then he owned how much to blame he had been with regard to yourself. He felt quite sure he recognised you as a lady he had met at Dean Manor, three years since, and ventured to address you. He could not, and would not, acknowledge that the change in mere money matters could make the smallest difference in the position to which you were entitled, or the respect you so well merited; that his admiration for you was as sincere as his esteem, and it had distressed him extremely to think that you had misunderstood him most grievously. He said he had tried to induce you to receive the amount necessary to buy Edward off—you never told me this, Ellen—and he implored me to allow him the comfort of making this reparation for the unfortunate result of his enthusiastic talk about a soldier's life in your brother's presence."

"Have you finished, mother?" asked Ellen quietly, although it cost her an effort to preserve her outward calmness.

"You can say what you like now, my dear," was Mrs. Martin's reply, though the truth was she had not finished, but feared to tell the rest of her story.

"You were right in saying we should not agree in our opinion of Captain Stokes, mother. It is true we first met at Dean Manor, and that he is a guest there now. But I know that he is tolerated there as the less of two evils that the Deans had to choose between. It was a question whether he should spend his leave at the Manor, or Lieutenant Dean accompany him to the South of France. The family at the Manor dread the influence of Captain Stokes, but young Dean is infatuated with this comrade, whose charm of manner, when he chooses to exert it, is almost irresistible. So, knowing that by going south with him, their son would probably be landed in one of the gambling centres and initiated into a vice to which he is yet a stranger, they thought it better to invite Captain Stokes here, and offer him unlimited shooting, hunting, and other country pursuits to while away the time until their son had to rejoin his regiment. Then they would part, for happily they are not connected with the same one."

"I suppose this is another sample of your workroom gossip, Ellen," said Mrs. Martin.

"It was told me at Madame Leeson's; but not in the workroom. I never gossip there, mother. At least my self-respect keeps me from joining in or encouraging idle talk. Mrs. Dean was my informant. She has always treated me

with the greatest kindness and sympathy, and she it was who, knowing of Edward's enlistment and our consequent trouble, expressed her regret at the news and her fears lest this acquaintance of her son's had been concerned in bringing it about. She told me, in the strictest confidence, much more respecting Captain Stokes, for which from my heart I thank her. It was a true motherly act. She has daughters of her own."

"Yes, and no doubt would be far from sorry if Captain Stokes, an only son and heir to a fine estate, were to make one of them his wife. But he has no eyes for them, Ellen. It is you he desires to win—you to whom he has given his whole heart. He told me so, and a man can have no wrong motives in addressing a girl, if he opens his heart to her mother."

"How could you let him speak in such a way?" said Ellen, her face and tone showing her deep distress.

"How could I help it? A girl ought to consider herself honoured when she receives such an offer."

"If it came from a good man, yes indeed, and in such a case it is a trial to give pain by refusing it. But if you knew, if I might tell you what I know about Captain Stokes, you would not wonder that I shuddered at the mention of his name."

"I think you have more cause to shrink from the mention of Herbert Read's name. What can your continued engagement to him do for you? Keep you in suspense and working for your living until you are grey headed, or marrying on a pittance which will necessitate your slaving from morning till night. If you would listen to reason and give up that engagement, with your looks and accomplishments you might so marry as to regain your old social position. Captain Stokes said——"

This was too much. "I will hear no more about that man," said Ellen. "This is a question of right and wrong, mother. And now, where is the money you allowed Captain Stokes to leave with you? Give it to me so that I may return it at once, or I must quit this roof and take refuge with Madame Leeson. When I tell her all she will receive me. She has often wished that I could stay with her entirely and as a daughter. If I am driven to take this step, I will still send you every penny of my earnings that I can spare, but I will return to this house no more."

Mrs. Martin's face grew white and her voice trembled as she answered, for in speaking about the money Ellen had guessed the truth. Captain Stokes had left in her hands the bank notes he had vainly striven to force into her daughter's in the hotel corridor. She now took them from her desk and handed them to Ellen, saying, "You must have your own way if you break my heart. Only this evening, an hour before you came in, I sent a note to Madame Leeson, telling her that we had the money ready to buy Edward's discharge."

And this was how the report originated which the kindly Frenchwoman wrote to Aunt Hesketh, and Fanny Gregg heard from a friend at Longminster.

Before Madame Leeson actually received the news from Mrs. Martin, for she was spending the evening with a friend, the notes were in the post and so far on their way back to Captain Stokes at Dean Manor.

(To be continued.)

A Lovely Face.—Tacitus tells of Poppea, the consort of Nero, that she concealed a part of her face, the intention being that, the imagination having fuller play, people might think more highly of her beauty than if the whole of her face had been exposed.

Witty and Industrious.

John's wife and John were *tête-à-tête;*
She witty was, industrious he:
Says John, "I've earned the bread we've ate;"
"And I," says she, "have *urned* the tea."

An Absorbing Passion.—We cannot with impunity allow our will, the very essence of our strength and reason, the guardian of our tranquillity, to be absorbed by an all-devouring-love.—*Michelet.*

A Certain Result.—A girl cannot do good or evil to others, without doing good or evil to herself.

Colour Blindness Amongst Girls.—An intelligent physician has discovered that colour-blindness is very rare amongst girls, though it is common amongst boys. From this fact he draws the conclusion that in most cases colour-blindness is due to a want of early education in discriminating colours. Girls are taught to become familiar with every shade of colours, whilst boys receive no instruction whatever on the subject. Hence boys frequently exhibit an ignorance in colours which is confounded with true colour-blindness, but which girls rarely show.

A Good Omen for Marriages.—Accustomed as we are to the association of doves with loves, it seems startling to learn, on the authority of Pliny, that the Romans considered the hawk a bird of particularly good omen in marriage, because it never eats the hearts of other birds, thus intimating that no differences or quarrels in the marriage state ought ever to reach the heart.

What is Blushing?—Blushing is a suffusion least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

Woman's Artifice.

"What possesses you, my dear, who have such an excellent husband, to make him angry so often?"

"Because he always brings me a present to make peace again."

With an Eye to Business.—The following simple and affecting epitaph is translated verbatim from a tomb at Montmartre, near Paris:—"To the memory of M. Jobart, a most excellent husband and father. His inconsolable widow still continues to carry on the grocery business in the Rue St. Denis, No. 242, near the Café Chinois."

A Secret of Happiness.—If you would know one of the minor secrets of happiness it is this—cultivate cheap pleasures.

Forgiveness and Revenge.—Revenge is a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was well said by a Roman Emperor, that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.

Early Rising.

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn,
Steals roses from the blushing morn;
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

On Pilgrimage.—Catherine de Medicis, in order to be assured of the assistance of Heaven in a certain project, vowed to send a pilgrim to Jerusalem who should walk three feet forward and one back all the way. A countryman of Picardy undertook the fulfilment of this vow, and having occupied a whole year in the task, was rewarded with a title and a large sum of money.

A Natural Relish.—"Appetite," says Horace Smith, "is a relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat; while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like."

A Reason for Reading.—Books have more influence on the happiness of mankind than all the governments of the world.

A Chatterbox.—Socrates, when a chatterbox applied to him to be taught rhetoric, said "that he must pay double the usual fee, because it would first be necessary to teach him to hold his tongue."

TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS OF NEW UNKRAUT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER I.

MARGARET ALISON.

"New Unkraut is upon the Rhine, although you will not find the name on any map; I went to school there, and I ought to know."—*Professor Henry Morley.*

I MUST see the last of you, father; do let me go down to the steamer with you!"

"But Sister Graustein said it was against the rules for the girls to be outside the school grounds alone, Margaret. I wish you could go; I, too, want to see all I can of my dear *girl; it is hard* to part with her for so long."

"Sister Graustein said I might go if you knew anyone who could see me back safely. Oh, dear! how absurd it all is, for a girl who has roamed about alone as I have done! Who does she think will run away with me? Oh, father, I don't know how I shall stand being in this place for two whole years; and they all look so prim, and plain, and good!"

"Good, I know they are, and I am glad of it. As to plain, you know we English are mostly conceited enough to fancy the Germans and Dutch plainer looking than ourselves. The little eggshell caps with ribbons under the chin certainly have a very prim look; but you must own the faces in them are very gentle and kind-looking."

"Perhaps they are!"

"You do not seem to have anything serious to complain of, I am glad to find. I left you here whilst I went to Mayence, you know, because I wanted to hear as much as I could about everything, that I might feel comfortable about leaving you so far from home."

"But the food, father! Oh, that's just horrid at first! No, I won't say horrid; I don't want to vex you by using words you don't like just at the last; but really it is most ungrateful to my English palate. There, now, I've put it neatly!"

"You are a pert puss, Margaret." And Mr. Alison gave his daughter's ear a loving twitch as he looked fondly down on the face that was like an April day, half smiling, half tearful. "Now, tell me what had you to eat yesterday—no exaggerations, mind!"

"Well, I must begin at the beginning, please. We were awakened by a tremendously loud ringing of the bell at six o'clock; we had to scuttle into our dressing-gowns and slippers, hurry to the door of the dormitory, and stand there till our teacher—our particular room teacher—joined us. There are two who take charge of each room; a German one day, and a French one the next, turn about, you know, so that we may speak both languages. Then this teacher marshals us solemnly downstairs, where we wash and dress, each in her own place, in a wonderfully quick fashion. Then we go in the same set, solemn fashion to breakfast in the Speisesaal. We seem just like soldiers under drill all the time. Each girl has one cup of coffee and milk, and a roll of bread. A fat German girl, who sits next me, whispered—'When you cannot eat, you give me!' It sounded dreadful, as though she meant for ever and ever—all the time I was at school! But an English girl told me the girls always said 'when' for 'if,' because 'if' is *wenn* in German; and she said new girls never took to the food at first, partly because they were not used to the German ways of cooking, and partly because they were homesick. After breakfast we have an hour of French; at half-past eight we have what they call a second breakfast, which is only a piece of dark, rye bread and butter. At twelve we have dinner—worm soup, *Katzenfleisch*, potatoes, and fruit!"

"Worm soup and catsflesh! Now, Margaret, be sober, and do try to speak with more sequence."

"That's what the girls call it. It is soup with vermicelli, or what they call noodles, and beef boiled to grey rags. At four we have bread and fruit, and at six we have supper—soup again, and resurrection pie."

"If this is all you have to complain of, Margaret, I shall go home with a very easy mind."

"I must go down to the boat, though, father."

"I hope these quiet, gentle-looking sisters will teach my wilful daughter to give up her own way sometimes. I will indulge you in it, however, just now, especially as your way happens to be mine this time. A happy thought! The waiter, Karl, is going down with my portmanteau; he shall walk behind you back to the school. You can tell Sister Graustein I sent you under his protection."

A very tearful, sad-looking girl poor Margaret looked as she went back to the school which was to be her home for the next two years. Fat, rosy-cheeked Karl felt very sorry for her as he walked solemnly behind her. He, too, was a "brother" of the community at New Unkraut, and he felt quite pleased at the commission given to him, but full of sympathy for the young English lady left behind in a strange land. And even Karl seemed a friend and a last link with home to Margaret as he bade her adieu at the door of the school, so that she thanked him with a few more tears, which she hastily wiped away as the door closed on her; and the sister who acted as concierge conducted her up to the directress's sitting-room

"So, dear Margaret, and the dear Herr Papa is gone, and thou art going to be brave and cheerful, and to work well. To-morrow is the day for a long walk, and thou wilt go and drink coffee and eat grapes beside our beautiful Rhine, and that shall cheer thy heavy heart. Come, I will take thee to see Sister Nachtigall in her little bower. Thy dear Herr Papa wishes her to give thee special lessons in singing, and we will go and talk to her about them."

Sister Nachtigall, for whom Margaret began instantly to feel an absorbing love, and which was, perhaps, the strongest and best influence of the next two years, was a bright, diminutive, active little woman, with quick, graceful movements and gestures, and sweet eyes and mouth. She was the pride of the beautiful choir of the community. When she sang her first solo in their church, she had stood on a chair, supported by an elder sister, so that her little mouth might come above the guard in front of the singing gallery. Later on she had sung at times in a choir under the Abbé Liszt. She always enjoyed telling her pupils how he made her blush before all the great musical world of Bonn by praising the way in which she opened her mouth when she sang. "Wide! Open your mouths wide, like ducks! Look at the little lady behind there; that one does it properly," cried the great master; and the little Sister Nachtigall felt covered with confusion.

At the age of sixty she still sang solos in the choral services of the church, and she was still unrivalled there. Many who read this will remember her lovingly, and her little room, which was a veritable bower of ivy growing in huge pots, roses, and myrtle; and in the window was her singing-bird. She was privileged in having no duty out of school hours.

* * * *

The schools at New Unkraut have been celebrated for nearly a hundred years, and boys and girls from some noted families have been sent there, not only to learn the German language, but also that they might be under the wise and Christian training of the quaint-looking sisters and brothers of the Moravian community, which has its separate quarter of the town, where the members lead godly and quiet lives, unmoved by the political and social changes, and the storms of the outside world.

There they devote themselves to the training and education of youth, receiving small stipends themselves, and giving up all the profits of the establishments to the cause of the Christian missions, which are carried on in all parts of the world by others of their church.

At New Unkraut, Margaret found a very mixed and interesting number of girls, interesting because of their varied nationality, and widely differing antecedents. Amongst them was a little French countess, having a very well known historical name; a little creature who was full of airs and graces when she was brought there by her widowed father.

She considered herself at first very superior to the daughter of a baron, who had the bed next to hers in our larger dormitory. Then there were the granddaughters of a celebrated President of the United States; two or three girls, who were afterwards to be ladies in waiting at Court—German, of course; the child of a Russian nobleman; and others of so-called high social standing. But whatever their various antecedents had been, at New Unkraut they soon found their level, thanks to the truly Christian teaching of the gentle Moravians; and the daughters of the well-to-do German peasant farmer and the poor English clergyman and rich manufacturer, German count and wealthy American, learned to treat each other with the same gentle courtesy, and "to call none common."

I said the youth of both sexes were educated there; but you must not suppose that means they studied together. O no! The boys' school was, it is true, in the same street as that of the girls; but it was quite at the opposite end, and only by leaning far out of the window, in a way that would have been considered most unladylike and unbecoming, could we have had even a momentary vision of the blue "kittels," or blouses of the boys, vanishing round the corner on their way to the gymnasium in summer, or the walk on the dam and the great highway in winter. Besides which, everything happened with such regularity, that just when such a glance at them might have been taken, our girls were all starting in exactly the opposite direction, to take their daily walk in the palace gardens; for New Unkraut has a prince and a palace of its own.

A pastor who was beloved by all was the "Herr Inspecktor" of both schools. His duties were to conduct all correspondence with the parents, and to receive all letters for the boys and girls' schools; to direct and control our teachers, and our several directors; to give us instruction in religion twice a week; to

listen to our complaints, if we had any to make, and to our sorrows, if we craved for a kind fatherly heart in which to confide them whilst in the foreign land. He had to examine us half-yearly, and to send our reports home; also to dole out our pocket money; and besides all this, he often had to preach on Sunday, and to take the "children's hour" in the church during the week. His post was certainly no sinecure; and that he fulfilled all its many duties faithfully and lovingly, the devotion and veneration for his memory, still alive in many hearts, testifies.

As all the classes in the school were conducted in either German or French, the first three months were always devoted to the special study of Ollendorff's grammar and exercises; that is, by the English girls. The baker's wife, his mother, grandmother, and all his relatives, with those of the shoemaker, were bandied about most exhaustively, and grew terribly monotonous and wearisome. The church services, too, being incomprehensible at first, gave opportunity for indulging in dreams of home and the loved ones, which made those first months very dreary ones. Happily there was generally unfailing gentleness and sympathy on the part of the teachers; and each week some long walk was taken into the country, which opened a new world to Margaret, who was of an imaginative nature, and had been always accustomed to rambles in the Staffordshire moorlands where her home was.

One of these long walks influenced her whole life, and led to wanderings over a great part of the world, as I will tell you in another chapter.

THE FAREWELL.

TO CHLORIS.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. *Music by* GEORGE J. BENNETT.

Moderato.

PIANO. *dolce. p*

p

Ah, Chlo - ris! since it may na be That thou of love wilt hear;

espress.

Ped.

cres.

If from the lov - er thou maun flee, Yet..... let the friend be

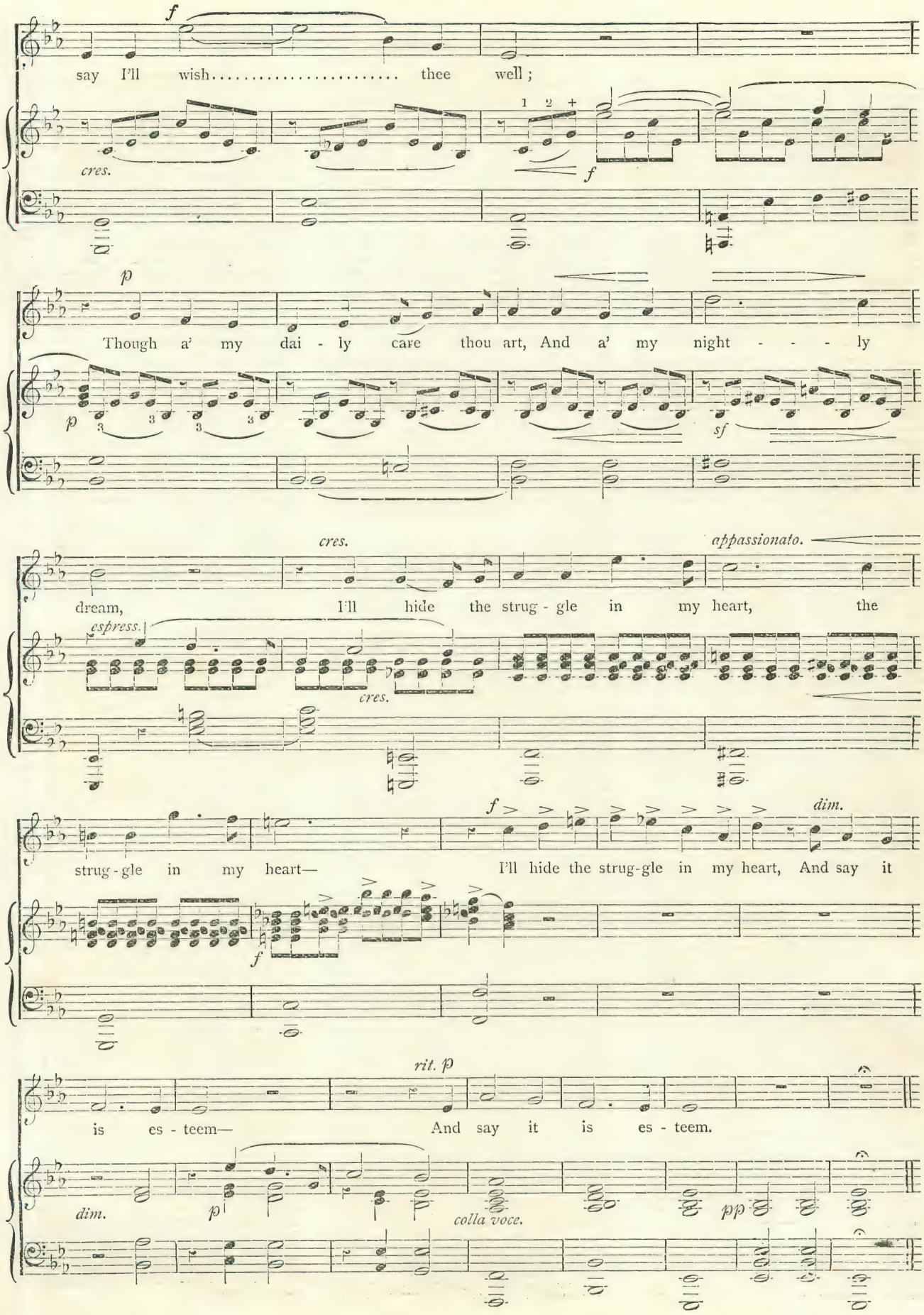
cres.

espress.

dear. Al-though I love my Chlo - ris mair Than

ev - er tongue could tell,..... My pas - sion I will ne'er de-clare—I'll

cres.


f
say I'll wish..... thee well;
cres.
1 2 +
f
p
Though a' my dai - ly care thou art, And a' my night - - - ly
p
3 3 3 3
sf
cres.
appassionato.
dream, I'll hide the strug - gle in my heart, the
espress.
cres.
f
dim.
strug - gle in my heart— I'll hide the strug-gle in my heart, And say it
f
rit. p
is es - teem— And say it is es - teem.
dim.
p
colla voce.
pp

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SOLITARY ONE.—On no account employ your small income on further education, beyond the trifling expenditure, perhaps, of joining a correspondence class. Try to get two or three visiting governess engagements, getting an advertising card put up at some respectable tradesmen's shops, and put an advertisement into some good daily paper.

GREY WAGTAIL.—You are very wise in your decision to take a situation as domestic servant; but you will need proper training for any situation you may select. As an under nurse you could learn of the upper one, and gain experience, so as to rise in time. As a lady's maid you should be a good needlewoman, learn hairdressing, millinery, and dressmaking; and to fit yourself for other positions you might try to get into the Industrial and Training School for Girls, 3, Church Street, Kensington, where girls are received between the ages of twelve and sixteen, to be trained for domestic service. Apply to the hon. lady secretary, 19, Southwell Gardens, South Kensington, London. There is also the Clapham Servants' Training Institution, 63, High Street, Clapham, London. Write to hon. sec., Holywood, Clapham Common.

S. A. M.—It seems to us that you neither read our answers to suchlike questions nor our articles. We gave a series on "Work for All," and the information relative to Civil Servants' appointments is given in vol. v., p. 518. In vol. vii. you will find a reference to these articles in an answer to another inquirer, and you would have seen this had you consulted the index. See also vol. ii., p. 112. There is an article on clerkships in vol. v., p. 823.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Your writing is sufficiently good for a book-keeper, only you should cross every "t." Is your arithmetic as good? Read our answer to "S. A. M." The articles "Work for All" might be of service to you.

DAPHNE.—There are plenty of schools of cookery in London and all over the country. If you had given your address we could have told you of one near your home. There is the London National, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, S.W.; fee, ten guineas for ten weeks' classes for a teacher in artisan cookery. The Edinburgh School of Cookery, etc., Albert Buildings, Shadwick Place, hon. sec., Miss Guthrie Wright. This school gives public and private lessons on high-class, plain, and cheap cookery in all parts of Scotland and elsewhere at fees from 2s. to 42s. for twelve lessons. There are also cookery classes held at the College for Working Women and School of Cookery, 7, Fitzroy Street, London, W., open every evening from seven till ten. Write for particulars to the lady superintendent. The terms are low.

CRITIC AND GOVERNESS (?).—This young person sends us a note containing ten ill-spelt words, and yet has the audacity to inquire "what celery she should get as a nursery governess." We should prefer paying to keep her out of the house, judging her by her style of writing and spelling and the impertinence of her letter.

HAPPY PATTY.—We thank you for your very creditable letter, and are so glad to know that our paper has been an invaluable help to you. Perhaps you might find it a help to join a private girls' club called the Sulhamsted Girls' Question Club, hon. sec., Miss Thoyts, Sulhamstead, Reading. Of course, as a child's maid you have not much time for improving your education; but you write very well, and have not made one mistake in spelling. Lean back in your chair when you can. You probably try to sit up straight when tired, and that disposes you to stoop. We do not think braces would do much to cure you.

GRACE ALLISON.—The task of instructing very young children in the doctines of our religion is a peculiar and difficult one. Use only words familiar to little ones, not those of the Scriptures. New Testament stories are the first to be told; leave those of the Old till later. Attempt no explanations respecting the soul and the spirit; present no difficulties; they occur spontaneously, and only too soon, perplexing the teacher, who can accept much in faith and wait for clearer light. No very young child could comprehend what faith is. It can understand that only good children go to heaven. This they can learn before they can speak. When they begin to inquire about the origin and permission of evil, and such inscrutable mysteries, just say, "Little children cannot understand all their parents do, but can trust them that they are right and kind; and grown people cannot understand all their heavenly Father does, but can trust Him that He does all things well." "The Peep of Day" and "Line upon Line" are of the best amongst first books for children.

C. A. I. B.—Several addresses of training institutions for the zenana missions—medical included—have many times been given. See vol. vii., p. 79, under "Educational." Why do you not refer to our indexes?

MISCELLANEOUS.

PINK (?) VIOLET.—*Pulchinella* is the Italian name for "Punch" (and Judy), a play with puppets, said to date back some 1,600 years, which became popular in England in the 17th century. The earliest notice extant of it is found in entries made in the overseer's book of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, A.D. 1666 and 1667, the years of the Great Plague of London.

PATIENCE.—We draw attention to your magazine society with pleasure. It is called "The Merry-go-Round"; it has two editors; the secretary is Miss B. Duffet, of Mead Vale, Red Hill, Surrey; and four prizes are given annually. The articles sent may consist of essays, short stories, poems, serials, and translations; and drawings may be original or copies. The members must have attained the age of eighteen; they should send a stamp for a reply to their application.

WOULD BE TRANSFORMED, LADY NORAH, AND OTHERS.—Evening Classes for Ling's Hygienic Exercises for the promotion of health and vigour for *bona fide* Working Girls and Women, will be held, under the direction of A.L.A., at St. Saviour's Hospital, Osnaburgh Street, close to Portland Road Station, London. Tickets for the course of twelve classes may be had from the Secretary for one shilling the course. Particulars of classes for others may also be had through the Secretary. For those residing too far to avail themselves of these classes, much good may be derived from the use of one of the groups of "Health Maps" by Miss Arnim, published by Messrs. Swan and Sonnenschein, which illustrate and explain these beautiful exercises in a manner calculated for self use.

M. KERRISON.—The rite of holy baptism can only be performed once; it cannot be repeated a second time. We have every scriptural authority for believing in the future reunion of those who die in Christ.

AFFLICTED has our warmest sympathy, and many thanks for her kind letter and its enclosure for the convalescent home. Her writing is legible and pretty.

DOROTHY GWENLLIAN.—Such things are chiefly dangerous on account of the doubtful acquaintances you may form, who may lead you into evil; and we think your own conscience and common sense are the best guides for you. But you must be quite honest in dealing with both. Alum in the rinsing water, or a little salt, are both good for washing coloured prints; but very cool water must be used to wash them in.

OLIVE BEAUCHAMP.—*Noblesse oblige* is a French proverb of great antiquity; it means, as we have many times said, that nobility in birth imposes the obligation of nobility in feeling and conduct.

M. S.—"Arthur's Seat," a hill near Edinburgh, is *A'rd Seir*—hill of arrows—where people shot at a mark. Arthur himself was a British warrior-prince, who flourished in the 6th century; but his real history has become so distorted by fable and romance, that as represented it is hardly possible to feel sure of his existence. The earliest mention of him is in the "Welsh Bards," and after them "Nennius," in the "Historiæ Britonum." "*Nemo me impune lacessit*"—"no man touches me with impunity," in allusion to the thistle and its qualities.

J. E. T.—Wash your plants with tobacco juice, and if you have a brother who smokes let him give them a good fumigation.

WANDERING CHILD.—Read all our answers made to correspondents already on this subject. The unforgiven sin is a wilful one; and as you do not wish to commit it, you need not feel unhappy.

A. L. inquires, not "Who is Sylvia?" but "Who was Annie Laurie?" or was she a myth like the obnoxious Mrs. Harris? Annie was a real character, who rejected the addresses of the poet who immortalised her by his verses. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelltown, Dumfriesshire, and was born more than two centuries ago. Mr. William Douglas, of Fingland, Kirkcudbrightshire, was the rejected suitor, and he comforted himself by marrying a Miss Elizabeth Clerk, of Glenboig, Galloway, and the "bonnie Annie" married a wealthy man in Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdarroch. Such is the history. "Bonnie Annie" was born on the 16th of December, 1682, and her mother's maiden name was Jane Riddle.

A. M. W.—To get rid of the smell of paint quickly you have to place basins of water in every room, changing the water every twelve hours, which you will find covered with a kind of film. You might also place a little hay in each room, sprinkled with some chloride of lime, for about one hour. Beware of going into the house to sleep until all smell of paint has disappeared. There are other means to effect this, but those we have named are the simplest. Never abbreviate the word "yours" when signing your name to a letter. "Yrs." is very vulgar, as well as disrespectful to the person addressed. In these days young people are apt to be a little too careless in the matter of showing respect to others.

ILLUSED.—As a minor, and living under your father's roof, indebted to him for everything, your duty is to be in subjection to him, and to show all respect to his wife, the head of his house, and your chaperone. It may be that your present filial submission may eventually tend to shake your father's present decision. He and your stepmother are quite right in their view of the inadvisability of a marriage with your cousin-german; and your duty is clear; you have no choice in the matter.

OSMOND.—Try to exercise a little strength of mind and steadfastness of purpose in shaking off so silly and degrading an infatuation about a strange man. Where are your good sense and self-respect? Even a poor Indian squaw needs to be wooed and won. And if this wretched fancy—unjustified by long intimate intellectual intercourse—prove a hindrance to your prayers, and stand between you and your God (as you say), the sooner you begin to keep out of sight of the man, the better. Your prayers and your actions must not oppose each other, or of course the former become a mockery.

LILY.—The *Novum Organum*, or "New Method," is the second part of Lord Bacon's great projected work. The *Instauratio magna*, or "Great Groundwork," of which the design was in six divisions. 1. The Advancement of Learning. 2. The *Novum Organum*. 3. The Experimental History of Nature. 4. The *Scala Intellictus*, which leads from experience to science. 5. The Bodronic, or Anticipations of the Second Philosophy. 6. Active Science, or Experiment. Of these books only the first and second, and a part of the third, were published. The ruling idea in this great work was that invention must be based upon experience; and experience upon experiment. 2. "Lilli-Burlero" and "Bullen-a-lah" are said to have been the words of distinction used by the Irish Papists in their massacres of the Protestants, in 1641. A popular song, with the refrain of "Lero, Lero, Lilli Burlero," was written by Lord Wharton, which had a more powerful effect than can now be imagined, and contributed not a little to the Revolution of 1688. "The whole army, and then the whole people, are said to have sung it, and sung it perpetually." The words may be found in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," book 3.

POLLY.—The reason that your parrot screams so disagreeably is that he has been teased by those who brought him from his native land. It is a cry of anger, or distress and alarm. It is easy to spoil their tempers, and make them dangerous, by improper treatment when young. A bird of that kind should be taken for a few days on approval, so as to ascertain about the screaming. In a wild state they would not do so habitually. The disagreeable barking of dogs is not natural to them either. In a wild state they whine and howl if distressed, and growl when angry; but they only bark when domesticated with man, and the young copy the old in so doing. You will find this fact attested by Gardiner in his "Music of Nature," and elsewhere. We think that you might induce the people from whom you purchased the parrot to exchange it for another, on the ground of the nuisance it has proved to your neighbours as well as yourself.

MARY ANN WILSON.—You might send the spare numbers to some home or hospital, where they would be valued. We are sorry your last was unanswered. Your present letter does you credit. We do not expect faultless writing from our girls who, having to become domestic servants, are obliged to leave school early. We are very glad that our paper helps to make up to you for the lack of more school teaching. We thank you for all the kind things you say, and shall always be glad to hear from you.

LADY CONSTANCE, being a minor, has no right to take any such step as that which she contemplates until some years older. The change you desire might be made with advantage under other circumstances; but as your parents see differently, and hold the great leading doctrines of Christianity in the denomination to which they belong, you need feel no scruple in attending their place of worship with them during your minority. It is your duty to be subject to them.

CHARITY.—We are much obliged to you for the information you give respecting the Home of Rest for Ladies at Bognor, and we give the address with pleasure. Those who may need such refreshment cost free must apply to Francis Faithfull, Esq., Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, E.C. Three certificates are required from those seeking admission; one obtained from a clergyman, another from a doctor, and a third from a lady householder, to prove that they are ladies in need of such assistance, and that they are thoroughly convalescent. The kindness and care and all the comfort enjoyed in a few weeks' sojourn at this Home are warmly acknowledged by "Charity," in behalf of her sisters and herself.

KITTY'S ankles and head are weak. She should get someone to pump on the former every morning, and rub them well afterwards; and she should wear a lighter bonnet.

WELL-WISHER.—Our "Authorised Version" of the Holy Scriptures may be relied upon as in all essential points thoroughly satisfactory. This fact has been further very remarkably proved by those who have recently made a so-called "Revised" translation. No very important alterations have been made; as a rule, only verbal ones, throwing a little more light on certain passages.

VOL. IX.—NO. 420.] JANUARY 14, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN my husband returned at the appointed time to Mr. Fielden's office, he did not find him alone. In his private office was a quiet, self-contained individual whom the lawyer introduced to Tom as Mr. James Smith.

"Mr. Smith is the most likely person I know to be of service to us in tracing your lost diamonds," said Mr. Fielden. "He can keep his own counsel and find out other people's secrets, very much against their own will sometimes. Moreover, he can be trusted not to tell any more than he knows himself."

Mr. Smith acknowledged the compliment by the slightest possible movement of the head and a mere ghost of a smile. He seemed most unlikely to commit himself by needless use of words.

Tom greeted him, and then turning to Mr. Fielden, remarked: "I should think very few people can tell more than they know."

"Excuse me, Mr. Beauchamp, but you make a great mistake." (Mr. Smith's expression of countenance, faint but legible, said that from his heart he pitied such intense ignorance as the remark betrayed.) "Our friend here can tell you that more than half the trouble lawyers and detectives meet with, is owing to the persistency with which people tell what they do not know."

Mr. Smith again indulged in the very briefest nod that

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"THE JEWELLER WAS SECURING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM."

could possibly indicate assent to the lawyer's proposition, and the latter continued: "You only need to sit in a court of justice to find this out, or to be in search of reliable information on any important subject, to discover how ready people are to repeat hearsay for fact, and to tell that of which they have no real knowledge, as if they had been chief actors in the affair. On the contrary, if they really know a thing, the rack is almost essential to get it out of them."

"About Mr. Beauchamp's affair," remarked Mr. Smith, evidently feeling that time was being wasted.

"True; that concerns us more than these generalities," said Mr. Fielden. "I think I have told you all that Mr. Beauchamp has told me. You may be able to extract more information perhaps."

Mr. Smith replied by opening his notebook, and reading out a clear but succinct account of all that my husband had communicated relative to the lost diamonds."

"The case really seems to lie in a nutshell," said the lawyer, when Tom had declared his inability to add anything to what he had already said. "To my mind, the only thing you have to discover is, not who took the diamonds, but who disposed of them, and to whom."

Mr. Smith did not respond, but Tom heard him give utterance to a faint chuckle, which was probably the nearest approch to a laugh in which he condescended to indulge. But his face for an instant showed intense amusement whilst the lawyer propounded his views.

"What do you say, Smith?" inquired Mr. Fielden, in an impatient tone.

"You've hit the nail straight, sir. We've only got to find out where the diamonds are, and who put them there."

Mr. Fielden turned sharply round, as if suspecting irony, but Smith's face was as impenetrable as granite.

"Well! what else have you to suggest? Remember, this is a busy day, and the office has overflowed on to the pavement, where my clodhopping clients are impatiently cooling their heels at this moment."

"I say, sir," replied Smith, "that when a matter seems to lie in a nutshell, you may mostly look for the kernel of it anywhere else, and probably a long way off the shell itself," and he again lapsed into silence.

"Use your own means for finding it, then," said Mr. Fielden, and Smith, regarding this as permission to depart, inclined his head to the lawyer and Tom in turns, and left the office without another word.

My husband's dismissal followed.

"You really must excuse me now, Mr. Beauchamp. Your business is in safe hands, and mine must be attended to," and Tom was accordingly bowed out of the room by his legal adviser, feeling that now he was committed to going through with this investigation, he should like to stop it and hush up the whole affair.

"It seems," thought he, "that I must be made miserable by it, whatever be the result. If the things are not found, there will be the mother's wrath to face, and, much as she cares for the diamonds, she will be less annoyed by their loss than by my want of confidence. If this detective fellow brings the robbery home to that unfortunate girl, I may be forced to prosecute her, and I would rather pay the value of the things twice over."

It was fortunate that Tom had Aunt Hesketh to talk to, and fortunate in another sense that his low spirits and evident preoccupation were attributed to his anxiety on my account.

Mrs. Beauchamp inquired the result of his visit to Mr. Fielden, and Tom coloured and started in such a guilty way that Aunt Hesketh thought she must notice his confusion. Of course the one subject was uppermost at the moment, but he recovered himself and replied, "You were right in supposing that Fielden would not enter into the affair of the new leases to-day. He was too busy; I am to run over again on Thursday morning."

Aunt Hesketh told me afterwards that Tom's fidgets tried her nearly as much as my illness did, though the latter was daily assuming a more serious aspect. So far, my parents had not been summoned. Their presence could have done no good, quiet was strictly enjoined, and even had they been by my side I should not have recognised them. But daily messages were forwarded and letters written in addition. Beside, the ever-flowing tide of calls and inquiries had to be responded to, and the doing of this was largely entrusted to my husband, by mutual consent of his mother and Aunt Hesketh, for they were almost at their wits' end to find him occupation when he was not silently watching by my bed.

It may be as well to follow the steps of Mr. James Smith after he left Mr. Fielden's office on the Tuesday. If any persons could have read the thoughts which occupied his mind, they would have found that first and foremost was a profound belief in Miss Martin's innocence.

In Longminster there was not room for any great amount of mystery in connection with the lives and doings of its inhabitants. It was a sleepy old cathedral town, surrounded by a wide agricultural district, intensely respectable, but equally undeveloped. A stranger coming into it from any of our busy commercial centres would have asked in a wondering way what the people did, and how they spent their time.

If anybody had answered the question, he might have said, "They do what their fathers did before them. They live on generation after generation in the same spot, and carry on the same business. If the young ones happen to be of an enterprising turn, and go out into the world, they rarely come back here, except as visitors; or, it may be, when, wearied with the toil and bustle of this go-ahead world, they do return, it is just to find a special spot in which to end their pilgrimage, and to lay their bones beside those of their ancestors in one of the many 'God's Acres' which surround the churches."

Longminster changed little from year to year, and, if anything, the population was decreasing a little.

There were a good many fairly well-to-do families resident in and around it, and it was the shopping-place of all the county people — out of the season. Hence there were high-class shops, though not many of each kind, for these aristocratic customers, and humbler establishments in plenty for those who, with less to spend, were a far more numerous class.

It would be too much to say that everybody in Longminster knew everybody else; but it is not too much to say that the sight of an absolutely strange face in its old-fashioned streets caused many heads to appear at doors and windows, and much comment as to the individual and the cause of his or her appearance there.

After reading these particulars, it will be obvious that Mr. James Smith had in one sense a very limited, in another a very wide, field wherein to prosecute his inquiries. Limited, because it would be bounded by Longminster itself, where Ellen Martin and her history, her daily goings out and comings in, were so well known. Wide, because so many people would be found willing to talk about her, and to say far more than he wanted to hear.

In one particular the respectability of Longminster shone forth pre-eminently. It held no pawnbroker within its gates. He would have been a bold individual who had ventured to hoist three gilded balls under the shadow of that grand cathedral tower, and inform all whom it might concern that money was to be had on the security of plate, jewellery, and household furniture, to say nothing of humbler articles of daily use.

"No pawnbroker. More's the pity," cogitated Mr. James Smith. "If there had been, the matter might have been nearer to lying in a nutshell, as the lawyer said; for, of course, the girl, supposing she is a fool—and many of 'em are—would have gone straight and tried to pawn those diamonds—that is, if she ever had them to pawn, which I for one take the liberty of doubting. If she was tempted to steal them, it's morally certain she wouldn't have given them to that precious brother of hers to dispose of if she could. That would have been playing the fool indeed. But then she couldn't if she would, for the very good reason that Edward Martin was in the safe keeping of the recruiting sergeant who came in the very nick of time to enlist him, and sent him straight off as soon as the job was done. That was a clever little move of Captain Harold Stokes's, to get the brother 'listed, and then play the kind friend, and offer to buy him off out of love for the sister. The first part was a success; the second bait was not swallowed; and that brings me to the conclusion that however foolish the young fellow might be, the girl was neither so easy to tempt nor to deceive. Poor thing! she has got a hard harrow to pull with those slender hands of hers—harder still because the mother who loves her cannot help also loving her worthless son, and so joins in pulling against the daughter. I suppose I am to join in this little tug-of-

war, and bring out facts which will prove that Ellen Martin stole Mrs. Beauchamp's diamonds. There are two pulling against one already. It will be two against two now; for, please God, I am going in heart and soul to find the thief, and by so doing to prove that Ellen Martin is innocent. There are Mr. Fielden and Mr. Beauchamp in it too. The old lawyer, who isn't half so 'cute as he fancies himself, has made up his mind that the girl is guilty. Mr. Beauchamp would like to find his mother's diamonds; but he would give the worth of them to prove that this Ellen Martin is innocent. So we are three and three after all, and the three that has right on its side must be the strongest."

Then Mr. James Smith, the hard and impenetrable to all outsiders, opened a little locket which hung from his watch-chain—a massive, farmer-like appendage, in keeping with the style affected by prosperous agriculturists. It contained a photograph, abominable as a sample of the art, and vilely coloured to prevent its fading away entirely, but precious as the only portrait of his dead wife that the detective possessed.

The man had loved a girl for years, and worked and denied himself in order to prepare a home for her. After a little less than twelve months of true happiness together, the young wife and mother lay white and cold in the coffin, made a little larger, that the babe of a day old might also rest within it, and James Smith felt as if all that could be called "life" was at an end for him also.

He led a very solitary existence after his bereavement, having no regular housekeeper or servant, but just a tidy neighbour who "did for him" between times, because her own work was insufficient to occupy her fully.

The man's calling demanded much self-communion, yet equal reticence in dealing with other people, and his mode of life increased his habitual taciturnity. Yet James Smith had one very tender side to his character. The memory of his pure young wife made him almost reverential in his intercourse with women, and especially pitiful towards girls.

Others might want to bring guilt home to some poor tried and tempted creature whose upbringing had been all against her. James Smith would undertake the case, as in duty bound; but no mother mourning after a wandering child could rejoice more over its return than did he, if the stain of suspicion and guilt were removed from a young girl.

As the detective looked at that poor reflex of his dead wife's face, the tears coursed down his own cheeks, and he said aloud—

"Yes, for the sake of my poor Ellen that God took, I hope this other Ellen will be proved innocent. She is a bit like what my girl was, only not so pretty, not so pretty." And he reluctantly closed the case which held his treasure.

Probably no one suspected that James Smith had such a "soft side" to his character, though pretty well all Longminster folk knew his history; for he had been born and bred in their midst, and lived there always.

It will be seen that James indemnified himself in some degree for his silence out of doors by talking a great deal when there was nobody to listen. He was possessed by a grim humour, and was not taciturn by nature.

If he had told anybody why he talked to himself, he would probably have answered that he must talk to somebody, and that his own ears were the only ones he felt free to trust with the secrets in his keeping.

James was not the less diligent in business on account either of his cherished memories or his self-communings.

Having received his commission from Mr. Fielden, he bent all his energies towards discovering the whereabouts of the diamonds, and after thinking the matter over, he decided that there was only one jeweller in Longminster to whom they could be offered. He, Mr. Street, was not a man who dealt much in ornaments of the newest fashion. He was rich, an enthusiast in precious stones, and a frequent purchaser of second-hand valuables, though extremely particular as to the characters of those who offered them.

Some of the needy gentry in the neighbourhood could have testified that they had found Mr. Street equally fair-dealing and safe as regarded secret-keeping, when necessity compelled them to dispose of long-treasured valuables.

No fear that precious stones thus parted with would ever again confront them in a recognisable shape.

Ellen Martin might have offered diamonds for sale without exciting a moment's suspicion in Mr. Street's mind. He knew the position she had once occupied, and that in her father's prosperous days there had been no lack of things costly and beautiful to adorn the girl and her mother. He knew, too, how through seasons of dire poverty people will cling to certain cherished articles, and suffer hunger and privation rather than part with them. Yet for the sake of some other person, perhaps a worthless one, the treasures will be sacrificed, and their loss hardly cause a moment's regret.

Mr. Street knew, too, of Edward Martin's enlistment and his mother's passionate grief on account of it, and so, when Ellen went to him with wan cheeks and eyes which told of many tears, and asked him to look at something she wished to sell, not a doubt ever crossed his mind with regard to her lawful possession of the valuables offered.

For truly this girl had carried two cases to Mr. Street's shop, and begged him to examine the contents.

The jeweller was about to leave the shop. The shutters were closed, most of the valuables were deposited in the strong safes provided for the purpose, inner doors were locked, and only the outer one was open, when the girl, looking as if terrified of being observed, crept in and spoke to Mr. Street, who was always the last to leave the business portion of his premises.

"What is it you want to dispose of, Miss Martin?" asked the jeweller, a little impatiently. "It is too late for business now. I am ready to leave the shop."

"Some diamonds," said Ellen, faintly, while her pale cheeks became crimson. She seemed unable to say more, but held out the cases with an imploring gesture.

"I cannot look at them to-night," replied the jeweller. "If I even wanted to buy diamonds, which I do not, for I am sadly over-stocked, I could not enter into any business matter to-night. I am, beside, wanting to sell, not to buy, and it would be something very choice indeed that would induce me to be a purchaser."

"I would not ask you, only my mother is in such trouble about Edward. We want to buy his discharge. I daresay you, like everybody else, will have heard of his last piece of folly."

"It might turn out anything but a piece of folly if you were to let him go. Were he my son, he should reap as he has sown. I would not spend twopence to buy him off. It is not for me to interfere, or I would say keep your treasures for some worthier object, Miss Martin."

The jeweller moved towards the door, and Ellen said, "Then you will not look at the things, Mr. Street?"

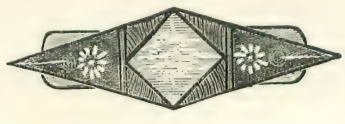
"Not to-night. If you come to-morrow, I will look, but a second call might only waste your time, as I make no promise to buy."

Ellen could not persist, and in a moment she was on the pavement, whilst the jeweller was securing the door behind him.

When Mr. James Smith met Mr. Fielden and my husband on the Thursday morning, he was in full possession of the particulars of Miss Martin's visit to Mr. Street's shop, and the object of it. He also knew that the girl had not gone again, and consequently that the jeweller had never seen the articles she wished to dispose of. Only, whatever they were, two cases not unlike those used for Mrs. Beauchamp's diamonds contained them. These Mr. Street could describe, for Miss Martin had placed them upon the counter before him. After having once taken them up, she held them out a second time for him to inspect the contents, but only to be again refused in a more determined manner than at first.

The notes had been returned to Captain Stokes, accompanied by a message of thanks, which Mrs. Martin insisted on writing herself. Then Ellen promised that a similar sum should be obtained and handed to her mother. There was one way by which she could keep her word, and it was in order to avail herself of it that the girl paid her evening visit to Mr. Street's shop.

(*To be continued.*)



THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

SONG whose story we now propose to tell is no lyric of quiet peasant life, like "Auld Robin Gray." It is as far removed from the merry humour of the "Laird o' Cockpen" as from the solemn faith of "The Land o' the Leal."

It is the story of that French song called the "Marseillaise," whose name all the civilised world has heard—now with enthusiasm, next with a shudder. For, as an eloquent French author has said, "It was the song of patriotism, but it was also the imprecation of rage. It conducted our soldiers to the frontier, but it also accompanied our victims to the scaffold. The same blade defends the heart of the country in the hand of the soldier, and sacrifices victims in the hand of the executioner."

We do not here aspire to give a history of the great French Revolution—that marvellous upheaval of political and social life which in its results altered the face of Europe. We only desire to explain the influences which were the inspiration of this wonderful production, so that we may in some measure understand its strange power.

Many of us have been accustomed to think of that Revolution only as the Reign of Terror, which beheaded a kindly king, a sweet and gracious queen, a saintly princess, and scores of brave men and gentle women, which filled the dungeons of criminals with good priests and innocent children, flamed out in burning *châteaux*, and perished at last, choked with its own blood. And all this is true; and yet there is another side to the sad history.

All through France, for many years previous, there had been a dire scarcity of bread or comfort for the working classes. The peasants have been described as having a pain-stricken look. An Englishman travelling in France at that period has recorded how he met a poor woman "looking sixty years of age, though not yet twenty-eight," who told him how hardly the rents and quit rents, fines to this lord and compliments to that, king's taxes, statute labour, Church taxes, and what not, bore upon her husband, with his seven children and his tiny farm, worked by one cow and one horse. The same writer declared that the signs of a great noble being landlord were wastes and deserts, that his *château* was ever in the middle of a great forest, peopled only with deer and wild animals, while the fields were the scenes of pitiable management, and the houses of misery.

Nor were matters better in the towns. Even good harvests failed to revive fettered and ill-remunerated industry. Already political changes were in the air. Old abuses were being destroyed, but they died hard and slowly, and their destruction was not sufficient to produce contentment, but only to unloose discontent. It is ever when the evil rule of despotic kings and their corrupt courts is checked that the disorders and miseries it has bred first appear. The check is often blamed for this appearance, when it is rather the need for this check and its long delay which should be deplored.

In Strasburg, as in other French cities, there had been want and murmuring and mutiny. The populace and the soldiery had fraternised. The troops threw off the control of their marshal, and the civilians that of their mayor. The town hall had been sacked, and the town muniments rudely scattered to the winds.

If such had been the state of things in good years, what was it likely to be when 1791 closed with a bad harvest, with troubles in the French colonies, and universal massacres and disorders, which the existing government was powerless to repress or punish?

The heart of the Mayor Dietrick, of Strasburg, was on the side of the people, notwithstanding the difficulties he had had with his clamorous mob. Despite his official position, he was a poor man, struggling in a humble home, cheered by a wife and young daughters. In those days of dearth the household kept but the barest table, little likely to tempt any guest but one who came for pure kindness and love.

There was such an one who came almost daily. This was a youth named Rouget de Lisle, an artillery officer in the city garrison. His own home—a home of simple religion and old-fashioned feeling—was among the mountains of Jura, and in him the sentiment and enthusiasm of the mountaineer found expression in music and poetry, gifts which conspired to make him very welcome in Mayor Dietrick's feminine family.

It was the depth of winter—that season when "hard times" are felt the hardest. On the mayor's supper-table there was but a loaf of coarse bread and a little ham. But the old gentleman was not disposed to let his heart sink low. He exhorted the young folks to cheer up; all was not lost while enthusiasm and courage remained. There was but one bottle of wine left in his modest cellar, and he bade his daughter bring it, saying that those last drops might inspire De Lisle to produce one of those lays which conveys its own ardour to those who repeat it. In such talk the evening pased. At midnight De Lisle went away through the silent snowy streets to his own abode. His spirit felt strangely stirred, and sitting down before a clavichord in his room, he composed now the air before the words, then the words before the air, "combining them so intimately in his mind that he could never tell which was first produced." He sang everything—wrote down nothing. Then, overcome by this stormy inspiration which had swept over him, he fell asleep on his instrument, and did not wake till the wintry dawn was grey in the room. As the memory which explained his strange position returned to him, he jotted down the words and notes of his composition, and then ran round to the mayor's house, so early that though the master was in his garden (perhaps looking after his poultry!), the ladies of the family had not yet appeared. But they soon entered the modest *salon*, where their father hastily summoned one or two appreciative neighbours. The eldest daughter played the accompaniment; Rouget de Lisle himself led the singing. The flashing eyes and quivering lips of the audience soon told their own tale; the enthusiasm of the little group rose to white heat.

The song was executed in public a few days afterwards; it flew from city to city, and was chanted on every public occasion. In the words of Lamartine, "the hymn of the country was found."

But all its grim power was first brought into full prominence when it became the marching song of a great body of fiece and deter mined men, who, gathering at Marseilles, marched through France upon Paris, to add new vigour to the revolutionary forces there, and aid them to resist those foreign attempts to restore despotism which were so justly dreaded by the revolutionary leaders.

It is said that only 517 men left Marseilles, but that their number had swelled to nearly four thousand before they reached Paris, the journey taking three weeks. In the environs of the capital they were entertained at a banquet. The day had been sultry, the sun had set in clouds of sullen fire, and on that night—the night when the doom of the old monarchical government was sealed—"by one of those strange coincidences which sometimes appear to associate great crises in nature with great crises in empires, a storm burst over Paris. . . . . The lightning, which glared incessantly for eight consecutive hours, killed a great number of the men and women who bring provisions to Paris during the night. Sentries were found killed, and their watch-boxes burned to a cinder. Iron gates, bent by the wind or the lightning, were rent from the walls to which they were fastened by their hinges, and carried to incredible distances."

It seemed like Nature's sympathy with the end of the old order of things in France. The imprisonment of the Royal family and their execution were not long delayed. The aristocracy were in banishment, and sympathy with the long-oppressed people did not satisfy them unless it was accompanied by a bloodthirsty hatred and vengeance upon their whilom tyrants. The democracy, like a wild animal, turned first on those who had opened its prison door. Rouget de Lisle, enthusiastic, patriotic, and yet sensitive and humane, seemed spurned by both parties. His stern old mother reproached him that she found the honoured household name connected with "a revolutionary hymn which is sung about France by a horde of robbers." On the other side he found himself proscribed as a royalist. Lurking in secret in an Alpine pass, he heard his own song chanted by the peasantry. "What is the name of that?" he asked, and was told "They call it the Marseillaise." What had been its name before that terrible "march" we do not know. Rouget de Lisle was subsequently arrested and thrown into prison, and was only released in 1795, when the Reign of Terror itself came to an end by its fierce destruction of its own promoters, leaving the calmer politicians of the country to reduce anarchy into order.

The poet survived for many years, dying about the date 1836.

Translations fail to convey the spirit of Rouget de Lisle's wonderful production. This is necessarily sacrificed to secure corresponding rhymes in an alien language. When we read a well-known English version—

"Come, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world;
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standard have unfurled;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde.
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand,
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land"—

we find it hard to enter into Lamartine's impassioned description of "words sung in notes alternately flat and sharp, which seemed to come from the breast with sullen mutterings of national anger, and then with the joy of victory. . . . . There was heard the regular footfall of thousands of men walking together to defend the frontiers over the resounding soil of their country—the plaintive notes of women, the wailing of children, the neighing of horses, the hissing of flames as they devoured palaces and huts: then gloomy strokes of vengeance, striking again and again with the hatchet, and immolating the enemies of the people and the profaners of the soil." But we do catch something of his meaning if we can understand the original.

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous, de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez vous dans ces campagnes
Mugir ces feroces soldats!
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils et vos compagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons,
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!"

Perhaps the most poetic of the seven verses composing this chant is that put into the mouth of the young, who sing (according to a literal translation)—

"We shall enter on life's road
When our elders are not there.
There we shall find their dust
And the track of their actions.
We think less of surviving them
Than of sharing in their grave.
It is our supreme desire
To avenge them or to perish!"

But this terrible "Marseillaise" did not breathe only fire and vengeance. One verse—its fifth—must surely have been suppressed when the fierce song was sung beside many of the scaffolds—for instance, that of the king's sweet sister, Madame Elizabeth—for it called upon—

"Frenchmen, valiant men of war,
Restrain your vengeful blows.
Spare those sorrowful victims
Reluctantly ranged against you,"

and bade them remember that their true enemies only were "the tiger brood" who were in concert with "Bouillé," the royalist general who had openly declared his determination to lead foreign armies into France for the defence and restoration of the despotic power.

Perhaps the "Marseillaise" was never sung under more singular and exciting circumstances than at the battle of Jemappes, fought in the Low Countries in 1792, when Dumouriez, the French Republican general, was engaged in intercepting the march of the Austrian army upon the northern provinces of France. The battle went hard with the French troops, many of whom were young and little disciplined. In the words of a graphic, if summary, description, "Dumouriez is swept back on this wing and swept back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly, when he rushes up in person, speaks a prompt word or two, and then in clear tenor pipe 'uplifts the hymn of the "Marseillaise,"' ten thousand tenor or bass pipes joining, or, say, some forty thousand in all, for every heart leaps at the sound; and so with rhythmic march melody, waxing ever quicker to double and to treble quick, they rally, they advance, they rush, death-defying, man-devouring; carry batteries, redoubts, whatsoever is to be carried, and, like the fire whirlwind, sweep all manner of Austrians from the scene of action. Thus, through the hands of Dumouriez, may Rouget de Lisle, in figurative speech, be said to have gained, miraculously, like another Orpheus, by his Marseillaise fiddle-strings a victory of Jemappes."

The surgeons attached to the army remarked that the delirium of those who died of their wounds after this victory was a delirium of patriotism—that the enthusiasm which had conducted them to the combat survived even in their agony, and that the last words of many were snatches from the wild lay of Rouget de Lisle.

We should always endeavour to train ourselves to strive to discover the real drift of any cause or movement, not allowing ourselves to be influenced only by its attendant graces or horrors, which may be but its mere accessories, of which it would be glad to be rid. Misfortune must ever command womanly sympathy; but misfortune which is united with rank and beauty and blandishment is too apt to dazzle the female imagination, and render it blind to misfortune which has been trodden under foot until it has grown dumb and numb in misery. We have seen how the poetry of the Pretender's fate enlisted the heart of Lady Nairne, until growing years and wisdom taught her the truth concerning

"The ways o' cavaliering men"

And there is not a girlish heart which does not thrill over the woes of stately Marie Antoinette, and the little Dauphin, and pathetic Princess Elizabeth, and Madame Royale, and the groups of gentle ladies and good men whose heads fell beneath the Revolutionary guillotine. But let the girlish heads reflect that the blood of these victims rests less upon the nation, rising maddened in its wrath, than upon the tyranny which had wounded and tortured it into its frenzy. It was the sins of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Louis which were visited upon their innocent descendants. The real murderer of the Reign of Terror was that vainglorious monarch who scores of years before, reckless in his pleasures and his pride, had yet turned one glance down the coming years, and, satisfied with his own selfish security, had not paused in his career, because he could foresee that after him must come destruction. ("Après moi, le deluge.")

Most of us have read a great deal of romance and poetry whose interest centres in the horrors of the Reign of Terror (though probably what all those horrors were has never yet been fully revealed). But now let us hear the summing up of this revolutionary story by a deep thinker of our own people—a stern man, strong on the side of authority and order, and absolutely martial in his notions of discipline and obedience. Yet he admits:—

"History confesses mournfully that there is no period to be met with in which the general twenty-five millions of France suffered less than in this period which they name Reign of Terror. But it was not the dumb millions which suffered here; it was the speaking thousands, and hundreds, and units, who shrieked and published, and made the world ring with their wail, as they could and should."

And let us remember that everybody who studies justice and mercy, who shuns luxury and "considers the poor," is doing his or her share in promoting that happier state of progress in which—

"Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

(*To be continued.*)

TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS OF NEW UNKRAUT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER II.

OLGA VON FICHTENBERG.

UICK, dear children," said Sister Pampel, as soon as the girls of room No. 4, in which Margaret had been placed, had returned to their quarters; "quick! Buy your fruit, and then get ready for our walk. I want to go as far as Hammerstein to-day."

Every day, after dinner, peasant women from the villages outside New Unkraut brought huge baskets of fruit and window plants for sale. They were allowed to sit down in the covered part of the courtyard, and there we bargained with them. For I also was at New Unkraut, and I fall into the "we" unconsciously in describing a small part of our happy schooldays there.

Fifty huge, oval plums, fifty walnuts, a pound of cherries (great white hearts and luscious dark ones), or half a pound of grapes, we bought for a groschen (one and a fifth of a penny).

Margaret's great joy was to be able to buy some pretty flowering plant to present to Sister Nachtigall. The happiest hours she spent were those in her dear presence; even though it was for a private lesson, when the sister was very firm with her pupil.

"Not so—not so, dear child; I must have it clearly and strongly."

"But, Sister Nachtigall, I cannot."

"You can do anything you like," would be the invariable answer to such a plea from Margaret.

And Margaret generally found that she could do all that was expected of her so confidently. Love constrains, and faith works miracles now, as of old.

The little baskets having been filled, and the hats adjusted—curiously enough I do not remember any mirrors or looking-glasses at New Unkraut—the girls set out for the walk of six miles, through the pebble paved streets of the town; and along the bank of the river for a mile, through the pleasantly-shaded gardens of the palace—we had a prince and a palace both at New Unkraut—as far as a little village, where there was a wonderful ruin of a great house which had never been finished, because, so the people believed firmly, as fast as the builders put the roof on an evil spirit pulled it off again, or made it fall in during the night. At last it had been given up, and left unfinished. On, under great apple and walnut trees—resting for a while inside a pretty little church, with open doors, where

peasant women also rested with their heavy burdens—the girls wandered, eating their fruit, and gathering the wayside flowers as specimens for the next botany lecture.

Margaret forgot her home-sickness, and enjoyed the novelty of everything. It was such a change from the stiffness and formality of the walks she had been accustomed to in her last school, and more like the happy holiday rambles over her beloved moorland during the long summer vacation.

She had been full of anxiety as to whom she might have as a companion, for she was told that English girls were not allowed to walk together; and she did not speak a word of German.

Sister Pampel, however, who understood English well, relieved her by saying—

"I have compassion on you to-day, and bring you a companion for your walk, who can speak your language excellent well."

Margaret glanced up at a tall figure, which seemed to tower above her short, compact person. A pair of merry hazel eyes looked with a kindly expression down into her own, and she felt comforted.

Olga von Fichtenberg was of amazon-like proportions. She was only fourteen years old, and yet she might even then have been one of the Walkyrie of the *Nibelungen Lieder*. Round her head—which, like her features, was almost classic in its outlines—a long coil of fair hair was twisted.

"How long have you been here?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, I? I have been here only three weeks; but I have been in *strafe*—punishment that means—several times already. That is why you did not hear my voice until just now. Did you not see me at table though?"

"Yes, only you are so tall I thought you must be one of the teachers."

"There are eleven of us at home, and we are all tall and strong. We come of a strong old race; my father has a great estate in Mecklenburg Strelitz, and we have always lived in a way to make us active and healthy."

"How well you speak English! Where did you learn it?"

"We North German girls of good family always have an English governess at some time or other. Have you ever been to school before?"

"Oh, yes, I was three years at a boarding-school in Scotland; a very different one from this, though. This is better in many ways, but it is so large one feels lost amongst so many strange faces in the long corridors and in the garden. I have never known a German girl before. Do tell me all about your home."

"My home is so beautiful," replied Olga von Fichtenberg, "that, in spite of all the songs say of the beauties of the Rhineland, I feel like a bird in a cage here. Everything seems small and cramped to me. My parents live on a country seat near the Baltic shore. I long very often for my dear sea and freedom; also for milk, home bread, and fruit. Just think, I never tasted tea or coffee before I came here, and I never saw a town so large as New Unkraut in my life I was never in what you may call a town till three weeks ago. We children only had bread and milk for our breakfast and supper. I believe that made us all so big and strong. I do not like the coffee; and the bread here seems to have no taste to me. I will tell you why I was in 'punny,' as some of you English call it, when you came. Last night we had Mehlpappe soup; it is a thick sort, made of flour, water, salt, and some fat. I never could eat Mehlpappe; and so, as Sister Pampel made me take some—to keep me strong, she says—I made a paper bag out of some very thick paper, and put it in my pocket. When I thought no one was looking at me I took out my paper bag, and put my soup into it one spoonful at a time, not to raise suspicion. I intended to empty it out as soon as I could get outside. As I was making my way to the door with it, one of the girls, Elise Fudicar—that fat girl over there—gave me a hard knock right on my pocket, so that the bag burst, and the soup ran out over my dress and boots, and even on the floor. She had watched me put it into the bag, and determined to play me a trick. I was so wild with anger and shame that I turned round and gave Elise a strong box on her ear, as you say. Then Sister Pampel, hearing the noise, looked up and saw Elise with a red face and me with a white, angry one, as she called it; and then she saw the mess I was in. Of course, I was the guilty one; Elise being supposed to have knocked against me by accident, and it was wicked of me to have put the soup in my pocket, instead of in my stomach, to begin with. So I got *strafe* for twenty-four hours; only Sister Pampel let me free to walk with you, and practise my English. She rather likes me although I give her trouble. I caught her, as she laughed every time she looked at me; and I know it was at the ridiculous state my frock and boots were in, and my ashamed face."

"What a horrid thing of that girl to do! But now tell me more about your home."

"I told you already that we were eleven brothers and sisters—six boys and five girls. I, for my part, preferred to belong to the boys. I used to hunt, fish, skate, and row with them. If mischief was up I was naturally at the bottom of it. Being so many, we had three governesses and a tutor. One was French, one German, and the third English. The tutor was German. We led them a hard life. The only one I minded was Miss Martin. She was what you English call ladylike—I hate that word!—but she had power and influence to tame me. She never preached; but her gentle ways touched my inmost soul. I could not help obeying her. But she went away; and the tutor took me in hand, or tried to. Often, after we had been sent to bed at nine o'clock, I lay awake till everyone was asleep, and then slipped out of my bed, and, putting my clothes on, I used to run down to the shore, and get the fisher people to take me out with them for the night fishing on my dear sea. One morning, as I came back about four o'clock, I was caught by my mother, who was very much displeased and distressed at such night wanderings. For the future I was locked into my room at night; but I got a rope and let myself out of the window. For some weeks I was not found out; but at last I was seen by one of the servants, and betrayed. After that I always slept in my mother's room. Then I tried to find out some other amusement to make up for the loss of my fishing. I am very fond of horses, but had nothing to ride; the two ponies were always kept for my brothers' use. There were two wild colts, which ran loose in the fields. Day after day I took bread out to them, and made them tamer in that way. Then I took a halter one day, and after a hard struggle with one I made it give in, and managed to mount it. Many a wild chase I had that summer!"

"It must be very tame to you, the life at school; I wonder how you can stand it," remarked Margaret, looking with admiration at her companion, the heroine of such exploits.

"They call me the wild woman of the woods here, and I could not possibly stand this life, if it were not for the great kindness of the sisters. I know they do not like to punish me; but they must do it to keep up the discipline of the school; and out of love to me, I do believe, wild and disobedient as I am or have been. They do not want to hurt me, but to do me good, and so I submit. Can you imagine I have even had to stand in the corner once or twice, big as I am? That is the worst punishment of all. I have heard the boys are put in the corner too. It is terrible disgrace to go there like a little child. Between us, Margaret, these little sisters—I am taller than any of them—with their ugly cloaks and hats, which made me ashamed of my teachers at first, make me respect them in a way I should not have thought possible. They are so good and loving! You will soon get to like them very much. Look, that is Hammerstein, that ruin on the top of the steep rock. We are going to climb up there after coffee."

Coffee with milk, and rolls and butter, were eaten at little tables on a vine-covered terrace looking out on the river. Then the girls climbed the steep point on which the castle once was. The view of the Rhine was glorious in the evening sunlight, and there were glowing mountain peaks above, and cool, long, slanting shadows, alternating with sun-bathed meadows, below. Before they started on their homeward way, the girls grouped themselves on the grass around their teachers, and sang "Loreley" and "O Tannenbaum," and then they ran down the steep way to the shady high road, and returned a little more soberly, chatting by twos and threes, to the town.

"Tell me more about your life by the Baltic, Olga," said Margaret. "It sounds so wild and jolly! I do like to hear the way you speak English, too. I suppose I shall not be allowed to hear much more."

"Not after the first week or so. Well, I told you of the summer times; it is all very different there in winter. It is most cold on the shores of the Baltic. From three to four months of constant snow and ice we had; but bright, clear sunshine, too, and no wind. We could skate over the sea itself for fifteen miles, as far as the next seaport. There were plenty of wild geese, swans, and ducks. My brothers were out shooting nearly all day, but I liked better to go with my old friends, the fishermen. Their way of fishing in such hard weather was to cut large holes in the ice, and then to try and catch the fish who rose to the surface. Hundreds of them come up together whenever an opening is made, fighting for a small space for their heads. There I would stand for hours watching them, forgetting lessons, governesses, and tutor; and then I was always punished for coming home after school hours. Last winter we had a great deal of snow—fourteen and fifteen feet of it in some places—which lasted for eight weeks. We had such fun, driving about in sleighs. As all the fieldwork was stopped, there were plenty of horses for us. The post was stopped, too, for it would have been dangerous to send a postman across the country. We were quite cut off from the outside world. It was beautiful! Did you ever hear the barking of a fox?"

"No," answered Margaret; "I never knew that foxes barked."

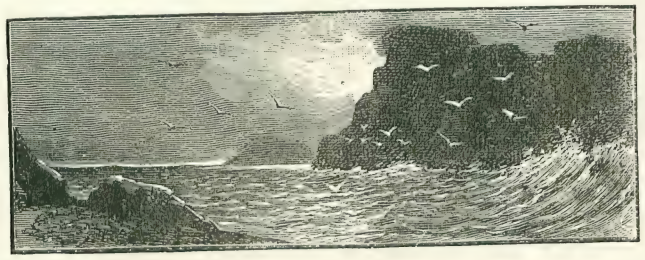
"They do, I can tell you, when they are very hungry. We have a great many of them in our woods, and in the evenings, when we were out, we heard their pitiful howling and barking. It made one think of wolves and jackals. One night we were frightened by the thunder of a cannon. We soon learned the cause of it. An English man-of-war, on its way to Cronstadt, had struck on a rock, and was signalling for help. One of my brothers went with some fishermen to see if he could help in any way. The sea was smooth, and there was no great danger; but they had to wait till next day, when a tug was sent out, which took them off the rocks. English and French men-of war passed our cliffs constantly—sometimes so closely that we could see their different uniforms."

"But how came you ever to be sent to this

school, so far away, and to such different people from those you were used to? Do your brothers and sisters go to school?"

"Well, you know, I could not go on always as I was doing. I knew that myself; but my nature was too strong and wild to stop. It came to an end at last, and I was sent away. The rest are all at home still. We may not have many more talks in English; so I will tell you what was the last stroke. I told you we had a tutor. He is a good man, but lame and irritable. Perhaps I made him so, for we were always fighting together, because I never learned my lessons, whilst my sister Wanda, who was quick and clever, always knew hers; so she was his favourite. Sometimes he really was unjust to me, though I was often deserving of punishment, I know. One day I asked him why he treated me so unfairly, as he always excused my sister, even when she was as naughty as myself. His answer was that a rod was sufficient for some, whilst others needed to be chastised with scorpions. From that moment I gave him the nickname of the Scorpion, because he was my 'Zuchtmeister,' as we say—my chastiser. I never forgave him that hard speech, and I called him Scorpion one day to his face before all my brothers and sisters. He was in a great rage, and threatened to beat me if I called him that name again. 'I will beat you instead,' I cried. I felt insulted, and forgot everything, and I flew at him, and gave him a box on his ear, crying, 'You dare!' That was my last evil deed. I was sent off to school in about a fortnight. They chose a Moravian school, because the sisters and brothers are celebrated for taming wild spirits like mine. I really feel quieter already, I must confess. Their patient, persistent way has a great effect on one. There is one French teacher I do not like so well. She is not a sister, and she and I are jealous of each other, because we both love passionately the same person. It is an English girl we both love. Mademoiselle Paysanne is only seventeen years old, although she is so stout, and looks like a woman. She told Mary Jane so, and Mary told me. Mary helps to make me good as much as the sisters almost. She is more clever than any girl you ever saw. In No. 2 she is, and we meet in the garden and have little talks in the corridors. On Sunday afternoon we are sometimes allowed to take tea with a friend in another room, and on our birthdays we are allowed to give tea and cake to friends from other rooms. I shall never invite anyone but Mary. She was not well one night last week, and I kneeled beside her bed all the night through, and got into trouble through it; for the sister of the watch—there is one on duty every night—found me out, and told of me. Sometimes I wonder what would happen if I were quite rebellious here; I cannot imagine it. To-morrow is the day for Mary to come to have tea in our room, and it is French day. You will see mademoiselle will stare at Mary and me all the time, and Mary will have hard work to keep me from being rude."

(*To be continued.*)



A LETTER OF THANKS.

LAST December I made an appeal to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for old Christmas cards and for toys, to be distributed among children in Indian schools. A number of parcels were kindly sent from various places in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in February I wrote to the Editor of this Magazine, expressing my thanks for the prompt response. I have since received several more contributions of cards, including many placed on coloured calico — in all over 150 packets. Some signatures, as the following, were intentionally without address, and I take this opportunity of making acknowledgment, not being able to do so by post:—"An Old Reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," X. Y. Z., T. M., "Two Scotch Girls," E. B., Marie, "One of the Readers of the G.O.P. in Glamorganshire," Florrie and Bessie (sent by their mother), M. P., W. C., J. G. W. and J. G. M. (with "best wishes for Mrs. Brander's success"), M. E. O., "An Old Irish Girl," A. H. P., E. A. B., "A Reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," "For little Indian children, from five of their little English sisters and brothers."

I will now briefly mention what has been done with the cards and scrapbooks, etc. The greater number of gifts have been sent to Mrs. Brander, Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Madras. She has in her district more than six hundred schools, and when she makes the inspection tours she is very glad to be able to take with her plenty of Christmas cards for the little scholars, as rewards for regular attendance. Besides, the Inspectors of Boys' Schools, having noticed the useful effects of the card-giving, begin to want some for their schools too, when Mrs. Brander can spare any; so that her stock is constantly getting exhausted. A parcel has also been sent to Miss Eddes, a lady who superintends six girls' schools established by the Maharajah of Vizianagram at Madras. Amongst the cards that came to me was an ingenious one which drew out in the form of a table with flower-pots upon it. I cannot say by whom it was sent, but the giver may like to know that it went in a letter to a little Hindoo girl called Rajalakshmi, who is about nine years old. Her grandfather informed me that she admired it very much, and that a jeweller who saw it asked leave to copy the design, in order to make a toy like it in silver, only with Indian figures and flowers, in place of the English ones. The scrapbooks are valued as prizes, and they serve to interest native ladies at the parties given by Mrs. Brander at Madras.

Parcels of cards have also been forwarded to Calcutta, for patients in the hospitals, for children in the zenanas, and for a small society of Indian ladies which meets for social and charitable purposes.

A native gentleman of Calcutta wrote lately as follows:—

"The pictures and little devices intended as birthday presents were specially liked by the children. They represent a very remarkable and agreeable feature of your English life, the care you bestow on things generally regarded as little things; to convey, if possible, a spark of sunshine into the lives of those you love; to let your friends know that you love and remember them. I am quite charmed with this trait of your national character. It is a department in which we people of India are defective. We are a peculiarly philosophic and meditative race, and we all of us share more or less a philosopher's indifference to 'these little things of life.'"

Poona is another place to which cards have been despatched, and Mrs. Davies, Lady Superintendent of the Government Female Normal School at that place, writes:—"We shall give the cards weekly as prizes to the children who attend most regularly, and who keep the best places in their classes." I am just now sending a second parcel to Mrs. Davies. Schools at *Bombay* for Parsee children have also received cards, and a packet of pictures and cards went in the summer to the managers of a large and very interesting school at Mysore.

Now, as the contributions of this year have been so heartily appreciated, I hope the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will bear in mind that girls and boys in India will receive with much pleasure again in 1888 similar expressions of sympathy from England. I should be very glad of more dolls and scrapbooks, besides cards, and of fancy boxes, bags, puzzles, and work materials, such as wool, knitting needles, pettry patterns, etc. The Christmas cards that have been sent are mostly very attractive and very suitable; but I may as well mention that I do not wish for comic cards nor valentines, and that text cards can only be given in a very few schools. It is pleasant to think how the dark eyes of the Hindoo children light up at the sight of prizes and presents sent to them by their far-off English friends. They feel grateful to those who thus remember them, and, to employ one of their own expressions, they are thus "drowned in a sea of joy." So I make another appeal for help, confident that I shall obtain parcels in reply from the many who feel interest in the progress and welfare of their young brothers and sisters in India.

MISS E. A. MANNING,
Hon. Sec. National Indian Association,
35, Blomfield Road,
Maida Hill, W.

Nov. 28, 1887.

RESTITUTION;

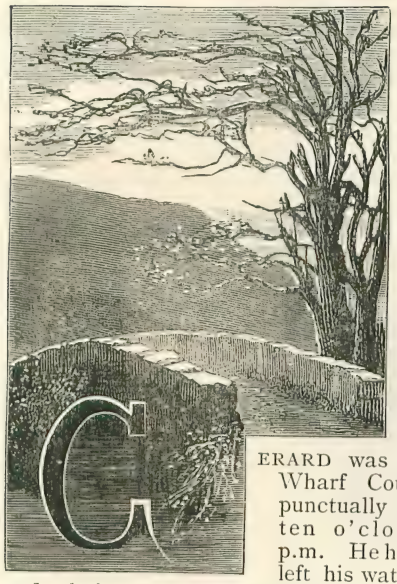
OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A RUINED MAN."



GERARD was in Wharf Court punctually at ten o'clock p.m. He had left his watch and chain and his seal ring at his lodging, and had hidden the envelope directed to Mr. Loveridge carefully between his waistcoat and shirt. The court was truly a shady and retired spot, and, unlike many a similar one that he had visited, was strangely quiet. A solitary lamp blinked at him as he entered, and lights dimly burst here and there in the houses, just making the darkness visible. As to the moon, she never looked beyond the roofs and chimneys of Wharf Court, and not a ray of her heavenly light ever penetrated to its pavement. As he approached the house he had visited in the morning, he saw a man lounging against the wall, smoking his pipe. He could not discern his face even when quite near him, but the voice seemed familiar. He spoke first.

"You come from Mr. Aspenel. I hear he has lost a ship," he said, and Gerard wondered how the news could have already reached Wharf Court.

"Your name?" asked Gerard.

"Loveridge. If the rich miser has given you a dole, 'tis for the poor spendthrift before you."

"How am I to know?" asked Gerard.

"By this sign," replied the man, removing the pipe from his mouth, and taking a dirty piece of paper from his pocket. "I have written my receipt, for I expected you, and the password is 'Never again.'"

Gerard took the envelope from its hiding-place, and gave it to him. He opened it, struck a match, and examined the contents.

"This will do for the present, but I must be paid up," he said. "I wonder he ventured to send you. He must have either a very good or a very bad opinion of you. You'd better be off as quick as you can, for Wharf Court isn't the safest place in the world about midnight. The police would rather come here in couples than singly."

"Then why are you here?" asked Gerard, boldly. "You don't belong to the class that frequents these parts."

"I'm a nob amongst 'em; but between ourselves, I belong to no particular class. I'm A1 to-day, and the dregs of society to-morrow. There are many like me. Take care you don't come down to our level."

"Have we ever met before?" asked Gerard.

"I shouldn't wonder if we had, for I've a large acquaintance. More know W. Loveridge than W. Loveridge knows. Good night. My compliments to the miser."

He opened the house door and went in, leaving Gerard to make his way back to his lodging.

While this was passing in Wharf Court, a very different scene was enacting at Aspenel Park. Its master did not return till late, and, naturally, dinner had been kept waiting. Mrs. Aspenel and Edith were waiting also, so was the establishment. When a punctual man is two or three hours behind time, it would seem that the whole world is at a standstill.

"Some accident must have happened. We hear of such awful ones!" said trembling Edith.

"Nothing ever happens to Mr. Aspenel but loss of money," returned Mrs. Aspenel, sarcastically.

Her words were soon verified, for the husband of whom she spoke arrived with blanched face, and the news that he was a ruined man. He spoke so confidently that even his wife's incredulity was staggered. However, dinner was served immediately, and no further allusion was made to money matters until the servants left the dining-room. Then Mr. Aspenel, usually so secretive, poured out his grievances. While doing so he drank freely. Whether he believed himself ruined or not, his listeners could not discover; but his wife, at least, did not believe it. She knew enough of his wealth to be convinced that the loss of one ship, however valuable, could scarcely lessen its enormous bulk. But perceiving that he was in an unnatural state of excitement, she bridled her sarcastic tongue, and did her best to calm him.

"I daresay it will all come right," she said, soothingly.

"That is what you women always say. Come right! Would you like to be obliged to give up the Park, and to retire to an obscure lodging? Would you call that coming right?"

"Certainly not. But we have not arrived at that pass. I daresay you will easily get over this loss."

"This loss! It is the forerunner of utter ruin, I tell you, Mrs. Aspenel. You must all set to work to retrench. You must draw in your expenses, reduce the number of servants, keep no company."

"We can scarcely reduce the latter item," interrupted Mrs. Aspenel, who could not restrain a mocking laugh. "Our stock-in-trade consists of the old ladies, the Rector, Mr. Tom Harton, and occasionally Gerard Clarville. Seriously, Mr. Aspenel, we must give a dinner-party, if not a ball."

"A ball! And I have just lost a hundred thousand pounds—a hundred thousand pounds, I say."

"A large sum, yet only the tenth of a million. Edith will be eighteen in a few weeks, and must come out."

"I would rather remain just as I am," put in Edith, quietly. "You need give no dinner-party or ball on my account, papa. What was the name of the vessel?"

"The vessel? The Aspenel. One of the largest in the world. Only surpassed by the Great Eastern. An ironclad warranted to breast every storm. I would have wagered her against all the gold of the Australian mines. And she is lost—sunk—gone to the bottom with a cargo of gold."

"There are better things than gold, papa," said Edith, hesitating.

"What!" thundered her father.

"Love. God's love—our love."

He looked at her keenly for a moment, then rose and left the room.

"What have I said—what have I done?" she asked, appealing first to his vacant chair, then to her stepmother.

"Done us out of a little gaiety, probably. Your father is excited by this loss, which can only be a drop from the ocean of his riches. I hope it will do him good," replied Mrs. Aspenel, philosophically.

"I must follow him. He looked almost beside himself."

"You are mistaken. He knows perfectly well what he is about."

But Edith went to her father's business room and listened at the door. She heard the customary rustle of papers, and opening and closing of drawers, and did not venture further. She ran upstairs to Nurse True, and detailed to her what she had already heard from others of the servants. Edith, happily for her, believed in her father's truthfulness, and did not doubt that the ruin he foretold was really imminent.

"You need not be alarmed, lovey," said Nurse True. "I daresay Mr. Aspenel is troubled at his loss, but they say he is so rich that he won't really feel it. Money is a burden grievous to be borne: yet none of us care to lay it down."

"And what use is it? Oh, Nurse True, what is it doing for any of us?"

"Nothing, my deary. Like seed, its only use is when sown and scattered. You must help to mind Mr. Aspenel of this."

Edith ran back to wish her stepmother good-night. A kinder feeling had sprung up between them during Janet's lengthened absence, and comparative calm in schoolroom and nursery had penetrated even to Mr. Aspenel, who agreed with his wife that Janet's holidays were well spent in perfecting her education in Paris.

Mr. Aspenel did not go to bed that night. This was all that was known of him by the outer world. He appeared at breakfast the following morning, but was so absorbed by his loss, and the telegraphic report of it in the *Times*, that he spoke even less than he generally did. He looked haggard, and his personal appearance was less spruce than usual. He volunteered one question, however, and that was as to whether anything had been heard of the gipsies. His wife answered it.

"Mr. Tom Harton says they are settling down again, and that the children have actually been to school. He thinks the Clarvilles have influenced them, and says his father will not allow them to be molested so long as they keep the law."

"Old Harton shall pay for this," muttered Aspenel. "As to Mrs. Clarville and Gerard, they are absolute fools."

Edith longed to say a word in their favour, but forbore. She had, since her admission to the breakfast-table, been in the habit of quietly helping her father to collect and tie up his various papers, and to place them in the black bag awaiting them. She was the first person whom he had ever allowed to meddle with his documents, but she managed so unostentatiously that he was scarcely conscious of her interference. On this occasion he permitted her to arrange the whole matter, for after the brief interlude of the gipsies, he fell into a state of abstraction, and forgot the necessity of having the black bag ready by the time the carriage was announced.

"I think it is all right, papa," she said, timidly, when he was aroused by, "Carriage at the door, sir."

"Thank you, Edith," he said, and his voice trembled. The words rang gladly in her ears the whole day; and, incongruous as it may seem, Mrs. Aspenel resented them. He rarely thanked her for anything, but then she seldom volunteered to do anything for him. "She was tired of trying," she said to herself, wearily.

And she was weary—weary of her life. Yet she had chosen it: sold herself for gold; that idol which had sunk with the ironclad—her husband's idol! Indeed, her life seemed a burden to her, and but for Bruce she sometimes thought she would gladly have "cast off this mortal coil." She thought little of the sacredness of life, less of its responsibilities. She was content if her wearisome days wore through without accident, and if their monotony was broken by an occasional guest or morning caller. She welcomed the advent of Tom Harton, because he was not only a man of education, but good-looking and agreeable. Few days passed that she did not invite him to her presence after he had finished his mornings with Bruce, and luncheon was the inevitable consequence. Bruce behaved so well at that meal when Harton was there, that his mother and Edith were only too glad to have him kept in order. Thus the tutor grew into the friend. Mrs. Aspenel did not consider that she was throwing temptation in Edith's path, or imagine that the devotion paid to her might have an ulterior object. As to Mr. Aspenel, Harton suited him so well that he never complained of his presence.

He chanced to be at the station when Mr. Aspenel reached it—*i.e.*, it was premeditated chance which brought him there. He had a few words to say, which were for Mr. Aspenel's ear alone.

"I have every reason to believe that Wandering Will was in this neighbourhood on Sunday evening," he began. "He was tampering with my father's gipsy *protégée*, or I am greatly mistaken. I have been sounding her, but can make nothing of her, except through her inadvertent admissions, which tend to show that it was he to whom she was talking in the copse when I saw her near the gate by the school house. I have been several times near the encampment since, but have not caught sight of him."

"Have you heard of my loss? I am a ruined man!" interrupted Mr. Aspenel, the remembrance of his gold overmastering fear.

"No! What can you mean, Mr. Aspenel?" exclaimed Tom Harton, with genuine alarm.

But up steamed the train, and there was no time for an answer. He saw Mr. Aspenel in, shut the door of his compartment, and turned towards the Park. "A ruined man! Impossible," he repeated, as he walked meditatively along the bright country road, not heeding the carpet of red and brown leaves spread by the trees that overhung the Park wall.

He turned into the gates opposite The Cottages, and doing so was arrested by a voice. It was Miss Short, who was taking her constitutional, and who, seeing him in the distance, hurried after him. She was panting and puffing from the exertion.

"Is it true, Mr. Tom, that Mr. Aspenel has lost everything he possesses, and that the Park will be sold, and we shall all be ruined together?" she said, pausing at every three words.

"I hope not, Miss Short. But Mr. Aspenel himself says so," replied Tom, hastening on to avoid further questions.

"There must be something in it," he thought, as he walked up the drive, and then made a *détour* to throw a piece of bread to Edith's swans.

He was in the habit of telling her that he fed them regularly, and at sight of him they sailed majestically towards him, their snow-white plumage gleaming beneath the morning sunshine. In his poetical moods—and he was no mean poet—he was wont to write sonnets to Edith and her swans. However, he left them hastily, and went on to the house, gleaming, like the swans, in the sunlight.

He was early, therefore unexpected quite so soon. Bruce had been naughty, and he found Mrs. Aspenel and Edith with him, endeavouring to soothe him into propriety. Harton's presence effected this. The boy grew in a moment smooth as satin, smothering sobs and drying tears with wonderful self-control.

"How can you manage him?" whispered Mrs. Aspenel, aside.

"By the law of obedience," he whispered back.

"Have you heard of Mr. Aspenel's loss?" she asked.

"I have seen him," he replied.

"And what did he say?"

"That he was ruined."

"How absurd. He has only lost a valuable ship and cargo. Bad enough, I daresay; but not ruin. What with this craze about the gipsies, and constant complaints of losses and crosses, one is driven out of one's senses. You will stay to luncheon, and we can talk it over."

"Thank you. I shall be only too glad."

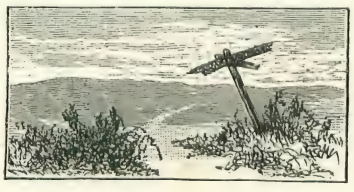
While this was passing, Bruce whispered to Edith, "If papa is ruined, he can't keep a schoolmaster, and you shall teach me again."

It was curious how the flames spread. Before Mr. Aspenel returned that evening, it was currently reported in Roselands and the immediate neighbourhood that Aspenel Park was likely to be sold, and people speculated as to whether a new owner might be better than the old.

"Can't be worse," was the fiat; "but I'm sorry for the young ladies."

And so Mr. Aspenel's own words were the keynote to a more than seven days' gossip.

(*To be continued.*)



THE GIRL'S OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

THE Editor's proposition to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that they should take into consideration a plan for affording rest and recreation to the overtaxed workers among them, although only made in the weekly number of November 5th, is most gratifying in its result.

He thanks those who have so promptly sent their contributions towards the Home. The ready response is an assurance of their co-operation with him in his endeavour to make THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a source of rest and health to the sick and weary among its readers.

A good beginning has been made; but the work must not flag. Help must pour in from all quarters, and at once, if anything is to come of the effort.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

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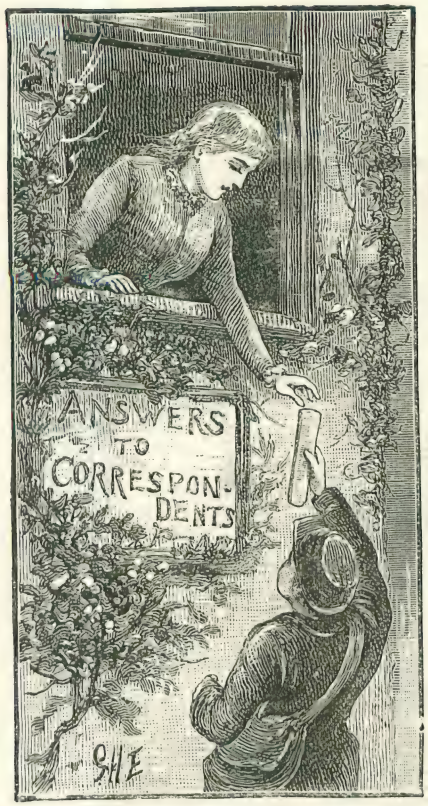
Total amount received, £31 6s. 11d.



MISCELLANEOUS.

CURIOSITY.—Certainly your question has neither been asked nor answered before. The origin of calling a cab a "fly" dates to the reign of George III., during the Regency, and had its birth at Brighton. Sedan chairs, carried by men, were till then very commonly employed to convey people to and from evening entertainments. An ingenious and economical owner of such chairs dispensed with the employment of a second man-carrier by putting them on wheels. Later on, for the sake of greater speed, he employed a horse, and on the panels he painted as a device an owl with a motto encircling it, "Nocte volamus," "We fly by night." Very small flys (or flies) are called "midges," holding only two persons *vis-à-vis*. These are to be seen at some seaside places.

MAUD.—The story, "Only a Girl-Wife," is to be found in vol. vii., beginning at page 11 (Oct. 3rd, 1885), and ending at page 488.

OWL.—Godfearing people differ much one from another on such questions. Be guided by your mother's opinions and wishes. We decline to lay down any hard-and-fast rule for the binding of all consciences alike, and that under very various circumstances. We have said this at greater length over and over again. Read our answers to other correspondents.

ANXIOUS ONE.—No honourable man would ask a girl—especially one older than himself—to engage herself to him for an indefinite time, he having no home to offer, nor any money to settle upon her. If she were rash enough to consent to such a tie, she would probably repent of it when a more suitable offer was presented. Besides, her parents ought to oppose such an undesirable engagement. We are very sorry for you, but hope your own good sense and honourable feeling will help you to avoid the unpleasantness of a refusal.

A. LORIMER.—We all need losses and crosses (and some more than others) to drive us for comfort, support, and guidance to Him who "came to bind up the broken-hearted." Pray for submission and faith to believe that "He doth not willingly afflict or grieve." Occupy yourself diligently in home-work, helping your mother and sisters, if you have any, and joining others in some charitable or missionary work—bee meetings, for instance—and begin a course of study of some kind, practical or mental.

GERTRUDE.—The sentiments of the verses are good, but we cannot say as much for the composition. The angels in heaven never "fell," but "kept their first estate," so cannot be called "ransomed angels."

NANNY.—We recommend you to sow the borders of your cabbage bed with hemp, and no caterpillars will approach the cabbages. Another good plan is to pour an infusion of the leaves of the elder-tree over them.

ALICE.—We do not approve of the use of cosmetics for the face. If made rough by severe weather, get a little honey, and after washing, while yet wet, apply a very little with the fingers, and then dry. Perhaps the simplest, next to this, is to dissolve flowers of sulphur in milk, strain, and apply the milk to the face.

MARGERY.—We think that we have before answered this query. If you were to refer to Lord Nugent's "Lands Sacred and Classical," you would be struck by an incident which occurred to him while in Hebron, which illustrates and fully explains the otherwise obscure simile employed by our Lord, related in St. Matt. xix. 24. Lord Nugent walked out of Hebron by the Great Gate just as a team of camels approached likewise; upon which his companions requested him to go through the "Needle's Eye," by which the small side-door of the gate is there designated, the loaded camels being unable to do so. Thus this figure of speech became a proverbial expression to denote an impossibility.

ALICE, "aged seventeen," is "very unhappy," as "her mother is very unkind to her." Of this fact we have no means of judging. If subjected to personal violence, consult other grown-up members of the family about it, and be guided by them. Perhaps they may make some agreement with your mother to board you with them, or place you out in some capacity. But if your mother be only cross and hard to please, you have no right to leave her; for you owe her dutiful submission as a minor.

A. THORN.—Shells are cleaned by lightly brushing them with muriatic acid, dipping continually in water, for fear of burning holes in them. Beware of leaving the bottle about, as it is dangerous, and use a camel's hair brush.

BONNIE JEAN (?).—Perhaps you are shy and awkward, and have an excuse for disliking "company of any sort." Only be careful not to hurt anyone's feelings by making that apparent in giving short answers and looking disagreeable, or in failing to exert yourself to entertain and be gracious and polite to your parents, friends, and guests. Pray for grace to be "unto all pleasing," which is one of the Christian graces—thus adorning your profession of faith.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.—Respect the secrets of the dead and those that reflect on the good name of anyone. Inquire no further. A certificate of birth is rarely needed; it is not so in marriage; and no position nor office need be taken which would demand it. If you marry, you may be able to give your father some help. At the same time your scruples are creditable, while better set aside in such a case.

CUNHILDA D. C.—Your chief desire in leaving school early is to go the sooner to balls and parties every night. Alas! what a frivolous idea! Is this the object of existence? Have you no work in life to accomplish? Have you, to say the least, no idea of the duties of home life in "requiting your parents," devoting your mind, strength, and all you have learnt at school (paid for by them) to do them loving service and add to the comfort and cheerfulness of home? What are you going to do with the talents committed to you by your Divine Master—health, time, education, competent means, and knowledge of the way of holiness and salvation? A little schoolgirl of fifteen has three more years of school discipline, and then, at the very least, three more of home-work and education, literary and practical. "Knowing a lot of German and drawing well," you might only be a poor little empty-headed nonentity.

WHAUP.—What do you mean by "joining the Church"? We hope you are already not only a baptised member of Christ's Church, but a faithful one, who has given her heart to Him. If you mean that you were brought up by unbelievers, join at once. But if you mean that your family belong to any really Christian denomination, not of the Church of England (Established), obtain your parents' leave. You seem to be a minor, and have no right to forsake the congregation to which you belong until of mature age. Even then you should be careful and scrupulous as to your way of so doing from a filial feeling towards your parents. As we know nothing of your circumstances, we can only speak in general terms.

PERPLEXED ONE.—If so sleepy on first getting up, do not choose that time for reading a chapter in the Bible; but time there always may be found for it. Read a few verses, and ask for grace to think of them during the day and to profit by them.

ONE OF THE GIRLS should go to some dispensary for advice. We could not attempt to prescribe for her.

SANTA CLAUS and FLORENCE must write to our publisher for such information. "That Aggravating Schoolgirl" appeared in our first volume.

LOIS.—We cannot help you to dress hair that does not exist. When your hair has grown a little, consult a hairdresser as to what you can do with it. Refer to our indexes for recipes and advice under the name "Chilblains."

E. REEVE.—When meat, fish, buttered cakes, or eggs are served at breakfast or tea, table napkins may be supplied. When only tea and coffee, and cake or bread and butter, they are not required.

UNDINE.—We think a good and true friend to be a priceless gift, from the "Giver of all good things," and you are happy in having found one. Relations are very often not friends in the real sense of that much-abused term.

ELSIE GWENDOLINE and LIONESS.—Why should not the man "serving" at lawn tennis collect the balls for himself? It is better not to be officiously attentive where men are concerned. As to the reading of novels, girls should be guided as to what is suitable for them to read by their mothers, even after they have left school. History, travels, physical geography, and biographies of distinguished men and women are suitable even for "girls of fifteen." They may also read Longfellow's poems and Sir Walter Scott's. We have more than once given directions for making an Æolian harp. See page 335, vol. i.

ST. ANDREW'S.—We are at a loss to know why a married friend should not be invited to an entertainment given on the occasion of your twenty-first birthday.

FAIRY.—If your father and mother be against your sister's adopting such a profession, it is enough. No blessing could attend any rebellion against their wishes. And, we may add, they are wise in their decision.

NYDIA.—Taking a bath at night suffices to rouse some people too much for sleep, and should not be made a habit. Of course a certain amount of washing with soap every night is essential for the mere purpose of cleanliness, and that would not excite the nerves and circulation too much for sleep.

EFFIE (South Africa).—Your letter is most gracious and gratifying. Of course you are one of Our Girls. We wish you all happiness.

LILIAS GRAHAM.—We think the present needlework competition is quite easy enough, and very useful to little girls of your age. Camphorated chalk and at intervals a little soap, are the best things for cleaning the teeth.

DAISY.—Your quotation is from *Macbeth*, and the speaker is one of three witches.

GIPPY.—Your doctor informed you correctly as to your complaint. In time you may grow out of it. Try to forget yourself, and think of others. This will be found the best prescription in yours and other cases.

MARGARET.—One Christian cannot presume to rule over, not even to pass judgment upon, another Christian's conscience in matters not of vital importance (such as a cowardly denial of the faith would be). While considerate and careful not to wound them by using our own liberty in minor matters, we should all remember that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink"—nor, we might add, recreations allowed or denied—"but righteousness"—a very comprehensive term—"and peace (towards those who differ from us) and joy in the Holy Ghost." "For He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God."

INTERESTED READER.—The Cambridge hood is lined with white silk, the Oxford with red, the Dublin with blue, the Durham with violet. Doctors of divinity wear scarlet. We gave an article on the subject of hoods in one of our early volumes. If you possess them, look for it in the indexes to these.

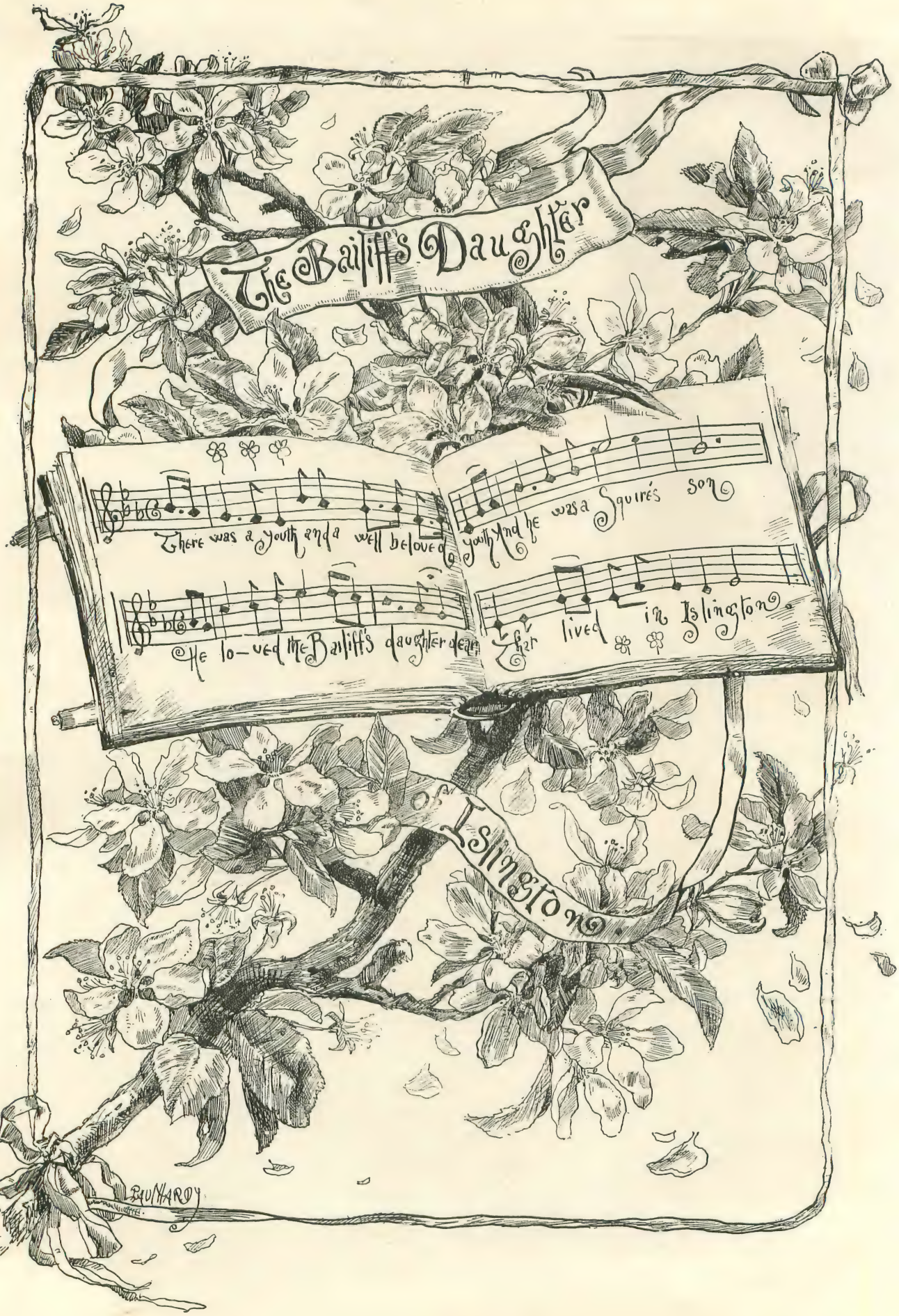
GLADYS.—Cut the ingrowing nail slightly in the shape of a crescent, lower in the centre than at the sides, and scrape it a little in the middle, to thin it, and so dispose the two sides to lift up. Grease it, that it may not become too brittle after the scraping.

TOTTY CROOKES. — Our little six-year-old correspondent should scrape a little French chalk on the wrong side of the silk, and rub it with the end of a finger into the grease spot. We are glad that you love us, and we love well-behaved, good little girls. We think Totty writes very well for her age.

ELLA.—The name Boreas is the poetical name of the north wind, as Auster is that from the south, Zephyr from the west, and Eurus from the east. There are certain winds on the Continent of Europe, known respectively as the Mistral—a strong trying north-easter, prevailing much in the south of France, especially at Marseilles; the Sirocco, blowing from Africa, prevailing in Italy and Sicily, and is exhaustingly hot. The Solano, from which they suffer in Spain; a south-easter, very hot and full of dust. In Africa and Arabia they have the Simoom, of a suffocating heat, the atmosphere assuming a red hue during its prevalence; and the terrible wind called the Harmattan, withering vegetation, making the human skin peel off, and prevailing during the first three months of the year. It blows from the interior of the Continent towards the Atlantic. In Peru the Puna winds blow for four months at a time, and are so dry and parching that the face has to be covered with a mask, on account of the heat by day and intense cold at night. The Pampero blows in summer across the pampas, from the Andes to the sea, a dry north-wester. The Monsoons are West Indian, and the Etesians are East Indian anniversary winds. There are also the Trade winds, which were first discovered by Columbus, blowing at about 30 degrees on each side of the Equator. Some say they are called Trade because thought to be of service to trading vessels; but others say, "Trade" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "Treddle-wind," *i.e.*, one of a specific tread or beat, from tredan, to tread; since they follow a certain beat or tread.

JACK will find full accounts of all the methods of earning a living in the series of articles given two years ago, called "Work for All." There is a children's hospital at Manchester, to which she might apply (to the matron).

ROBERTA.—A year is the usual time for mourning for a parent.


The Bailiff's Daughter
There was a Youth and a well beloved
Youth And he was a Squires son
He lo-ved the Bailiffs daughter dear
Her lived in Islington.
Islington.
BRUNHARDT

The Baiſiff's Daughter of Iſlington.

There was a youth, and a well beloved youth,
And he was a Squires son.

He loved the Bailiff's daughter dear
That lived in Islington.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind —

They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind —

And when he had been seven long years -
And never his love could see -
"Many a tear I have shed for her sake -
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went on to sport and play—
All but the Bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.
She pulled off her gown of green
And put on ragged attire—
And to fair London she would go—
Her true love to enquire.

VOL. IX.—NO. 421.] JANUARY 21, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

And as she went along the high road
The weather being hot and dry—

She sat her down upon a green bank
And her true love came riding by.

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She started up with colour red
Catching his bridle rein,—
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
Will save me from much pain."

"Before I give you one penny—
Pray tell me where you were born"
"At Islington, kind Sir, she said,
Where I have had many a scorn"

"I prithee sweet heart tell to me—
Oh tell me whether you knowe,
The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"
"She is dead sir, long ago—!"—

"If she be dead, then take my horse—
My saddle and bridle also—

For I will into some far country
Where no man shall me knowe"

"O stay, O stay thou goodly youth, She is alive, she is not dead –
She standeth by thy side – And ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy –
Ten thousand times therefore –
For now I have found mine own true love –
Whom I thought I should never see more."

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIX.

JANET AT LAST.

ALL the details of home life at Aspenel Park reached Janet at school, in the shape of a diary written by Edith, who rarely retired to rest without detailing the events of the day. This was despatched once a week, and never failed to arrive on Saturday morning. Janet was less regular, because, she said, she had less of mutual interest to communicate; but really because she had less time at her own disposal, and was more carried away by her surroundings. The account of Mr. Aspenel's losses and crosses were written by Edith for Janet's edification, and though they were slightly modified the day after our winding up in the last chapter, Janet, when she had read her diary, became quite convinced that ruin was staring her in the face. Being a highly impressionable girl, she rushed with her documents to Madame de Belleville, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Edith says Mr. Aspenel is ruined, madame," she cried, throwing her arms round this friend, to whom she was entirely devoted.

"Oh! I am sorry; but that cannot be, assuredly," said madame, patting her on the cheek. "And if it is so, you know you desire nothing better than to work for your own bread."

"But what will Edith and Nurse True do if cast upon the world? and Mrs. Aspenel and Bruce? I cannot work for all."

"I think that you have not need to distress yourself. I daresay your sister, in her fear, has exaggerated matters. *On dit* that your father is immensely rich."

"But if his ships have been wrecked, and his money lost, he must be ruined, as Edith says."

"And even then, my dear Janet, your desires will be gratified. You will have your wish, and work for your living."

It was one thing to imagine a life of labour, and another to face it. Youth is sanguine, and fancies all things; but when the reality arrives, fancy fades. Madame was very fond of Janet, and by opening to her almost maternal arms, received boundless affection in return. Youth is also, or should be, trustful; but Janet had been bred so entirely in the region of uncertainty, that she was doubtful of everything, save of the love of Edith and Nurse True. Her father was always on the eve of ruin, her stepmother ever mistrustful, and her one prevailing idea was to help herself.

She had confided this to madame, and during the two years she had been with her she had worked energetically, particularly at painting. Madame could never understand why she remained with her during the holidays, though Janet failed not to assure her that it was the fault of her stepmother, for whom she had a cordial dislike.

"Has Mr. Aspenel paid you, madame?" asked Janet. "If he has not, you must take me as a pupil-teacher till I am fit for something. I will work for you and monsieur with all my might. Mr. Bellamy thinks I have a talent for painting; Monsieur says my French is nearly perfect; Herr Pauer declares I shall never make anything of German; my music is detestable, and I hate everything ancient; and Miss Lawrence is always complaining of my general acquirements. What can I do, dear madame?"

"In the first place, let me tell you that I have been regularly paid to the last sou. There was, indeed, one penny in the last account, and monsieur your father sent me one stamp for it. We will wait till Christmas, which will soon be here, before we commence the pupil-teacher. Now calm yourself, and we will adjourn to the class-room. What will the young ladies think of your red eyes?"

"What matters, dear madame, if we are ruined? Nobody cares whether poor people have red eyes or not. But while you are rich, it is important to keep your looks. I daresay my nose is also red."

This fortunate change of conversation turned the current of Janet's thoughts. She looked in the glass, and was so horrified at the effect of eyes and nose, that she forgot the impending ruin. She clasped her hands, shrugged her shoulders, and burst out laughing. She was more French than English, to judge from her attitudes; indeed, she loved Paris and the French so dearly that she slightly affected Parisian manners. The language she had quite mastered. Not that she was affected, in the generally received acceptation of the word, but she was imitative, and so full of buoyant life, that the easy brilliancy and lightheartedness of the French pleased her more than the heavy intellect and "insular dulness" of her own countrypeople.

"Chère madame, I must wash my eyes and restore my nose to its natural whiteness, before I present myself to the gaze of the girls," she said, and left her friend as unceremoniously as she met her.

"It cannot be as she says," ejaculated madame; "if so, what will become of her?"

She had no time to answer her own question, but went off to her work, while Janet was in her bedroom vigorously drying her tears, and vainly striving to efface the red.

"It only gets worse and worse," she murmured, rushing from washstand to glass.

"What have you been doing? Oh! what a fright!" exclaimed her friend, Lizzie Hazelmere, entering suddenly. "What is the matter, Janet."

"Mr. Aspenel, I mean my—my—papa, is ruined," she replied, covering her face with her towel.

"It would take a great deal to ruin him, I should think," said Lizzie, philosophically. "Try a little cold cream or pomatum; I wonder what Maximilian or Wilbraham would say to you now?"

At these magnificent names Janet laughed; for the one was M. and Madame De Belleville's only son, the other Lizzie Hazelmere's eldest brother; and their opinion of Janet, expressed in their mother tongues, was that she was *belle et piquante*, "handsome and jolly."

And she certainly was all this, in spite of the roseate glow left by her copious tears; for Janet never did anything by halves. If she laughed, she laughed, so said her mentorias, too immoderately; and if she cried, the tears came in torrents. Happily, she did not cry often, though she had suffered from occasional storms during her school life.

"I shall have to support myself; I always knew I should," she said, despondently.

"But you needn't take all the girls into your confidence," returned Lizzie. "I should be much too proud. Whatever happens, you know I am your friend, and when I leave school at Christmas, you can come and stay with me. But you mustn't think of Wilbraham, for papa says he must have money."

"What do you mean? I never did think of him. He is the stupidest owl I ever saw."

The ringing of the school bell put a stop to this discourse, which would soon have waxed into a dispute, for the friends frequently quarrelled. Both were hottempered, and Janet often longed for Edith's quiet voice to soothe her turbulent spirit. All eyes were turned upon her as she entered the class-room, for, in spite of water and pomatum, her face showed that she had been crying, and the girls wondered "what sort of row Janet had been getting into."

But she soon recovered both her complexion and her equanimity. Her application was such all that morning that she was commended by Miss Lawrence, usually slow to praise, and ever ready, Janet thought, to blame her. But a weight was on her spirits, and her companions failed to rouse her to her usual hilarity. Lizzie's opinion that it was not necessary to make her possible change of circumstances generally known was an incredible restraint, for she was naturally so open that what she knew and did was patent to all. However, when the day girls had separated at two o'clock, and the four boarders went to dinner, she no longer disguised the cause of her tears. Her father had lost a ship worth a hundred thousand pounds, and they might have to leave Aspenel Park,

and go nobody knew where. Edith had emphasised "the obscure lodging," suggested by her father to Mrs. Aspenel.

"You won't miss the Park, Janet," remarked Marcella Walsh, "for you never go near it. For my part, I would rather have a poor home that I lived in, than a rich one that I never saw."

"How rude to say that, Marcella," exclaimed Lizzie, for conversation was not only general but unrestrained at dinner. "I don't believe that Mr. Aspenel will be obliged to give up the Park."

"What does it matter? We shall spend our vacations in Paris all the same," put in monsieur. "My friends, reverses of fortune are salutary. I have seen enough of them, and so has madame. We should not be here with you, or have made the acquaintance of hospitable England, but for the revolutions of our country and our family."

"And I am sure the Somersets have seen enough," said Bella, whose forte was history, and who never tired of poring over the family tree.

"The Hazelmeres have always held their own," said Lizzie, with dignity. "As my father says, an old baronetcy is grander than a new peerage. But if Mr. Aspenel is really ruined, he will not be made a peer, I suppose."

"My children, pray finish your dinner. You generally like my *bœuf à la mode*, that I prepare myself, because no English cook is capable of doing it; but to-day you scarcely eat. Janet, you must not lose your appetite. You generally set an excellent example."

Madame's cuisine was her particular forte, and the girls declared that she was prouder of her *bœuf à la mode*, and *haricots verts*, and omelettes, and other dainties, than she was of their literary attainments. They certainly did credit to her cookery, and were as bright and happy a quartette as school life ever saw.

All that afternoon Janet was pondering over Edith's dolorous diary. Even her painting was irksome to her, and as to the practice, which, at best, she disliked, it became hateful. A walk across the Downs, usually so exhilarating, only depressed her, and her conversation with madame was entirely on the subject of her father's losses. She always walked with madame, and was generally regarded as her daughter. They were known as the handsome French women; for Janet, to the best of her ability, affected the dress, air, and manners of her friend's countrywomen. She had spent three sets of holidays in Paris, one at Hazelmere. She loved the bright gaiety of Monsieur and Madame De Belleville's friends, and the *petits soins* of their only son, Maximilien, who was studying art in the French capital; while she cared little for what she was pleased to call the aristocratic monotony of Hazelmere. She laughed at the little romance woven by her friend Lizzie concerning the future baronet, Wilbraham, and herself; and declared that Maximilien was infinitely more interesting. Girls will weave such romances, and Lizzie was essentially romantic. She was to leave school and be "introduced," as the phrase is, at Christmas, and the two friends had planned that Janet should spend her holidays at Hazelmere. But now this announcement of Edith's upset their arrangements; for neither knew exactly what the ruin of a millionaire meant. Never had hastily-written diary caused more commotion.

"You see, madame," said Janet, "Edith distinctly says ruined; and she entreats me to make the most of my education."

"I will write to Lady Ascham, and inquire what the reports are," said madame, struck suddenly with this happy thought.

"How clever of you, dear madame," exclaimed Janet. "Edith says at the very end of her letter that cousin Gerard has met Lady Ascham, and she has invited him to call on her; Aunt Clarville told Edith, and Gerard must know all about Mr. Aspenel's affairs."

"Mr. Aspenel," as Janet persisted in calling her father, was a sort of myth to the girls and madame, Lizzie alone having learnt, on reliable authority, that he was enormously rich. Madame knew only that her accounts were duly paid to the uttermost farthing, and that she was limited in the pocket-money she was instructed to give her pupil, and restricted as regarded her dress; for the arrangement made by Mr. Aspenel was that she should pay everything and remit the bills to him. No half-year had passed without various questionings respecting certain items in the different accounts, which had given madame so much trouble, that she had more than once been on the eve of sending Janet home; but she was so sincerely attached to the young girl, and herself so dependent on her pupils for support, that she refrained. But she had not an exalted opinion of Mr. Aspenel.

Now she wondered whether his niggardly payments were caused by this impending ruin.

The remainder of that day, and even the following week, was spent in speculations on Janet's future. The day-girls were as much interested as the boarders, and various reports were brought to her from parents and guardians concerning her father's loss. Edith's next diary was more reassuring. In it she said that although her father made the worst of everything, other people only laughed, and that in the village and at The Cottages they called it "a scare." Lady Ascham replied to madame's letter of inquiry, that she had heard nothing about it; but that she was hoping for a visit from young Clarville, and would ask him. Thus matters went on till the approach of Christmas, and Janet was in a fever of anxiety concerning her holidays. The De Bellevilles were not going to Paris, and she could get no answer as to whether she might go to Hazelmere. The effect on her was salutary, for she set to work with a will, and, according to results, made more general progress in two months than she had previously made in two years. On the Saturday before the breaking-up day she received the following letter from Edith:—

"Darling Janet—Oh what joy! You are to come home for the holidays. It is only just settled, and I think it is Mrs. Aspenel's doing. Papa tells me to write to you. I think he is less depressed, and hope he has overrated his losses. Mr. Tom Harton thinks so too. He is a great comfort both to papa and Mrs. Aspenel, but Bruce detests him. Not another word. All the rest *viva voce*. True dying to see you. Bruce in the extremest excitement. My heart seems bursting with gladness—Your loving sister, EDITH."

Janet's excitement was as great as Bruce's, but like him she scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry. Truly glad she was at the prospect of seeing Edith and Nurse True and Fan and all the rest; much enchanted with the idea of meeting her *beau idéal* Tom Harton; but strangely depressed when she thought of her former relations with her father, stepmother, and her torment, Bruce.

(To be continued.)

WHEN GOING TO MARKET.

By MARY POCOCK.

AT THE GROCER'S AND CHEESEMONGER'S.—HOW TO STOCK THE STORE-CUPBOARD, &C.

IN buying at the grocer's, it is generally advisable to select articles of the best quality, and not to purchase in too small quantities, as so often the paper is weighed with the article, and one loses accordingly in weight. Dried fruits, such as figs, currants, and raisins, should only be bought in small quantities in the autumn until the new fruit comes in, when you can lay in a stock for the winter. The best currants are the cheapest. I mistrust very clean, bright-looking currants, as they have often been cleaned (and sometimes even dressed with treacle to improve their look) until they have lost half their flavour, added to which they weigh heavy on account of being damp. If you buy your currants at a really good respectable shop, you will not find them moist, and although they may not look so tempting, they will keep better, and when cleaned at home will be found very good. Valencia raisins are what are used for puddings; muscatel raisins are for dessert; sultanas are the small cooking raisins that do not require to be stoned. Jordan almonds are for dessert; Valencia, broader flatter almonds, are for puddings; bitter almonds are used sparingly for flavouring. Almonds can be bought ground and packed in tins; they are very nice for putting over cakes, and preparing delicate sweets dishes with.

With regard to sugars, the best loaf is what is used for the table; if good it sparkles. If you order preserving sugar you will have loaf sugar sent in large pieces, really slices off the loaf.

Castor sugar is pounded loaf sugar, ready for use; icing sugar is loaf sugar ground much finer than castor sugar; sometimes a little arrowroot is mixed with it; I have bought it so at a confectioner's. Moist, or as it is sometimes called, raw sugar, is the best brown sugar for cooking purposes. Foot sugar is a very brown moist sugar, used sometimes in meat pickle and other things; it does not keep very well. Demerara is a nice-looking brown sugar for the table.

The dark brown treacle is called green treacle; if you require the light coloured, you must order golden syrup.

Tea must be chosen according to the taste of the consumer. I have two or three kinds, and mix them together. I use Souchong principally, but I add a quarter of a pound of orange Pekoe to every three pounds of tea. I find Congou answers best for the kitchen tea. As regards coffee, if you have a mill it is much better to grind it as it is wanted. Cheap coffees are not economical, as more is required to make a good cup; chicory saves coffee; some people mix a quarter of a pound of chicory with one pound of coffee (if you buy chicory, have it in packets, not loose). I prefer the pure coffee, and use equal quantities of Mocha and plantation mixed together.

What is known as French coffee is a mixture in which there is chicory; it is sold at a price at which it would be impossible to sell pure coffee. The choice of cocoa is a matter of taste; the pure cocoas do not thicken in boiling, but those that are manufactured with an admixture of starch do; they are equally wholesome. Cereals keep very well with a little care, that is to say, kept covered and in a dry place; it is well to keep a variety. I have Patna rice for curries; it boils better than any other for that purpose. Carolina is the best for puddings, but it is dearer than other kinds; those who study economy will find Rangoon, which is generally the lowest priced rice, answer very well for ordinary use. Pearl tapioca looks like large sago, only it is whiter; it is very nice for soups. Rio tapioca is that ordinarily used, and is in rough pieces. Large and small sago are the same in taste, but the small takes much less time to cook than the large.

Genoa macaroni is in pieces like braid ornaments. Naples macaroni is in long straight sticks, and is a little cheaper.

Split peas, lentils, and haricot beans should not be bought in too large quantities, as they sometimes get weevils in them. The brownish green lentils are German, the orange-coloured are the Egyptian; the latter, like split peas, are without the outer husks. Mustard, ground pepper, cayenne, and curry powder should all be bought in tins or bottles, not loose, for when bought without tins they have generally lost their strength.

The following articles I always keep in my store cupboard:—

Ground and whole rice, sago and tapioca, macaroni, vermicelli, Italian paste, semolina, corn flour, coarse oatmeal, split peas, lentils, haricot beans, pearl barley, currants and raisins, sultanas, candied peels, Jordan and Valencia almonds, biscuits, tea, coffee and cocoa, sugars, treacle or golden syrup, jam or marmalade, pickles and capers, extract of meat, glaze, gelatine, baking powder, anchovy sauce, mushroom ketchup, celery salt, curry powder, whole and ground black pepper, mustard, salad oil and vinegar, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, ginger, allspice and cloves—all whole, not ground—Vanilla essence or pods, essence of lemon.

In my second store cupboard I keep the following household requisites:—

Blacking, black lead, furniture polish and beeswax, turpentine, brunswick black, plate powder, knife powder, brass polishing paste, rotten stone, bath brick; emery cloth, fine and coarse; soap, ordinary and cold water soap; starch, Scotch soda (common soda), candles and matches, wood and Kentish firelighters, house flannel, linseed meal.

I daresay some will remark the absence of sauces from my list; we never use any. Of course there are many other things that are useful, but I think my cupboards contain all that is really necessary in an ordinary household.

Yellow soap should be bought before it is wanted, and cut into good sized pieces to allow for shrinking as it dries; if not dry enough when used, it melts very quickly in water. The names of special preparations would, I feel, be useful to many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, but I have avoided giving such, fearing I might be invidious.

The Cheesemonger's.—The cheeses most esteemed and oftenest served at good tables at the present time are Stilton, Gorgonzola, and Roquefort. Our consumption not being large, I find it best to buy either of the latter in small quantities, and have it fresh oftener. Roquefort cheeses are the smallest of the three; they are about 4 lbs. each. Gruyère is a strong smelling cheese, much liked by some people, but it is not easy to find a good Gruyère.

For other cheeses I should place Cheshire and Cheddar first; the whole cheeses weigh about 80 lbs. and 70 lbs. respectively; then Cheddar loaf (a smaller cheese of about 14 lbs. weight), double Gloucester, and North Wilts; these are all ordinarily about the same price as good American cheese; the latter can be had coloured or uncoloured—the colour makes no difference to the qualtity. American cheeses weigh about 60 lbs. each. Moderately strong American cheese is, I think, the best to order for the kitchen. If too strong it is not liked, and is probably nearly all wasted, taken on the plates and left.

Dutch cheese is lower in price, but it is not economical; it is often so much milder than English or American that one can eat as much cheese as bread.

It is not advisable to purchase cheese in such large quantities in summer as in winter, for if not always carefully covered over, flies are apt to get to it.

Parmesan cheese is used for cooking; it is also served with soup and other things. It can either be bought by the pound and grated at home as wanted, grated and put in a bottle and well corked, or bought in bottles ready grated; if the air is kept from it, it will keep some time.

York and Forest cream cheese, Brie, Camembert, Gouda, Schabzieger, Neufchatel, and Bondon are all small creamy cheeses that should be eaten fresh. They vary in price from one shilling and twopence to twopence halfpenny each. Some people think some of these better when kept some days. There is a kind of new cheese sold in some places; it is about two inches thick, and I should think as large round as a Cheshire cheese; it is by far the best cheese that can be had for toasting, for Welsh rarebits, etc.

Bacon.—Good bacon has a thin rind; the fat is firm and pinkish, the lean is tender, and should adhere to the bone; if the fat has yellow streaks in it, or if it is at all discoloured, it will have an unpleasant flavour, and should not be bought. The following list, with the illustration, shows how a side of bacon is divided:—

1. The fore hock.
2. The collar.
1 and 2 together, the fore end.
3. The thick streaky.
4. The thin streaky.
5. The flank.
6. The back ribs.
7. The long loin.
3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 are the middle of a side.
8. The three-quarter gammon.
9. The corner of the gammon.
8 and 9 together, the gammon.

Wiltshire bacon is considered the best, and generally fetches the highest price, but Irish bacon is very good, and is very like Wiltshire in flavour. In some counties the pigs are cured differently, and the bacon is unsmoked; it looks more like dried pickled pork than bacon, and is very inferior in flavour. A whole side of bacon weighs about 62 lbs.; the gammon weighs from 14 to 15 lbs.; the thick streaky, back ribs and loin (Nos. 3, 6, and 7) each weigh about 8 lbs.; the thin streaky weighs about 6 lbs. The best parts are the middle of the back, that is the end of No. 6, nearest No. 7, and the middle of the streaky, which is the part of No. 3 next to No. 4; either of these pieces make good rashers; some prefer one piece, some the other. I think the loin and back are better for boiling than the streaky.

A gammon, or a three-quarter gammon, is very good boiled, but if you require a smaller piece and like it fat, have the corner of the gammon (No. 9); it will weigh about 4 lbs., and is a very profitable piece. Slices off the gammon are often cooked as rashers of ham; they are very lean, and weigh rather heavy.

Fore ends and flanks are much cheaper than the other parts of the side. A flank weighs about 4 lbs. It is a good plan to keep a piece in the house; it does as well as the prime cuts for many purposes. Part of the fore end boils very well.

Hams.—Irish and York are both good. Many people prefer the Irish hams. A good ham should be short and plump, and have a good depth of fat on it; try by sticking a skewer right into it; the smell of the skewer when withdrawn will tell you if the ham is sound and good. Hams should not be too new, but they should not be kept long enough for the fat to get discoloured—rusty, it is called. Sometimes just the edge of the fat of a good ham is a little rusty, but that can be trimmed off before it is cooked.

Spanish hams are much liked by some, but they can only be bought at a few places; they make a course at some dinners.

Canadian and sugar-cured hams are ordinarily one-third cheaper than Irish hams. I cannot speak of them from experience, but I have heard them praised. Small hams are usually a penny or a halfpenny a pound more than large ones.

Bath chaps are lower in price than bacon, but they contain a good deal of bone; they are very useful, as they look nice on the table, are not too large for small families, and are always liked.

Lard.—Always buy the best bladder lard; the lard sold in pails and tins has generally a percentage of water with it, so that though apparently cheaper, it is really the same price, and it is anything but nice to fry in, as it splutters so. It is not a good plan to buy very small bladders if you use much, for one nearly always loses on the odd ounces; things come to more by the ounce than the pound, unless the article happens to be exactly eightpence or sixteenpence per pound. This remark applies equally to the purchase of small pieces of bacon.

With regard to eggs, if you inquire you will find as a rule that where eggs are marked from sixteen or even eighteen to ten a shilling, they are all out of the same box, but are sorted according to size, the small eggs at sixteen a shilling being as fresh as the large ones at ten a shilling, in which case you should order some of the small eggs; they are more convenient for so many things for which one requires some egg; for frying a little fish, putting outside a pie, mixing a little stuffing or a few rissoles, a small egg is enough, and does quite as well as a large one.

Breakfast eggs are a different thing; either

new laid, or, if these are too expensive, country, or, as they are sometimes called, breakfast eggs should be bought. Eggs should be kept in an egg-stand or box with wires in it, so that they can be turned every day.

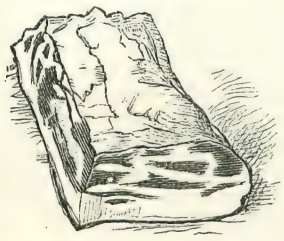
With regard to butter, the trade has rather changed since the time when one ordered the best Aylesbury for eating and Dorset for cooking; now we have so many foreign butters that it is quite bewildering to know which to order. I find the Swedish and Danish the best; they keep very well; they are made entirely by machinery, even the cream being separated by centrifugal separators. The best of these butters are fetching a higher price in the market than any other foreign butter. Normandy and Brittany come next, then Dutch, American, and Jersey.

Brittany butter contains no salt; best quality Swedish a very small quantity, about half per cent.; inferior Danish and Swedish are more salted. Irish and American butters contain the most salt. As regards English butters, Aylesbury is fresh; Devonshire has a little salt and a different flavour to other butter, from the way in which the milk is set to cream. Dorset butter is salt.

English butters are good, but it is said that much more "home made" butter is sold than the country produces, and it is a fact that there is an import of about 150,000 casks of butter yearly from Sweden, which, as it is not sold as Swedish, may appear as "best English fresh!" Butterine is a mixture of butter and margarine; it is, of course, cheaper than pure butter; it is sometimes sold as "cooking butter." I have not tried it.

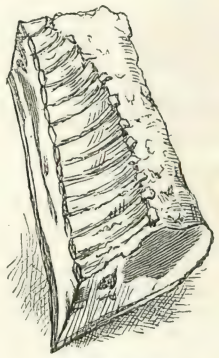
When the weather permits, it is better to order the butter on Saturday that will be required for the week—so much for the dining-room, so much for the kitchen, and so much for cooking. I order the dining-room in quarter-pound pats, the kitchen in half pounds, and the cooking in one lump. Do not order cooking butter with the idea that anything will do; it is better to use a smaller quantity and have it good.

(*To be continued.*)

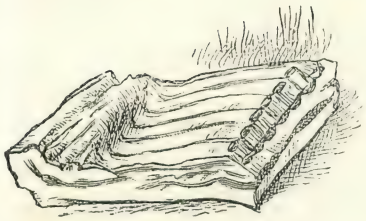


THE COLLAR.

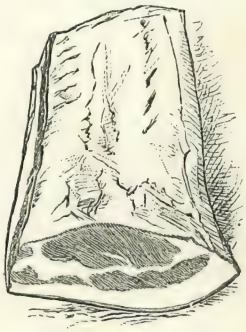
THE FORE HOCK.



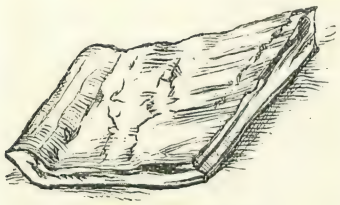
THE BACK RIBS.



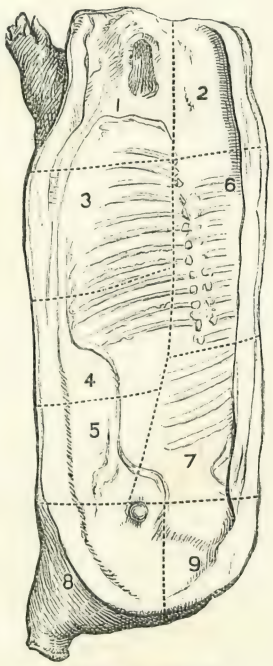
THE THICK STREAKY



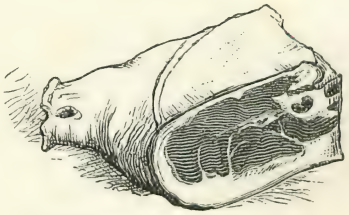
THE LONG LOIN.



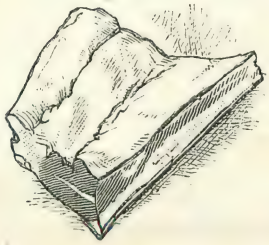
THE THIN STREAKY.



SIDE OF BACON.



THE THREE-QUARTER GAMMON.



THE FLANK.

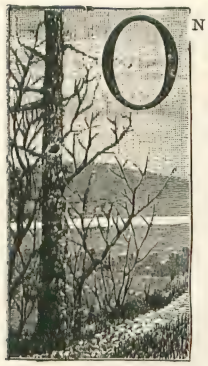
THE CORNER OF A GAMMON.

TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS OF NEW UNKRAUT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER III.

BOTH ARE IN DISGRACE.



ON Sunday, and indeed every time the girls went to church, they wore little babylike caps with a frill or ruche round the face. These were tied with pink ribbons. You could tell by the caps, and the colour of the ribbons, to which state all the women and girls belonged. The children all wore caps like ours, with bright pink ribbons: the Moravian girls not yet full sisters wore bright red ribbons round the chin, tying their "eggshell" caps. It was the Emperor Napoleon the First who gave the caps that name. When he and his army passed through New Unkraut he bade them "leave the eggshells alone."

The unmarried sisters wore a paler shade of pink than the children, the married ones wore pale blue, and the widows pure white. On confirmation day, and on all church festivals, they all wore black gowns and white shawls. The gowns varied in texture from the richest silk down to the plainest stuff, and the shawls, from thin cashmere to beautiful china crêpe. Out in the town their dress did not differ from that of the other townsfolk; but it was generally simpler and plainer.

That first Sunday afternoon was almost the most exciting and mutinous time that Margaret experienced, at any rate in room number three.

Mary Jameson came to drink tea with Olga, who contrived that they should sit as far away from Mademoiselle Paysanne as possible. Margaret, having no one to talk to, and only a German illustrated book to amuse herself with—which, so far as she could understand, was soon exhausted—found great amusement and interest in watching the two friends and the French teacher. The latter must have been more than seventeen, or she would scarcely have been in the position she was. She was young, however, although very able as a lecturer in the classes.

Olga was bent on mischief; perhaps the tea, which she said was a new thing to her, weak as it was, excited her. In spite of her friend Mary's restraining influence she became impertinent; and when Mademoiselle, who was foolish and weak in matters of discipline, and especially where Mary was concerned, tried to separate the two friends, Olga defied her and called her "an old sheep," which was equivalent to the English schoolboy's "jackass."

Then Mademoiselle Paysanne burst into tears, cried that she had been grossly insulted before the girls, and hurried away to the room of the directress. Sister Graustein came back with her, found Olga in a tragic, defiant attitude, and the room in utter confusion. Away Olga was marched, and locked up in a small music room next to Sister Graustein's own parlour; there to stay until she felt completely humbled, and until she declared herself willing to beg mademoiselle's pardon. That she said she would never do.

All the next day we neither saw nor heard anything of Olga, and it was reported that "she refused to eat, was very pale, and had black circles, large ones, round her eyes!"

Margaret was made very miserable by the picture she imagined to herself; and she conceived a rather unreasonable aversion towards the teacher, whom she considered as the cause of this trouble. So she, too, became somewhat mutinous, and the second day of Olga's seclusion being French day again, she was ripe for open revolt.

"It is forbidden to talk during preparation time, Margaret," cried mademoiselle.

"I was not talking, Mademoiselle Paysanne," replied Margaret.

"But I heard you. Do not contradict me, I beg you."

She was really repeating her lesson; but doing it in a loud whisper, and looking towards her neighbour. She knew quite well that her attitude was misleading to the teacher, yet she persisted in it.

Mademoiselle knew also the reason of Margaret's contrariety, and it annoyed and excited her. So rarely had a punishment to be inflicted that she was at a loss how to give one now. Again Margaret's loud whisper directed towards her next neighbour's ear sounded. The room was stiller than usual, as the girls were all on the alert to see what would happen.

"Come here, Margaret, and conjugate the verb *désobéir*, to disobey, in all its moods and tenses," said mademoiselle; "stand in front of me, and speak distinctly."

"Oh, what an odious idea!" muttered Margaret, as she got up slowly; "I would rather be caned like a boy!"

She stood where she was told, and began. But it was too hateful and absurd, she thought, and soon she shut her lips tightly, and would say no more.

It was in vain to command her to "resume." No word could be forced from her.

"Go back to your seat, and write it," the teacher almost cried.

Margaret sat down with a flaming face, and began the task. The constant repetitions of the word in various forms exasperated her. At last she took her pencil desperately, scrawled great circles all over the slate, and threw it down on the table.

Then Margaret, too, was hurried out of the room; but as Sister Graustein was out she was left in a small anteroom for the time.

Presently Herr Inspecktor Geller's light, rapid step sounded along the corridor outside. Margaret did not stop to think; she rushed out of the room; ran after Brother Geller, who had gone upstairs two steps at a time—as was often his way—to Sister Graustein's room, and she met him when, not finding the directress there, he was coming out again quickly. Panting and breathless, she put her hand on the banister to try to collect and steady herself.

"*Aber! aber! liebes Kind* (but! but! my dear child), Margaret!"—he never forgot a girl's or boy's name—"what does this mean?" And the searching, kindly glance of his clear blue eyes fell straight into the troubled ones of the excited girl.

"Mademoiselle Paysanne, Herr Inspecktor! Mademoiselle, she is so—so——" Margaret could find no word to express what the offending teacher was, and there she stuck.

"Come, child," said Brother Geller, putting his hand on her trembling one, "walk down with me, and tell me quietly what this all means."

Margaret told all; and when she had finished she felt it sounded rather ridiculous, like a storm in a wash-hand bowl. Herr Inspecktor saw more than she did in the matter, however. He was troubled about Olga, too, who was rather a favourite with him, and an interesting subject to one who was always a keen observer of human nature.

"You must learn to repress and control yourself better, child, or you will suffer. Go now to that room again," he added, kindly; "I will have a talk with Mademoiselle Paysanne. She means well towards you; and it needs much patience to manage so many of you, especially the new comers. Adieu, *liebes Kind!* Be, wise, and all will go well."

Half an hour later mademoiselle called me out of my confinement. It was time for my singing lesson, so nothing more was said about my misconduct.

What passed between Olga and Herr Inspecktor she told no one, except her great friend, Mary Jameson; only that she had said she would never beg the French teacher's pardon. She never did; but Brother Geller did it in her place. Margaret never forgot the picture the two made as they entered the door of the room.

Olga seemed taller than ever, erect with white, set face; one hand was thrust into the breast of her dress, the other was held firmly by Herr Inspecktor, who was half a head shorter than the girl; yet his fine head and firmly cut features, and his decisive voice and manner showed he was worthy to conquer even her strong, obstinate will, and that he knew how to do it.

"Mademoiselle Paysanne, Olga begs your pardon," he said, leading her up to the teacher's table.

Mademoiselle was so overcome and confused that she stammered out a few inaudible words, and Olga was reinstated in her place at the "preparation" table.

A few days after this our French teacher was removed into an older room, where the girls were supposed to be easier to manage; and a bright, fiery, little woman, whom no one ever ventured to set at defiance, was installed in her place with us. Mademoiselle Cabanis could have quelled the most audacious girl who ever set foot in any school.

One day one of the girls, the sweetest and gentlest in No. 3, was taken ill, and placed in the sick room. The next news that came to her companions was that she was very ill indeed, and that her father had been sent for from England. Everyone loved her; the noisiest feet moved gently along the corridors, and Emma Fisher's name was uttered often through the day in low, hushed tones.

No father's love, nor physician's skill, could heal her. When they saw her next she lay in a simple white robe, with her long black hair smoothed down from her white temples, and covering her shoulders; her hands crossed over her breast; rosebuds scattered all about her in the little house beside the trellised vines that grew behind the church. The band played from the church tower beautiful music, telling of mingled sorrow and hope eternal.

Then they walked—the whole community, brothers, sisters, and children, with the boys and girls from both schools—out to the Gottesacker, the Moravian cemetery. A large square was formed there; and, with blessings and words of faith the dear one was laid in her grave, over which, to the sound of trumpets, a grand hymn was raised, which sounded far out over the plains. The influence of those few days stayed long with all our girls.

CHAPTER IV.

WE have not space to give more of our school life here: but it may interest our readers to know how those years of school life were destined to influence the future of our two girls, Margaret and Olga.

It was near the end of their time at New Unkraut when a little group sat in one of the vine-covered arbours in the school garden, talking—as girls about to leave school, and to see more of the outside world and people, will—of the possibilities which the future might hold for each of them.

"Ah, here come the letters!" cried one.

With the letters came generally any communication or message there might be from Herr Inspecktor.

"Margaret Alison," said the letter-bearer for room No. 1, where she and Olga now were, "you are to go to the hotel to see Mr. Newton."

"Mr. Newton!" repeated Margaret. "There must be some mistake."

"Not at all. I am sure the name was Newton; and the two Holmes boys are to go too. I heard Herr Inspecktor telling somebody so in the hall before he spoke to us."

The Holmes boys were related in some way to the Alisons, and at the desire of the parents they had been allowed to see Margaret occasionally at the Inspecktor's house. Harold Newton had also been educated at New Unkraut, and the day Margaret arrived he had been introduced to her father and herself in the hotel by the Holmes family. He had not forgotten her, and in coming to visit his old school again he thought he would give her a pleasant afternoon, if possible. When Herr Inspecktor was asked years afterwards by those two, in that same hotel, how he came to relax so far as to allow Margaret to go out with the boys and their friend unchaperoned, he said he thought they were all related to each other, and also that Newton had always had a way of getting all he asked for; but that all he expected was that they would take a little walk in the "Gottesacker" (God's acre) or the palace gardens together.

Their idea of a walk was a very different affair. Margaret was told the boys had decided on going to Hammerstein. They would row down the river in a small boat, drink coffee there, and walk back in the cool of the evening.

A few days before she had received from home her first long gown, a lovely green cashmere, which was much admired by all the girls in No. 4. This she had put on. It made her feel very happy when seated in the boat. "How fortunate it was this came just in time for to-day," she thought. It made her feel nearer Harold Newton's age, and less of a schoolgirl. The Holmes boys thought differently. "Margaret isn't half the fun she was," one of them said to the other. So when they had finished their coffee and cakes, they raced off in search of adventures, and Margaret was left to Harold's care; and as the long skirt clung about her ankles and feet when they climbed up the steep rocks, she wished herself in the boat again. It got torn and full of dust, and before the evening was over she wished she had come in one of the old short schoolfrocks. It spoilt her pleasure, that tiresome dress, she told Olga; for she felt as though she would look foolish holding it up, and she knew how vexed Sister Franke would be when she saw the rents and stains in it.

Harold Newton only noted and remembered her face, and the frank, confiding clasp of the girl's hand.

They met again some years later, and they were married, and sailed in rougher waters, and climbed more rugged heights together in three quarters of the globe.

* * * *

A few more years had passed away. Margaret was with Harold once more at the quiet little Moravian hotel in New Unkraut. He had been suffering from a long illness, and could not leave his room. Always patient and genial, he lay there, the centre of a little coffee party of their old teachers and friends. Herr Inspecktor and his wife amongst them, and Sister Nachtigall, who was gay and sprightly as ever, and whose fingers were busy, as usual, with her knitting.

"Have you heard anything of Olga von Fichtenburg?" asked Margaret.

"Certainly we have. She acted as nurse all through the three campaigns of our dreadful war. No smooth, conventional path would suit her feet long. And now we hear from Sister Nachtigall here that she has taken a house in Hanover, and that she has Mary Jameson—you remember her—living with her, and six little children of Mary's, who are to be educated there. She has been a true and constant friend to her old school comrade, it seems."

"I wonder if we shall ever meet again," said Margaret. "It is not likely, I fear."

* * *

"SHE WISHED HERSELF IN THE BOAT AGAIN."

Five more years passed away. Olga lost her fortune through the failure of a bank, and went to the United States, to study medicine there. A life of inactivity or mere domesticity will never be her portion. As well expect birds to creep and mice to fly. Margaret and her husband had sailed again to far away islands in the South Seas, from which one never returned.

A short time ago there was a gathering of old pupils from the schools at New Unkraut. Our schoolfellows were there, looking each to the other as though no quarter of a century had elapsed since they wandered along the banks of the Rhine together, eating grapes and exchanging their girlish experiences. They sang together the songs of their schooldays, and recalled the faces of the teachers they had both loved, and the little adventures and graver experiences of the past. Olga was decorated with medals, which told of services rendered and acknowledged. Margaret had no trophies of that nature, but she had a little picture about her which she showed her friend with a glad, thankful heart. After many voyagings she had come to harbour for a time, and there she had thrown out two anchors, a great and a small.

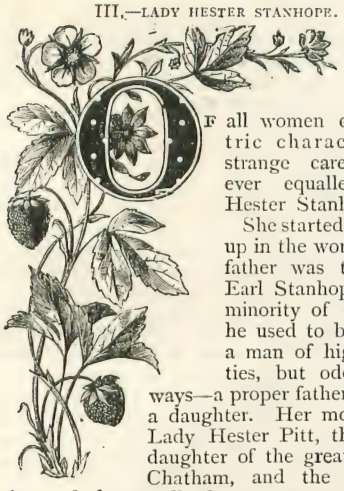
[THE END.]

ODD CHARACTERS.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

By NANETTE MASON.

III.—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.



OF all women of eccentric character and strange career, who ever equalled Lady Hester Stanhope?

She started in life far up in the world. Her father was the third Earl Stanhope, "the minority of one," as he used to be called, a man of high qualities, but odd in his ways—a proper father for such a daughter. Her mother was Lady Hester Pitt, the eldest daughter of the great Earl of Chatham, and the favourite sister of the equally famous statesman, William Pitt. Eccentricity came from the side of the father, and pride from that of the mother. From the mother's side she inherited, too, her personal appearance: every one said she was a feminine edition of Lord Chatham.

She was born on the 12th of March, 1776, and her earliest years were spent at her father's noble mansion of Chevening, in Kent. A more precocious child was never seen, and all her little speeches went to show that she thought herself a wonderful person. This good conceit of herself was not diminished by the prediction of a fortune-teller, who read in the lines of her hand that she was destined to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and become Queen of the Jews!

In her fourth year her mother died, and her father shortly afterwards married a second time. It was not a happy home, and the introduction of a stepmother did not go to improve matters. The father paid little attention to his family, being too much engrossed with scientific theories, mechanical experiments, and studies in music to have time for almost anything else.

Lady Hester grew up a beauty. At twenty, according to her own account, she had a complexion "like alabaster." "My lips," she adds, "were of such a carnation that, without vanity, I can affirm that very few women had the like. Nor were the roses wanting in my cheeks, and to all this was added a permanence in my looks that fatigue of no sort could impair."

When she was twenty-four years old—that is to say in 1800—she could stand her home and her father's excitable and wayward disposition no longer. She took refuge in the house of her grandmother, Lady Chatham, at Burton Pynsent. Here she remained, the wonder of the quiet people of Somersetshire, till the death of Lady Chatham in 1803.

She then took up her abode under the roof of her uncle, William Pitt, and that illustrious statesman being a bachelor, and such a bad manager that the waste that went on in his establishment was something fabulous, Lady Hester was made the head of his household, and remained so till Pitt died early in 1806.

When she joined her uncle he was out of office, and she acted then as his private secretary. On his entering on his second administration, in 1804, she became "the dispenser of much patronage, and sole Secretary of State for the department of Treasury banquets." She helped to welcome the Prime Minister's guests, and sat at the head of his table.

Her stately beauty and brilliant conversational talents attracted much admiration. We have heard what she thought of her own good looks. She had as high an opinion of her conversation. "In my language," she says, "there was something striking and original that caught everybody's attention." A drawback, however, of which she takes no notice, was that she had a sharp tongue, with which she made many enemies. Her cutting observations were often more rude than witty—generally the weak point with cutting observations. She had extraordinary powers, also, as a mimic, and delighted in the dangerous amusement of exhibiting them.

When Pitt died, those on whom she had sat in judgment repaid her mimicry and sarcasms at the first convenient opportunity. She was now of no political consequence, so they cut her. For some time she lived in London; but, finding herself little appreciated, the capital became distasteful, and she retired to South Wales, where she tried to act the philosopher.

One of her peculiar temperament seemed destined for single life; but she did not wholly escape the perils and pains of love. She had met Sir John Moore, at that time known as the most cultivated officer in the army, and friendship with him had ripened into affection. When Moore fell in his victorious fight at Corunna, Lady Hester's name was on his lips in his dying moments. His last words to her brother Charles, who was serving on his staff, and was standing by when he expired, were—"Stanhope, remember me to your sister."

On Moore's death the last tie that bound her to England seemed broken, and she obeyed an impulse which is said to be very commonly felt by proud people when goaded by sorrow—she left England for the East. This was in February, 1810. In beginning her wanderings she had money enough for all reasonable wants, for the nation, as a mark of respect to the memory of her uncle, had conferred on her a pension of £1,200 a year.

She was accompanied on her travels by Dr. Charles Lewis Meryon, a young physician, who afterwards wrote the memoirs of her ladyship. In attendance there was also a Miss Williams, a young woman who had been brought up in Mr. Pitt's family, and lived with Lady Hester as her humble companion.

Constantinople was a halting-place at which she stayed for some time, and as the niece of an illustrious man she was much noticed there, and acquired some influence. She lived in grand style, and was surrounded by all the luxuries common to her rank.

Free from the restraints of English society, the flighty and fanciful character of her mind gradually asserted itself. One day she wanted to visit a Turkish man-of-war, but the captain objected to receiving a woman on board his ship. She overcame his scruples by presenting herself dressed in overalls, a military great-coat, and a cocked hat.

After various wanderings, she made up her mind to settle in Syria. The moment seemed favourable for her creating a sensation there. "The people of that country," says Mr. Kinglake, "excited by the achievements of Sir Sydney Smith, had begun to imagine the possibility of their land being occupied by the English, and many of them looked upon Lady Hester as a princess who came to prepare the way for the expected conquest."

She made her first home in Syria in 1813, in an old monastic house about two miles from the ancient city of Sidon; but this proved much too small for her establishment. In consequence, she removed, in 1818, to the villa of Djoun, eight miles from Sidon. It was a lonely dwelling, hemmed in by arid mountains. Here she assembled round her a household of about thirty persons, principally Arabs and black slaves, and these she ruled with a rod of iron.

Having established herself in Syria, she set to work to acquire influence, and, by taking advantage of the ignorance of those about her, by bribery and audacity, and, it must be acknowledged, by the force also of her commanding character, she came at last to exercise an almost boundless authority over the surrounding districts. "I don't know it from her own lips," says the writer we have just quoted, "or, indeed, from any certain authority; but I have been told that she began her connection with the Bedouins by making a large present in money (£500—immense in piastres) to the sheik whose authority was recognised in the desert between Damascus and Palmyra. The prestige created by the rumours of her high and undefined rank, as well as of her wealth and corresponding mag-

nificence, was well sustained by her imperious character and dauntless bravery. Her influence increased. I never heard anything satisfactory as to the real extent or duration of her sway, but understood that, for a time at least, she certainly exercised something like sovereignty amongst the wandering tribes."

It was an unstable sovereignty, however, as any rule exercised by one of her domineering ways was pretty sure to be. She had an art that seems almost fabulous of acquiring influence over those with whom she came in contact, whether public or private parties; but, unfortunately, she could neither permanently retain it nor turn it to any real good.

Why she strove at all to become a power in the Levant is a curious question. Inordinate pride and arrogance were, no doubt, at the bottom of it. It was easier posing as a queen among the wilds of Lebanon than playing the part of a useful and respected member of society in Old England. At the same time she appears to have had generous impulses and romantic aspirations, which one cannot but respect, however wanting they were in reflection and common sense.

All the customs of the East that took her fancy were adopted by Lady Hester as time went on. Her costume was that of a Turkish gentleman—very becoming, everyone said it was. In her later days it was her pride to go in rags; but the tatters were always accompanied by an extraordinary degree of bodily cleanliness.

She turned her attention to magic and astrology, and, as a means perhaps of keeping her hold over the natives, encouraged the notion that she possessed the power of divination. She firmly believed the second coming of the Messiah to be close at hand; and she spoke at great length of this event to Lamartine, the famous French author, in an interview with him, and also showed him two Arab steeds which no one was allowed to mount, saying that on these animals the Messiah and herself would make an entry into Jerusalem.

In the influence of stars and of the evil eye she believed as firmly as any of the most unenlightened Orientals; and in demonology she placed such faith that she thought the air to be at all times peopled by pure and invisible spirits. Her notion of their nature was an odd mixture of the natural and the spiritual; she considered that people ought to move carefully, shut doors and windows with caution, and handle furniture gently, lest they might chance to injure their delicate frames.

"As to the lady's faith in astrology and magic," say the author of "Eothen," "you are not for a moment to suppose that this implied any aberration of intellect. She believed these things in common with those around her; and it could scarcely be otherwise, for she seldom spoke to anybody except crazy old dervishes, who at once received her alms, and fostered her extravagance; and even when she was brought into contact with a person entertaining different notions, she still remained uncontradicted. . . . In Syria, and Palestine, and Egypt, you might as well dispute the efficacy of grass or grain as of magic. There is no controversy about the matter."

There was nothing of a bookish character about her. At one time she had read a good deal; but in a very desultory fashion. Latterly she never opened a book, except the Bible, a medical work, the *Court Calendar*, and a domestic cookery. She never even glanced at a newspaper. According to her own account she trusted to the stars for her sublime knowledge, and gained most by communing with these heavenly teachers.

Lady Hester had another peculiarity. She cherished an extraordinary antipathy to her own sex. She used to say that among the thousands of women she had been acquainted with there were only three of whom she could speak with unqualified admiration. When Dr. Meryon, who had remained with her till 1817, rejoined her in 1829, he took his wife with him; but her ladyship did not get on at all with the wife (she was a homely person, of little resolution and considerable timidity), and she put such undisguised slights upon her that at the end of a year and a half poor Mrs. Meryon was glad to return to Europe.

She had no servants but peasants, whose ways were anything but civilised. In her house you saw the maid ladling water out of the cistern with the warming-pan, and a black slave putting the teapot on the table, holding it by the spout, and by the spout only. Especially after the death of Lady Hester's companion, Miss Williams, in 1828, when she had to manage them single-handed, both servants and slaves preyed upon her, pilfering whenever they got the chance. They even stole the cushions and cover of her sofa. In her presence they were kept in order by dread of her violent temper; but behind her back rare doings went on, and if suspected of anything, they told lies by the score to protect themselves. She might, it is true, have sent for European servants; but these would not have stood her despotism and outbursts of violence for a day. The natives of the East were better suited to her in that respect.

Her service certainly was no joke. There was no pleasing her, and, consequently, no rest for anybody. She was always wanting something. No one was secure of eating his meals uninterruptedly. Her bell was constantly ringing, and the most trifling order would keep a servant on his legs, sometimes a whole hour, before her, undergoing examination and cross-examination.

No one was even sure of sleep. Even after her ladyship retired at night—it might be long after midnight—she kept up her restless ways, and would ring and ring to call people out of bed for the purpose of questioning them about some order, or, most often, of lecturing them angrily and at great length. As for destroying the comfortable rest of others, she was totally regardless of that.

Tired out with ringing, talking, and scolding, she would at last fall asleep herself. But she did not sleep long—sometimes only for three hours, and never longer than five. Soon after sunrise, ding, ding would go her bell again, her vigorous pulls showing that she had gained from sleep a fresh supply of vigour and activity.

She seldom rose till four or five in the afternoon, the day being spent in writing, talking, and receiving people. Sitting up in bed, her appearance was pretty much the same as if she had been on a sofa, to which her bed bore some resemblance. "She would see," says Dr. Meryon, "one after the other, her steward, her secretary, the cook, the groom, the doctor, the gardener, and, upon some occasions, the whole household. Few escaped without a reproof and a scolding; her impatience and the exactitude she required in the execution of her commands left no one a chance of escape."

No one in her household was allowed to utter a suggestion on the most trivial matter, not even if it were only the driving in of a nail in a bit of wood. They were expected strictly to fulfil their orders, without making remarks of any kind.

One day, for example, her maid entered with a message. "The gardener, my lady, is come to say that the piece of ground in the bottom is weeded and dug, and he says it is only fit for lettuce, beans, or selk (a kind of lettuce), and such vegetables."

"Tell the gardener," she answered, vehemently, "that when I order him to dig he is to dig, and not to give his opinion what the ground is fit for. It may be for his grave that he digs, or it may be for mine. He must know nothing until I send my orders, and so bid him go about his business."

She insisted on her messages being delivered exactly in the words in which they were given. A maid-servant was once told to go to the store-room and ask for some sponges. The girl went and asked for them, adding on her own account that they were wanted to clean the mats. When her ladyship heard of it she broke out in a fury, and caused the girl to be punished by rubbing her nose on a mat, whilst at every rub this wise counsel was impressed on her mind:—"Repeat a message just as you get it."

Her bedroom, in which her domestic interviews for the most part took place, was a strange-looking room to be the principal apartment of the granddaughter of the famous Lord Chatham. The floor was of cement, and on it was an oblong, shabby mat of felt. A dirty red cotton curtain hung across the room to keep off the draught when the door was opened—it hung all awry, for many of the curtain tapes were torn off. There were three windows; but only one was of service for admitting air and light. Of the other two, one was nailed up and the other closed by a bit of felt. In niches in the walls were a few books, bundles tied up in handkerchiefs, writing paper, and plates loaded with scissors, spectacles, sealing-wax, pins, pens, and a dozen other things—all in confusion, and covered with dust and cobwebs. On the ground were strewed small bundles, bits of twine, and pieces of brown paper. The ceiling, having shown signs of wishing to cultivate acquaintance with the floor, was propped up with a rough, unplaned trunk of a poplar tree, cut at the foot of the hill where the house stood.

Her ladyship slept on a mattress laid on planks, upheld by trestles. Within easy reach of her hand was the indispensable bell-rope for summoning the household. It was a knotted hempen cord, strong and stout: it needed to be, for she tugged at it with violence.

In her bedroom she always had a formidable mace, spiked all round the head. She had also a steel battleaxe and a dagger; but the favourite weapon was the mace. When engaged in giving "a bit of her mind" to her men-servants, she would take it up as if she meant business, and on one occasion a powerful Turk, a man about forty, of great muscular strength, and with a remarkable black beard, on her making a gesture as if she would strike him, flew back so suddenly that he knocked down another who was behind him, and fell himself.

A marked characteristic was the necessity she seemed to be under of eternally talking. Speech was as essential to her as breath. Her discourse was highly original, but it must have been a sore infliction. She seemed to forget that listeners to her anecdotes and remarks on human life might possibly require a temporary relief. "It may be alleged," says Dr. Meryon, "that nothing was more easy than to find excuses for breaking up a conversation; but it was not so; for her words ran on in such an uninterrupted stream that she could never seize a moment to make a pause. I have sat more than eight, ten—nay, twelve and thirteen—hours at a time!"

One visitor was kept listening to Lady Hester from three in the afternoon till break of day next morning. Another was treated to a discourse of such length that he fainted away from fatigue and constraint.

Her conversation was generally familiar and colloquial: sometimes sarcastic, sometimes rising to eloquence so noble and dignified that, like an overflowing river, it bore down everything before it. Her illustrations were drawn from all sources, and were always happy. Her reasoning was plain, and her language full of

strength and energy. A spade with her was called a spade, and as for people who differed from her, she always described them in in such polite terms as knaves, rogues, monsters, and jackasses.

"In the latter part of her life, social and unrestrained conversation was out of the question. It was difficult to unbend before her. To spend a couple of hours with her was to go to school. She was unceasingly employed in laying bare the weaknesses of our common nature. Mercy, in the sense of tenderness for people's foibles, she had none."

An interesting account of a visit paid to Lady Hester is given by Mr. Kinglake in his "Eothen." Mr. Kinglake's mother had known her ladyship in early womanhood, during her residence at Burton Pynsent, and it was this fact which led him to pay his respects to her in her home on the slopes of Lebanon.

After reposing for awhile and partaking of some refreshment, his journey having been a fatiguing one, he was ushered into the presence chamber, where Lady Hester was seated on a common European sofa. "She rose from her seat very formally," says Mr. Kinglake, "spoke to me a few words of welcome, pointed to a chair—one placed exactly opposite to her sofa, at a couple of yards' distance—and remained standing up to the full of her majestic height perfectly still and motionless, until I had taken my appointed place. She then resumed her seat—not packing herself up, according to the mode of the Orientals, but allowing her feet to rest on the floor or the footstool. At the moment of seating herself she covered her lap with a mass of loose white drapery. . . . .

"Her face was of the most astonishing whiteness. She wore a very large turban, made seemingly of pale cashmere shawls, and so disposed as to conceal the hair. Her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery on her lap, was a mass of white linen, loosely folded—an ecclesiastical sort of affair, more like a surplice than any of those blessed creations which our souls love under the names of 'dress,' and 'frock,' and 'bodice,' and 'collar,' and 'habit-shirt,' and sweet 'chemisette.'"

Pipes and coffee were supplied to Lady Hester and her visitor by a couple of black slave girls. Her ladyship then addressed to Mr. Kinglake some questions respecting his mother, and particularly as to her marriage; "but," he says, "before I had communicated any great amount of family facts, the spirit of the prophetess kindled within her, and presently (though with all the skill of a woman of the world) she shuffled away the subject of poor, dear Somersetshire, and bounded onward into loftier spheres of thought.

"For hours and hours that wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries; but every now and then she would stay her lofty flight, and swoop down on the world again."

She smoked, and so did her visitor, with little or no intermission till the interview came to an end, and that was not till after midnight. When Mr. Kinglake quitted his seat the lady rose, and stood up in the same formal attitude (almost that of a soldier in a state of attention) which she had assumed on his entrance; at the same time she pushed the loose drapery from her lap, and let it fall down on the floor.

About noon on the following day she sent to say she would be glad to see him again.

"Really," she remarked, when he had taken his seat and his pipe, "we were together for hours last night, and still I have heard nothing at all of my old friends. Now *do* tell me something of your dear mother and sister; I never knew your father—it was after I left Burton Pynsent that your mother married."

"I began," says Mr. Kinglake, "to make slow answer; but my questioner soon went off again to topics more sublime; so that this second interview, though it lasted two or three hours, was all occupied by the same sort of varied discourse as that of the previous day."

He afterwards sat smoking with her till midnight, talking chiefly about magic science, and the next morning he left Djoun.

When Lady Hester first settled in the East she had a sufficient income, as we have already told; but she was not long of falling into embarrassed circumstances. Her quixotic enterprises were expensive; and her openhanded and indiscriminate charity, and her practice of housing and feeding refugees in all political disturbances, would have exhausted a gold mine. Projectors, too—though she prided herself on having a great turn for business—found her an easy prey, and pocketed a good deal of her money. Then she had a large outlay in bricks and mortar, for she built many additions to her house for lodging those whom she expected to fly to her for protection during the revolutions which, by an effort of imagination, she had convinced herself were impending, not only over the country in which she lived, but over the whole world.

To meet her expenses, she took to borrowing, often at a ruinous rate of interest. Then came visits from duns, and all the annoyance and uneasiness that ever accompany living beyond one's means.

He who saw most of her during her Syrian career, and knew best the straits to which she was latterly reduced, was Dr. Meryon. He had left her in 1831, taking back to Europe his wife, whose society, as we have seen, had little suited the humour and tastes of her ladyship. In 1836 she asked him to join her again. This he did in the following year, and he stayed with her twelve months; at the end of which time he was dismissed thus:—"The sooner you take yourself off the better!" They had no quarrel, and the separation was chiefly owing to her increasing financial difficulties.

Some money-lender complained to the British Government that she was in debt to him, whereupon Lord Palmerston, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, thought proper to issue orders to the consuls in the Levant that they should refuse to sign any certificate of her being alive, which ceremony was necessary in order to give her the right to draw her pension quarterly. Lady Hester looked upon this as an insult hardly to be forgiven. She declared it to be her fixed intention to remain immured as in a tomb until reparation had been made by the authorities at home.

When the doctor left her her health was far from good, and during the next twelve months her strength slowly wasted away. She had been favoured with an iron constitution, but it had been subjected to such tear and wear that the wonder is that it lasted so long.

One summer evening—it was in the end of June, 1839—the British Consul at Beyrout and an American missionary rode over the mountains to visit her. They had heard of her being ill, and wished to learn how she was.

When they got to her gate they saw no one about. They dismounted. They entered the house. Still no one.

They went through room after room, passage after passage. There were not only no people, but it struck them there was little or no furniture.

At last they reached Lady Hester's own room. There she lay cold and dead. She had expired that morning.

When she died there were thirty-seven servants in the house, "watching," says the writer of "The Crescent and the Cross," "every motion of her eye; but its spell once darkened by death, everyone fled with such plunder as they could secure." In the death-chamber not a single thing was left except the ornaments on her person, and, but for the influence of superstition, these would have gone like the rest.

A final resting-place for Lady Hester was found in her own garden, in a spot of singular beauty which she often visited when in life. The consul and the missionary buried her there at midnight. Pine torches lit up the scene as they read the solemn service over her inanimate form. The earth was filled in and the sod replaced, and as they walked back to the now tenantless dwelling, the consul observed—

"She said to me once with an air of satisfaction that in misfortune as well as in prosperity she was unlike the rest of the world. The distinction has been kept up to the very end."

LAUGHING EYES.

By SYDNEY GREY.

HERE and there and everywhere we see them as we go,
Now sparkling 'neath a baby brow as pure and white as snow;
Anon from some fair girlish face with merriment aglow.

Cares and years and hidden tears on ours their seal have set,
But these clear windows of the soul look up unshadowed yet;
They do us good, bright laughing eyes, amid life's toil and fret.

Here and there and everywhere! their empire is world wide;
But mightier their witchery when by our own fireside
We meet the happy glance of those who make our joy and pride.

O laughing eyes! O loving eyes!—home's sweetest sunshine in them lies;
They give the wayworn heart new ties to youth and hope—dear laughing eyes.

answered Mr. Fielden with sufficient firmness.

"I thought you understood that, while anxious to recover the diamonds, I am yet more desirous of concealing their loss from my mother," he said. "Even if I were not solicitous on this point I would on no account consent to the step you propose. I would rather never see the jewels again than incur the awful responsibility that would attach to me were I to bring a public accusation against this young girl on mere circumstantial evidence."

"If all thieves were to go scot free until there was proof positive of their guilt, few would meet their deserts, and magistrates and judges would have little to do," replied the lawyer. "I think you are making a great mistake, Mr. Beauchamp; but being pledged to secrecy, I cannot speak or act without your leave. Allow me to say, however, that I think you would sooner forgive yourself for a little rashness in taking prompt measures against this girl than your mother will forgive you for the loss of what she values so highly. She must know some time, I suppose."

Tom did not answer this last remark, but he said, "I cannot imagine that if Miss Martin were guilty, she could go on doing her daily work calmly and patiently as she does. A girl of such a character, and brought up as she has been, would sink under the burden of shame and misery which she would never be able to rid herself of for a moment."

"You've hit it, sir," said Smith, interrupting my husband, whilst his usually immovable countenance was lighted by an expression Tom had not seen there before; but it faded instantly and left the face stolid as usual.

It had, however, a peculiar effect on Tom, and filled him with anxiety to have a quiet talk with Smith, unembarrassed by the lawyer's presence. Fortunately Mr. Fielden was called away to speak for a moment to an important client, who was on his way to the train, and my husband took advantage of the interval to express his wish. He proposed that Smith should come to the hotel, but to this the detective objected.

"No, sir, if you please, that would not do. Longminster isn't big enough to allow of you seeing me in a public place. We should fill everybody's mouth with a tale of robbery and violence, and there would be as many versions as tongues. Now if you would not mind stepping as far as my little place"—Tom assented by a nod, for time was precious—"we could have the whole thing out."

Very rapidly Smith described the position of his home, a cottage rather outside the town, and standing in a bit of garden; also his domestic arrangements, which rendered eaves-dropping impossible. He had just time to say all that was necessary before the lawyer's return.

Mr. Fielden's temper had not been sweetened by the interview just terminated. He had felt angry at my husband before, and came back to the office irritated by the persistency of a second client, who ventured to have an opinion of his own which differed slightly from that of his legal adviser.

For two individuals to express contrary views, and decline to be entirely guided by his decision within the same hour, was enough to irritate any man of law. The second being in haste, said his say and, in a manner, ran away from the consequences of his rashness, so Tom got his own share and that of number two as well.

Being a young man, and one who had been legally nursed by Mr. Fielden, that gentleman usually spoke to him with much plainness. He did so with more on this occasion.

"It is almost a pity you took the trouble to consult me," he said, "seeing that you had already made up your mind to a definite course of inaction, Mr. Beauchamp. If you will consent to no steps for the recovery of the property, I can do nothing. The matter is at an end. We old men are beginning to feel that our occupation is gone, seeing that young ones come professedly to consult us, but really to propound their own views, and to hear us say that nothing could be better."

The speaker began turning over some papers in a testy fashion, as if to intimate that he should be obliged by Tom's departure, but my husband would not part with him thus abruptly.

"On the contrary," he said, "I am very grateful to you, Mr. Fielden, for having kindly given me your attention at a time when you were extremely busy, and for having put the search into such competent hands. Though I do not wish to take the step suggested by you, I trust Mr. Smith will continue his investigations, and in due time lay the result of them before you, that we may again confer together."

Mr. Fielden could not refuse Tom's extended hand, but answered him only by a cold "Good morning," and a formal intimation that he should be ready to give his attention when Mr. Beauchamp wished to make any further suggestion "about the leases."

Tom could not help smiling at these last words, which seemed to say that the speaker had washed his hands of the diamond business once and for all, though he felt sure that when the momentary anger had passed away, he should find his old adviser as willing to serve him as ever.

He subsequently met the detective, and had an undisturbed talk with him, under his own roof. With my husband alone Smith seemed another man.

"I could not have asked for this talk, sir," he said, "though I wanted it badly. We have Scripture for it that 'two are better than one,' and I am sure it is true. But I am also certain that two are better than three, when there is talking to be done. The third person is always a dead weight on the two. He shuts me up and he shuts me down, and I just say what I am bound to tell, and not a word more, specially if he is a lawyer. He is bound, in a way, to go by the strict letter of the law, and when there is a case on like this we have in hand, it is 'cat after mouse,' and no mistake. Now, Mr. Beauchamp, having you to myself, I shall put the detective in that kitchen and lock him in. And the man, James Smith, who professes to have a heart in his bosom and human feelings, will put this case from his point of view. In a business one you know what I have done, *and I hope* you are satisfied that it was the best in my power."

"Thoroughly satisfied, Smith. I am astonished you have obtained so much information, especially that you included a journey to London and back in your programme."

"That was easy, sir. Only a little over an hour's journey each way by express, and I learned a good deal during the time I was there."

"I was surprised at one item of intelligence—namely, that Edward Martin is not actually bought off. Madame Leeson wrote to my wife's aunt as if his discharge was an accomplished fact."

"Just like a Frenchwoman to write that. The girl no doubt told her she was pretty sure of the money, and straight away madame goes and tells everybody that the good-for-nothing is on his way home. The young people in the workroom got hold of the report and chorused it all over Longminster. They are wrong, and I am right. Now, Mr. Beauchamp, I am going to speak very plainly about this business, and I mean to open my mind to you, because I believe we think and feel alike. My heart warmed to you, sir, when the lawyer wanted to get a warrant straight off, and you put your foot down firm against that."

Tom thought that Smith was indeed laying aside the professional part of his character, and he said, "I am glad to find that you are not a man of one idea. We generally picture a detective as an individual whose sole end is to bring a crime home to somebody, and who often makes innocent folk suffer during the process."

"Your picture is not a complete one, sir. We want to catch the real rogues, if we can. But he is not up to much who lays hold of a few wrong ones, before he tracks the right one. We are a good deal hampered by our employers sometimes, even the sharpest of them. They will poke their unprofessional fingers into our pie, instead of letting us make it our own way."

"Like Mr. Fielden, for instance," said Tom.

"Right again, sir. I may say to you that he would have gone on a wrong track."

"I thought so," replied my husband, enthusiastically. "And I do believe that you would rejoice to make Miss Martin's innocence as clear as daylight."

"I hope to do it, sir; at the same time I want to find where the diamonds are gone to, and at this moment I am bound to confess that I have not the faintest trace of them. I have made lots of inquiries, and set machinery in motion of which Mr. Fielden has no idea. Where would be the good of telling either him or you the particulars of work which was entirely fruitless?"

"What is your honest opinion about

the jewellery which Miss Martin offered to Mr. Street?" asked Tom.

"That it was the property either of Mrs. Martin or the young lady herself. She is not the girl who could carry a sense of wrong doing in her mind and yet hold up her head and look the world in the face. She is one of the fine bred sort, that will carry a weight of trouble and work under it, steadily and without flinching; like pure gold, that can be drawn out finer and hammered out thinner than any baser metal; or like silk, a thread of which will bear a far greater strain than a much thicker one of cotton or wool."

Tom was much struck with the detective's similes. It seemed so strange that a man engaged in such an occupation, who was ordinarily so impenetrable and led such a hermit's life, should express himself thus.

What he said in reply I cannot tell, but Smith revealed yet more of his inner nature and his history in a few words. He told of his short married life and the loss of wife and child, then added—

"You, sir, by all accounts are going through the same fire that scorched me. God grant that you may escape unhurt, and in a little while go to Him with a thankful heart to praise Him for the renewed health of your young wife. You may as well go right behind the scenes with me. After mine died I felt quite reckless, almost savage. I did not care what became of me, and I was nearly finishing my life's story in the middle of the second volume, as one may say. It was through Miss Martin's father I was saved from an awful temptation and a deadly sin. Through his kind words my thoughts were turned to the heaven to which God had called my dear lass, and from darkness and despair I was led to penitence, faith, and hope. I work now, and, by God's help, I wait patiently until my task on earth is over and I am summoned to follow my Ellen. And if you believe me, sir, I feel that I could lay down the life which her father saved to ward off harm of any kind from Miss Ellen Martin. I have told you that I am working with two ends in view. One is to trace your property; the other, and not the least interesting to me, is to prove that this young lady had no hand in their disappearance. You trust me, Mr. Beauchamp, to do right by you."

Tom cordially assented, and the detective, with a sigh of regret, said, "How easy the second part would be if only Mr. Street had shown a bit of kindness and patience when the poor girl went to his shop that night. If he had but taken the time to look inside the cases so as to describe the contents, our doubts would have been set at rest without any further trouble."

"True, Smith, and if we all of us listened to conscience and followed its leadings, instead of those of inclination, you would not have nearly so many inquiries to make."

They parted after this, and my husband returned to Castlemount thoroughly dissatisfied with the result of this last journey to the city.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRAIRIE FLOWER.—In some of the lower forms of animal life, especially amongst insects, we observe a far greater power of endurance and greater tenacity of life than amongst the higher and larger types. An injury that would cause speedy or instant death to the latter has no such effect on the former. In the first place, the nervous system is not so delicate and sensitive as in the higher forms, and they do not feel a shock to the whole system, which in itself alone (without the complications of bleeding, inflammation, and blood poisoning, to which we are liable) would not be the result of an injury to a wasp or beetle as to one of us. We have seen a beetle walking about without any inside whatever—a mere shell. Your writing is very good for nine years old.

ONE ANXIOUS FOR A REPLY.—As you have not been introduced, we do not see how you can recognise or speak to him.

KATHLEEN BROWN.—1. It is quite impossible to account for the antipathies and idiosyncrasies which some people experience. There are those who cannot eat strawberries, and others who cannot bear a cat in the room. There does not seem to be any affectation or fancy in the matter. 2. We should think that a constant cold in the head requires a tonic, as the health must be in a low state.

NAMELESS should not eat starch; she will spoil her appetite for her ordinary food, and ruin her digestion as well.

ANTIGUA.—We fear we cannot help you, so far as we know; both are out of print. You might, however, advertise.

AMICUS.—We advise you to keep the 10s. 6d. in your pocket. All such advertisements are only "catch-pennies."

BRIGHTON.—We know nothing of such a report, which we should think is probably a false one. You had better inquire directly at the offices of the society.

MISSIONARY.—The spoken forgiveness of one who has wronged you is consequent on the acknowledgment of his fault, and to be frankly granted on all such occasions. But the inward, unspoken forgiveness of the heart is not to be dependent on such an acknowledgment and apology; it is to be regarded as your duty to your heavenly Father, remembering His Words, "I forgave Thee all that debt." Observe the terrible warning that follows, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." See St. Matt. xxii. from verse 21 to verse 35 inclusive. Pray for a forgiving spirit, and beware of taking any revenge.

ENQUIRER.—The name "Jew," as applied to Israelites, originated on their being natives of Judea. The ten tribes, so long lost, are called "the dispersed"—see St. John vii. 35.

HENGA (Suffolk).—The derivation of *Reredos* is from the French *arrière dos*. The same word is also used for the back of a fireplace, and for the open hearth in the centre of ancient halls.

FLOTOE.—Your friend should have consulted a doctor, or some sensible person, before venturing to give you such very bad advice as "to drink vinegar to make you thin"! Do you never read our Answers to Correspondents? If you did, you would have seen our warnings given to scores of girls who asked the same question. Do you wish to become dropsical, and exchange good flesh for watery puffings and bloating?

DAISY.—Feed the gold fish about twice a week with a little biscuit, and change the water very rarely.

BUTTERCUP and DAISY.—Red is much worn this winter; also brown, and some shades of green.

CINDERELLA.—You will find the advertisements of the firms who have paper mills, and buy paper, in any of the daily papers. But the price is so small it is hardly worth selling at present. Six sixpenny magazines for your girls' club might be the G.O.P., *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, *Argosy*, *English Illustrated*, *Cassell's* or *Cornhill Magazines*. You will have to be guided by the tastes of your members, in some measure.

E. M. GALLEWEY.—The certificate should be by the authority of the vicar of the parish, with the names of two lady examiners, who should sign each one.

DULL GIRL.—We advise you to read our two papers on "The Art of Conversing Agreeably." To keep up a chattering like a magpie, all about nothing worth hearing, and without reference to the sex, age, position, and tastes of the person you address, is only to make yourself a perfect nuisance. So you need not envy those girls who seem wound-up by machinery, and are never tired of talking. Consider to whom you address a remark, and then make one on a subject likely to interest them, and leave them to make another, and listen attentively; asking their opinion about something the next time you speak. Do not try to listen to two people at a time; nor let your eyes wander away from the person with whom you are speaking. Let them feel it worth while to speak.

R. S. V. P.—Much to the disgrace of those (so ill-bred as well as ungrateful) who send "hoax" letters, we do receive some occasionally, and consign them unanswered to the waste-paper basket. But as we are not prepared for direct untruths, we were, very likely, deceived by the girl, who acted deceitfully and received an answer in all good faith from us. No extra charge is made for the pains and the time devoted to our answers; and we expect consideration and honourable conduct from "our girls" in return. The ancient Teutons used to drink hydromel, or honey-wine, during thirty days after marriage; and this is the origin of the term "honeymoon."

LA CANNEBIERE.—Show your white shoes to a dyer, and be guided by his advice. You could not dye them satisfactorily yourself.

ELSA ENGELHARDT.—You ought to show the injured places to a good surgeon. You write well, though the handwriting is too upright. A smaller, rounder hand would be preferable. You need not aspire to the dignity of an "old girl" until you reach fifty.

LADY DOLL.—The quotation "distance lends enchantment to the view," is from Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, line 7. You should show any specimens of your work to publishers of illustrated books and papers, and obtain orders if you can.

A SAD and LONELY ONE.—We have read your letter with much interest and admiration for your sound common sense and pluck. May God bless you in your service. Remember always Who came to be "Servant of all," and you will find comfort and fresh courage.

MYRTLE.—We are sorry for your nose. To wear a cracked chilblain on the end must be trying; but we do not like to prescribe for that member what we should for the hands. Keep yourself warm, and beware of approaching the fire when you come in from walking in the cold air. Perhaps you might effect a cure by holding your nose in a cup of very hot water for five minutes; and then, while smoking, in cold water for a minute, and dry with a soft handkerchief. Apply vaseline afterwards.

HORTON.—Leave nature alone, and do not be so unwise as to employ any method for destroying the down on your lip.

ESPERANCE.—Your sentiments are good, but your verses are a failure.

F. E. YOUNGTON.—We have given a series of articles on "Good Breeding," "Etiquette," and "Duties" in every position and circumstance of life. They also appeared under different titles; such as "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," "Dinners in Society," "Habits of Polite Society," etc. See our indexes, and consult them likewise on the subject of "Chilblains."

HELIOTROPE.—There are a good many Scripture-reading and learning societies. One conducted by the Rev. Ernest Boys, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent, might suit you. The Old Testament is read in the morning, and the New in the evening. It is a prayer union, likewise. Those who desire to become members, must send their full name and address, enclosing a stamp, to the secretary, "Christian Progress Union," 21, Exeter Hall, London, W.C.

WOULD-BE CHRISTIAN.—Do you not know that the doctrine of the Holy "Trinity in Unity" is one of the leading doctrines of Christianity? It is a great mystery, which our finite capacity cannot understand, but which is clearly revealed, and must be humbly received. Whether there will be a visible manifestation of any Divine Person in the Godhead, but that of our Blessed Lord, the second Person in the Trinity, we have yet to learn. The words, "Sitteth on the right hand of God" (Col. iii. 1) are used figuratively. The right hand is the place of honour to which the Manhood of the Redeemer is exalted, through His Godhead. We are told elsewhere that "the appearance as of a Man" was seen "upon the Throne."

SAPOLI.—"La Gitano" means "the gipsy" in Spanish, and the "G" is pronounced as an "H," that is, aspirated as "Hitana."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 422. JANUARY 28, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE STORY OF A SORROW.

"SEE here, Gerald," cried Madeline Taunton one day, "you have your wish at last, and next week you well hear me sing in oratorio at the Grand Concert Hall. Are you not glad, for my sake?"

"Why, of course," he answered, as he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. "I am glad for my own sake as well as yours; for I know that I have every reason to be proud of you. Only my love must not become too proud for me."

"Remember always," she said, gravely, "that I think nothing of my success as a singer, compared with my happiness in having the love of a brave, loyal heart like yours. You believe me?"

He looked into her dark eyes, and read truth there.

"To talk of frivolities," she said, merrily, "I have ordered a wonderful cream satin dress for this grand occasion, and it will have to do for my wedding robe, provided that you won't be jealous of the oratorio."

"If you are successful in this gorgeous garment," he replied, laughing, "I shall not mind you wearing it on our wedding-day; but if you are unsuccessful, I myself will burn it in the fire."

"How dare you even think of failure!" she cried. "If I were a dictionary-maker I should abolish that word."

"I think you are better as a singer," he said, smiling. "You don't look learned enough for an old philological fossil."

And, indeed, she was something grander and more sympathetic than an old philological fossil. She was a singer of some renown, with a rich contralto voice; and being enthusiastic for music—which an American poet calls "one of God's great charities"—she had worked her way steadily up the ladder of success, and now saw a fair prospect of fame and fortune smiling before her, even as a lovely landscape.

"Who can be happier than I am?" she cried. "My life is all aglow with love and art."

It was the afternoon of the oratorio concert. Gerald had promised to come and take her to the hall, so that he might give her a few last words of encouragement before she went on to the platform. Towards the evening he sent some beautiful flowers for her to wear. She dressed herself in the new gown, smiling to think of the next time when she would wear it—a few weeks thence; and she arranged the flowers amongst her lace, and fastened

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"COAXING HER TO TALK WITH ME."

Gerald's last gift to her—a diamond-set bracelet—around her left wrist, and then sat waiting for him.

The carriage was already at the door; but he did not come.

"It is not like him to be late," she said, anxiously.

The clock struck a quarter-past seven, and still he did not come, and at last she rose to go.

"I can't wait any longer now," she said, impatiently. "He might have tried to be in good time on such an evening."

"Don't chide him even in your thoughts," said her gentle mother. "Gerald would have come if he could. Be sure of that."

And just as they were stepping into the carriage, a hansom drove up; and Madeline cried—

"Here he is: I am glad!"

The hansom stopped. The driver called out—

"Is this the house, sir?"

There was no answer, and no one got out from the hansom.

"The gentleman is asleep," said the driver, cheerily, as he scrambled down from his seat. "That's the second sleepy fare I've had to-day."

Then suddenly he gave a start back.

"He's ill!" he cried; "the man's dead—dead!"

And Madeline Taunton heard his words! She sprang forward, and herself helped to bear her lover into the house; and called him by his name, and hung about his neck, and kissed his hands, which were still warm and lifelike. But he could not heed her, for the heart which had beaten so lovingly and faithfully for his heart's queen was still for evermore. There was a smile on his face. Maybe he had passed into shadowland when he was thinking of his love, and the thought had given birth to the smile. Who can tell?

But she sang at the concert that night. She sang magnificently, and the audience cried her name with enthusiasm, and thundered out their deafening applause.

She did not hear it, or, hearing, did not heed it; for her poor mind was well-nigh distracted, and no one knew how she got through the evening. But on the morrow she was a wreck of her former bright self. She seemed to have lost her memory. Time stood still for her. Every day was that oratorio day for her; every day she dressed herself towards evening in the gown she had worn at the concert, and fastened those faded flowers to her lace; and waited for Gerald to fetch her to the hall.

But he was lying in the silent grave, that bright smile still on his countenance, fixed in death.

And the summer was fast passing away. Already the trees were beginning to put on their autumn garments, and the birds were chattering of their autumn flight to distant lands; but Time, so potent to heal and comfort, brought no comfort to Madeline Taunton, and we, who loved her, grieved to see her wasting away, fading even as those autumn leaves, which fell from the trees and were trodden beneath our feet. Every day the stare in her dark eyes became more vacant, and her manner more listless; she sat for hours doing nothing, apparently seeing and hearing nothing, and all the loving efforts made to rouse her were of no avail.

Even music, which she loved, was powerless to help her, and she had never sung one single note since that terrible night of the oratorio.

"Come to our home," I said to her one day; "you love the country, and just now it looks at its very best; and I will tend you so lovingly, dear Madeline, and mother will welcome you as she has always done, and little Denzil's joy will know no bounds when he sees you again. Do you remember how you used to play with him in the daytime, and sing him to sleep at bedtime? Denzil was an attentive audience, wasn't he?"

She smiled for the moment, and could not resist my pleading; and although I felt sure we should have a sad time with her, I had determined to try and win her back to herself, knowing that strangers could often succeed where one's own home people, with all their love and care, have failed utterly.

So she came, a shadow of herself; and for a few days she seemed much brighter, and took special notice of fair-haired Denzil, my little brother, listening to his prattle, and sometimes even playing with him; but when he whispered—"Sing to me, as you used to do!" then a troubled expression came over her face, and she put the child away roughly from her.

She loved best to sit in our balcony, which overlooked the garden and orchard beyond; and there, amongst sweet perfumed flowers and plants, she spent the long hours of the afternoon, and I bent over her, coaxing her to talk with me, sometimes winning a smile and an answer from her, although more often than not my words fell upon listless ears.

One afternoon she came down dressed in the cream-coloured satin, which I began to hope she had forgotten, for she had not worn it once since her arrival at our house. Her shawl was thrown around her, as though she were going to a concert, and some faded flowers were fastened to her lace, and her manner was very confused and strange.

"He will be sure to come to-night," she said, wearily. "This is to be a great evening for me, Dora, and I intend to make a grand success. I will wait quietly for him here."

"Oh, Madeline!" I cried in my thoughtlessness, "don't you understand that Gerald can never come to you? Dear Madeline, think, think!"

"He has never broken his word," she answered. "I can wait alone, if you are tired. I am never weary of waiting."

I turned from her with a sigh, knowing that I could do or say nothing to rouse her from this mood, when all at once, as though sent by heaven, little Denzil broke in upon us, his clear laughter sounding like sweet and welcome music amidst much tribulation.

"Madeline! Dora!" he cried, "I've had such a jolly ride on the new pony; but, oh! I'm so tired!"

He knelt down by Madeline, and took her long, thin hands, and put them around his neck.

"You never speak to me now," he said, sadly. "You don't love me any more, and you never sing to me, like you used to do. Have I been unkind to you?"

For answer she caressed his golden curls and smiled gently at him.

"What funny dead flowers you've got on!" he said, suddenly catching sight of the poor flowers pinned to her lace. "Why don't you wear something sweet and fresh? I will pin a rose to your lace. May I?"

He was so anxious to please her, as he thought—so gentle and loving to her—that the tears came into my eyes when she thrust him unkindly from her, and I drew him to me, and whispered—

"Go and play in the garden, little man. Madeline is not well."

"She is not well, and not kind," he said, sadly, and the tears trickled down his cheeks; and then he ran off, and I saw him walk quietly down the garden, and I wondered whether Madeline knew she had been unkind to him.

Yes, I could see that she was sorry.

We sat quietly, and watched him play and run about with his hoop for a few minutes. Then he wearied of this, and began to climb an old oak-tree, easy and safe of ascent, though we had often forbidden him to attempt it.

"Come down, Denzil!" I cried, anxiously; and Madeline gave a restless movement, as though she, too, were disturbed at seeing the young squirrel mount so fearlessly.

But even as I spoke, and sprang from my seat to run out into the garden, we heard a terrible cry, and saw something fall to the ground. For one second I covered my eyes, fearing to look up, and then I rushed down the steps leading to the garden.

But Madeline had already reached the spot, and was lifting golden-haired Denzil in her arms, tender and loving as any mother.

"Madeline," I cried, "tell me that he lives!"

"Yes," she answered, thank God! "he lives. He fell on his side. I saw it all. And I had been unkind to him!"

Ah! when I think of it, I wonder what we should have done without Madeline. In a house full of confusion and sorrowing, she alone kept calm and collected—even she who but a few hours since had needed all our loving help and care.

"Do this," she said to one. "Do this," she said to another. And we all obeyed her, feeling that she was the one to look to for comfort and assistance in our hour of need. And all through those long days of illness and suffering she tended Denzil; and he loved to have her near him, and was happiest when he held her hand, as though its mere touch soothed his pain. And when we wept to think that he might have to lie there, a helpless and suffering little cripple, it was Madeline who whispered words of comfort and hope—even that poor hopeless and stricken Madeline of a few weeks past.

Not hopeless nor stricken now; for every day, as Denzil grew stronger, her face became brighter and her step lighter. She seemed to have forgotten herself in her anxiety for those she loved.

One afternoon in the twilight, when she and I were watching by the little sufferer's couch, he whispered—

"Sing to me as you used to do. Sing away my pain."

And just for one moment a troubled look came over her dear face, and I could see that she was struggling with herself.

"Yes, child, I will sing to you," she said, gently. And she sang some sweet, soft songs to lull him to rest.

And then the spell which bound her beautiful voice was broken at last, and never a day passed but we heard its rich, soft, melancholy tones, full of tenderness and pathos.

"Gerald will be glad that I am singing again," she said, sadly. "I think he can hear me, even in that distant land, and I thank God that I can speak to him, though I may not see him."

This was all she said; but it was the first time she had spoken of Gerald as though he were beyond her reach, and we knew and felt that her heart had realised its own sorrow, and that she was her own brave self again, strong to suffer and endure—strong to help and comfort others. It seemed just as if her whole being had sprung to life again, beautiful and gracious and noble, and had found its strength and its joy in doing gentle deeds of love.

God has been merciful to her, and to us too; for our Denzil is no helpless, suffering little cripple, but a bright, merry, robust boy, full of health and vigour; and, if you doubt me, come to our home, and see him run eagerly down the carriage-drive, to be the first to give Madeline a greeting.

"Hurrah!" he cries. "Here she is."

And the dog, racing by his side, barks his hearty welcome too. And then they come home together, Madeline, Denzil, and Lion—a merry trio.

THE GIRLS' OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

TO WHOM ARE WE TO AWARD THE FIRST MEDAL?

THE proposal for founding a GIRLS' OWN ORDER OF MERIT has been received by our readers with an unusual amount of interest. Many kind things, as we mentioned three weeks ago, have been written to us about it, and many subscriptions have now been received.

The Editor has been specially gratified at finding that such a large number of girls have entered with intelligence and enthusiasm into his views as to the usefulness of such an undertaking. Not a few have been influenced by the fact that the medals will please and encourage those who receive them, and may come in time to be looked upon as welcome rewards by all who follow the path of duty. But perhaps the larger number have spoken of the probable favourable effect on themselves, seeing clearly enough that "taking note of noble deeds and well spent lives will assist in perfecting their own being."

A sufficient foundation having been laid, the question comes now to be asked, with what name are we to begin our new enterprise? Who is to receive the first medal and stand at the head of our roll of honour, which we hope will come, in the natural order of things, to include all the good and illustrious women of our time?

This question will, invariably, be left to you, girls, yourselves to answer, the awarding of the medals being your own special affair. We have already said that we wish to keep clear of in any way influencing voters, and rather to encourage you to make up your minds for yourselves and be strong in the exercise of private judgment.

But we must take it for granted that every one of our readers will agree with us that the first name in the roll of the GIRLS' OWN ORDER OF MERIT should be that of the first lady in the land. The first medal might be given with special appropriateness to

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

It should be given to the best, and, in the case of Her Majesty, the best and the most distinguished seem happily to meet.

In laying our first medal at the feet of the Queen it would not be a mere matter of form; it would be an act of homage based on reflection, and an evidence of admiration and love as well as of loyalty.

In thinking the matter out for themselves, girls will find that, though in the offering of our medal a new deed may be done, nothing new on the subject of Her Majesty is left to be said. The character of our Queen has been judged throughout a long reign of over fifty years, and its many praiseworthy features have recently had additional attention directed to them, during the complete and beautiful triumph of her Jubilee.

The motto, "Well Done!" is inscribed on the medal of the GIRLS' OWN ORDER OF MERIT, and this motto we may repeat with emphasis in the case of Her Majesty.

She has *done well* as a ruler. The great object of a queen's life must ever be her people's welfare, and this she has always and often laboriously striven after. She has had power, and—what is not a common thing—used it judiciously and to the advantage of all her subjects. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that no previous monarch of this country can compare with Her Majesty as a pattern of prudence, and an example of public usefulness and devotion to duty.

But it is not only in affairs of state that the Queen has distinguished herself. She has set an example in all private virtues, and in this way has given an impulse to much that is best in our time. Her influence has been far reaching in promoting purity of life, and also in furthering genuine and undemonstrative piety, and she has given perhaps the most striking example the world has ever seen of the truth of the saying, that to have a good queen there must be a good woman to begin with.

It is not so much by doing well as a ruler that the Queen has secured the affections of her people; we love her most because she has *done well* as a wife; *done well* as a mother; *done well* as the mistress of a household. These features even more than her royal excellences have secured to her the devotion of all who can appreciate a noble life.

These are the grounds then on which we suggest that the first medal of the GIRLS' OWN ORDER OF MERIT should be awarded to Her Majesty, and the more girls discuss the matter with themselves, the more we believe will they see that in no other way could we make a wiser commencement to our scheme than by doing honour to one who is not only highest in place, but who has *done so well* in all her actions.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

F. PITMAN.

Volume I. of *The Violin Soloist* is a marvellous shillingsworth, containing, as it does, over a hundred selected solos beautifully phrased and fingered.

Pitman's Musical Monthly. The volume for this year (No. 4) is, in quantity and variety, quite equal to its predecessors. We cannot find the portraits of musical artistes advertised on the cover of contents.

PURCELL AND CO.

The Babe in Bethlehem. A carol. Composed by Edwin Bending.—This is a curious combination of old and new, both in the printing and the material. To use the diamond and old block-notes for modern harmonies, even for dominant sevenths, seems an anachronism.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Prince Bismarck. March for the piano.—Is full of dignity and diatonic power, as anything bold enough to bear the German Chancellor's name should be.

"*Oh, Heart of Mine.*" Song. By Howard Talbot.—A graceful, poetical setting of sad, broken-hearted words.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Come to Me Again. Music by Oliver King.—A good musicianly song, in a compass suited to mezzo-soprano or light contralto voices.

To the Storm-wind. A simple bass song, in which a chance for effect seems to us to have been lost. The accents are not always suitable to the English words; *e.g.*, the second bar of the voice part.

The Wish of My Heart. Song. By Frederic E. Weatherly, to music by Frank L. Moir.—Another broken-hearted affair, with an offer of very poor consolation in it. But both composer and author are well represented in this song. It is published in three keys.

It was Nothing but a Rose. Romance. By Mary Travers.—We have had occasion before this to recommend this clever lady's writing, and the song before us adds considerably to her reputation as a song composer. It is full of graceful and eminently vocal passages.

Festival March, for the piano, by the same composer, has been played by our best military bands. It is superior to the majority of these marches, and bears a solemn and dignified character.

Berceuse, for piano, by L. Schytte.—A charming cradle song, to which an extra attraction is added, for its having been played by the wonderful boy-pianist Josef Hofmann.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Light. ("I arise to seek the light.") By Sir George A. Macfarren.—We know of nothing more touching and full of earnest feeling than this song, by the lamented professor and theorist, who has so recently been removed from us to find that light which he yearned so deeply and followed after so diligently in his lifetime.

To Laura. Song. By Claude Barton, to the quaint words of Passmore.—For baritones who know how to sing and appreciate good music, no better gift than this could be suggested.

FLORENCE,
FROM BELLOSGUARDO.

THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

THERE are such numbers of interesting cities in Italy, all of which we are told it is our duty to see. The capital towns of the old States are all different from one another; all have individual characteristics, and, to a certain extent, a separate art history. It is an unpardonable offence to pass one by. Our artistic friends advise us to commence at the most northern point of the Peninsula, and gradually work our way down south. They hold up their hands in horror at the idea of our leaving out Brescia, Vicenza, Cremona, Mantua, &c., from our North Italian tour, and they are equally indignant that Parma, Modena, Pistoia, and a host of others are to be passed by in our second visit. According to these enthusiasts, every city is the most interesting in Italy. If you pass by one place you will miss the finest Renaissance work in the whole Peninsula; if you don't go to a second, you will not see some masterpieces of a great artist; a third city that is not on your list contains a church or a palace unequalled in Europe, and so on. This is very perplexing, for without we have unlimited time and money at our disposal, it would take many years to see all that *must* be seen in Italy.

It is, however, recognized by the vast majority of people that there are four cities which stand like giants above the rest; unequalled in Italy for their historical interest, artistic importance, and general magnificence. These, I need hardly say, are Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples. My friend and I attempted in a former series of papers to give the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER our impression of the singular city on the Adriatic. Venice is the most unique place in Europe, and perhaps the most romantic. Its site, its buildings, its history are quite unlike those of any other city. It may be said that Florence cannot show so great an individuality, or so much that is curious, or so much that is romantic. But Florence contains an amount of art treasure unequalled by any city, with the possible exception of Rome. Its churches, campanili, palaces, picture galleries, streets, and bridges are interesting beyond measure, and the delightful situation of the city, surrounded by lofty hills, some surmounted by the remains of ancient towns, is beautiful in the extreme. Well is it surnamed "la bella."

Moreover, Florence is comparatively little altered, and every street brings recollections of great painters, great sculptors, great writers, men whose influence was felt not only in Italy, but over the greater portion of Europe. The city has given to the world some of the greatest minds that God has ever made. It has been the birthplace, or workshop, or both, of painters never equalled, of sculptors and architects not surpassed in modern times, of men whose writings have undying fame, of scientific men, of politicians, of philosophers without number.

Utterly insignificant in classic times, Florence was later in its development than most of the Italian cities. Under the rule of the Medici, in the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth centuries, Florence was the heart of intellectual Italy. It was the focus of talent and pioneer of refined civilisation. The Eternal City itself was almost insignificant in comparison. Here lived the immortal Dante, Boccaccio, and others, whose influence in literature was so great that Florence may almost be said to have been the founder of the modern Italian language.

It was Florence that commenced what is called the great art revival of the fourteenth century. Cimabue and Giotto, both Florentines, introduced an altogether new era in art, and founded a school of painting, which was to become not only greater than any that had preceded it, but unapproachable to this day; a model to all countries and to all times. The development of the school was, of course, not confined to Florence, but for a century and a half it produced the greatest masters, and exercised a paramount influence over the other cities of Italy.

In the golden age of painting, which may be said to have been between the years 1480 and 1550 A.D., when the art arrived at a state as nearly perfect as the human mind is capable of, Florence still produced a large share of the greatest men. The three kings of painting, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, were all at one time engaged in Florence, and though some of Michael Angelo's and Raphael's greatest works are to be found in Rome, a large portion of their art education is connected with the city on the Arno. And in the sister art of sculpture, the Florentines Della Robbia, the Ghiberti, Donatello, Michael Angelo, and others, have only been surpassed by the immortal geniuses of ancient Greece. And at Florence lived Galileo, the great astronomer,

and Machiavelli, and he who has given his name to a vast new world, Amerigo Vespucci, and others whose fame is now as great as it was in the past, and will always be as great until the end of time.

Add to this that the Florence of to-day is, except for the removal of its grand old walls, much the same as it was during the rule of the Medici. Walk through the narrow lofty streets, enter the huge and icy churches, wander along the Lung' Arno, ascend the hill to the church of S. Miniato, where a matchless panorama of glorious buildings is enfolded beneath you, and you will realise that a gem of mediæval times has been handed down to us unspoiled and but little altered; not a ghostly inanimate corpse like Pisa, not a poverty-stricken and fever-beladen ruin like Orvieto, but a bright city, sadly fallen, undoubtedly, from its former magnificence, yet by no means without vitality and signs of future prosperity.

To approach such a city as this without enthusiasm would be impossible, and our anxiety to reach Florence would, I think, be shared by the majority of people who are so fortunate as to visit the Sunny South. Arrived at the station, we drove to one of the large hotels in the Piazza della Trinita, situated near the Arno, in a convenient and central position. Unfortunately all things on this earth of ours have their disadvantages, and Florence, which has been so well provided for, both nature and art having bestowed upon it their choicest treasures, is cursed in winter and early spring, at all events, with a perfect fiend in the shape of an icy and penetrating wind. It rushes from the surrounding mountains down into the narrow streets, and seems to freeze the very marrow in one's bones. It took all the romance out of us, and only left a longing for the creature comforts of boiling coffee and a blazing fire. Our landlord, however, quickly supplied our wants, a log fire was lighted in our bedroom, and having partaken of some deliciously warm coffee, we began to arrange our programme for the day.

Where there is so much to see, it is difficult to know what to visit first. Many people make it a rule, when in a strange city, to visit the Cathedral first. There is always something interesting about the chief church, and it is often, especially in Italy, surrounded by other important buildings. The Cathedral at Florence, Giotto's incomparable campanile, and the magnificent Baptistery, may be said to be the most attractive group in the city, and we decided that it would be a good plan to direct our steps to it.

My friend would not take Bædeker, as the red cover attracts the curiosity of people and the importunities of touts. A few steps brought us to the river, and turning to the left we continued our walk along the Lung' Arno. We soon came in sight of the Ponte Vecchio, one of the most interesting bridges in all Italy. The lower portion of this bridge, consisting of three arches, is very solid; and well it is, for it has to support a street of shops and houses, the whole surmounted by a long roofed gallery, with windows at regular intervals. Such a curious old-world bridge! it looks like a design made from a mediæval chronicle. What funny old houses, looking as if they would fall into the water! and so irregular that they seem to have been built in order to look picturesque. Then the perfectly straight gallery above looks as if it would swamp the tumble-down old houses, like an extinguisher.

A little beyond the Ponte Vecchio we turned to the left, and soon found ourselves in a large Piazza, shut in by buildings of singular interest. We had taken the wrong direction to get to the Cathedral, and had arrived at the famous Piazza della Signoria, the centre of activity in Florence—almost to that city what the Piazza of St. Mark is to Venice. The huge embattled building, with its mast-like bell-tower, we recognized as the Palazzo Vecchio, the work of the great architect, Arnolfo di Lapo. Near to it, and approached by three vast circular arches resting on Corinthian pillars, is a great open hall, with a vaulted roof. This is the equally famous Loggia di Lanzi. Underneath the arches, and in the hall, are groups of sculpture—master-works by Donatello, Benvenuto Cellini, Giovanni da Bologna, and others. The Loggia is said to have been designed by Orcagna, who, my readers may remember, was the painter of "The Triumph of Death" and "The Last Judgment," in the Campo Santo, at Pisa.

My readers must realize that the Loggia is like a portico closed in on two sides, but open from the front. It is a beautiful structure, and its interest is of course greatly enhanced by the magnificent works of sculpture between the arches. These Loggias, which are generally attached to a palace or a public building, were erected in order that the inmates, or important men, might witness the gatherings in the Piazza without mixing with the crowd, and also no doubt that they might have the advantage of the fresh air, and yet be protected from sun and rain.

I have said that the massive Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia di Lanzi help to form the Piazza della Signoria, and other interesting palaces are collected round the square. This Piazza is now, and has been for ages, the focus of life in Florence, the spot where the people have congregated to air their grievances or to force their opinions on their rulers, the scene of many a fight, and the meeting place of politicians, of philosophers, of artists, and of warriors. Here must have taken place numberless scuffles between the adherents of the Guelphs and of the Ghibellines. Here may have been collected together in artistic conference, Brunelleschi the architect, Ghiberti and Donatello the sculptors, and Masaccio and Filippo Lippi the painters. Here Lorenzo the Magnificent must have held many princely pageants. Many a time has this pavement been trodden by that superb triumvirate Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. But above all the Piazza is the scene of Savonarola's mighty oratory, of his extraordinary triumphs, and of his tragic end.

No one can visit the Piazza della Signoria without recalling the great preacher and his chequered career. Commencing his mission about the year 1490 A.D., Savonarola endeavoured to stir up among the Florentines a deeper religious feeling, and to protest against the luxury and frivolity of the times. He was triumphant for a time; so much so, that in the year 1495 he was made practically a dictator, the son of Lorenzo de Medici having been exiled in the previous year. The Florentines became extraordinarily religious, and the Piazza della Signoria was the scene of those singular ceremonies, the like of which had scarcely been seen since the days of the apostles. In the presence of vast crowds and of the leading men of the city, all emblems of vanity, such as costly dresses, false hair, mirrors, and even works of art, were brought to the Piazza and burnt, as a practical proof of sincere repentance.

Unfortunately, such sudden reforms and such religious fervour are but too often short-lived, and the old spirit of the Florentines soon began to revolt against Savonarola and his teaching. Assailed from without and within, the great preacher quickly lost both power and popularity. The Convent of St. Mark was no sanctuary for him; he was dragged from thence to the Palazzo Vecchio to be tortured. Finally he was led out with his companion to his death, which took place in the self-same Piazza which had witnessed his greatest triumphs, and before the very people who were so affected by his preaching as to destroy their costly treasures, thereby hoping to atone for past sins and to propitiate the Most High.

And the historic Piazza—how little it is changed! People pass to and fro, buy and sell, idle, congregate together, just as of old. But, alas! the crowds now contain no Dante, no Donatello, no Michael Angelo, no Galileo. Still there is vigour in Florence, and I pointed out to my friend a group of men gabbling and gesticulating in angry tones over the details of the Italian defeats in Abyssinia. How savage they looked! The martial spirit of the Guelphs and Ghibellines still exists; the pride of a distinguished race was present with those men. Florence cannot again hope to lead; the glory of independent action is probably for ever denied her; but she is a limb of an important kingdom, which is recovering in its unity some of its former greatness. The individual glory of the various states, just as the universal sway of Imperial Rome, has passed away. Italy, however, rises again, phœnix-like, but in another form. May its future be not unworthy of its mighty past!

We left the Piazza, and, proceeding down the arcades of the Uffizi Gallery, again arrived at the Lung' Arno. We then crossed the river by the Ponte alle Grazie, the oldest of the Florentine bridges, and commenced to climb the eminence leading to the Church of S. Miniato. The summit of this hill is interesting in many ways. Here it was that Michael Angelo, the artist, architect, sculptor, and poet, assumed the character of engineer and warrior. The forces of Pope and Emperor were being employed against the republic of Florence, in order to force upon it the hereditary rule of the Medici family. The Florentines had formerly elected several members of this family to be their rulers—in the case of Cosimo, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and others, with great advantage to themselves; but their proud spirit would not brook interference from without; they would not have a ruler forced upon them. Under the leadership of Michael Angelo the republic struggled for eleven months in this unequal fight, and that it was able to do so was in a great measure owing to that great man, who, not content with being sculptor, artist, architect, and poet, must now assume the *rôle* of warrior, and employ his mighty energy to defend his beloved city from foreign aggression.

But it was neither to witness the scene of Michael Angelo's warfare, nor to visit the interesting church of S. Miniato, that we had climbed the hill. Our object was to gain a panoramic view of Florence. And we had chosen our time well. The day was drawing to a close, in all the majesty of an Italian sunset. The snow on the distant Apennines glittered like silver. The lofty eminence surmounted by Fiesole, and the attendant hills looked like giants keeping guard over the ancient city. And Florence itself, bathed in a flood of glorious light, the palaces, terraces, and churches, lit up with purple and gold; Brunelleschi's perfect dome, the ivory-like cathedral and its attendants, the graceful campanile and huge Baptistery; the stern embattled front of the Palazzo Vecchio, with its curious and lofty tower; all these great buildings, and countless others, each so beautiful and so perfect, what a grand group they make! What a splendid panorama it is! And the glorious sunset lit up the city with magic power and showed us every detail, and converted the Arno into a running stream of molten silver, and exaggerated if possible the beauty of a city, which even in Italy, the land of beauty, has received the epithet of "la bella."

We tarried for a long time on the hill of S. Miniato, until the purple and the gold had

disappeared behind the snow-clad Apennines, and had given place to a cold grey. Still Florence was beautiful, but with the beauty of old age. The palaces, churches, steeples and bridges were all ghost-like, and seemed to tell of greatness which is past, and of an art which is no more. By-and-by the dark shadows of night crept over the city, and one by one the buildings gradually disappeared from our view.

We had rather a difficulty in finding our hotel, the evening was so dark, and we missed our way several times. After a while, however, we found the Piazza della Trinita, and got to the hotel just in time for the late table d'hote. It was at this dinner that we heard for the first time of the earthquakes which had worked such destruction and filled Europe with consternation, and which, moreover, we had ourselves only just escaped from. It was about four hours after we had left Genoa, on our return journey from the Riviera, and while we were travelling to Pisa, that these terrible convulsions of Nature took place, and we had heard nothing about them, though in far-off London the news was over two days old.

There were at dinner, besides ourselves, two Americans and a stately German, who was our informant, and who dilated on the terrible loss of life and the enormous amount of suffering and damage the earthquakes had caused. Unfortunately his narrative was disfigured with much exaggeration. The number of the dead he multiplied by ten, and he as greatly overstated the damage to property. The Americans, like ourselves, nad heard nothing of the occurrence, and we all four disbelieved the German's story; and he, instead of trying to convince us, or leaving the matter alone, flew into a violent temper, threw down his chair, and rushed out of the room, slamming the door after him.

We could not help laughing at such a childish display of temper; we did not laugh, however, the next morning when the English papers arrived, and we read of the loss of life and damage which, though greatly exaggerated by the German, were truly appalling, and we uttered a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty that we had been allowed to escape from a terrible death in a foreign land.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

BRAVO, GIRLS!

How merrily the money comes pouring in from our generous and loving-hearted girls!

The kind letters from both rich and poor, enclosing contributions and offering suggestions as to the locality for the new Home, show how real is their delight in helping the sick to health and strength.

God grant that we may continue as we have begun, and with His approving smile we may do much for those who are especially His—the poor lambs of His flock.

EDITOR.

Christmas Eve, 1887.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged, £31 6s. 11d.

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C., 1s. 6d., Alice Birtwistle (collected), 2s., Miss Drinkwater, 1s., Amy R., 1s., Mrs. J. S. Ross, 1s.

Total amount received, £58 13s. 3½d.

* This letter had never been sealed, and consequently we have not received the money.

HATS AND BONNETS OF 1888.
MID-WINTER.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE WIDOW'S FIRST MOURNING.

THE following account of the gowns recently made by a celebrated London tailor for the young Princesses of Wales will no doubt be interesting to many of our readers, who may not have seen it in the weekly paper in which it appeared. The gowns bear witness to the fact of the simplicity and plainness with which these young Royal ladies are dressed, and of the good sense and taste of their Royal mother.

"For the Princess Louise of Wales, a tweed gown in two shades of cigar brown, in small alternate stripes of light and dark, draped very simply and gracefully. The bodice is a loose 'Norfolk blouse,' with three pleats in front, and the fulness at the back gathered into the waist, and a leather belt completed the costume. A loose-fronted coat to match was made, buttoning only at the throat, and open below to show the blouse. Princesses Victoria and Maud had two very neat gowns of 'heather mixture tweed,' with a reddish tinge, made similar to that of Princess Louise. The so-called shooting coats made for the three Princesses are of light fawn cloth, not quite tight to the figure, with beaver collars and a pointed lapel of beaver, buttoning over on one side. The same celebrated ladies' tailor has also made some other costumes of grenat vicuna, with long draped skirts, having side panels of grey and silver braiding graduated into the waist, habit bodices, with silver and grey braided waistcoats and cuffs, and rolled collars of cloth. The out-of-door jackets to match the vicuna are close-fitting and double-breasted, and perfectly plain and untrimmed."

These tailor-made gowns are now the great stand-bys of the wardrobe. They are worn from early morning breakfast till it is time to dress for dinner, by all young people, especially in the country, and they always look neat and ladylike. Besides this, they quite put an end to the anxiety prompting the inquiry "what shall I wear?" for during the daytime they are now thought quite suitable. For the girl with a limited allowance, this sensible fashion is a perfect godsend, and so is that which allows a jacket like her gown, or even a bonnet or hat like it too, if she choose. For cloth hats and bonnets, as well as those of felt, are quite popular, the trimmings being of velvet and the ordinary cocks' feathers. The muffs are worn to match the hat or bonnet, and also the costume; the latter being always now chosen with reference to the gown with which they are to be worn.

Braided gowns and jackets are extremely popular. When made by a first class tailor there are several ways of braiding them—round the entire overskirt, over a plain petticoat, or with a braided underskirt, or with one or two panels. Out-of-door coats are braided in various styles, in some of them the braiding being applied between bands of fur. Beaver seems to be the most popular fur for trimmings for young ladies.

Red seems more popular than ever for all kinds of costumes, and we find red silk jerseys for use in the evening with black lace skirts, red cloaks trimmed with fur, red petticoats, bonnets, and hats, and our old friends—red stockings—come back to us again. All kinds of mixtures with red are also popular—red with black, red with grey or tan, and red with navy blue. The use of jerseys or loose fronted garibaldis in the evening is a great addition to our comfort, and the moderate price of our apparel; and their appearance is pretty and girlish. They are worn in all light colours as well as in white, and may be trimmed with a little lace, black lace and jet, or white lace and pearls. But the more simplicity that is observed, the better.

Very long cloaks are still popular, so long as to hide the dress entirely. The general shape is tight-fitting at the back, the fulness below the waist being draped gracefully in folds, which are caught up with a lock of apparent carelessness, but real skill and sleight of hand. The fronts are plain, and fastened only at the throat front, whence they hang quite loose. Cloaks with long, hanging, pointed sleeves. Jackets to the edge of the skirt are equally worn, with short coats, plain or braided. Mantles, also, are short, and of the dolman shape.

Amongst the smaller novelties that I notice in the shops are some fichus of black lace, arranged with coloured-ribbon bows to wear on the shoulders in the evening, so brightening up dark winter frocks. Bands of coloured ribbon for the neck and sleeves are being sold in sets, to take the place of lace, and there are many novelties in the shape of pocket handkerchiefs in colours, made of muslin, with stripes, checks and circles, which seem indispensable additions to the toilette; fortunately they are not ruinous in price. White cambric aprons with thick embroidery, very long and full, are a new introduction for wear in the mornings; and coloured cambric ones of the same shape are found, but these have no trimmings at all.

The dresses used for bridesmaids this winter have been decidedly thick, dark, and seasonable. They are made of vicuna, cashmere, or cloth. The latter, of course, with pinked out edges; the bonnets or hats, and muffs of the cloth, all to correspond. White cloth is immensely popular, and looks suitable at winter weddings, the bride at a recent London wedding being very simply dressed in a white cloth short dress, with real lace ruffles and some sprays of real orange blossom. White cloth, trimmed with dark fur, is also a favourite dress for bridesmaids, the hat being of white cloth or felt, with fur to match; this dress is often seen also in London drawing-rooms, and is both useful and picturesque.

I have illustrated for this month a dress suitable for a young widow. It is perfectly plain and crape-covered. After the first six months few people wear the long veil, and some widows never wear the cap at all, or at most for a month or two; while the weepers and large muslin collar are always used by widows for the first year. The more simple the drapery and quiet the style of the widow, the better taste and feeling she shows, and even the adoption of curled hair or a frizzed front, with a widow's cap and bonnet, seems of doubtful taste.

We have, however, done much of late years in assimilating mourning of all kinds more to the dress of every day, and ordinary styles are used in making it up. The only exception to this seems to be the plain dress of the widow and her cap.

Illustrations of six hats and bonnets, two of the latter and four of the former, will show how they are made and trimmed; but not much change has occurred since the autumn's styles came out. In bonnets we find a very decided attempt to return to the pointed fronts of the style called "Olivia," after the elder daughter of the Vicar of Wakefield. We have this winter several bonnets without strings, and to the cloth bonnets they put cloth strings; while all the bows under the chin are small, with hardly any ends. The fashion of wearing a veil tied round the hat or bonnet, crossed at the back and tying under the chin in a bow, is a very good one for winter, as it protects the ears and head; and many of the hats are made for strings. So we are really getting more sensible. Most of the hats and bonnets in the illustration are of felt or cloth, the linings being of velvet, and the trimmings are of bows and ostrich feathers.

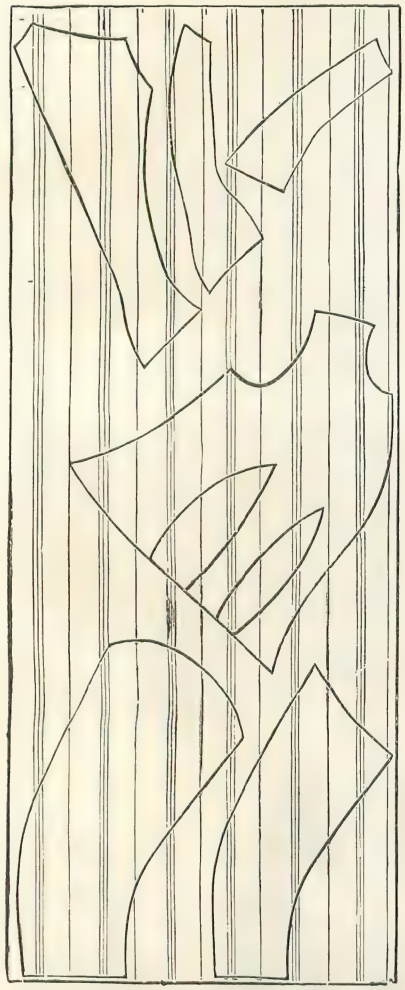
In the illustration of "winter tailor-made gowns," the general shape and form that these useful garments take is exemplified. The long, plain, striped redingote has been worn for some time, but does not seem yet to have lost favour, though, of course, it is most suitable to a tall and slight figure, being one of those things which look worse than ridiculous on a short and dowdy person.

The short double-breasted "covert coat" next to it is of pilot cloth, and is very warm

WINTER TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

and comfortable for the country in winter. The row of buttons and button-holes on the outside of the sleeve to correspond with those on the front of the polonaise was a new feature introduced in the early autumn, but it is yet too novel to judge whether it will be popular.

Black velvet and velveteen are far more in



HOW TO CUT A BODICE ON THE BIAS.

favour this year than usual; and so are coloured velveteens, especially for young people. For children's dresses they are very useful, and now that we have so many excellent kinds of velveteen, we can find one without trouble that will wear well to the last thread. White and black lace mixed are used to trim black velvet.

Very large sashes are much worn, and watered ribbon with satin stripes seems the most in favour for them. They add greatly to the appearance of any dress, and will be found to enliven up an old dress, and give it quite a modern appearance.

Much freedom of choice exists at the present moment as to the styles of making bodices. All known varieties are worn, and the same is the case with sleeves, for we have plenty of full ones above the elbow, and many plain coat sleeves, with, perhaps, a puff at the shoulder, or an epaulette of jet or pearl. But the generality of sleeves for the day are plain and simple.

The small diagram of the way to place the positions of a dress bodice on a striped material, when it is desired to cut them on the bias, will probably be of use to our home dressmaker; and guided by it, she will not find the matter quite so hopelessly difficult. The same will also do for a checked material, of course. But the real difficulty consists in the joining together, which takes much time and care, so as to make the lines meet exactly. Here careless people will fail, and had better not attempt the task. One thing to be remembered is the right and wrong sides of the patterns; and, I may add, the turnings, and the question, an important one, whether they be allowed for or not on your paper pattern. The darts in the front are not cut out, but should be tacked round in order to show where they must be finally stitched. They are only cut after the dress has been fitted, and they have turned out to be satisfactory in their cut. Doubtless everyone cannot be fitted in the same manner in front, some people requiring very deep darts, and others very little. As a rule, the deeper they are, the better the bodice will look on stout people, or those who have large waists. But even this rule is open to change in the case of very short-waisted or "low people," as those of limited stature are described in Ireland. Such may look more short-waisted still if it be carried out.

The paper pattern for this month is the "Emancipation Suit," recently illustrated, and described in the articles on "Reform in Underclothing," at pages 19 and 60, Oct. part, 1887. This garment is, I consider, the most useful one that has ever been brought to the notice of women. It is a variation of the combination garment, but it can, if desired, be worn with it. The best way of dressing is to adopt the woollen tight-fitting "combination," and wear the "Emancipation Suit" over it (the well-fitting bodice, which is cut apart from the drawers, and can be worn separately if desired, taking the place of stays). But the whole suit is best worn over the "combination." Another way of dressing, which has many followers, is to have the woollen combination, stays, or the knitted corsets, and lastly a pair of "dress drawers," as illustrated in the same article. The "Emancipation Suit" consists of long sleeves, bodice, and drawers; in all, seven pieces, including the full piece made to put on the front of the bodice as a means of ornamenting it. Five yards of material thirty-six inches in width are needed. It can be lined with flannel, and made as warm as possible.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings; and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.;" price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may be always obtained*, as the Lady Dressmaker selects only such as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the

THE EMANCIPATION SUIT.

"G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's and plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; new tea-jacket, or *après midi*, for indoor wear; Garibaldi blouse with loose front; new skirt pattern with rounded back; bathing dress; new polonaise; winter bodice, with full sleeves; Irish wrap or shawl cloak; blanket dressing-gown; emancipation suit.

VARIETIES.

A Good Word for the Moon.

A lady remarked how glorious and useful a body the sun was.

"Why, yes, madam," said an Irish gentleman present, "the sun is a very fine body, to be sure; but in my opinion the moon is much more useful; for the moon affords us light in the night time, when we really want it; whereas we have the sun with us in the day, when we have no occasion for it."

Sallet Oil.—People generally imagine the term sallet-oil to be a vulgar corruption of salad-oil, whereas it applies to a different kind of oil to that used in salads. The truth is that sallet was the headpiece in the times when defensive armour was so much in use, and the sallet-oil was that sort of oil which was used for cleaning and brightening it.

The Girls' Own Order of Merit.

Already acknowledged	£11 0 3
L. Kite	0 1 0
E. K. Thompson	0 1 0
Annie Ladilaw	0 2 0
Nellie, Maggie, and Alice	0 2 0
M. F. C.	0 1 0
E. H. J.	0 1 0
Little Dozen	0 1 0
E. J. M.	0 1 0
Frances McCullock	0 1 0
	£11 11 3

We reckon that our expenses in connection with the Girls' Own Order of Merit will be about £15 yearly.—Ed.

UNSELFISHNESS.

By LILY WATSON.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast For Ever,
One grand, sweet song."—
Charles Kingsley.

In a former number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER we glanced together, dear readers, at the period in every girl's life when she first obtains a survey of the possibilities that lie before her in the future. To illustrate this in some degree, we saw the old Greek hero, Hercules, in the legend, pondering at the place where two ways met, and listening to the alternate solicitations of a good and an evil power. We saw him choose Virtue as his guide, and go forth on his way to become the self-forgetting Helper of mankind. Lest the illustration should seem far-fetched, it was pointed out that the significance of the story, and its application to modern needs, lay in the hero's choice of the unselfish life, in preference to a course of self-indulgence.

Unselfishness! This is the key-note of all true nobility. Happy are those who can, although it be after long experience, understand the

"Pain
Which passes into beauty, and is merged
In one accordant whole, as discords merge
In that great Harmony which ceaseless rings
From the tense chords of life."

"The love of self is in reality the source to all men of all offences," said Plato, more than two thousand years ago. And every girl who wishes to live in earnest should see to it that she begins a conflict with this enemy—an enemy that presents itself like the Lernæan hydra against which Hercules fought, in many kindred shapes, and is hard to finally slay.

The ideal woman's life is, of necessity, an unselfish one. She is called, whether it be as daughter, sister, wife, or mother, to the ministry of love; and if she has no home duties she will try to find other ways of service. Some of the best and bravest workers in the cause of good are those who have no "home ties," and who have sought themselves out a larger family, a wider sphere, among the neglected children in God's great household.

Some years ago I read a passage from a well-known lady novelist, in which she remarked, with apparently unconscious satire, *àpropos* of a bachelor brother living with sisters, that a man in a household, if he fulfilled no other end, seldom failed to give the women about him abundant opportunity for self-denial, and thus called into exercise the noblest part of their nature!

This is a fair instance of a vague popular impression that woman is naturally unselfish, man as naturally selfish. For my part, I do not believe in either sex entertaining a monopoly of any one fault; and it is with regard to selfishness particularly needful to take the beam out of our own eye before we proceed to take the mote out of our brother's eye. Those who are most ready to call other people "selfish," are usually by no means free themselves from the same characteristic.

The whole subject of selfishness is so vast and intricate that it would be quite impossible in these brief limits to write an exhaustive treatise upon what it *is* and what it is *not!* It is enough to lay down the general principle that the maiden standing on life's threshold must learn, if she will live nobly, to project her life into the lives of others, to follow the Divine injunction of rejoicing in their joy, weeping in their sorrow, caring for their interests. Christian morality means the widening of our own life into fresh channels, far beyond the individual life, until, in the highest type of character, there may be said to be scarcely any individual self left to love. All the stories of patriotism that constitute the heritage of the past—or, better still, of self-devotion for the sake of humanity without distinction of class, name, language, or country—testify to the ennobling, magic power of this living outside self. The men and women whose names thrill the heart with love and reverence, including each special hero or heroine dear to the girl-student of history, have lived so intensely in the life of humanity, that they have almost forgotten they had an individual existence of their own. Their happiness has been swallowed up in a larger happiness. Pain, poverty, death have been held of little account if but the good of the race can be served thereby. There are natures whom a wrong done to their country touches with far keener anger and pain than an insult offered to themselves; and others whose heart is ever hearing, through the conflicting sounds of daily life,

"The still, sad music of humanity."

Such men and women make the progress of the world.

"But what is the use of raising such a standard as this?" the girl-reader may ask. "*I* cannot aspire to go forth into the world setting abuses to rights, and soaring to heights of self-abnegation!" True; but every one can do a little in that direction, and project her life in some small degree into the lives of others.

There was, in the North of England, a large girls' school—now alas! passed away—where this duty of living for others was the first of all lessons taught. Here, under the guidance of pure, high-souled women, whom their pupils learned to regard with adoring affection, every girl was pointed in the way of the Master "who pleased not Himself." Disinterested care for others was made the chief duty. The younger or more backward girls were encouraged to choose from among the elder ones a "school-mother," who should devote her spare moments to her "child," to help her with her lessons, study her character, and in every way befriend her. It was considered a distinction among the elder girls to be sought in this "school motherhood," and many were the beneficent lessons for future life learned in that mimic relationship. To the full was proved the truth of the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the bright happiness and mirth that prevailed among the girls showed that their lives were not the less joyous because they had begun to be earnest. No success in intellectual work, no artistic talent, no gift of grace or beauty was deemed complete or satisfactory unless side by side with it there went the power of winning the confidence of others, of helping their difficulties, of charming away their little school troubles.

Dr. George MacDonald, in one of his stories, describes a lady thus:—

"At the opposite corner of the great low arched chimney sat a lady past the prime of life, but still beautiful, *though the beauty* was all but merged in the loveliness that rises from the heart to the face, of such as have taken the greatest step in life; that is, as the old proverb says, the step out of doors."

The pupils at my dear old school were early taught to take this "step out of doors." But it is never too late. I have known a motherless girl of eighteen to be aroused quite suddenly by the word of a friend to this duty of "living for others," and become a devoted worker among the poor in the London alleys. The innocent selfishness of a little child is sometimes continued above the age of childhood, more for want of thought and training than for any other reason.

A word must, however, be said on the other side of this matter. Unselfishness does not mean utter disregard of self. Each girl's own life, own happiness, are of importance, and she knows it. Indeed, it is because she knows it that she learns how important are those of other people. True unselfishness is the projection of one's own individuality into the lives of others, but by no means the neglect of that individuality. It is possible to be most selfishly unselfish.

Here, for instance, is a girl who, having learned the virtue of unselfishness unwisely, cannot bear to take care of her health. If she catches cold, particularly if it be in district visiting or charitable work, she regards it as quite disgraceful to nurse herself. "It seems so selfish to be always thinking of one's self!" she says, as she smilingly waves aside suggestions of extra wraps and due precautions. Unless the "unselfish one" is in good hands, the chances are that her health will be half ruined before she has reached maturity. And who is served thereby? Her work is interrupted; her opportunities of doing good are narrowed; she may entail misery on others far exceeding any service she has been able to render to society. How many of these "unselfish" girls has one seen, standing about in draughts, going without food at proper times, overstraining their energy, taxing their nerves exorbitantly, in defiance of the rules of nature!

"Oh! I never think of myself!" is the sweetly expressed rejoinder to friendly expostulations. "But you ought to think of yourself," is the natural response. "You wish to be—you are—unselfish, and for that very reason, paradoxical though it seems, you should take care of yourself. Think of others as much as you like, but of yourself as well, else there is a flaw in your reasoning. Unselfishness is the projection of your own individuality into the lives of others; but you must first see to it, that you have a sound and healthy individuality to project, or the process breaks down."

It is very exasperating to encounter in fiction one of the illogically unselfish heroines who insist on sacrificing the whole happiness of their life for an insufficient cause. Fortunately they are less frequently met with in reality. But we all know, for example, the happily betrothed maiden, who, on finding that there is something faintly discreditable about her remote ancestry, insists on renouncing her lover "for his good." Surely this young lady could not have attained the position she has long held in improving fiction had it not been for the erroneous impression that self-sacrifice in itself is a good and noble thing.

"But have you not just been mentioning with approval personages who disregard health, comfort, life itself, in the cause of others?"

For a noble and sufficient object, absolute

self-sacrifice is beautiful. Yet in itself it is not a thing to be desired, or lightly consummated. When it is evident that the supreme end to which God has called a human soul can be obtained by no other means, then, and only then, it is right for that soul to give up all.

The surrender of personal happiness frequently, as in the case described above, involves the ruin of other lives besides one's own, therefore in great crises, if such should come, it is necessary to be very sure one is right before rushing upon martyrdom.

And yet I am almost afraid to say this, because the little acts of self-denial that must come to every girl in

"The daily round, the common task,"

are of true healing and purifying value; and it cannot be too strongly pressed home that the care that stops at one's self is unworthy of any human being.

So to every reader I would say, "Live much in the lives of others." Make their interests your own; their happiness, your happiness. You cannot possibly be in such circumstances that this "step out of doors" is impossible to you. Heroic deeds of self-abnegation will possibly never be required of you, but the daily ministry of love may be yours.

"A new Theresa will hardly have the opportunity of reforming a conventual life, any more than a new Antigone will spend her heroic piety in daring all for the sake of a brother's burial; the medium in which their ardent deeds took shape is for ever gone. But the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

So writes George Eliot; and just because this unselfishness is the crown of womanhood, it should be the aim of girlhood.

It is scarcely necessary to insist upon the importance of this "living for others" in the case when wifehood and motherhood have become the woman's kingdom. Fortunately such ties have a wonderful tendency to develop latent possibilities even in selfish natures. But every girl cannot marry. Then, if she reaches a mature age, with only herself for whom she is *obliged* to care, into what depths may she not fall!

There is a type, sad to look upon, but only too familiar to English boarding-houses and continental hotels, of the lonely, self-centred woman. She has been educated up to the standard of her youth, but has long since lost all interest in literature or art. She may possibly take some interest in politics, but, if so, it is probably of an acrid and bitter kind, contemptuous of argument. Her favourite subject of conversation is the defective character of her surroundings, and you innocently wonder why she should remain in a place so full of drawbacks; but wherever she went, it would be the same! The best seat in the drawing-room, the comforts of the table, are matters of eager pursuit and thought with her; and any attempt to defraud her of what she considers her due in these matters, is a bitter wrong in her estimation. She is fairly well-to-do, but woe be to the innkeeper or the foreign guide who demands a sou beyond his legal right! In Switzerland she will become excited if her coffee is cold! but glorious scenery never stirs her to enthusiasm, though she "does" the excursions as a matter of course. She has relatives of whom she occasionally speaks, but they appear to regard her with but a tepid interest, and to be satisfied she should remain at a distance. Poor, poor creature—arid, loveless, unattractive! One is stirred to deepest pity at the spectacle, and an unthinking observer will remark, "This comes of leading a single life."

But does it? Look upon the companion picture.

A woman, past the prime of life, with a face whose exquisite sweetness of expression is touched with sadness. A human face, it has been said, should be either a promise or a history. Hers is a history. On the serene brow, the earnest eyes, there rests a pathetic look, as if to say, "I have suffered; yet, I have conquered." That face is always ready to break into a smile of answering gladness at the greeting of the young, or to bend its sympathetic kindness in response to some timid confidence.

One gift she has—the gift of music. Her touch upon the piano instinctively brings to mind the words of Tennyson—

"There is sweet music here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass."

Her compositions, too, are of rare merit, and music is her life-work; a fit occupation for one whose words and gestures all betray an ordered harmony. Her sympathy for those less successful than herself, who are striving to accomplish something in literature or art, is most benign and ready, and her encouragement is emphatic. No one could fail to be helped, soothed, elevated by her influence.

These types represent opposite poles of character in single womanhood. If it be objected that the talent described is such as falls to the lot of few, it is easy to see that it is not therein that the beauty of the character consists. Every woman can do something if she chooses, in practical or directly philanthropic work, if not in the sphere of art. The great point is, not to let the nature centre in itself, but to send forth sympathies into the lives of others.

"Watch, then, disciple of life, watch and labour towards the development of the angel within thee." There is evil in the world that is literally crying out for the help of earnest workers. Will not "our girls" decide that once for all they will choose the unselfish life? No matter what may be her surroundings, it can be cultivated by each reader of this paper. I will close by words found in a brief but noble modern biography: *

"There is one thought which seems to me to link this solitary impulse with other, larger desires, and I want to tell it you. It is that by rooting out our selfish desires, even when they appear to touch no one but ourselves, we are preparing a chamber of the soul in which the Divine Presence may dwell."

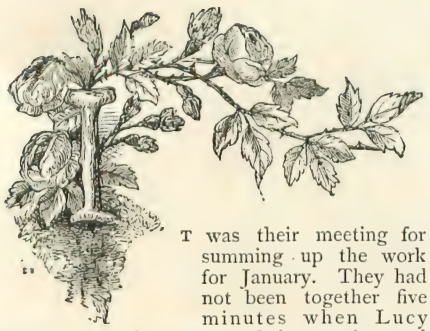
* "Life of Ellen Watson," by A. Buckland.

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.



It was their meeting for summing up the work for January. They had not been together five minutes when Lucy plunged into the business of the morning, and began to speak about Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." These beautiful poems, which represent the gay and grave sides of an innocent mind, had made a deep impression, not only on herself, but on Florence and Edith. They were all of the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that whoever reads them cannot fail to do so with pleasure.

Edith read the following remarks by Hallam in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe." "The 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' are, perhaps, more familiar to us than any part of the writings of Milton. They satisfy the critics, and they delight mankind. The choice of images is so judicious, their succession so rapid, the allusions are so various and pleasing, the leading distinction of the poems is so felicitously maintained, the versification is so animated, that we may place them at the head of that long series of descriptive poems which our language has to boast. It may be added, as in the greater part of Milton's writings, that they are sustained at a uniform pitch, with few blemishes of expression and scarce any feebleness—a striking contrast in this respect to all the contemporaneous poetry, except, perhaps, that of Waller."

Lucy and Florence had other criticisms to the same effect in their pockets, and after reading them, Florence observed that Milton's "Il Penseroso" reminded her of a poem on "Melancholy," which she had once committed to memory, by Beaumont, the dramatist. "I am sure," she said, "that Milton helped himself to some ideas from it," and then she repeated, in her thoughtful, slightly dreamy way, the following lines:—

"Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy.
O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound,
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

They passed on to speak of the tales they had read.

"About the 'Shadowless Man' of Chamisso," said Lucy.

"But who was Chamisso?" interrupted Edith.

"He was," Lucy answered, "a poet and botanist, a Frenchman by birth and education, but in all other respects a German. He was born in 1781, and died in 1838. His 'Peter Schlemil" was published in 1814, and seems to have been soon recognised as a work of original genius. It was translated into most European languages, and has always been a favourite."

"Did Chamisso really have any object in writing such a curious story?" Florence asked.

"Well," said Lucy, who had evidently primed herself on the subject, "people used to pester him with questions about that, and he often amused himself over their curiosity. Perhaps the lost shadow did mean something, but I don't think we should bother our brains about it; a story is a story, and there's the end of it."

Edgar Allan Poe's marvellous tale of "The Gold Bug," it was mentioned by Edith, appeared in 1843, and won a prize of a hundred dollars offered by an American newspaper.

"The construction of both it and 'The Descent into the Maelström,'" Florence observed, "is extremely ingenious."

"That is so," said Lucy; "Poe gives an account in one of his essays of the method followed in writing his tales. The most fantastic of his creations, it seems, were not the result of imagination abandoned to itself, and allowed freedom to obey any passing impulse. All his effects were deliberately calculated, step by step and point by point, leading up to a catastrophe all settled beforehand.

In Walton's "Life of George Herbert" our three friends had selected one of the most exquisite pictures of literary biography. Wordsworth thought it one of "the most pathetic of human compositions."

"What a simple, confidential manner Walton has!" said Florence; "he seems to take the reader by the button-hole, whilst he pours into his ear in such a gentle way his tale of piety and learning."

"He does not tell everything about his subject," remarked Lucy. "He says that Herbert's 'speech and motion . . . . were all so meek and obliging that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him,' and from the whole life you would think that he was nothing, if he was not gentle. Now his brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, mentions in his autobiography that George Herbert had this one fault—that 'he was not exempt from passion and choler.'"

"I think," said Florence, "his brother might have kept that information to himself. Infirmities of temper are to be overlooked, when people are seen struggling to overcome them, as I am sure was the case with Herbert. No one can read his life without wishing to be as pious and as great an influence for good as he was. What a beautiful ending Walton gives when he says, 'He died like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of almsdeeds, full of humility and all the examples of a virtuous life . . . . I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him.'"

"Have either of you read any of Herbert's poems?" Edith asked.

"Yes, I have," said Florence; and encouraged by the way in which her friends had evidently listened to her verses from Fletcher, she added, "I can repeat many of them. Here is one, quaint and beautiful:—

"'Jesu is in my heart; His sacred name
Is deeply carved there; but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame
E'en all to pieces; which I went to seek;
And first I found the corner where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was I EASE U,
And to my whole is JESU.'"

The Great Plague of London had proved a fascinating study, and all the more so because they had included in it the reading of the "History of the Plague" by Defoe, a remarkable work, in which it has been said, "fabulous incidents and circumstances are combined with authentic narrative, with an art and verisimilitude which no other writer has ever been able to communicate to fiction."

"It has been actually believed to be an authentic record," said Lucy, "by many keen critics, including such medical authorities as Dr. Mead and Dr. Cheyne."

"Sir Walter Scott," Edith observed, "had a high opinion of it," and she read from her note-book this criticism by the great novelist: "The Great Plague, which might be described in the language of Scripture as 'the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday,' was indeed a fit subject for a pencil so veracious as that of De Foe. Had he not been the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius he has displayed in this work."

In Sir George Grove's primer on Geography they had finished the first section, that on "Maps and Map-making," which had given a great deal of useful knowledge, perfectly new to all three.

About the novellette in F major by Schumann, which had formed the musical study for the month, Lucy mentioned that it was the seventh of a set of eight pieces for the pianoforte, written by Schumann in 1838-39. "They are called Novelletten," she added, "because, as he tells us himself, they relate the story of a chequered and agitated period of his life; a story of which none, however, but his most intimate friends can ever know more than the broad general outlines."

They branched off next into domestic economy, and talked about the art of marketing; and after discussing it for some time, Edith observed, "Our united wisdom just comes to this: Understand what you want to buy, and pay ready money for everything."

After the essays on "Some Advantages of Good Temper" had been criticised, the three students proceeded with enthusiasm, for they felt how much they were gaining by this methodical course of work, to arrange what was to be done in February.

First and foremost they selected two poems: Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns.

After these they noted down a reading in fiction in the shape of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"—one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed.

It was thought that a musician might be taken as the subject of a biographical study, so they resolved to read the life of Richard Wagner, by Francis Hueffer, in "The Great Musicians" series.

An exciting historical subject was chosen: it was the "Fall of the Bastille."

The "Geography" primer of Sir George Grove was to be gone on with.

In music they selected "Variations in C major," by Beethoven, being No. 10 of his variations on popular airs. It was the one with the Queen's Anthem for its basis.

Domestic economy was to receive a fair share of attention in the usual table of foods in season, and a special study of the arrangement of the dinner-table.

The subject of the essay was to be "The Art of Observing."

When all these points were settled, Edith handed to her two friends a copy each of the following mottoes on education, which she had drawn up for February, and Florence did the same by her list of memorial days. In sending them to us, Lucy writes, "I see you are going to print them in Leap-year, so I have taken the liberty of adding to Edith's and Florrie's work, so as to fill up the 29th February."

Thoughts on Education for the Girls' Own Year.

I. *In praise of Education.* Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.—*Aristotle.*

II. *Mind and body.* Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food is to the body.—*Cicero.*

III. *The only certain possession.* Lay in wisdom as the store for your journey from youth to old age, for it is the only certain possession.

IV. *Necessary things.* Three things are necessary in education—natural qualifications, instruction, and practice.—*Aristotle.*

V. *Growing enthusiasm.* Desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases with the acquisition of it.

VI. *Ends in view.* The improvement of the understanding is for two ends: first, our increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.—*Locke.*

VII. *A profitable path.* Our best and surest road to knowledge is by profiting by the labours of others, making their experience our own.—*Lord Kames.*

VIII. *A good resolution.* Everyone cannot be a genius, but everyone can resolve not to be a dunce.

IX. *True ignorance.* She that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for her to know, is but an ignorant girl, whatever she may know besides.

X. *The bow unbent.* The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

XI. *Over much study.* As plants are nourished by moderate watering, but overwhelmed by too much, so the soul is improved by moderate studies, but overpowered if they are excessive.—*Plutarch.*

XII. *Reflection and erudition.* The spirit of deep reflection is entirely unconnected with erudition.

XIII. *The best reading.* The highest and most profitable reading is the true knowledge and consideration of ourselves.

XIV. *A test for knowledge.* It is not enough that I know something unless I am able to make use of what I know in the conduct of my life.—*Schumann.*

XV. *Sensible repetition.* That is never too often repeated which is not sufficiently learned.

XVI. *Seeking and finding.* Seek wisdom, and you will be sure to find her; but if you do not look for *her* she will not look for *you.*

XVII. *An empty world.* Empty are all the quarters of the world to the ignorant.—*Hindoo Proverb.*

XVIII. *Two kinds of knowledge.* Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject, or we know where we can find information about it.—*Dr. Johnson.*

XIX. *A neglected branch.* Certain people study all their lives, and at their death they have learned everything except to think.

XX. *Requisite bodily vigour.* The mind cannot grapple with any task when the body is languid.

XXI. *Lessons at home.* She must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from her own folly.

XXII. *Pride misplaced.* To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—*Bishop Taylor.*

XXIII. *A widespread weakness.* Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.—*Johnson.*

XXIV. *A dear school.* Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

XXV *Labouring in vain.* Two kinds of people labour in vain: they who get riches and do not enjoy them or apply them; and they who learn wisdom and do not practise it.

XXVI *A mental defect.* A stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom or even to knowledge as a stubborn temper to happiness. —*Southey.*

XXVII. *Useless knowledge.* It is a great folly to neglect useful and necessary knowledge in order to apply ourselves to that which is curious and useless.

XXVIII. *A daily duty.* Recollect every day the things seen, heard, or read which make any addition to your understanding.

XXIX. *The advantages of study.* If you devote your time to study, you will avoid all the irksomeness of this life, nor will you long for the approach of night being tired of the day, nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor will your society ever be insupportable to others.

February Anniversaries of the Girls' Own Year.

1. St. Bridget or St. Bride, the patroness of Ireland, 523. She was the daughter of one of the princes of Ulster, and took the monastic vows at a very early age.

2. Margaret, known in Scottish history as the "Maid of Norway," born in Norway in 1283. She was the grandchild of Alexander III. of Scotland. The circumstances of her death, which took place, it was alleged, in 1290 in Orkney, as she was on her way to Scotland, were so obscure that doubts were entertained in some quarters whether she had not rather been spirited away.

3. Mendelssohn, the great musical composer, born at Hamburg in 1809. In 1820, that is to say in his twelfth year, he seems to have begun systematically to compose; at least, with that year begins a series of forty-four volumes, in which his methodical habits have preserved a collection of autographs or copies of a great part of his works, published and unpublished, down to the time of his death, the majority carefully inscribed with both date and place.

4. Robert Blair, author of the well-known poem called "The Grave," died in 1746. He wrote several poems besides "The Grave," but that alone constitutes his title to rank as a poet. It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque.

5. Catharine Maria Sedgwick, born in Massachusetts in 1789. She long occupied a prominent place amongst American authors.

6. Queen Anne, born in 1664. In her twentieth year she was married to Prince George, the brother of the King of Denmark. She had seventeen children, but the Duke of Gloucester was the only one who survived infancy, and he died at the age of eleven.

7. Anne Radcliffe, the famous novelist, died in 1823. Amongst her novels are three unsurpassed of their kind in English literature: "The Romance of the Forest," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Italian." Although distinguished for beauty, and the object of much curiosity, she studiously avoided society, and spent her time in excursions to favourite rural resorts, and in the enjoyment of her quiet home, where she seems to have cared for little companionship save that of her husband.

8. Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded in 1586. At eight in the morning she entered the hall of execution, having taken leave of the weeping envoy for Scotland, to whom she gave a message for her son; took her seat on the scaffold, listened with an air of unconcern to the reading of her sentence; solemnly declared her innocence of the charge conveyed in it, and then, "with no less courage than had marked every hour and action of her life, received the stroke of death from the wavering hand of the headsman."

9. Henry, Lord Darnley, consort of Mary Queen of Scots, murdered in 1567. Many volumes have been written on the question of Mary's connection with this dark deed. On the 15th of May, in the same year, she married Bothwell, the chief assassin.

10. Queen Victoria married Prince Albert in 1840. The ceremony was performed in the Chapel of St. James's Palace. The union was highly popular. "It is the fact that the Prince is the husband of your choice," said Lord Melbourne to the Queen, "which makes your Majesty's marriage so popular. People know it is not for mere State reasons."

11. William Shenstone, poet, died in 1763. "His poems," says Hazlitt, "are indifferent and tasteless, except his 'Pastoral Ballad,' his 'Lines on Jemmy Dawson,' and his 'Schoolmistress,' which last is a perfect piece of writing."

12. Lady Jane Grey, executed in 1554. "On Tower Hill," says Fuller, "she most patiently, christianly, and constantly yielded to God her soul, which by a bad way went to the best end. . . . She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, and yet the death of a malefactor, for her parents' offences."

13. Catherine Howard, beheaded in 1543. She was the fifth wife—the last but one—of Henry VIII., and one of the handsomest women of her time.

14. Lady Sarah Lennox, born in 1745. There seems to be no doubt that George III. on his accession formed the design of raising Lady Sarah, who was a great beauty, to the throne. Other counsels, however, prevailed, and he allowed an emissary to go on a mission to obtain a wife for him in the Protestant Courts of Germany.

This is St. Valentine's Day, a festival which of late years has had a struggle to exist, more than ever so since the introduction of Christmas and New Year's Cards. St. Valentine was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century.

15. Juliana Berners, born in 1392. She was the prioress of Sopewell nunnery, and celebrated for her beauty, spirit, and passion for field sports. She wrote on hawking, hunting, and fishing, and it has been claimed for her that she was the earliest author of the fair sex in the English language.

16. Olympia Fulvia Morata, born in 1526. She was an Italian lady of Protestant principles, distinguished as the most learned woman of her age.

17. The Duchess of Albany, born in 1861. She is the daughter of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and married the late Prince Leopold on the 27th April, 1882.

18. Mary I., Queen of England, born in 1516. She is unpleasantly remembered as "Bloody Mary" on account of the religious persecutions sanctioned under her reign. As a child she seems to have been singularly precocious, and is mentioned in July, 1520, when she was little more than four years old, as entertaining some visitors by a performance on the virginals.

19. Adelina Patti, distinguished vocalist, born in 1843. When she first appeared in London in 1861, she at once took rank amongst the highest singers of the day, and during the twenty-seven years which have elapsed since then, her vocal powers have continually improved.

20. Elizabeth Rowe, authoress, died in 1737. "The poems of Mrs. Rowe," says Southey, "show much spirit and cultivation, and are chiefly distinguished by their devotion. They are at times a little more enthusiastic than is allowable, even for poetry, and are sometimes distorted by metaphysics, but generally their beauty prevails over their faults."

21. Carl Czerny, an excellent pianoforte teacher and prolific composer, born at Vienna in 1791. "He was modest and simple in his manner of life, courteous and friendly in his behaviour, just and kindly in his judgment on matters of art, and helpful to all young artists who came in his way. His disposition was so gentle that he shrank from a harsh or coarse word, even spoken in jest."

22. Anna Comnena, daughter of Alexis I., Emperor of the East, died in 1148. She was celebrated for her beauty and acquirements. Wise and studious as she was, she was also intriguing and ambitious.

23. Joanna Baillie, poetess, died in 1851, at the advanced age of eighty-nine. Her faculties remained unimpaired to the last. For a great part of her life she lived at Hampstead, and her little cottage there was the centre of a brilliant literary society.

24. Matilda of Tuscany, popularly known as the "Great Countess," born in 1046. She was remarkable for her devotion to the papacy, which she endowed with vast possessions, and thereby laid the foundation of long-continued wars between the Popes and the Emperors.

25. Ulrica Eleanora, Queen of Sweden, born in 1656. She was the mother of Charles XII., and was remarkable for her great learning and beneficent disposition.

26. Dr. William Kitchener died in 1827. He was the author of "The Cook's Oracle," in which, says Dr. Robert Chambers, "the instructions are given with so much come-and-read-me pleasantry and gossiping anecdote as to win the dullest reader."

27. John Evelyn, the diarist and author of "Sylva," died in 1706. His diary comprises the long period, so rich in remarkable events, between the outbreak of the Civil War and the accession of Anne, and is of great value to the student of history and manners.

28. Mrs. Susan Cromwell died in 1834, at the age of ninety. She was the daughter of the great-grandson of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, and the last of his descendants who bore his surname.

29. Rossini, the famous musical composer, born in 1792, at Pesaro, a small town on the Adriatic. "The position of his parents was of the humblest; his father was town-trumpeter (trombadore) and inspector of slaughter-houses, and his mother a baker's daughter.

(To be continued.)

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XX.

MY "DANCING FROCK."

THE carriage from the Park was waiting at the little station at Roselands when the six o'clock train puffed up. Out stepped Mr. Aspenel, as usual, followed by a tall graceful girl, enveloped in a fur mantle, and crowned with a somewhat high black velvet hat, in which was tastily placed a bunch of artificial roses. Out rushed from the pretty station house a small figure, clad in dark blue serge and round sailor hat. The words, "Janet!" "Edith!" passed, and the sisters embraced fervently; the younger and taller stooping over the elder and shorter. There was no time for further greeting, for Mr. Aspenel hurried them to the carriage, while the footman looked after the luggage. But when in the brougham, Edith threw her arms round Janet, and literally wept for joy.

"Are they glad to have me?" asked Janet. "Mr. Aspenel—I mean, papa—I will try to call him so, darling—seemed pleased at first. Said I was grown, hoped I was improved, and assured me that my return is due to Mrs. Aspenel's intercession. What does he mean?"

"It does not matter; you are here, and we are all glad," replied Edith. "Why, there is Fan!"

And assuredly, creeping stealthily round the carriage and looking in at the window was that erratic damsel.

"I just came to say how d'ye do, Miss Janet. Shake hands, quick. Here's Mr. Aspenel."

Janet stooped to kiss Fan's ice-cold cheek and to take the offered hand.

"I was watching for you at the station, but you were so grown I shouldn't have known you but for Miss Aspenel," she continued rapidly. "You are handsomer than ever, and I daresay you are as accomplished and clever as—as—as Mr. Tom: but I hope you are nicer. Good-bye; good night, Miss Aspenel."

Fan vanished like a dark spirit, and was replaced by Mr. Aspenel, who had seen her.

"What can that gipsy girl of old Harton's want with you, Edith?" he said.

"She only came to welcome Janet home," replied Edith, timidly, who had taken the seat with her back to the horses.

Mr. Aspenel and Janet were therefore side by side. He turned towards this distinguished-looking daughter, and said he thought she had better give up her old acquaintances, and cultivate those she had made at school.

"The Somersets and Hazelmeres, for instance," he added, and Janet wondered how he had learnt their names.

Edith told her afterwards that she used to read their father portions of her letters, and that these worthies always attracted his attention, and drew forth some remark.

When they reached home, they were met in the hall by Bruce and Nurse True. Heedless of spectators, Janet threw herself into the arms of the latter, and was received with the homely salutation of "God be thanked, my lovey, we have you once more." As to Bruce, he danced round her, screaming at the top of his shrill voice, "Janet! Janet!" His arms encircled her neck, and nearly throttled her, and when he released her, he shouted, "Now we'll have some games. Come and play battledore and shuttlecock."

"To-morrow," replied Janet, hastening to the drawing-room, at Edith's instigation.

There Mrs. Aspenel was awaiting her in state. She was dressed for dinner, and Mr. Tom Harton was with her. Janet went to her impulsively, and embraced her.

"Thank you for letting me come home," she said, when this little ceremony was over.

Mrs. Aspenel made an effort at cordiality, but her kiss and hand-shake were cold, and Janet's warmth was checked. Her stepmother looked at her amazed. She had sprung from the girl to the woman in those two years of absence, and it would have been impossible not to admire the beauty of face and elegance of figure developed during that period. She looked older than she was, and her manners were assured, so that Mrs. Aspenel felt almost patronised when she said, with the ease of a Frenchwoman—

"I am so happy to be at home again; but you would delight in M. and Madame De Belleville, and they were so kind that it was not like a school."

"You have forgotten me, Miss Janet," came from behind her back.

"Mr. Tom!" she cried, turning to face the speaker, and holding out both hands.

He only took one, which he shook and pressed gently, and Janet was abashed at her impetuosity. She forgot that when she had last seen him she was a child of ten, and now she was grown up, or nearly so. But she soon recovered her natural manner, asked for his father, said she had seen Fan, and inquired after Jack. His replies were interrupted by Edith, who said she must come and dress for dinner.

Bruce was waiting for her in the hall. He eschewed the presence of his tutor whenever he could, and made up for schoolroom coercion by tormenting Edith and Nurse True. Now he had Janet, who had "come home for the holidays," and whom he expected to coerce in his turn, though he did not exactly employ that expression. She had made admirable resolutions both as regarded him and his mother, so she took his hand, and they danced together up the broad, richly carpeted staircase, along the corridor of the old scenes, and into the nursery, now True's sitting room.

"You dear old True. Let me hug you as I used," cried Janet, becoming again the child, and literally "hugging" first True, then Edith.

"Me, too, Janet. I won't spoil your paintings," said Bruce, ruefully.

And Janet caught his extending hands, and whirled him round the room in an ecstasy of pleasure.

"I never thought I should care for coming back to the Park!" she panted, when at last they came to a halt for very exhaustion.

"Home's home. No place like it," ejaculated Nurse True, who was watching their gyrations with uplifted hands.

At last Edith succeeded in getting the wild girl into their bedroom. The sight of a blazing fire made her remember that it was cold, and that she had left hard frost without. Nurse True had unpacked one of her boxes in haste, and was there to help them, having told Edith's maid that she "would wait on the young ladies this first evening." Bruce was outside drumming at the door.

"We must be to the moment, darling; papa is very particular," said Edith, whose simple blue dress was soon on, and her fair hair arranged.

"This is my 'dancing frock,'" laughed Janet. "It is *en demie toilette*, but I used to wear it in Paris at evening receptions. Mrs. Aspenel was dressed like a queen. Is papa really ruined?"

"I cannot make out," replied Edith, watching Janet while the dancing frock was put on.

It was of white cashmere, high to the throat, and relieved by crimson ribbons.

"How well you look! Crimson is your colour," said Edith, enthusiastically.

"So says Maximilien," returned Janet, nonchalantly.

"Bless you, my dearies," said Nurse True. "Don't set your heart on dress and they sort of vanities. 'Handsome is that handsome does.'"

"You haven't forgotten your proverbs, you dear old True," said Janet, looking at herself in the cheval glass. "I wish madame were here to give me the finishing touch. First impressions are everything. What do you think of me, Bruce?"

Edith had opened the door, and the boy rushed in. "You are beautiful. Prettier than Edith or mamma. I'm coming down to dessert, and shall see you again."

The dinner bell rang, and the sisters walked down the corridor hand in hand; the white, fairy-like, childish Edith, and the rose-tinted, symmetrical, womanly Janet.

"Is Tom Harton as clever and agreeable as he used to be?" asked Janet.

"I cannot tell; I do not understand him," replied her sister.

When they reached the drawing-room, Edith pushed Janet in before her. The little tussle between them at the door was unperceived by the trio within, and the entrance of Janet first probably unnoticed; but it was impossible not to remark upon her appearance, as she eclipsed her sister on the threshold. Even her father gazed at her, and was astonished at the change in the girl who left that house, angular and somewhat awkward, about two years before, and returned to it in all the radiant beauty and unconscious grace of budding womanhood.

"She certainly is grown," remarked Mr. Aspenel, as if taking up the thread of something that had been spoken before the girls came in.

Dinner was announced, and Tom Harton carried off Mrs. Aspenel, leaving the father and daughters to follow. To the surprise of Janet, her father offered his arm to her, saying, with a sort of jerky courtesy, "You are the greatest stranger." Edith, nothing loth, fell behind. She was, however, placed next Tom Harton at table, while Janet sat alone opposite. Mrs. Aspenel and Tom usually kept up the conversational ball, but to-day Mr. Aspenel joined. It seemed as if he were resolved to make himself agreeable to this daughter whom he sent off almost in disgrace. She was not shy, and answered all his questions briskly, to the amazement of Edith, who, though not absolutely afraid of him, never felt quite at her ease with him. By degrees the quintette were all engrossed with Janet's experiences at school and in Paris, and the vivacious girl replied to the questions of her elders with a piquancy at once fresh and entertaining. Mrs. Aspenel had never seen her husband so pleasant before, and Edith looked astonished at Janet, who thus managed to engross the attention of one always absorbed in his various speculations. As to Tom Harton, who was a student of character, as well as a tactician, he glanced from father to daughter, and wondered where lay the fascination. "Beauty and originality," he said to himself, and with customary diplomacy, avoided taking the lead as he did when there was no Janet. But he managed, nevertheless, to rivet her attention from time to time. She was thinking of the days when she used to escape from the Park to romp with Mr. Harton, Tom, Jack, and Fan, and wondering whether the Tom whom she then looked upon as a sort of oracle and divinity were exactly the same, or whether college and travel had put another Tom into his handsome tabernacle during the six years that had passed since she had seen him.

"If only papa could always be like this," reflected Edith, who was quite willing to suffer eclipse through the intervention of her younger sister.

Even Bruce stole from his mother's side to Janet's when he appeared at dessert, and not even the all-conquering eyes of his tutor could stay his demands on the attention of this formerly distasteful half-sister.

When the three ladies were alone for a short space after the dinner was over, Mrs. Aspenel began a kind of inquisition. But Janet replied so frankly to all her inquiries that she could find no fault with her. Still, it was difficult to kindle affection where dislike had always dwelt, and two years of separation were not likely to effect this. But Janet had made up her mind to begin well, and she certainly sought to carry out her good intention.

"Would Miss Hazelmere like to come here, Janet?" asked Mrs. Aspenel.

"I am sure she would. She quite longs to see Edith—and you," replied Janet, first enthusiastically, then reflectively.

"See me! I am quite of secondary importance."

"It is so kind of you to think of Lizzie, and to have me home. Oh! Mrs. Aspenel, I will really try to be less—less—what shall I say, Edith? less aggressive. I daresay it was all my fault that I was sent to school for two years, and they have been quite the happiest years of my life, and I thank you for them."

Janet intended to atone and apologise for the past by this doubtful speech, but Edith saw at once that Mrs. Aspenel was offended. She was quick to take offence, and would not believe that these, her step-daughters, had any wish to conciliate her. Fortunately the arrival of Tom Harton turned the current of her displeasure, and the inevitable classical music put an end to conversation. Mr. Aspenel did not appear again.

"You are improved, Edith. Is that due to the drooping Lilyton?" asked Janet, when there was a pause after a Mendelssohnian trio.

"You sing and play of course, Miss Janet?" suggested Harton, fixing his dark, enigmatical eyes upon her.

"Very badly. I am not musical. Madame calls my singing execrable, though I can sing French songs with her and monsieur."

"And the Maximilien? Does he sing?"

"No. We both paint. He is a genius."

"Why was she so communicative?" thought poor Edith, who was intent on everything her sister did and said.

In truth, Janet had been carried away by the interest she excited, and had talked of Maximilien and Wilbraham as openly as she had of their parents. At sixteen, happily, we are not overcautious, and she was especially transparent. It was probably this which had won her very opaque father; since people like their opposites. Both Mrs. Aspenel and Tom asked for one of these French songs, but she steadily refused to sing, assuring them that they were mere *chants de province*, in the provincial dialect, and that she could not attempt them without madame and monsieur.

"I wish you could hear monsieur. He would make you die of laughing. And he sometimes sings us a song that makes us all yawn," she said, exploding in the most cheerful of cacchinations at the recollection.

"But we have no voices like Mrs. Aspenel's," she continued, with a sort of intuitive tact, for she could not help perceiving that her stepmother liked to be first in the estimation of Tom Harton.

"Few people sing like Mrs. Aspenel," said Tom. "She surpasses all the amateurs, and most of the professionals—if, indeed, it be not a distinction without a difference, to separate the two classes. Nowadays all amateurs are virtually professionals, and are not above taking money for their performances, whether literary, musical, theatrical, or artistic."

"That is what madame says," cried Janet, as if she had clenched the argument at once. "Do you ever sing in public, Mr. Tom?"

He laughed, and replied that he had occasionally taken part in amateur concerts, but had never usurped the professional place. Mrs. Aspenel said he might easily do so if he liked; and with a little more similar talk of no moment to anyone, the evening ended and Mr. Tom departed.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Eureka."—The unpleasant smell of a mackintosh can only be diminished in strength by exposure to the air.

Annie Keene.—You must have spelt the name of the herb wrongly, owing to a trick of adding an "H" in your pronunciation of a word without one. *Origanum dictamus* is a window plant, which bears flesh-coloured flowers. We are not acquainted with a herb called "Horgundy."

Ebony.—Try the effect of washing the carved wood with a soft toothbrush; and then applying in the same way a little olive oil.

A. M. G. (Ladybank).—All sin is deadly, so how could you doubt that the gross crime you name as mentioned in the Litany being such? All sin would sink the soul in perdition, but for the atoning sacrifice of Christ.

Miss Baird.—We regret to say that we could not give an order for a serial story, as our staff of experienced and well-known writers is very full.

Emmeline M. L.—For your gratifying and grateful letter, accept our kind acknowledgments. We are glad that you have received "both moral and mental benefit from our paper." The works of De Lamartine are specimens of beautiful French, both in prose and poetry.

Two Anxious Readers.—Certainly tight-lacing produces redness of the nose and disease of the heart. Besides this, it may cut through the liver, or lungs, and destroy the digestive powers. It impedes the circulation of the blood, and tends to produce chilblains. Besides this, it ruins the personal appearance.

Medical Aid.—A whole hand can be supplied and perhaps a single finger, but not for such use as you desire. There are musical instruments which can be played without the use of the right thumb. Do not waste your time over the piano, as you could not play much under such circumstances as the loss of a thumb.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 423.] FEBRUARY 4, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

AUNT HESKETH was anxiously waiting to know how my husband's errand had sped. She shared his disappointment and distress on finding that the only result of Mr. James Smith's investigations was to deepen the cloud of suspicion which hung over the head of Ellen Martin. My aunt's faith in the girl's innocence was somewhat shaken when Tom had told his tale and repeated Mr. Fielden's decided expression of opinion on the subject.

"I begin to fear that poor Miss Martin found the temptation too strong, con-

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sidering the unfortunate position in which she was placed at the time," said my aunt

"Then you would have had me fall in with old Fielden's suggestion, and get a warrant for the girl?" said Tom.

"No, I should have shrunk from that, as you did."

"I am glad to hear you say so much. Of course, I have grievously affronted the lawyer, whose faith in his own infallibility is the strongest article in his secular creed. He is certain to make me feel th effects of my misdoings, and will fret, fume, and show himself generally stiff and impracticable for some time to come. He will not tell secrets, that is one comfort, though I can imagine how he will long to let my mother know all about this affair."

"Do it yourself," pleaded my aunt. "Nothing troubles you half so much as this wretched concealment. Think over every circumstance in connection with the loss of the diamonds, and ask yourself whether blame could be attached either to Olive or you on account of it. As to poor Olive, she is, alas! unconscious of their disappearance or——"

My aunt sighed, and Tom completed the unfinished sentence. "My mother would have been told long ago. She has more moral courage than I have, though I am ashamed to own this. As regards my mother, the feeling has grown up with me. Not that I ever told her falsehoods. You must not judge me so meanly as to think me capable of direct untruth."

"I do not," returned my aunt; "but you shrink from telling the truth when conscience shows you it would not only be the right thing to do, but the best for yourself also."

"I know it, and often since this affair occurred I have wished that I had spoken to my mother and asked her help at first. I simply cannot do it now, because I have kept it secret all this time, which has doubled the difficulty. She would be more pained at the concealment than even at the loss."

"It is always best to be prompt in doing what we know to be right. The old proverb which tells us that 'Second thoughts are best,' only applies to cases where the first thought was imprudent or wrong. Still, we should remember that so long as the power is left us to correct an error of judgment, or amend a wrong, it is well to avail ourselves of it."

My aunt's advice and pleading were equally in vain. Tom at length refused, point blank, to speak to Mrs. Beauchamp, and looked so distressed that she resolved to say no more on this subject.

This miserable lack of moral courage was, as of old, the vein of dross which adulterated the pure gold of my dear Tom's character. He was so single-hearted, generous, loving, tender, faithful, and brave too, in all that called for mere personal daring. But he seemed likely to remain a coward to the end of his days in dealing with his best earthly friend. He still shrank from her look of reproof, as a child trembles before the outstretched cane of a severe schoolmaster.

In his conduct towards his mother my husband was only like most of us erring children of a heavenly Father. There are awaiting us at His hands welcome, a patient hearing, a full pardon, a restored place in God's family, peace of mind, freedom from anxious care and the bondage of sin, with strength to resist it in the future. There are grace for every time of need, and to insure the right doing of the work God has given us to do, and heaven to look forward to. He says, "Take Christ, and with Christ, all things."

Yet we hear the invitations and shrink from accepting them, and we go on carrying our load of care, when we have only to cast it on Him who is willing to bear it for us.

Turning from this great thought and truth back again to the little matter which was wearing my husband and making him miserable. If Tom could but have believed it, he had only to tell his trouble, and the weight would have gone in the telling.

There was one young creature under the roof at Castlemount with whom the days fled only too rapidly. This was Fanny Gregg, whose holiday was now drawing to a close.

"How fast the time has gone!" said she. "Here have I been more than a week at Castlemount, and this is my very last night. I must go back again to my work in the morning, and I wonder when I shall have such another delightful holiday as this has been."

Fanny spoke with a little quaver in her voice, which told plainly enough that the prospect of returning to Longminster was anything but gratifying. Her words were followed by a deep sigh, and this was echoed by a still deeper one, which made Bedson look sharply towards the corner whence it came.

The author of the second sigh must have been one of the male members of the party of five who were in the housekeeper's room at the time. It was Sunday evening, and after service hours, when Mr. Craig, the gardener, was almost certain to be found there, as he usually dropped in to have a chat with Simmons, the butler. Both men appeared alike impassive when Bedson sent her inquiring look in their direction, and she decided that she had been mistaken, or that the deeper sound was not intended to be responsive to Fanny's sigh of regret.

"Be thankful you have been allowed such a holiday, and been invited to spend it in such a home as this," replied the housekeeper, as she passed her hand lightly over Fanny's glossy curls, and noted with satisfaction her improved appearance.

"I am thankful," returned Fanny, "and I am only sorry to think I cannot tell Mrs. Tom Beauchamp how grateful I feel, and that I am not like the same girl I was when I came, wearied out with stitch, stitching, from morning till night."

"Yes. It was good of my young mistress to bring you here, and it is sad indeed that you must go away without being able to say a word of thanks for her kindness."

"Is she no better?" asked Mr. Craik.

"No. We are at the 5th of December, and during all these days and nights she has never once been to call 'herself.' There will have to be a change soon, one way or the other."

The housekeeper uttered these last words slowly, and in such a solemn tone, that it almost suggested a tragic ending to my illness.

"Let us hope, for everybody's sake, that, when the change comes, it will be a turn in the right direction," said Bedson. "I believe it would kill Mr. Beauchamp if he were to lose his young wife. They suit one another so well, and I can say for myself I never want to have a better mistress than my present one."

"Don't mention such a dreadful idea," exclaimed Fanny Gregg, clasping her hands tightly and turning away her head, as if to shut out the mere prospect of such a termination to my illness.

"You young people do not even like to think of that happening which would grieve you. You would rather think that what you wish for is sure to come," remarked the housekeeper; "but we older people, who have lived through so many changes, cannot help looking at both sides. We have learned how to fear as well as hope."

"I like looking at the bright side, aunty. You taught me to do it, for when I was a little thing you often told me not to meet sorrow half way."

"I would say the same to you now, child. But I was here a girl when the head was taken—Mr. Tom Beauchamp's father I mean. So, you see, I have had lesson enough in this house to make me fear, even when I try to hope and pray that my young mistress may be spared to see many a happy year."

"We all feel the same," said the butler, and then a silence fell upon the little group, for every member of it grieved for my poor husband's anxiety, and, I believe, for my own state also.

"Come," said Mrs. Motley, at last, "this will not do. Dry your eyes, child. I do not wish you to go back to your work with swollen eyelids and an aching head." And she drew Fanny affectionately towards her, and gave her a motherly kiss. "It is of no use to look all on the dark side, and meet or go in search of sorrow, when, maybe, gladness is on the way. I am taking comfort about you, my girl. You came here pale enough, and you have picked up your crumbs wonderfully. You cannot have much amiss with you, for a week's holiday always sets you up."

"Mother used to say that I was like a rabbit, lean and fat in four and twenty hours," replied Fanny, smiling at the old-fashioned comparison. "I am getting stronger every day, and I should not have needed a bit of cosseting now but for losing so much rest and being so mistimed. I like my work very well, and Madame Leeson herself is very kind and considerate. It is her fine lady customers that forget we are only made of flesh and blood, and not wood and iron, as the sewing machines are. They say, 'I must have this,' and 'I cannot do without that,' and madame, whose living depends on

the neighbouring ladies, has to oblige them whoever pays for it. However, I don't mean to work in an 'establishment,' when I have once mastered the business," said Fanny, with decision. "I shall learn hairdressing and such like, so as to get a lady's maid's place. It must be delightful to have part of your year in the country, and part in town. Not town like Longminster, but London," continued the girl, her bright eyes looking brighter, and her cheeks all aglow with anticipation.

Mr. Craik from his fireside corner was evidently an attentive, if not quite a sympathetic listener to Fanny's chatter. When the girl expressed her determination not to stay as a dressmaker's assistant, perhaps he thought she meditated beginning business at Castleton. But when she unfolded her real plans, and spoke of the delightful changes to which she was looking forward, Mr. Craik's brow clouded over.

Did Fanny read the gardener's mind in his face, or was it in a spirit of innocent banter that she continued—

"I tell Miss Bedson that, when she gets married, I mean to come here and be young Mrs. Beauchamp's maid, and she must be sure and keep single till I am quite ready for a place. I hope nobody will tempt her away before the right time." And she looked archly at Mr. Craik.

Bedson's face became scarlet, and she told Fanny, a little severely, that she let her tongue run too fast. "For my part," she said, "I have my thoughts so full of my poor mistress as she is, that I cannot find room to think much about other people, or be planning what I shall do years and years hence."

Fanny's saucy face became sober, and she begged Bedson's pardon in the prettiest way possible.

"I know my tongue runs too fast for me to catch it up sometimes," she said. "It's my way, and always has been. They used to call me 'Little Chatterbox' when I was at home. But they knew I never meant any harm, and they laughed at my talk instead of making me be quiet. So I am afraid I got worse instead of better. At Madame Leeson's they always look to me to keep them alive in the workroom. You are not vexed at me, are you, Miss Bedson?"

"Any way, I must forgive you, especially as you are going to leave us," replied Bedson. "We must part good friends."

"And keep friends too, I hope," said Fanny, who then ran on to another subject.

"Did I tell you that it was a mistake about Miss Martin's brother? I had a letter again this morning, and my friend says in it that there was a misunderstanding. His sister has not bought him off, but was certain of the money to do it. She tells me nothing else, but I shall get to know all the ins and outs when I go back to-morrow."

This remark brought an uneasy feeling to Bedson's mind. Each day during Fanny Gregg's stay she had seen more of the girl's chattering propensities, and become more doubtful of her power to keep the secret which she had so unwisely entrusted to her. She was not really offended at Fanny's freedom of speech on the subject of her plans, or the allusion to her own probable marriage. On the contrary, she judged that such remarks might have the effect of setting Mr. Craik thinking, and perhaps stir him to more immediate action, though it would not have done for her to appear to assent to that little chit's giddy speeches. So Bedson determined to stand on her dignity, and to let this somewhat tardy suitor understand that whatever is worth having, is also worth proper looking after and asking for.

"I shall want to be up early to-morrow morning," said Fanny, to whom long silence was an impossibility. "I mean to have a run round the grounds and a last peep into all the glasshouses, before I start for the train. I shall try to carry the scent of the flowers back with me to Longminster, now there are none to be seen growing out of doors. I always say there are no flowers like the Castlemount beauties," she added, with a direct glance at Mr. Craik.

He had been unusually silent all the evening, and had been rallied about it by the butler more than once. But what gardener could help being charmed at receiving even an indirect compliment like this, especially when it came from a pretty young creature whose lips reminded him of bright, opening rosebuds?

Mr. Craik's reply was truly gallant, not to say poetical.

"There are sweeter, fairer flowers than the best we gardeners can cultivate," he said, with a meaning look at the arch young face. "And I think it is a pity they should bloom away from Castlemount, especially when it is so evident that they flourish best in the sweet country air."

Fanny replied, with an air of unconsciousness, that flowers could not choose their own places. "They have to grow where the gardeners put them," and she looked at Bedson, as if Mr. Craik's allusion must be intended to apply to her.

But the gardener's eyes were not turned in the same direction, but towards the saucy little speaker herself. He was further understood to say something about the importance of transplanting, whenever flowers did not appear to do well in strange soil. Nobody caught the full purport of Mr. Craik's words, for Fanny giggled aloud at the moment, and drowned part of the sentence.

The laughter startled Mrs. Motley, and she rose hastily from her seat to close the door, lest the sound of it should travel upwards and reach my room, where anxious watchers sat in silence or knelt and prayed by my bed.

The good woman was shocked at hearing her young relative's careless bantering words and merry laughter, whilst the mistress of the house which sheltered her lay hovering between life and death.

Fanny was not unkind, only she was young, thoughtless, and at this time especially rejoicing in a sense of daily increasing health and strength. Neither was she ungrateful, for each day at some time my name went up to God in her simple, child-like prayer, as she asked that my life might be spared.

After the first few days of illness, people become accustomed to the state of things which necessarily accompanies it. Outside the sick-room and beyond that inner circle of closest friends, whose lives are bound up with that of the invalid, the other inmates eat and drink, laugh, jest, or perchance quarrel, much after their usual fashion. Only they close the doors and lower their voices, so as not to give pain or offence by living their everyday lives within reach of suffering bodies and bleeding hearts.

During that talk in the housekeeper's room, Bedson's feelings towards Fanny Gregg were undergoing a rapid revolution, and she said to herself, "I am not sorry that the girl's stay is coming to an end. She has been here quite long enough already—almost too long."

And yet, but a few hours before, Bedson had thought how much she should miss her bright companionship, and had said this to her, accompanying the words with an affectionate embrace.

On her side Fanny had declared that it would be perfectly heart-breaking to say good-bye to Bedson, whose kindness she should never forget. She would always think of her as a dear, darling sister, and she left a tear on Bedson's cheek as a proof of her sincerity, for she really meant all she said.

Now Bedson was saying to herself, "That girl is not fit to be in a house where there is sickness. The little heartless thing, to go on laughing and trying to flirt both with Mr. Craik and old Simmons. They say you never know people fully until you have been shut indoors with them for a while, and I quite believe it, for Fanny does not improve on a longer acquaintance. Give her an inch and it is easy to see she will take an ell. Why, even I, who am so much older, should never think of talking to Mr. Craik in the forward way Fanny Gregg does. She was looking as innocent as you please, and all the time she was fishing for compliments. If only I had not told her so much!"

Bedson sighed. She could not blame Fanny for having betrayed a trust, but she did set her down as a dangerous companion, against whom staid and steady people needed to be constantly on their guard.

(To be continued.)

LAPP GIRLS.

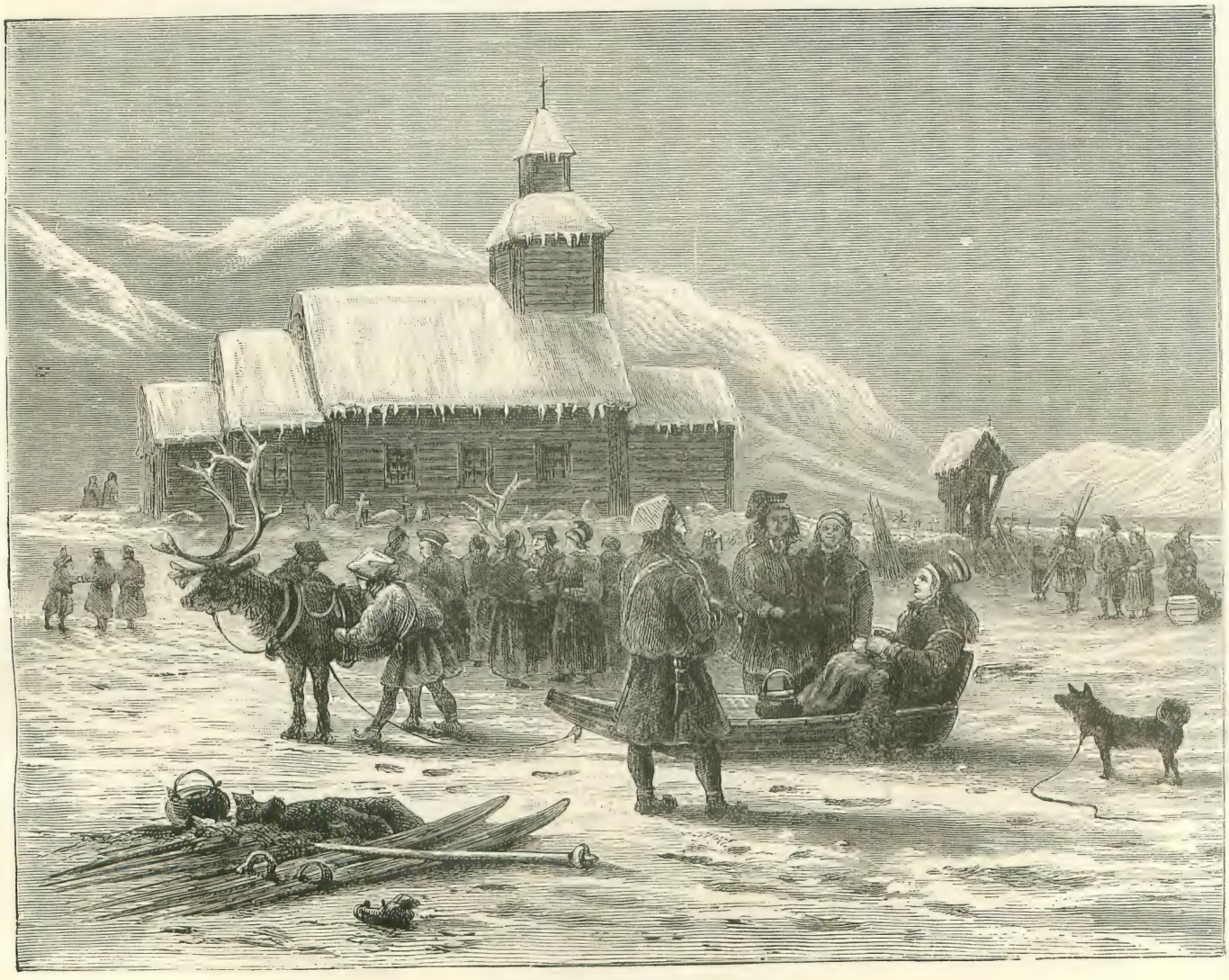
'Mid mountains, lakes, and forests wild,
I grew up from a tender child:
Made strong by storm and summer's sun,
On fleet foot o'er the snows to run;
With placid stream alone to trace
My bright brown eyes and ruddy face.

LAPP girls, mountain nymphs, nature's own children; beloved, but neither pampered nor petted; born and nurtured amidst her wildest solitudes, where shepherd never piped to his woolly flock, nor ploughboy ever whistled as he furrowed the stony land. Now wandering over altitudes where snow-fields and snow-flecks defy the summer's heat; where the eagle soars and the wolf prowls, and the bear lurks under the birch woods which hang upon their lower skirts; now camping by the side of a lonely tarn, or crossing a wide and drear morassy plateau; and now descending to vast forests of darksome pine, through which the cataract plunges and rushes with a thundering roar. Dwelling thus amidst the wildest, most picturesque and poetic of scenes; themselves clad in attire as picturesquely accordant with the scenery as it is suitable to the nature and climate of the region; tending also the most picturesque of half-wild herds, what wonder that imagination, despite the snows, should have been fired by the theme, and have involved Lapland girls, and their companions too, in the golden, sunny haze its magic wand had evolved from a mountain fog?

But whatever poetic ideas and sentiments Lapp girls or men may incite in the minds of others, they are themselves practical, not poetical; and we may rest assured that the so-called translations of Lapland love-songs in which poets have indulged are pleasant fictions merely, or, at most, as much like any basis of song they may be founded upon as a polished ruby gem is like a fragment of millstone-grit. Lapp girls have no time or inclination to indulge in romantic fancies; their life is sternly real and prosaic; and as such we will endeavour to describe it.

And first, attention is due to personal appearance; a subject of prime consideration with most girls, not even excepting the sensible young readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The Lapps, it is well known, are a small race; the men averaging about five feet and the women four feet eight inches in height, some not attaining to four feet six. Though muscular and well developed, with occasional exception of the women, they are never fat. Owing to intermixture with other races, the Mongolian type of features is now rarely seen in its purity, though approximations to it, more or less close, are common. The chief traits are short, broad faces; high cheekbones; wide mouth, with thick lips and good teeth; short chin; nose commonly rather short; eyes, sometimes obliquely set, and usually narrow, being contracted, perhaps, by habitual endeavour to avoid the smoke within the tent, and the glare of the snow without; the colour various, but most frequently brown. The prevailing colour of the hair also is brown, but it is seen of all shades, from flaxen to black. When young the Lapps are fair-complexioned, but as they grow older acquire a grey or brownish hue.

Beauty is a rare quality among the Lapps; nevertheless many of the girls are quite passably good-looking, and some really pretty, especially when set off by their quaint holiday dress.



SUNDAY IN SWEDISH LAPLAND.

They have often bright, vivacious eyes, and their step is elastic and quick. But, alas for the fair Lapp maidens! beauty, everywhere proverbially fleeting, is especially so with them; under the influence of a hard climate, toil, and smoke, they soon look old; and when really so, usually combine an aspect of sordid indifference with ugliness in excess.

Next to personal appearance, dress, which is closely connected with it, is an object of liveliest interest to the generality of young girls — Lappish included; few among the daughters of Eve agree with the poet that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most;" rather would they, in defiance of a greater poet, "paint the lily, and add another perfume to the rose."

To see Lapp girls in the full bloom of their wardrobes we must not seek them at home in the smutty tent, or with the herd on the mountain, in greasy, tattered old skin tunic, and besmirched headgear over dishevelled hair. We must meet them by one of the small, solitary chapels, scattered widely apart in the upper valleys of the wilderness, where, once or twice a year, the pastor comes from the far distant parish church to conduct religious rites and services for the benefit of the wandering portion of his flock. There, for two or three summer or autumn days of hard, prolonged toil, he reads the lessons, preaches, leads the singing of certain psalms and hymns, administers the sacrament, catechises young and old, baptises, marries, and repeats the burial service over the dead, interred since his former visitation within the lonely churchyard by relatives and friends.

On such occasion the wilderness blossoms like the rose. All appear in the choicest of their holiday garments, which, as worn by the girls and young women at least, are radiantly gay, contributing — in combination with wooded and snow-patched mountains; the simple chapel, standing, perchance, on a bosky and grassy knoll; and the curious, tent-shaped church huts of the Lapps, formed of poles and birch-bark, which are scattered around it—to produce a scene as strange as it is interesting and picturesque. Within these primitive huts, which are entirely vacated for the rest of the year, we may see our gaily-attired Lapp girls seated with their kindred upon birch twigs and reindeer skins laid upon the floor, forming family and friendly circles round the central fire, and indulging in cups of their dearly-beloved coffee from the copper kettle, which stands on three long legs upon the hearth; or, better still, in the sunshine, sitting and chatting in little groups on the grassy slopes before the doors; for there their attire is more brightly displayed, and may be more accurately observed.

Among the nomadic Lapps the dresses of men, women, and children are all much alike, and the holiday dress differs from the ordinary one only in costliness of material and ornamentation. It consists, for the girls in common with older women, of a tunic-shaped coat of fine woollen cloth with long sleeves, extending from the neck to below the calf of the leg, or often almost to the ankles; slit in front from the neck to near the waist, where it is clasped by an embroidered or silver-embossed belt. The colours most prevalent are black and dark or light blue, the latter and bright green being more especially favoured by the girls; but whatever the colour, the dress is always edged and margined with stripes of some contrasting colour or colours—scarlet, green, yellow, and white being much in vogue. Trousers or tight-fitting pantaloons are worn by women as well as men; the men's of thin leather, the women's more usually of fine or coarse cloth. The summer shoe is of stout leather; its sole, without heel, stitched to the upper part along the sides of the foot, and terminating at the toes with a sharp, upturned peak. In lieu of sock the foot is enveloped in soft, dried grass, extending over the ankles where the shoe meets and overlaps the pantaloons; around which it is tightly closed by coils of parti-coloured, broad worsted band—so arranged, according to one fashion adopted by the girls, that blue appears uppermost, succeeded by scarlet and light yellow. Like their sisters elsewhere, the mountain girls are vain of a small foot, and consequently are apt to pinch their pretty little toes. The headdress of the Lapps varies in different localities. In some parts of Norwegian Lapland the men wear a flat-topped and the women a helmet-shaped cap; in the more northern tracts of Swedish Lapland both men and women wear high-peaked caps of dark blue cloth, the women's being distinguished by having scarlet edges and seams. But further south, while the same form prevails, the man only wears a blue cap, and the woman invariably a scarlet or red, towering on the heads of some of the prettier girls and young women with very pleasing effect, calculated to communicate its flame-like nature to susceptible hearts. Within the dress a stomacher of embroidered cloth is usually worn, suspended round the neck and fastened behind with a hook; but this is often crossed over and concealed by a small neckkerchief or shawl. The girls mostly wear their hair in two long plaits, each terminated with a string of beads and a variegated tassel; and either hanging behind, or perhaps more commonly brought to the front. From the belt, or partly from a brass ring connected with it, resembling a small catherine-wheel, hang sundry useful articles and ornaments—knife, scissors, needle-case of reindeer's horn, a large tassel composed of beads, strips of coloured leather, small brass rings and silver bells; and above all, on these holiday occasions, a small bead-embroidered pocket or purse, containing a silver spoon with large round or ovoid bowl and short broad handle, richly engraved and hung with small rings of frosted silver, which peers out of the pocket with as much desire to be admired as any young lady's golden watch.

Such, with slight local variations, is the summer holiday dress of the young lady Lapp; but in winter, when Lapland is no Garden of Eden, and dress is worn for warmth, the Lapp maiden is robed from head to feet in the shaggy spoils of the reindeer. Instead of the dainty azure *vulopo*, with its scarlet and amber-tinted margins, she must now don the heavy hirsute *muodda*, of similar form, but made wide and unshapely; and in this, with mittens on her hands and shoes on her feet of the same material, her head also hid in furry cap, our mountain nymph seems transformed to a were-wolf, or other wild creature of the woods, by the spiteful magic of some potent wizard of her own race. But, thus mantled, she can defy the winter's snowstorms, and its cold, which sometimes congeals mercury, cannot freeze her blood. With the coruscating northern lights, the full-orbed moon, or a myriad twinkling stars gleaming in the deep heaven above her head, she can glide upon her long snow-shoes over the boundless expanse of snow to drive the wolf from her flock; or, seated in her cosy sledge, she can urge her fleet reindeer to the tent of a distant friend.

Lapp girls, be they rich or poor, take part, at least occasionally, in tending the herd. Milking is another of their occupations, shared with both women and men during the three or four summer months to which only the milking season extends. A pleasant sight in rural England is that of a comely dairymaid, seated in park or paddock under a broad oak, milking her quiet group of cows; but though no such tranquil beauty attends a milking scene in Lapland wilds, it possesses a far more stirring interest of its own. There, upon the lower slopes of a cragged and snow-flecked mountain, collected with clamour of dogs and men from far and wide, within an ample fold, or perchance upon an open patch of snow, may be seen a herd of several hundred, or even over a thousand, reindeer—bucks, does, and calves; a forest of great branching horns swaying over a dense mass of grey-brown backs and restless heads. All hands are soon at work, each playing a part. Mark that sturdy, nimble-footed damsel in red cap and tattered skin coat with the hair worn off. See, she uncoils from her waist a long lasso, and with a cast of her hand, the noose end of it is over the horns of a wilful milch doe. It struggles and rushes forward, dragging the girl along. She stumbles over a tree-root, and is trailed a yard or two along the ground; but, keeping her hold, she springs up again in a moment, renews the contest, and presently leads the subjugated animal to the milker, who, couching under a tree to which it is tied, extracts the milk with one hand into a short-handled ladle which the other hand holds. In like manner all the does to be milked are singled out from the rest of the herd and caught with the lasso; but most of them more quietly submit.

As the tent contains neither table, chair, stool, nor beds, except reindeer skins, and as the floor consists merely of the common earth, strewn with small branches of birch, there is not much household work for the girls to do. Of bread or porridge the mountain Lapps eat little or none, their diet being chiefly reindeer cheese and flesh; and, contrary to usual custom, the man is the principal cook. No doubt the young ladies will be capable of preparing the delectable blood-soup and blood-cakes so highly relished by the Lapps; the former consisting of desiccated and pulverized blood, kept in the stomach of the reindeer, from which it is taken and boiled in water; the latter, of the same ingredient, mixed with a little barley meal and baked in a frying-pan over the fire.

Among other accomplishments, Lapp girls are good sempstresses; with the aid of their mammas, making their own dresses, and doing all the tailoring for the men. They also plait, or weave in a small hand-frame, shoe bands and belts; and even shoe-making is not beyond their skill. The more delicate art of embroidery is also known to them; and on winter evenings especially, while the man is perhaps making or carving horn spoons with a knife, or interweaving fine basket-work of spruce tree roots, the girls and women, it is likely, are as busily engaged embroidering belts, stomachers, collars, gloves, and purses, with thread, worsted, small beads, or fine tin-wire. Their proficiency in the practice of this art is mentioned by Jacob Ziegler, a German author, in the year 1523.

During the course of the last forty years schools have been established in different parts of Lapland, to which the children of the nomads are sent to be educated, living meantime with the peasants in the distant hamlets where the schools are situated; and as the Lapp scholars are said to be quite as quick to learn as their associates, most of the young people can now read, and many of them can write.

The remark of the Italian Ucerbi, that the mountain Lapp is utterly devoid of a sense of harmony, has been the verdict also of Swedish and other authors; the only musical instrument peculiarly his own is a scrannel pipe of wood or bone; and his native wood-notes—wild enough—sound harsh and discordant to cultivated ears. Nevertheless, as the present writer has had the opportunity of hearing, the nomadic girls and young women—at least, when trained by teachers, and by missionaries who have sought their solitary haunts—are quite capable, under guidance of a leader, of singing in melodious concert, with voices impressively soft and sweet, the sacred tunes and hymns they have been taught. On the same occasion he was equally pleased to observe the simple, childlike, unsophisticated

character of several, if not most, of these more cultivated and devout young people; the kindly and gentle expression of their features—"something than beauty dearer"—combined with a total absence of affectation, pretence, or vulgarity of any kind. The feminine nature, especially, of the Lapps is very impressionable, and therefore correspondingly open to religious emotions and influences.

With the good and bad qualities of the rest of mankind the Lapp is, in general, well-disposed; his usual kind treatment of wife, children and servants being favourable evidence of this. Yet in the important and usually pleasant affair of courtship, love amongst the Lapps appears to play a very subordinate part. The poet, darting the electric fire of his own heart into that of the young nomad, sings:

"Haste, my reindeer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey o'er this dreary waste;
Haste, my reindeer! still, still thou art too slow.
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste."

But the young Lapp is rarely in such a violent hurry and flurry about the affair, although he usually marries at an early age. Nowhere is marriage more commonly undertaken from mercenary motives than among the mountain Lapps. The heart, says Lästadius, has in it next to no voice; and Gustaf von Düben, a Swedish ethnologist, who has written a most comprehensive work on Lapland and its inhabitants, states that very frequently Lapp marriages are a parents' bargain, contracted while the children are quite young, and brought to pass, without consulting them, when they become of proper age. Such procedure naturally occurs most among the rich.

Lapp girls are eligible for wives at sixteen or seventeen years of age; and the young men as soon as they can slaughter a reindeer and set up a tent. Early marriages are commonly urged on by the parents; for an ecclesiastical ordinance instituted in 1745, to promote the acquisition of religious knowledge by the young Lapps, still remains: giving liberty of marriage to every youth as soon as he has learnt the required amount of Christian doctrine, and attained the age of seventeen.

The young people visit each other unrestrictedly in the tents, and indulge in much merriment and lively talk; but the mode of greeting when they first meet, by kissing with the nose—rubbing their noses together—formerly practised by the Lapps, has become obsolete. Nevertheless, though fashions change, love—even if it be but the love of money—is perennial; and therefore it naturally happens at these social gatherings that mutual attachments between young men and maidens are sometimes formed. The course of Lapp courtship, when not superseded by parental authority, has been circumstantially described by Lästadius and later writers. According to these, when a young man has taken a fancy to a fair maid, or to the wealth which constitutes the sole charms of another, the wily youth begins his advances jestingly, that he may thereby surmise the chance of final success. If the signs appear favourable, and the old formalities are to be observed, the suitor then pays a ceremonious visit to the girl's parents, accompanied with numerous relations, himself the last in the procession. On arriving at the tent, or hut, he either remains outside, or keeps quite passive within; his charmer also, if present, is equally mute, and appears totally unconcerned; but more frequently, at sight of the company, she hastens to some hiding-place, or among the reindeer.

Business is begun by one of the relatives who has been chosen to take the part of chief speaker, or pleader; and while he is advocating the suitor's cause with the girl's father and mother, treating them at the same time with the contents of a spirit flask, the others, aided by the same potent influence, seek to enlist in his favour the rest of the family; plying them with commendations and adulations in prose and verse. If at this stage of proceedings fervid eloquence and ardent spirit failed to effect the desired result, it was a custom formerly for the pleader to present the suitor with the consolation of a calfskin! But if a more or less liberal supply of both has inclined the parents to consent, then comes the consideration of the suitor's gifts; which are forthwith placed before them on a reindeer skin. Usually they consist of silver articles, such as spoons, drinking-cups, rings, and clasps; also money and household utensils may be added, together with the proffer of reindeer. Persuasive gifts are also presented to the relatives of the bride; the entire presentations being often of considerable value when both parties are rich. If, however, those displayed in the first instance before the parents are deemed insufficient, the pleader brings out and offers more; and it sometimes happens that, after prolonged bargainings, restricted offers cause the loss of the suit. When the parents have been contented, the bride, if out, is sent for by some friend, to whom the suitor's mother makes a present to secure her good word; and on arriving, after meekly expressing submission to the will of father and mother, the obedient daughter receives and scrutinises her gifts; and if not to her liking and expectation, she wring dissatisfaction till they are rendered more consonant with her desires. She is then betrothed with a ring and a spoon, both of ancient form; and the affair being so far brought to a fortunate conclusion, the parents on both sides are treated to brännvin (a sort of whisky), nor are the rest of the company, including the bride, loth to take a taste of the same; all shake hands; speeches are made; provisions, brought by the guests, are set out; servers are appointed, and a betrothal feast is held. When that is over all seek rest; and after a breakfast next day, the successful wooer and his retinue return to their tents.

Variations of the mode of wooing and winning a bride among Lapland snows occur in different parts of the region; nor is the above mode, known as "courtship with brännvin," that is, with due formality, so common now as formerly; but it will suffice to show the spirit with which, in a double sense, the affair is still generally conducted; and it now only remains to make an end of Lapp girls by converting them into wives.

After the publication of the banns appointed marshals carry round the invitations, presenting with them to each invited person a dram, which he receives as earnest-money binding him to attend. Marriage is celebrated in accordance with the ritual of the Lutheran Church, to which the Lapps of Sweden and Norway, in common with the Scandinavians, belong. As in the case of country bridals of the dominant race in parts where the old customs are still retained, there is no lack at a Lapp marriage of rustical pomp. On one such occasion, witnessed by the writer in Swedish Lapland, the young bride was quite resplendent; upon her head a small, glittering crown surmounted a wreath, or mass rather, of artificial flowers, glowing with the gayest of tints; a silver-gilt belt encircled her waist, and above it the whole bust was covered with silver-gilt ornaments, large and small, in various leafy, floral, and other forms, set upon scarlet cloth edged with lace, and most of them hanging loosely so that they quivered and glittered as the united couple walked slowly between admiring spectators from the altar down the aisle. The bridegroom wore a Lapp coat of the usual form, edged with scarlet, and with high, stiff, upright collar, lined with scarlet cloth; but above the belt it was opened unusually wide to display a white shirt front, and the white handkerchief he wore round his neck; it was moreover adorned with a large bouquet of artificial red roses, rivalling those of his bride. The bridesmaids and bridesmen were little inferior in dress or adornment to the parties they respectively honoured; and as the bridal procession, headed by a musician playing on the violin, passed from the church to the house of entertainment, it made a goodly show. The bride's dress, it should have been stated, was of fine black cloth; in form like the bridegroom's coat, but without the collar, and margined near the bottom of the skirt with a strip of scarlet cloth. She also wore a white veil, hanging behind her back almost to the heels; but this part of the bridal costume, and much of the rest, was adopted from the Swedes—the Lapps, like other people, having on high occasions an inclination to copy the fashions of those who rank higher than themselves. The crown and other costly bridal ornaments belonged to a Lapp who was in the habit of lending them out on hire; a custom prevailing also among the Swedish and Norwegian peasantry in parts where the bridal crown is still in request.

Högström, who wrote more than a century ago, says that the bride was led to the marriage by her father and a kind of marshal, and that it was usual for her to show on the occasion a high degree of bashfulness: so that she had sometimes to be dragged forwards by force, like a refractory reindeer in the milking-fold when the noose has been thrown round its neck. In proof of such modesty, one Lapp bride, when standing before the altar in all the pomp and circumstance of matrimonial initiation, on being asked if willing to take that man to be her lawful husband, answered in the negative; but, when *told* by the pastor he could not in that case proceed, the coy damsel quickly substituted a "Yes" for the "No," saying she fully expected he would put the question a second time. It was not sufficient, however, for a young Lapp bride to appear shy and bashful; if she would be happy and fortunate after marriage she must show no signs of satisfaction while it is taking place, nor during the festivities which succeed it.

The wedding feast is held at the home of the bride's parents; but provisions and brännvin are contributed to it by the guests. Occasionally also some of these give or promise gifts to the married pair; the latter being subsequently fetched by the bridegroom, who accompanies his thanks with a grateful draught from the bottle carried in his hand. The Lapps in general are by nature a lively effusive people, and when the substantial part of the entertainment has been disposed of, it is often succeeded by no small measure of merriment, free talk, playing, dancing, and especially of drinking, so that it sometimes happens most of the company sleep where they sit or chance to fall. Such excesses, however, belong less to the present than the past.

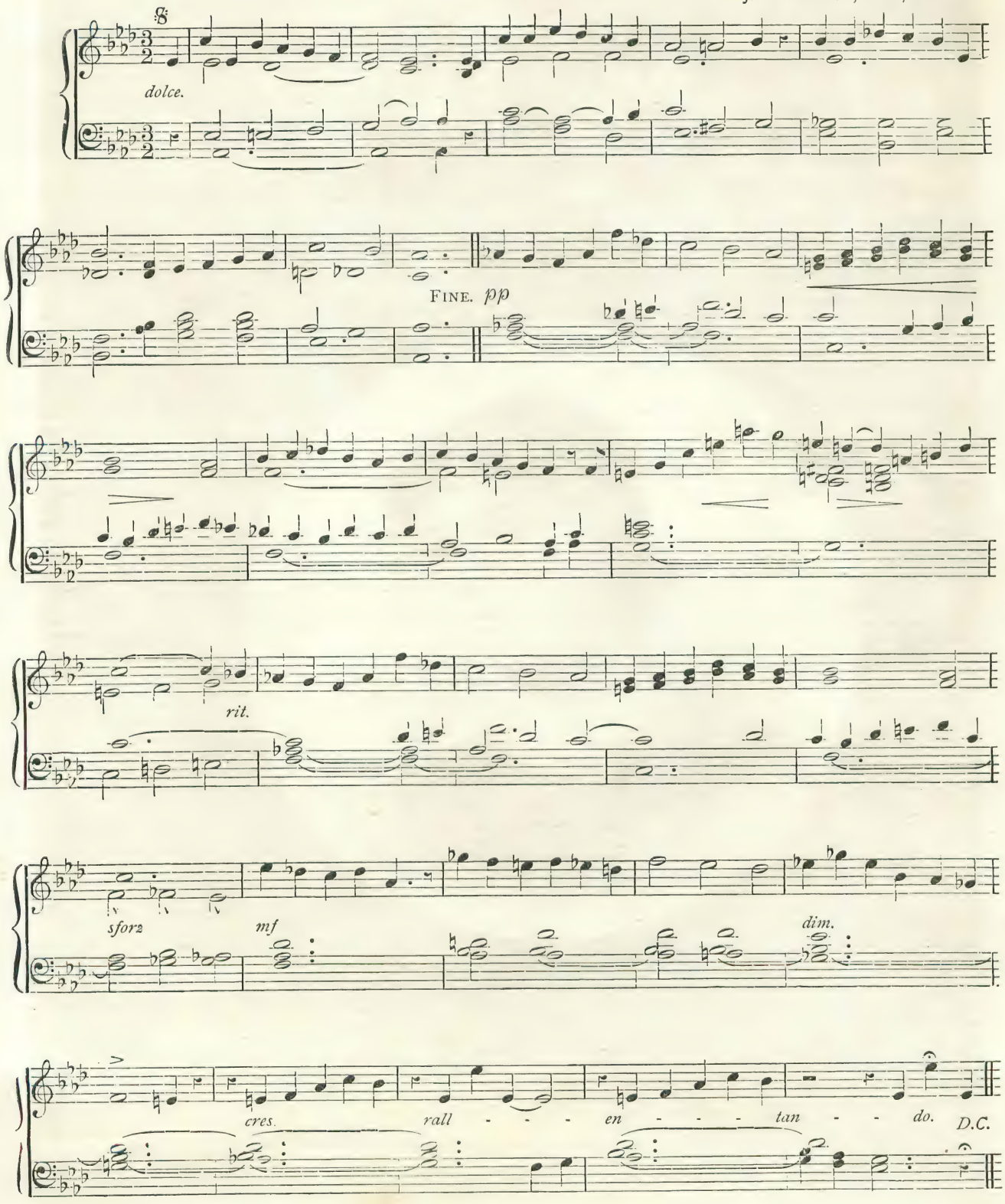
The young couple remain a year with the bride's father, grazing their herd along with his. At the termination of this period they remove to a hut or tent of their own, taking with them all their property, consisting of reindeer, partly given in dowry, household articles, provisions, and sundry bridal gifts presented by the younger members of the family and friends.

And now, as the bride has quite passed away from the sisterhood of Lapp girls, with best wishes for her future welfare and happiness, we leave her to the household, maternal, and pastoral cares which devolve upon an active, industrious and vigilant Lapp wife in her breezy and fluctuating mountain home.

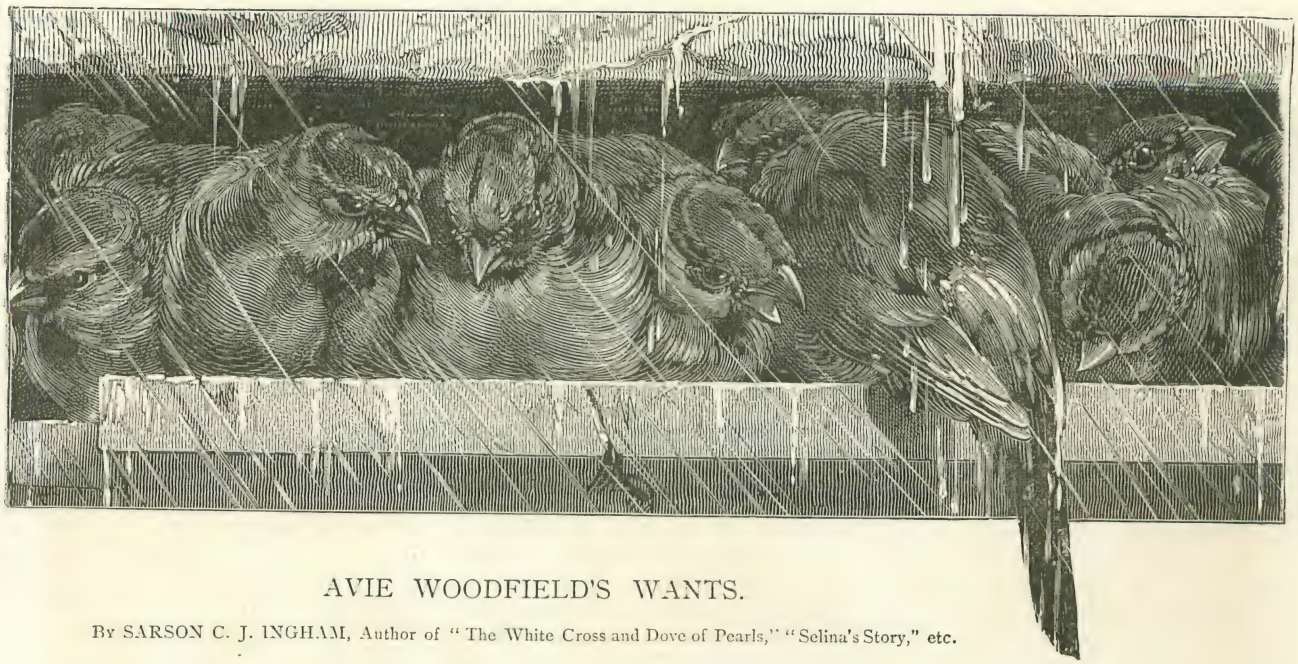
RÊVERIE.

FOR THE HARMONIUM OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

J. W. HINTON, M.A., Mus.D.



AVIE WOODFIELD.



AVIE WOODFIELD'S WANTS.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"WANT! You are always wanting," said Mrs. Woodfield to her daugher Avie, as she impatiently took her youngest darling from her arms. "'I only and I want'—it is your cuckoo-song from morning till night. They say that mothers' ears are thin; but yours might be filled with sealing-wax, since baby may cry his little heart out if he happens to wake before his time, and you know nothing at all about it."

"The door of my room was shut."

"You had locked yourself in, I suppose. A girl of your age, who was good for anything, would have had the door open that she might know if anything was wanted of her. I wonder if Laura Lawton and Clara Clavers find time for droning away in their bedrooms in the middle of the day. No, they are all eye and all ear for what they can do."

"I declare one can never have a bit of peace," said Avie, who had heard more about the eminent virtues of Laura Lawton and Clara Clavers than a nearer view than her mother's had privileged her to see. "I only wanted to write to Cousin Lilias, and ask her if she could lend me the Oxford notes on *Cymbeline*, and if she could clear up some difficulties I have met with in my Globe problems; but it must be wrong for me to want anything, even a little bit of time."

"Yes, you are very much oppressed," said her mother. "You can finish your letter at a more convenient time; for now you must go to Buckridge Farm, to ask Mrs. Innes for the prescription for thrush the German doctor gave her. I want to let our washerwoman have it for her baby; and you can dress the three little ones, and take them with you."

So she could not now overtake the half-hour of which the baby had cheated her. She turned away with a cloud upon her brow. The children, knowing by that token that Avie was cross, rendered the toiletting process difficult by at once putting themselves on the offensive, and it was not till they were fairly in the fields that they became amiable.

Avie was too much engrossed with her own thoughts to give anything more than a mechanical "yes" or "no" to their childish chatter.

Her thoughts went very much in the line of self-justification, and her heart swelled as if it must burst with indignation against what she called her lot—destiny being what she really would have said if it had not been too grand a word to apply to anything concerning her. Happy they who could realise a noble one, but from what she called her lot there was no escape—never would be. There was no one to show her any good, and it was wrong for her even to wish for any. Her wants were few. A little time; a few good books; teachers, if possible; converse with a helpful friend or two. What was there so very wrong in all that? Why should the reproof it brought have such a sting—leave such a poison in her veins?

The birds carolled gaily in the hedges; the children sought the banks and the long grass near the ditches for wild flowers and ferns: and gradually Nature poured a balm into her heart that antidoted the sting, and soothed and quieted her. It was strange that Nature was so large and bounteous and beautiful, and that the human life for which it was made should be so cramped and sordid, so fettered and downtrodden. She could not solve the enigma; but she returned home from her errand in a more cheerful spirit, and the large bouquet of roses that she carried with her for her mother was like a messenger of gladness.

"It is of no use for me to yield to her feeling oppressed," Mrs. Woodfield had been saying to herself; "for are we not all oppressed? Oh, this want of means, what wretchedness and quarrelling it creates! We are worse off than the very poor, who have no appearances to keep up, and if I do not keep up appearances no one else will. I wonder what my children would sink to if they hadn't me to fight for them! The girls would never have a good dress to their name; the boys would never get put to anything that required the least outlay. I don't ask riches; but if we could have had enough in this large family to keep a nursemaid, and to give Avie and Elsie better educational advantages, I need not have made such a drudge of Avie, and she might have been a happier and a pleasanter girl. Ah, me! I always thought how I should love to encourage mind in my children, and now I always find myself standing between Avie and her books—and all because we are so painfully poor!"

The roses Avie brought with her were put on the tea-table, and she returned, as a compliment to them, the smile her mother gave her on entering the house.

Mr. Woodfield admired them, too, because they cost nothing; and Avie sat, looking into the crimsoning heart of a Gloire de Dijon, with its rich yellow petals, wondering how the separate beauties even of roses were to be interpreted.

Would that human beings had the leave to be even half so beautiful!

She had turned her eye inward from the budding beauty of the baby, and of the rosy, dimpled children around her, when she wished that. A vision of spirits, discontented and out of joint like her own, and of care-furrowed foreheads was before her. Yet more of the rose's spiritual beauty was hers than she knew. Only sixteen, with good form and colouring; silky, curling auburn hair; a broad expanse of forehead; and eyes bright with the aspirations of intellectual youth; for all the shadows that so often crossed them, why should she envy the rose its beauty?

Ah! but its colouring is so royal, its glow and radiance speak to the heart of triumph; and for herself Avie foresaw failure, only failure, whichever way she turned.

If the home atmosphere had been a healthy one, the young girl could not have nursed such sickly thoughts. The weight of it, however, was intolerable. From the time she was as high as the table she had been accustomed to hear her father say that they were all on the verge of ruin; and the dismal future that awaited his family when his work should be done, was hinted by Mr. Woodfield in every gloomy vaticination that any call for money was sure to draw forth.

He never saw his wife, or one of the girls, in a new dress but he sighed heavily. A new carpet on the floor, a new piece of furniture, or a timid request for permission to go to a concert, all but drew from him threats of suicide; and these things had sunk into Avie's heart, extinguishing the buoyancy and hopefulness natural to youth, and filling her with unutterable fears for the future.

She had the deepest sympathy for her unfortunate father. If only she could help to make things better! But what could she do? Her father had only been able to afford her a

very ordinary education. It would not avail her much in the world, she thought.

For all this the Woodfields had not a comfortless home. Mrs. Woodfield appreciated comfort, and she had it. She was a woman of considerable pride, too, with a certain regard for position, and a proper regard for the elegances and refinements of life. So she paid her dues to public opinion to the uttermost farthing of what could be wrung out of her reluctant husband; but no one knew what worry and friction and heartburning it cost. All but what are vulgarly termed the necessaries of life were procured under protest. The children could not enjoy what they vaguely felt they had no right to. Every little thing must add to papa's burden; and did not the last straw break the camel's back?

The mother was accused of extravagance, and held to be very culpably extravagant by many people, who did not believe that she kept within her husband's income. There were others, however, who maintained that th unreasonableness was on his side, and declared that he had cried "wolf" too often to be believed. Perhaps Mrs. Woodfield had grown hardened to the cry of "wolf," as she was not always to be kept in subjection by it.

Baulked of her hopes, hindered in her maternal ambitions, she had become exceedingly embittered. Discontent played the mischief with her just as it did with Avie, though the discontent was of another kind, and called forth another class of emotions.

Life to both was sordid, mean, and oppressive. Reviving, uplifting, inspiriting influences were needed. No doubt the younger one—with the larger aims, the longer vista of life stretching before her, and the feebler hope—needed them the most; but she must seek for them, pressing them into her service when she finds them in her path, and often she has not the heart for this.

Avie found the completion of her letter deferred from the middle of the week till late on Saturday night, when she was tired of enforcing among the youngsters the law of purification for the Sabbath—a law from time immemorial held proper to that evening.

In the morning she was in her place in church, but her listless, weary manner did not show much attention to the service. The higher claims that the soul has over the mind were forgotten by her in profitless speculations about the future in an idle reverie, which allured her fancy to a certain point, and then left her ashamed of her own folly. She couldn't feel at peace with herself after that. The lifting up of the heart with the beautiful words of the collect—"Cleanse thou the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit," etc., might have saved her from it if she had only recollected herself in time. She had fallen into an easily besetting sin.

For some time Avie had been engaged on the Sabbath afternoon as a tract distributor. The district assigned to her containing only a few houses, there was nothing for her to do but to leave her tract and pass. Some districts give a young visitor no scope for visiting, and this was one of them; so she generally had a little margin of leisure left to her, that she was glad to use in her own way.

Very few of the morning congregation of All Hallows were to be found within its walls of an afternoon. The body of the church was thinly sprinkled with those whose domestic duties forbade morning attendance at church, while a few invalids, afraid of night air, also found the earlier service convenient.

Avie, it might be premised, went there on this particular afternoon to repair the morning's sin of omission. The church, with its broad shadows, looked like a sanctuary for quiet thoughts, and the subdued organ music, with the rather drowsy voices which it accompanied, seemed rather to go with the current of Avie's thoughts than to compel them into another channel. The curate, who usually preached, transferred the duty to a friend whom he had visiting him, a grey-haired man with a slightly stooping form.

Avie was not displeased with the exchange. Everything good might be expected of Mr. Butters; but nothing new, or forceful, or incisive. How could a man who had an infantile nose, a receding chin, and drab hair put much pathos or pungency into his speech? You looked at him, and knew what to expect.

Avie surmised that the elder gentleman might be his father. He gave out his text, and her hopes fell. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

The sweet vision conjured up before the imagination of pastoral life in the East, the calm certainty of the supply of daily needs, did not touch the chord in the young girl's heart that was touched in the hearts of some who were not still in the father's house, with a child's irresponsibility for the provision of to-day and preparation for to-morrow.

From such a text she thought she knew just what the sermon would be, and hoped little for a message directly applicable to herself.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

It was only when the clergyman said that it was in man's nature to want; that not all the riches of the world or the gifts of Nature could satisfy the irrepressible craving of heart and mind; the soul would still cry out for more—for something she wanted, and had not—that Avie was aroused. The wants, then, with which she had been reproached were as natural as thirst and hunger. Was the minister really going to say that God's Providence included these desires of hers, which seemed as if they were only given her to torment her? Yes, though he did not dwell on the subject, he did really, in a few simple, earnest words, suggest so much.

On broken purposes, uncompleted work, he based an argument for the immortality of the soul. God must satisfy the longings He had Himself created. He must make of every life and of every character that was humbly and prayerfully committed to His shepherding a divine success.

Not only of the lower needs of the body, but of the hunger of the heart, the "Give, give," of the intellect, the nobler, purer aspirations of the soul, might the Christian—ay, while he wept natural tears over disappointment and apparent failure—say, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

Let the worm that bites the dust covet wings; it shall have them. Let the seed flung into deep furrows desire life and beauty; life and beauty it shall have. "And for the waiting-time, it is but a little while," said the minister, with the tenderness of one who had waited in his tones. "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord! I shall surely see it. Thou art the Saviour of body, soul, and spirit; of the unnumbered hairs of my head, of every emotion, of every thought, of every power I have worth cherishing. The knowledge of this world may pass away; the powers Thou hast given me shall never pass from Thy holy keeping. No star or eclipse upon the firmament but shall shine out again."

This was a phase of God's shepherd care quite new to Avie, and she pondered it deeply.

As she walked home from church, but two thoughts were in her mind. She was trying to believe on them with her heart. "'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.' The waiting-time so long to me is but a little while." Somehow she believed God would help her; and this faith, carefully cherished, lifted her for a time above the sordidness of her home. Higher aspirations than the longing for earthly knowledge were enkindled by it.

A few days after, Avie was to be seen looking very heavy-eyed and pale, and her mother said to her—

"Avie, as you have such a bad headache, you had better go and lie down till tea-time. I will not allow you to be disturbed. A long nap is what you want; for I fear you do not bear very well relieving me of the baby at nights. Young girls cannot bear to lose their sleep much."

"If I laid down I could not sleep; and my head is not so very bad," she replied. "Since you can spare me, I would like best to go out by myself. The air will revive me, and I shall not get tired if I am alone."

Thus she secured the unwonted privilege of wandering out of doors at her own sweet will. Until she heard the front door close behind her she was mortally afraid that something might occur to forbid; she had known so many slips 'twixt cup and lip. She was not companionless either; she had slipped a little book into her pocket, that she hoped to luxuriate in, in what were called The Castle grounds; for Closeholm owned a castle that was old in story, and enriched by legends of love and war, which clung to it like the lichens to its walls. Part of it was tenanted by a noble family, who during long periods of absence left the grounds open to the public.

The banks of this demesne were watered by a little tributary from the stream that flowed near the town, and the spot that Avie chose was one well calculated to tranquillise and soothe the tired mind of her.

For awhile she sat still, yielding herself up to the witchery of the broad shadows which the trees flung on the grass, with their solemn canopy of green, inviting the eye to look into them as into measureless depths of colour; and the lulling murmur of the stream, as it wound round the bank, and turned into an aisle of alders; and then she took her miniature edition of Racine out of her pocket and read some pages of *Esther*. The limpid accents of the French tongue harmonised in her fancy with the even flow of the water; but there was something singularly oppressive in the atmosphere, and Avie grew very drowsy over her book.

"Tiresome!" she said. "Opportunities are so scarce, and when they come to us, how often something in ourselves, or even in the weather, spoils us for reaping the good of them!"

Notwithstanding this protest, she fell fast asleep, and slept for an hour as soundly as if she had been in her own little room at home. While she slept her book fell out of her hand, and caught in the sedges at the river's brink.

She was wakened at last by huge raindrops that splashed into her face, and, starting up, she saw dark clouds drifting across the sky, and heard the roll of distant thunder.

Avie very quickly started to her feet, and, seeing that she could not possibly reach home before the storm burst, she made her way through the grounds to a little chapel, the porch of which was a more effectual shelter for her than the deep embrasures of the castle, the untenanted parts being in many places roofless.

There were worn stone seats in the porch. She felt hiding there as if she were hiding in a rock, and watched the storm with an enjoyment that was but little chastened by fear. The discomfiture of the birds, who stirred uneasily in their nests, and twittered but did not sing, the beaten-down flags and flowers, the little pools that bubbled in the hollows beneath the tips of the tree-branches, the signs everywhere of electrical disturbance, seized upon her fancy, and held her in an attitude of keen observation.

Presently she heard hurried footsteps ap-

proaching, and expected that someone else, overtaken by the rain, had bethought him of her snug hiding-place, and immediately the place of sanctuary was invaded by a gentleman, who arrived there in breathless haste. He raised his hat, seeing a lady there before him, and said, in a reassuring tone, that he believed the storm would very soon pass over.

Avie assented, after which there was a silence, which neither of them were disposed to break.

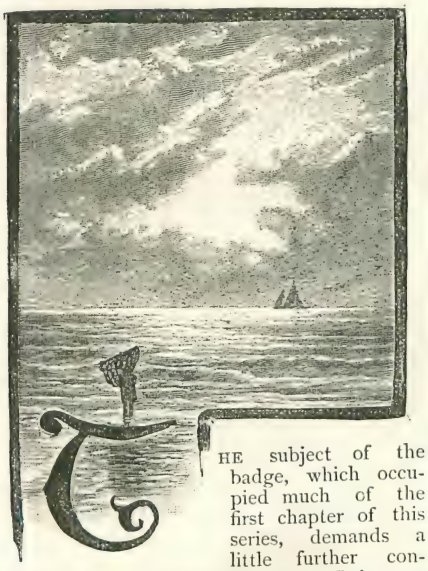
The intruder was a man about fifty, with a light, active form, a finely-cut, intellectual-looking face, and iron-grey hair and whiskers.

Everyone at Closeholm knew Mr. Wilpraham by sight, but few had any particular intimacy with him.

(To be continued.)

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

PART II.



THE subject of the badge, which occupied much of the first chapter of this series, demands a little further consideration before being dismissed. It is more suitably termed a "cognisance"—a word derived from the Norman, signifying a token by which a thing is recognised, and which marks the difference between it and a device with a hidden meaning and very mystifying intricacy of character.

Before proceeding further, let me warn those who claim their right to adopt either a cognisance or device for a letter-seal or letter paper, in place of a monogram, that they must never be guilty of the mockery (illegal as well as puerile) of placing the same on a distinctly heraldic foundation, nor a motto on a garter. To be more explicit, the badge must not stand on a cap of maintenance, crest-coronet, wreath, nor mural crown, and a motto must be inscribed on a fillet or ribbon.

There was another form of self-chosen cognisance which in one respect resembled armorial bearings, viz., in its hereditary perpetuity. This class is represented by knots and twists, originally of silken cord, and likewise of buckles. Representations of these, like orthodox heraldic insignia, are found depicted on memorial windows, sculptured on tombs, and engraved on seals.

Perhaps one of the best known of all our badges is the hand, borne by legal right as an inescutcheon in the centre of the shield of a baronet. Well known as it is, however, comparatively few are acquainted with its origin. Its history is as follows.

Following out Queen Elizabeth's work in reducing the turbulent condition of Ireland to some degree of order, James I. devised the idea of raising an army of occupation in a novel way. He bestowed the hereditary title of baronet on every gentleman who, owning a rental of £1,000 per annum, would maintain thirty soldiers in the province of Ulster at the rate of 1s. 6d. a day each, and would likewise remit the amount of one year's such pay to the Treasury. The red hand *appaumé*, or open erect, and showing the palm, was the badge of the province of Ulster; and thus for their valuable and sometimes arduous services, these gentlemen obtained the honorary reward of bearing on their shields the badge of the province. It was a distinguishing mark of the titular honours granted for their loyal self-sacrifice, in pecuniary loss, personal exertion, and sometimes imminent danger incurred. This method of raising military forces and creating baronets was extended to this country, and a well-earned distinction, which greatly served the country, yet cost it nothing, has thus been preserved amongst us as an example to after generations.

Some readers may perhaps inquire as to the origin of the badge of Ulster in the first instance. In an ancient expedition to Ireland, the adventurer O'Neile cut off his left hand, and threw it upon the shore, on finding his own rowboat outstripped by another, and in consequence of a compact made between him and his companions, that he who first touched the land should possess the territory which he touched. From this man the kings of the province of Ulster descended, and the Sir Phelim O'Neile, who was hanged for the murder of Lord Caulfeild, and whose estates were forfeited for high treason by command of James I., was surnamed "Lamh-derg Eirin," meaning "the red hand of Erin." Assuredly a large portion of his countrymen have kept up their right and title to this terribly descriptive surname, for red-handed they are too often found, following in the footsteps of their *lamh*-like chieftain. The strange act of the adventurer O'Neile, who naturally cut off the left hand, accounts for the circumstance that the badge represents a hand sinister.

But others besides the O'Neiles are found to bear the cognisance of the "bloody hand" on their escutcheons as a charge. This was in punishment (and to last for ever after) of the crime of murder to families of this country, of which fact we might cite at least four examples.

The most part, if not all, of our sovereigns and knights adopted a cognisance, and these were exhibited at tournaments on their banners and shields, one shield being blazoned with heraldic insignia, and another with a badge or with an *impresa* (as a device was otherwise designated).

Hereditary charges were not as personally distinctive as either of these self-chosen cognisances, inasmuch as all the chief's family had a right to bear his heraldic insignia, only with a difference. Thus we find that in ballads and other historical records the nobility were individually referred to (not by their names and arms, but) by their badges.

The Lancastrian collar of S.S., worn by heralds, was a badge instituted by Henry IV., and is supposed to have been the repetition of the initial letter of "soverayne"—his own favourite motto. Another example of this very simple kind of badge was that worn as a collar or necklace by Henry VIII., which consisted of the repetition throughout its length of his own initial letter "H."

We here give a cognisance worn by several of our Plantagenet kings. From Cœur de Lion downwards, who assumed the badge of the Star of Bethlehem, surmounting the crescent and issuing from between the horns, in token of his victories over the Turks, and the triumph of Christianity over Mahommedanism (Fig. 1).

Likewise the Tau badge from the tomb of Sir Rogerde Bors, in Ingham Church, Norfolk (Fig. 2).

We may now pass on to consider what was entitled a "rebus." This was a fanciful combination of two or more figures, whereby the name of the owner was formed, and dates from a period of great antiquity. Speaking of the quaint practice of adopting a cognisance of such a kind, Sir William Dugdale says, "They who lackt wit to expresse their conceit in speech, did use to depaint it out in pictures, which they called 'rebus.'"

Most of my readers are aware that this style of composition consists of pictorial hieroglyphics. Referring to history, we find that the clergy of Picardy used to compose certain squibs, respecting current events, for the carnival, and the rebus derived its name from them—*de rebus quæ gerunter;* and in the Middle Ages many ecclesiastics and knights used to make puns on their names, and used them as cognisances. To make this explanation of the rebus the plainer, the following example may suffice:—

On the letters S. T. a gorgeous cockatoo sits perched, whilst beneath is a wretched moulting bird; of which hieroglyphical representation the explanation is as follows:—"On S. T. (honesty) is the best Poll I see (policy)." Thus the rebus of the Derings was a deer and a ring.

In illustration of this description of cognisance, the rebus of the abbot, John de Wheathamsted, A.D. 1460, sculptured on his tomb in St. Albans Cathedral, is here given for the benefit of those who cannot make an excursion, well worth their while to accomplish, to inspect it for themselves (see Fig. 3). Fig. 4 combines both a knot and a rebus—"A. Bell"—and is taken from a stained glass window in Newdegate Rectory, Surrey. Fig. 5 is the rebus of "J(ohn) Bol-ton," from a stained glass window in York Minster; and Fig. 6 is another combination of a knot, with a device and initials. It is of Alured Comyn, Prior of Nostel, from the roof of Nostel Church, Yorkshire.

Knots, twists, and buckles were hereditary badges, so to say, although not armorial bearings. They were not exclusively the cognisance of one individual, like his badge or device pure and simple, but remained as a sort of heirloom in his family.

They were sometimes adopted merely as an ornamental device, to form as it were a link between successive repetitions of another subject. For instance, a portrait of Henry VII. at the Society of Arts shows a collar composed of knots and *roses-en-soleil* alternately. So likewise one representing Henry VIII. as Prince Henry, shows a collar of white and red roses, each successively separated or united by a series of knots. Some nine or ten families still retain an ancient cognisance of this description, and perhaps more. Those illustrated are:—(Fig. 7) the Draper knot (also that of Ann of Bohemia, surnamed The Good, and seen on

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

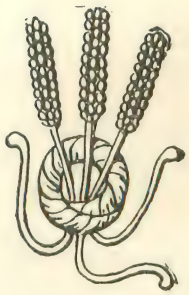


FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

FIG. 9.

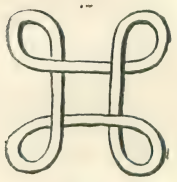


FIG. 10.

FIG. 11.

FIG. 12.

FIG. 13.

FIG. 14.

FIG. 15.

FIG. 16.

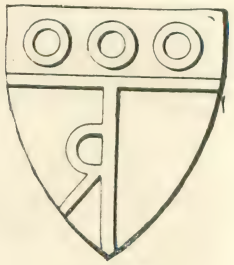


FIG. 17.

FIG. 18.

FIG. 19.

FIG. 20.

the robe of her effigy on her tomb in Westminster Abbey). Fig. 8, that of Stafford. Fig. 9, Heneage. Fig. 10, Bowen. Fig. 11, The Ormond and Wake. Fig. 12, the Bourchier, taken from a tomb in Westminster Abbey; also to be seen scattered all over the splendid tomb in Canterbury Cathedral of Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop, second son of William Bourchier, Earl of Eu, in Normandy. He was remarkable as having lived after his first consecration fifty-one years, the longest period of time that any Englishman ever lived as bishop or archbishop. Fig. 13, the Dacre knot and badge. There are a few others which have not been illustrated, as, for example, the Harrington knot — a fret argent representing a fishing net, borne from the time of Edward III.; and the Lacy knot, which was adopted by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, "an eminent warrior," temp. Edward I. (French, *lacet*, a knot). Lincoln's Inn was his house in town, where he died. The beautiful knot is to be seen on a sculptured shield on the ruins of Whalley Abbey, Lancashire, which was built by him A.D. 1296.

Merchants' marks were accorded to citizens to be placed upon their merchandise, when not possessing the hereditary right to bear arms—a right strictly guarded by heavy fines and severe punishments on its nefarious appropriation. The modern trade marks or trade brands represent the original, which date back to 1400, and have been adopted by individuals, and not by guilds of the several trades only. Perhaps amongst the earliest formed of these societies was that of the woolstaplers, which was instituted in the fourteenth century; and equal justice was meted out to these worthy industrious persons, in the stringent laws passed for the protection of their rights, as for those of the nobility of the first and second degree. It would appear that the pious feeling which shone out so clearly in word and sentiment amongst the patrician circles, the knights and others, pervaded those of the class below them. "A straw will tell which way the wind blows"; and we cannot but observe that these "good men and true" united their initials with a cross. In some cases, gentlemen entitled to bear arms adopted the vocation of a merchant; and under such circumstances both his family escutcheon and his merchant's mark were represented on his memorial brass, window, or tomb.

Those of my readers who frequent the library of the British Museum may read the following statement in one of the Harleian MSS.—

"Theys be none Armys, but a marke as merchaunts use; for every man may take hym a marke; but not Armys, without a herawde or purcyvante."

The woolstaplers, as I said, were the first to employ these marks, which used to be impressed on leaden seals attached to their bales of merchandise; and many examples are frequently discovered, especially in the neighbourhood of Hitchin. A few of the early examples of these are subjoined.

Fig. 14 is the trade mark of Thomas Pownder, St. Mary Key, Ipswich, taken from his tomb, dated 1635. Fig. 15, that of John Pergett, Chipping Norton, Oxon, A.D. 1487, also taken from the tomb. Fig. 16 is that of Geoffrey Dormer, as seen on his tomb in Thame Church, A.D. 1502. Fig. 17 is to be seen in Westhampnett Church, near Chichester. Fig. 18, on the tomb of John Orgone, in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street, London, A.D. 1584. Fig. 19, the mark of John Carr, sculptured on his tomb at Stonton Massey, Essex, A.D. 1570. And Fig. 20 that of Thomas Bullesdon, copied from a bell in St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, A.D. 1570.

Bellfounders' marks became general about the beginning of the fifteenth century, the introduction of the bells into England dating to shortly after the time of St. Augustine, and first of all into Kent. The inscriptions upon the latter, as well as the character of the devices, both in form and emblematic meaning, were quaint and beautiful—either or both. According to Stahlschmidt (whose interesting and exhaustive work on the Kentish bells deserves much commendation) the badge of the "Bellemakers' Guild," about the middle of the fifteenth century, was a shield bearing a large chevron and three laver-pots, placed respectively at the dexter and sinister chief of the shield, and at the base—the latter being larger than the former two.

As an example of the pious feeling exhibited by the founders, a bell at Stodmarsh bears the following inscription:—"Above all things love God." One at St. Paul's Cray:—"Praise the Lord." Another at Ickham:—"LORD IEVS CHRIST RESEVE EACH SOL, FOR HOME THIS BELL SHAL TOL. AMEN. JOHN PALMAR MADE ME, 1641."

At Tonbridge, St. Peter and St. Paul, the inscription on the seventh bell is—"Ye people all, who hear me ring, Be faithful to your God and King. 1774."

Other societies besides the City mercantile guilds availed themselves of the right of using distinctive marks and badges. Amongst these, one may be of special interest to girl-readers, viz., the "Blue Stocking." It dates from the year 1400, when the first mixed club of both sexes was instituted at Venice. These members wore blue stockings as a distinguishing livery; and later on, in the sixteenth century, the society and its badge were introduced into England, and the first to wear the latter was Mrs. Montagu. In 1840 its last patron died, in the person of the then Countess of Cork (*née* Monckton).

In our third chapter of this series we shall look into the history of the buckle, or *fermail;* of seals and signets; and rings set with engraved gems, employed as signets; and those also bearing posie mottoes.

(*To be continued.*)

A KISS FOR A POET.—The most honourable of kisses, both to the giver and receiver, was that which Queen Margaret of France, in the presence of the whole Court, impressed upon the lips of the ugliest man in the kingdom, Alairs Chartier, whom she one day found asleep, exclaiming to her astonished attendants—"I do not kiss the man, but the mouth which has uttered so many charming things."

ON THE WAY TO SUCCESS.—There are few things, truly set about and followed perseveringly, that cannot be accomplished.

HOW TO HAVE WHAT WE LIKE.

Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
Who still, though blessed, new blessings crave,
That we may all have what we like,
Simply by liking what we have.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—That sort of observation which is called knowledge of the world, will be found much more frequently to make people cunning than good.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

Husbands who play chess with their wives pursue a perilous practice, as may be seen from the following anecdote:—

Ferrand, Count of Flanders, having constantly defeated the countess at chess, she conceived a hatred against him, which came to such a height that when the count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines, she allowed him to remain a long time in captivity, though she could easily have procured his release.

THE USE OF TRIALS.—Trials are moral ballast that often prevents our capsizing. Where we have much to carry, God rarely fails to fit the back to the burden; where we have nothing to bear we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port; but the vessel without ballast becomes so completely the sport of the winds and waves, that there is danger of her not reaching it at all.

FEW AND EVIL.

Lord! if our days be few, why do we spend
And lavish them to such an evil end?
Or why, if they be evil, do we wrong
Ourselves and Thee, in wishing them so long?
Our days decrease, our evils still renew;
We make them evil, and Thou mak'st them few.

IN SOCIETY.—If people never met except when they had something to say, and always separated when they had exhausted their pleasant or profitable topics, how delightful, but alas, how brief, would be our social assemblages!

CONSOLATION.—A man had married an old and ill-natured wife; her only good feature was that she was very rich. He used to say, "Whenever I find my temper giving way, I retire to my closet and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

A TEST OF JUDGMENT.

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband.

"Well, no," he replied slowly; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."

RESTITUTION;
OR,
MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXI.
OLD FRIENDS.

CHRISTMAS was always a time of great trial to Mr. Aspenel. He disliked Christmas bills and Christmas charities, and though he felt obliged by his position to pay heed to both, he did so with grudging heart and hand. But when it came to gaieties he was utterly overdone. Mrs. Aspenel had been long working towards an entertainment of some sort, that should announce to the world that Edith was duly introduced into society; but her husband objected to the expense, and utilised the well-worn excuse of the lost ship as a plea for retrenchment instead of enlargement of domestic liabilities. Her amazement was therefore great, when, the day after Janet's return, he volunteered his assent to the holding of some sort of Christmas festivity.

"A dinner and a dance afterwards," he suggested.

"That will do beautifully," replied his astonished wife. "We can invite the Beechtons and others to whom we owe a return, to dinner, and the immediate neighbours, and your town friends to the dance. You must give me a list."

"Oh! we don't want a multitude. I can't afford that; but really Janet is so handsome that she may make a grand match."

The murder was out, but Mrs. Aspenel was discreet enough not to pry into details. She merely suggested that Janet was not yet old enough to be regularly introduced, though Edith was.

"Janet is older than Edith in person if not in years," he replied, irritably. "She is uncommonly good-looking and agreeable. She might be twenty, and one show will save trouble and expense. Introduce them both at the same time, and the thing will be over. It is like two marriages on the same day; one fuss and folly does for both."

"Then we had better invite everyone we know, good, bad, and indifferent," suggested the wife

"Perhaps so, not forgetting the 'old ladies,'" he replied, with a grim effort at gaiety.

No sooner said than done. Mrs. Aspenel set to work at once to make out lists, and arrange for a real festivity. Edith was alarmed, Janet in ecstasies, Bruce obstreperous, but the quartette were united for once in a desire to bring about a success.

"Let us have it on Twelfth Night, the old *jour de l'an*," cried Janet, who became more at ease with her stepmother as the delightful prospect expanded.

But Mrs. Aspenel did not intend to delegate any of her authority to the girls, albeit she allowed the proposed Twelfth Night to be the period fixed on. She had a genius for organisation, and it cost her no trouble to make all necessary arrangements. Fortunately Mr. Aspenel was away all day, and she took care that none of her preparations should be visible to him when he was at home; indeed, he had soon forgotten his unguarded concession altogether. She took *carte blanche* as regarded expense, and proceeded with a high and lavish hand. She had grown reckless under perpetual restraint, and, breaking loose for once, determined to "go the pace," as the language of slang hath it. Edith did her best to warn her, indirectly, of consequences, while Janet and Bruce rejoiced in the unusual stir. It was holiday time for both, and wheresoever Janet went, Bruce followed, much to the girl's annoyance: but she had made up her mind to conciliate both him and his mother, so she alternately romped and roved with him, much to his delight.

Mrs. Aspenel, also, was doing her best to avoid collision with Janet. She had heard from various side winds that appearances were against her, in Janet's long absence, and this had caused her request for a recall. Mr. Aspenel had consented upon plea that there should "be no more rows;" but she had not contemplated the effects on him and others of her step-daughter's looks and manners. She was rather jealous than unkind, and disliked a rival, while she desired peace at any cost. However, she did not attempt to put any restraint on Janet's movements, whose happiness at seeing her old friends again was so intense that she was out and about so long as the short daylight permitted; sometimes with Edith, Nurse True, or Bruce; often alone.

Her first visit was to her aunt, Mrs. Clarville, and the other inmates of The Cottages. Edith and Bruce were with her. It was a bright, clear, frosty day, and as they ran through the park, over the vine-clad drive and grass, and beneath the trees bare of leaves but studded with diamonds, their feet seemed to tread the air rather than the earth. Bruce insisted on a hand of each of his step-sisters, and his shouts and their laughter preceded them as they neared The Cottages. Edith and her instructresses had also their Christmas holiday, and made their little jokes concerning it.

"Here you are still, Miranda," shouted Janet, bursting into Mrs. Clarville's neat kitchen, where that handmaiden was on her knees, scrubbing the floor. "You are grown!"

"So be you, miss. My! How beautiful you do look," said Miranda, jumping up, and nearly upsetting her pail.

"Roses always do look smart in winter," responded Janet, extending her hand, while Miranda carefully wiped hers in her apron, curtseyed, and took it. "Where's auntie?"

"I think she be along with poor Mrs. Lorne. The old lady be on her last legs now, Miss Janet."

"Then Rebecca Sure will marry at last," said Janet.

Mrs. Clarville returned at the moment, and the greeting between aunt and niece was very warm. Although Mrs. Clarville did not express her admiration at Janet's appearance as frankly as did Miranda, she was yet struck by it; indeed, Janet's vanity was sufficiently stirred during her royal progress from house to house to satisfy any girl. Not that she was naturally vain, but she was human, and the incautious remarks of friends often rouse feelings not easily put to sleep again. "Strike the match, and flame follows."

While Janet remained with Mrs. Clarville, Edith went to ask for Miss Lorne, and Bruce followed her.

"What is Gerard doing, auntie? He is almost the only person Edith has not told me about," began Janet, when she was seated in her aunt's cosy parlour.

"Working as hard as ever, dear, body and mind, but making no advance in the way of income. Lady Ascham has taken him up; by that I mean, she has added to his work, and won't let him alone."

"Perhaps she will make his fortune by-and-by," said enthusiastic Janet. "He is sure to succeed, you know, because good people always do in the end."

Mrs. Clarville smiled and shook her head. She had, however, plenty to do in replying to Janet's questions, who heard some interesting details of people she inquired about. The other ladies were dying to see her, so she did not remain long at No. 1, but rushed off to the other five small abodes. She found all their inmates indoors, except Miss Vigors, who, both mentally and corporeally, was strong, and was never kept at home by weather, however cold. And that Christmas had come in with a will was apparent in the flocks of birds, large and small, that were fluttering about The Cottages.

Janet startled a crowd of robins, thrushes, and sparrows that were assembled under the verandah, picking up the

crumbs strewn from one end to the other; while she noticed that on the lawn, blackbirds, starlings, and rooks were disputing over crusts and even grain, scattered here and there on the frost-bound grass.

"Oh! my dear, they would starve but for us!" said Miss Short, who was watching them from her window, when Janet entered. "You are like Mr. Gerard, my dear! I can't pay you a greater compliment," said the old lady, examining her through her spectacles.

"Impossible. I would rather be like cousin Gerard than anyone in the world," returned Janet. "And you used to say my mother was like him and aunt Clarville. So I must be a Gerard and not an Aspenel. I am glad."

"My dear!" ejaculated Miss Short reprovingly, but Janet stayed to hear no more.

She found Bruce with Miss Lilyton, to whom he had taken a fancy. He did not like Mrs. Clarville.

"We are all glad to see you again, I am sure, Miss Janet," said Miss Lilyton. "I hope you have made as great progress in your studies as dear Miss Aspenel. She has been a sunbeam in our path ever since Mr. Aspenel allowed her to come to us. I hope he is satisfied with her. You are doubtless much more accomplished. You are——, but I must not flatter you."

"Papa says she is uncommonly handsome; I heard him. But mamma doesn't think so," interrupted Bruce.

Miss Lilyton coughed, and Janet seized Bruce by the arm and bade him hold his tongue.

A peep at Mrs. Lucy sufficed, and then Janet and Bruce awaited Edith in Miss Lorne's silent parlour. There was no fire, and the cold and stillness were oppressive. They crept out and listened at the bedroom door. They heard Edith's voice. She was reading a prayer, to which the faithful Rebecca said "Amen."

"I don't like it. Let's come away," said Bruce, and Janet felt awestruck at finding herself so near the "valley and shadow of death."

The door opened and Edith appeared. She looked even whiter than usual, and had tears in her eyes. Rebecca came out for a moment, and spoke to Janet, whose question respecting "the faithful blacksmith" died away on her lips.

"She has long been ready to go, miss," whispered the old servant, stealing back to her mistress's room.

From The Cottages the trio proceeded to the Rectory, which we have not yet visited. It was a pretty, picturesque house, not far from the church, and they found Mr. Austen at home. He was a good and kindly man, and fond of young people, which resulted in young people being fond of him. Gerard and he were great allies, and might even be called confidential friends, for each submitted to the other such events as befel them.

"What has become of the gipsies, Mr. Austen?" asked Janet, when greetings were over. "Edith gave me part of their history."

Mr. Austen glanced at Bruce, and answered discreetly, "They have gone into winter quarters. The children came regularly to school, thanks to Fan, till they all decamped; and the Tigress has, I hear, given up fortune-telling, thanks to Gerard. I think and hope we were of some service to them."

"Did Fan continue the lollipops?" asked Janet.

"If so, she did not confide in me," replied Mr. Austen, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"Let us go and ask her," said Janet, rising.

"I won't go to Hoplands," declared Bruce, with decision.

"Afraid of the cane, Bruce?" asked the Rector, and the boy nodded.

So Edith and Bruce left Janet at the garden gate, and returned to the Park; Janet met Fan and her dogs at the door. Forgetful of all distinctions, whether of caste or propriety, Fan gave Janet the heartiest hug she had experienced since her return.

"You have grown a beauty, Miss Janet. I used to envy Miss Aspenel, but you are grander than she. Come and see Sir: come quick, before Tom makes his appearance. Oh! Miss Janet, I can't live with Tom."

"Not live with Tom!" repeated Janet, following to the dining-room, where Mr. Harton was, surrounded, as usual, by his books.

His polite greeting distressed and offended Janet. She forgot that she was now a grown-up young lady, and that he was a proud man, not on the best of terms with her father. There ensued unusual restraint.

"What is the matter, Sir. Aren't you glad to see Miss Janet? Hasn't she grown into a beautiful young lady!" said Fan, who had herself developed into something between a Spaniard and Asiatic.

"Very. But I may as well tell her at once that possibly Mr. Aspenel may not wish her to come here."

This was Janet's first rebuff. She had a spirit of her own, and drew herself up accordingly.

"Why, Mr. Harton?" she asked.

"Because your father and I have split on most points, and scarcely speak when we meet. Gipsies, rents, tithes, charities, come between us. He never visits me nor I him. Although we are neighbours we are not friends. He suspects and dislikes Fan, and would be annoyed at your familiarity with her. Miss Aspenel is as wise as she is good, and does not come here; perhaps you had better follow her example, Miss Janet."

"But Mr. Tom comes to the Park, Mr. Harton!" said Janet, indignantly.

"Tom does what he likes. He is independent of me, and he is your brother's tutor," was the dry answer.

"Tom makes everybody like him, except me and all the servants," put in Fan. "We can't bear him, and wish he would go away again."

"You are very complimentary. I hope Miss Janet Aspenel will pronounce a more favourable opinion," said someone from the doorway, and, to the general confusion, Tom Harton came in.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," cried Fan, running off with a defiant look at him, and a nod to Janet.

"What have you done to Fan, Tom?" asked Mr. Harton.

"Nothing, but reprove her for her wandering habits; but gipsy blood circulates rapidly, and I suppose she can't help them."

Janet began to feel awkward, and to realise that perhaps she ought not to be making a call on Mr. Harton and his agreeable, handsome son; so she rose to go. Mr. Harton's stiff manner relaxed, and he begged her to forgive an old man for speaking plainly. But her pride was roused, and her farewell commensurately cold. She walked out of the room erect and magnificent. Mr. Tom accompanied her to the gate and seemed about to go further, but she wished him good morning with an air so determined, that he changed his mind.

"She knows what she's about, if Miss Aspenel doesn't," he muttered, as he watched her disappear at the turning of the road.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. H. (South Downs).—We are much obliged for your kind letter and its contents. We regret we have no use for the poetry, as our columns are already overcrowded. The recipes appear good, and shall be tried.

WREKIN and ERCALL.—1. The author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family" is Mrs. Charles, who was born January 2, 1828, at Tavistock, Devon, and was a daughter of John Rundle, Esq., late M.P. for Tavistock. 2. We should think that a couple of shillings to the housemaid would be sufficient, if she paid you any attention during your short visit. Young girls are not expected to fee menservants.

JESS.—Many people who cannot use glycerine or vaseline for their hands in the winter, find great benefit from oatmeal and honey; mixed, and rubbed into a smooth paste. This is put on the hands when they are washed, and proves healing to many skins that grease does not help. Oatmeal alone may also be used, instead of soap, when washing the hands.

FLORIST.—Mice are said to make a noise like singing when they have some disease of the lungs; and people have been much startled by snails making a sharp noise on the window panes when travelling across. We suppose this is what you mean.

CAMILLA.—Theredness of which you complain is an evidence of your being much out of health, and that you need a personal interview with a medical man; who can not only see you, but ask all necessary questions about your constitution and surroundings. It would simply be quackery to prescribe for you under any other circumstances.

"OLD MAID" writes:—"Having reached the age of twenty-five, without a single offer of marriage, is it likely I shall become an 'old maid?'" Statisticians might relieve your anxieties, as the number of marriages that take place at all periods of life respectively have been carefully calculated. A quarterly journal is published by the Statistical Society of London, established in March 1834. Represent your sad case, poor lady, to them, and they will send you a schedule of chances. You dub yourself one of the sisterhood which you seem to despise already; but you may put off "wearing the willow" until the age of fifty.

F. BARTLETT.—There are many guides to France and the Riviera. Why do you want any other than those of Baedeker? Better go to a tourists' office for one.

READER OF THE "G.O.P."—We could not recommend external remedies for what is a result of constitutional delicacy, which needs long and careful treatment, in diet, regulation of hours as to meals, sleep, and study. Although you should never allow your mother to lack comforts, if able to supply them, we think you might leave your sister to do for her what you have hitherto done. Tell her so kindly but decidedly, or arrange to share (half and half) the expense with her. It is only fair that she should take your place, and do all that you have done unaided; but you might offer to bear half with her. Beware of jealousy, however unjust it is to set you (as the eldest daughter) aside. It is a cross, but from your mother you must bear it gently.

LAMARTINE.—You have not had a very thorough course in literature, or you would have been at least acquainted with the names of the comparatively few distinguished poets of France. De Lamartine was one of them, and a historian too. He was born October, 1792, and died February, 1869, was secretary to the embassy at Naples in 1820, and married a Miss Eliza Burch. Wounded in a duel with Pépé, was elected deputy, and entered the Tribune January, 1834; was foreign minister in the provisional government in 1848, member of the executive commission, and unsuccessful candidate for the presidency all in the same year.

GRATEFUL ELSIE.—You do not, we think, express yourself correctly or clearly. Do you mean that you have engaged yourself to an "unbeliever," one who rejects the Holy Scriptures and denies that our Saviour was God "manifest in the flesh"? Or do you merely intend to say that he shows no evidence of being "converted"? If the former be the case, see what the Scriptures say—2 Cor vi. 14. His influence might prove the shipwreck of your own faith. If the latter, the case is sad enough, but you accepted him aware of the fact, and your pledge to him cannot lightly be broken.

DAISY.—Try glycerine lozenges for the dryness in your throat. Chew nothing that is not designed for wholesome food. Better to chew tobacco, like an old tar, than "paper;" although we do not recommend the practice as salutary, clean, or "ladylike!" You or your friend must be a good deal diseased to indulge in such a nasty habit. When you are tired of "chewing paper," what do you do with it? Swallow it?

THREE YE RS' READER.—Persons "in society" do not act as you suggest. The hostess leaves the drawing-room last, reserving the chief male guest to take her down; and her husband leads the way with the chief lady. If there be no gentleman for a lady guest, the hostess should give up her own privilege in her favour, and follow alone.

A FEARFUL NIGHT.—The two girls must have known it to be a disgraceful proceeding to receive two young men into the house, and encourage them to remain there till late, unknown to their parents; otherwise, they would not have concealed it from them. No blessing could rest on such clandestine meetings. Nay, their characters are already tarnished in the opinion of anyone who may have heard of it; and they must also hold a very low place for dignity and maidenly propriety in the estimation of the young men themselves.

MILLIE, and ADA H.—Yes, aspirate the "H" in the words you name. You will perceive the good reason for this in the fact that each word would be confounded with another of perfectly different meaning without the aspiration of the distinguishing letter "H." In society, it is usual to bow only, on a first introduction.

"IRIS DU BARRY."—The case is a difficult one, and cannot be summarily dismissed with an unsympathetic, "Don't meddle." In most cases, perhaps, it might be wise counsel; in this, we, at all events, advise otherwise. Show the unseemly letter to your mother (or whoever stands in her place of authority), and leave all responsibility in her (or your father's) hands; for your friend's sake, and for your own.

LONELY, and SORROWFUL.—Write to the secretary, Colonial Emigration Society, 13, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W. Or still better, call yourself. The office hours are ten till four; and on Saturdays ten till one o'clock. They will advise you where to go, and we hope you will be successful, and your health be set up by the voyage recommended by your doctor.

SWEETIE, or LOLLYPOP.—We could not undertake to prescribe for a horse unseen. You should write to a veterinary surgeon and state the case as best you can. In the meantime, on no account put a saddle on the horse; and keep flies from the wound. The injury should be guarded against by getting a new saddle, or changing the shape of and repadding the old one.

SWENDO.—Our girls are always making similar inquiries to yours. How can we suggest what each may have the ability and the opportunity to do for making money? We do not know their circumstances, connections, and the possible openings for employment within their reach. As to "painting cards," we do not see much opening for more competition in that line. If a good artist, you might place an advertisement for copying pictures, and for giving lessons, in some tradesmen's shops, and give them a small percentage on any engagement they may bring; and you might give notice that you paint to order, otherwise than in copying.

LOCHFYNE.—The story you name is, we believe, to be had in separate form. You must make inquiries yourself.

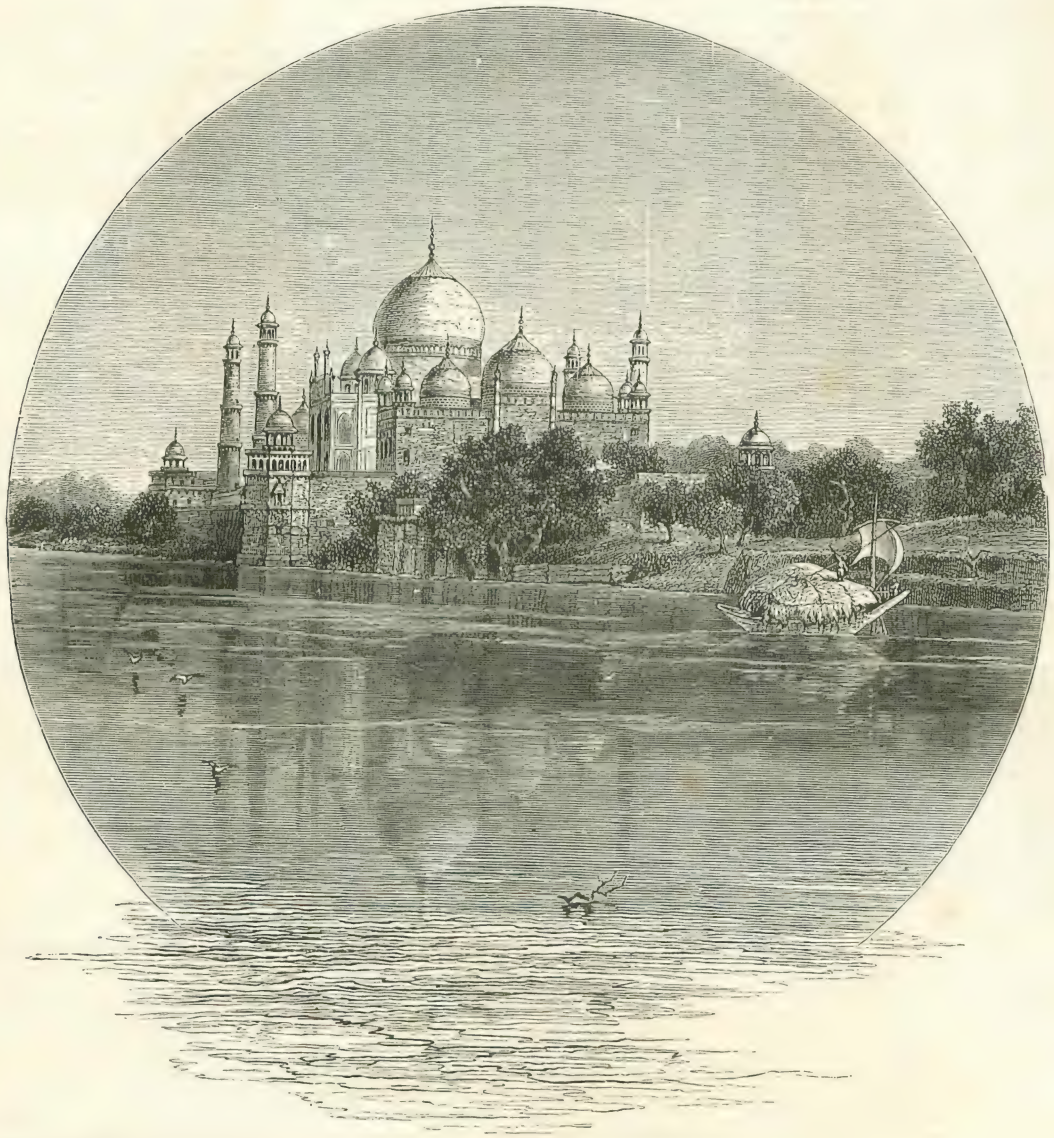
A. B.—If any substance have entered your eye, you could not do better than to open it in tepid water; but it would be playing tricks with your eyes to do so daily.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 424. FEBRUARY 11, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.



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THE picture on the preceding page represents the world-famed temple called the Taj Mahal. What is this Taj which is so famous? It is the tomb of a woman. Her name was Moomtaj a Mahal, which means "the diadem," and she was the loved wife of one of the Mogul rulers of India, Shah Jehan, and as a term of endearment he always called her "Taj." When she died, he caused this wonderful tomb to be erected, which cost over two millions of money, which took twenty-two years to build, and on which twenty thousand workmen were employed all that time. Shah Jehan used to sit on a balcony of his palace some way off, specially built for this purpose, to watch the progress of the building; and now he lies buried there with his wife.

When you were children did you ever play at shutting your eyes up tight, and trying to imagine to yourselves a place, or picture a scene? Will you do that now and come with me to the Taj, and fancy that you are standing at the corner of one of those four tall minarets, which you have seen in the picture, on a white marble platform three hundred feet square, in the midst of which rears itself the majestic snow-white temple. It is early morning, and we are standing at the edge of the platform, by a marble wall, looking down on the river flowing by; and in the distance, on its banks, we see the town of Agra, all veiled in mist and clouds which the sun has not yet dispersed. We see the outline of the old red fort; we see here and there white domes and golden minarets dimly showing themselves through grey haze; and in the background the spire of a Christian church silently bears its witness. But the morning mist still hangs thickly over the hidden beauties of this Eastern city; but let us look upwards, and what do we see? Against the purest, most transparent blue of an Indian sky, stands the solemn pure magnificence of this wonderful temple, the dome all bathed in the full rosy richness of the sun's morning rays. Calm, immovable in its serene beauty, does it stand there, striking each traveller with a strange fascination. We approach nearer, and we find that while colossal in scale, yet every detail is perfect; we note the arches, the carving, the rich patterns traced out with all manner of precious stones; and as we penetrate within, we find every detail increasing in finish — the carved screen, the inlaid walls, the jewelled sarcophagus, and the actual tombs below. The echoes under the dome are full of music, and in the solemn stillness, in this abode of death, each musical note uttered below sounds and resounds in our ears, circling and recircling in the empty spaces of the dome above. And unlike many Eastern temples, its surroundings are worthy of itself, standing as it does by the calm flowing river, in quiet and peace, in the midst of beautifully kept gardens resplendent with colour, its whiteness ever gleaming on us as we pause to look back on it through the dark green of the trees, and shown up by the red of the mosques on either side. We sit in the gardens and gaze at it, we mount the high gateway which stands at the entrance of the avenue leading to it, and we see it in yet another aspect, but not less beautiful; we see it yet again in the glow of sunset and in the cold full splendour of moonlight. Some new beauty reveals itself each time, and yet ever and ever is it the same, standing out in its purity and beauty and perfection, a contrast to all else, and keeping us for ever spellbound with a strange solemn magnetism of its own. You feel that it has a power of lifting you away from the world and the rush and din of life, and that you are in the presence of the Unseen. We scarcely know what voice is speaking, and yet there are voices all around, full of pathos and of power, lifting us out of ourselves. As we strain our ears to listen, I think one message at least can be distinguished amongst the conflicting echoes, which will explain to you why I have asked you to stand with me before the Taj this morning.

Anything that seems to us to be *perfect*, that appeals to our senses as being as near *perfection* as our human apprehension can understand, wakens within us strange emotions. It may be a landscape, it may be the glories of the sky in a sunset, it may be the faultless flashing radiance of a precious stone, or the wondrous colouring and shape of a bird or flower; it may be a work of art, or the exquisite rendering of some deep feeling within us, as expressed in glowing language or in thrilling music; it may be the story of some heroic action, or the sight of some quiet unconscious life of pure devoted self-sacrifice; it may be a thousand other things that may raise within us this sense, that we are looking on something that is perfect. Different natures are affected in different ways, and we are not always in the same mood. But ever and always as this feeling of intensity is stirred within us, there comes along with it a strange vague dissatisfaction and pain. We do not understand ourselves, and a strange yearning takes possession of us. What does it mean? If we probe ourselves, shall we not find that the pain which comes from looking at and rejoicing in the perfect, arises from a realisation of our own too close acquaintance with the imperfect in ourselves? Sin and its attendant, sorrow, is all around us, and our own lives, both inner and outer, testify against us—they are so full, so hopelessly full of flaws. But again and again this vision of perfection, this sight of what is, after all, a part of God Himself, appears to us in some form or other, and beckons us on, and reminds us that we too were made in the image of God; that

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

The sight of the Taj produces in the highest degree this stirring of the soul with mingled yearnings and indescribable pain. As you gaze at it, you hunger for its beauty and its purity, you feel your own blackness by its side, and at the same time you vaguely question—What good is it? What is it all for? Is it not but the dwelling of the dead? Where is the great ruler who willed its erection? Where is he who designed it? Where are they who wrought here year after year, those who carved the marble, and who brought the precious stones which adorn it from far off lands? Where are the kings who reigned here? Is there not, in the midst of this solemn beauty, FAILURE—DEATH? Must it not be always so? Do not the noblest aspirations end in failure? When the sight of perfection draws us on, is it not only to throw us further back in the end? We begin again and again full of enthusiasm for some new duty, for some new way of conquering ourselves and laying down our lives for others' good, but does it not always end in disappointment and discouragement?

May be it was but a fancy, but it seemed to me that in the cold moonlight the Taj looked down from its height of sublime purity and said, frowningly, "It is so—you are right—you cannot approach my perfection. Give it up. It is true that you were made in the image of God, but that image is defaced, and cannot be restored. I remain as the symbol of what man can do; yet, remember, I do but contain dead bones."

But far different was the answer when the sun rose in its glory, dismissing the mists and fogs, throwing its beams full on that splendour of whiteness. Yes, the sun is there, lighting up the wondrous temple; and now its dazzling beauty no longer repels; and now it seems to say, "What is not possible for you, is possible for God. The Sun of Righteousness has arisen on this dark world. He has blotted out your sins and your failures. He has taken your nature upon Him, and has redeemed it, washing it white and stainless. He stands before you in the full glory of His perfection, and He gives you His nature Himself. He says: 'Believe in Me, follow Me, and some day thou shalt be like Me, when thou shalt see Me. And everyone that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself even as He is pure.' Do we say, 'How, Lord?' Can we not hear Him answering, 'Forsake thyself altogether; resign thyself and thy life altogether to Me in small things as in great. Have entire confidence in Me, and follow Me with all simplicity. So shall I work in thee, to will and to do of My good pleasure; and step by step, ofttime through failure and disappointment and sorrow, will I make thee a temple meet for Myself?'" This is the message that I would like the Taj to speak to you and to myself. A well-known writer gives us the same message in answer to our yearnings after perfection: "The Christian life is the only life that will ever be completed. Apart from Christ, the life of man is a broken pillar; the race of men an unfinished pyramid. One by one in sight of Eternity all human ideals fall short, one by one before the open grave all human hopes dissolve. The Laureate sees a moment's light in Nature's jealousy for the type; but that too vanishes—

"'So careful of the type?' but no
From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go'"

All shall go? No, one Type remains. "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the Image of His Son." And "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."

Let us remember that all this is no dream; we know in Whom we have believed; and He has told us that He has gone to prepare a place for us in that future which seems to us so far off, and often so unreal. It is no dream, no beautiful fancy with which to delight our imaginations for a few hours, but a certainty, such a certainty as should fire us with enthusiasm in our present life, and influence every part of it; such a certainty as to make the hours which are passing even now all too short wherein to prepare for it.

Let us remember that whenever and however God grants us a fresh glimpse of Himself and His will in another call "onward and upward" after perfection, the danger is to forget in generalities and in longings after the future the import of the call as it affects our daily life. No dreams concerning our future

state will accomplish the purification which our Master must work in us, but rather a steady gaze into our life as we now lead it, in the light of God's Presence, and a steady, prayerful purpose to live out His will in small things as well as in great, both for ourselves and for those about us, taking up our Cross and following Him.

The Editor has often said that our GIRL'S OWN PAPER is intended to keep up an ideal before us. What is that ideal? Poets have often told us of their ideals, and amongst others, Mr. Lowell gives us a beautiful picture of what a woman's ordinary home life may become—

She is a woman: one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

But in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

But let me ask you, have *you* ever thought out how an ideal woman would live the life which you have been called upon to live? Will each one of you think that out? It would not be a bad plan for you to write it down for yourselves. Think of the past day, the past week, the past year as before God. In what respects would she have acted and spoken, and thought differently to what you have done? Be true with yourselves, and think over your work, your ways of amusing yourself; think over your duties to your parents, your children, your mistresses, your relations, your friends, your *influence*—with those amongst whom you have to live. Let us be quite honest with ourselves, and let us look our lives in the face. Are they *true* lives?

Do you know what truth means? We often hear men say that women do not know what truth means; they may be very gentle, and very kind, and very loving, but they have no notion what truth and honour means. This is a very startling accusation, and one that cannot be passed by lightly; for depend upon it, no human being, either man, woman, or child, however sympathetic, however charming, can be an influence for good, whose word cannot be absolutely trusted, whose character does not inspire confidence. I am afraid that we must admit that there is a sort of notion that truth is a virtue more specially belonging to men than to women. "AS TRUE AS STEEL." Is there not a charm about the words? But do we not unconsciously associate them with a man rather than with a woman? This should not be so; we must try and give truth a very high place in the list of virtues belonging to our ideal.

Allow me to remind you that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER tries constantly to show that it expects truth in its readers. There are many ways in which you are trusted; prizes are offered for many kinds of work useful to yourselves and charitable to your poor sisters, and those who compete are expected to produce this work honestly and carefully, and truthfully prepared by themselves. If any reader ever loses her self-respect so far as to commit what seems a slight fraud, and she gets a prize thereby, I pity her. Her prize must be to her an everlasting badge of dishonour, not of honour; she must hate the very sight of it. I should think its very possession would be sufficient punishment to her.

True in speech, true in work, true in action. And how about friendship and love? Are women true in these? Have we been true in these relationships? How is it that women have earned such a character for fickleness? I think it is often because they have not understood the meaning of either one or the other, and they have played at friendship and love without knowing anything of its reality; without knowing that the human relationships involved in those terms make or mar the whole of our happiness; without remembering that a woman's want of fidelity in these is terribly often the cause of ruined lives. Try to call things by their right names. Call no one a friend lightly, but when you have found one whom you can wholly trust, wholly depend on, one whom you feel will always help you onwards, not backwards; then remember there is a sacred, God-given tie between you which must never be broken, which can never be broken without leaving a grievous wound which can never be healed. And how deeply this applies to a friendship which is likely to lead to marriage! People seem to think that it does young men and young women no harm to play at being in love, to chaff and joke and laugh about it.

Is this not madness when we remember that the power of love which God has placed within us is the strongest and most terrible power for good or for evil? It is the most sacred charge committed to us; and the man or woman who tampers with it, who makes use of it for mere flirtation or frivolity, or worse, is desecrating and profaning the very loftiest part of his or her nature. It is awful to think of the terrible abuse to which this part of our nature is liable; so again let us be true, true to our ideal when we think or speak of Love. And by all means have a high ideal for the man who is to win your love—"require all things that are grand and true, all things that a man should be." Think of Tennyson's words which he put in Arthur's mouth, when describing his aims for his knights—

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King;
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ;
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
To honour his own word as if his God's;
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity;
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her; for, indeed, I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

And be not tempted through loneliness, or a desire for a home, or any other lighter motive, to marry one whom your heart does not claim as its king. Do not be afraid of the single life, for it may be one full of blessedness and usefulness to others, and it will be a far, far happier one for you than if you marry one about whom you have a doubt of any sort. Let us give nothing that we call Love hastily, impetuously, without remembering that we are and ought to be giving our very inmost being to another.

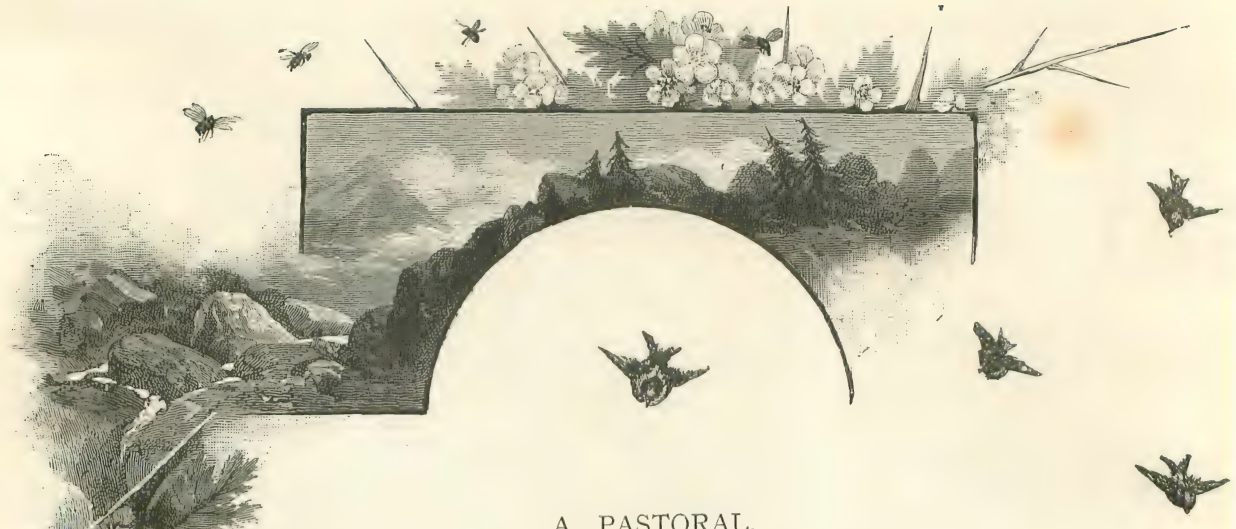
"Unless you can swear, 'For life, for death'!
Oh, fear to call it loving!"

And one word more. As you question yourself as to what are your ideals in friendship and in love, and as to whether your love once given is of the sort which will last through sickness and health, through evil report and good report, through joy and sorrow, faithful unto death; ask yourselves also whether you know what it is to be honourable and true towards one who may have learnt to love you, and whose love you feel you cannot return. Are you inclined to draw such an one on when you perceive his intentions, just of thoughtlessness, just for the sake of admiration? Are you ready to amuse yourself with him until some one you prefer turn up? This is the conduct that blasts men's lives, that makes them lose their faith in women and in their love. Determine that you will have nothing to do with such falseness. If a man loves you he gives you of his best, and a man's heart is not a thing to be played with; respect him and respect yourself, and be true and honourable, and thus, though he may not have now what he desired, yet he will be none the worse for his love.

And now let us ask ourselves yet another question. We have been thinking about being true to our earthly friends, of being true to him whose earthly name we take, but, what about being true to Him whose name we all bear? Are we true to Him. Are we, indeed, Christians, followers of Christ? Or is our Christianity, and our church-going, and our Bibles all a sham? Are we assuming a name which ought not to be ours? Do not be satisfied with a half-answer, a half-hope. Do you know Him as your Saviour and as your Friend? Do you seek for His company? Are you ready to own your love for Him, and your loyalty to His commands, and to His slightest wish in His absence? Are you obeying His last command and striving to win others for Him?

I know that the faithful answering of these questions must leave us very sad and very disheartened, but may we at last be able to say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." For then we *shall* know that He is faithful, and that He who has begun a good work within us will finish it unto the end, and we can listen to the messages from the Taj, of which I have tried to write to you.*

* The substance of an address to the Associates of the Haddo House Association for Young Women, by the Countess of Aberdeen.



A PASTORAL.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

DAME NATURE hath within the year
Four gowns unto her special wear,
In which successive to appear.

First is her comely figure seen
In clinging skirts, that tone between
A saffron moss and apple-green,

Besprinkled o'er with jewelled dew
That every morn and eve doth strew
Her dress with diamond trimming new.

But when of this the lady tires,
And finer garniture requires,
To forest bower she retires;

And there, like any anxious lass,
A long, mysterious time doth pass
Before her brooklet looking-glass.

And when she reappears, behold!
A queen-like presence, brave and bold,
Bedight in robes of silken gold;

In which with noble grace and might
She moves along, transplendent bright:
In sooth, a grand and goodly sight.

But weary soon of such high state,
Dame Nature now doth contemplate
How next herself to decorate;

And then, her fitfulness to crown,
She chooseth her a motley gown
Of orange-red and various brown.

Most fanciful, yet for the eye
A feast of colour naught might vie,
Except perhaps some Orient sky.

But, fearsome lest she might betray
Frivolity in garb so gay,
This casts she with disdain away;

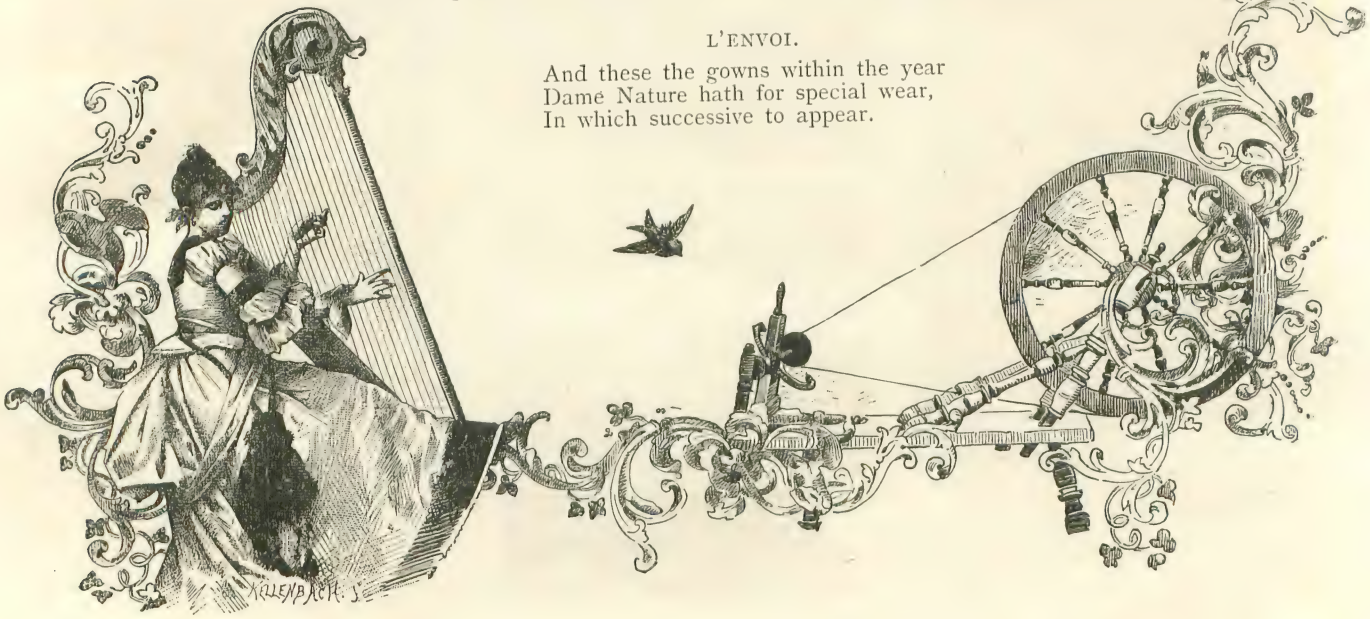
And to her tiring room in haste
Again repairs, and there her taste
Constrains to choice severe and chaste;

For now in velvet, rich and rare,
And soft and white beyond compare,
She doth such loveliness declare,

That holds the world in mute surprise,
For in this most becoming guise
She seems transfigured, angel-wise.

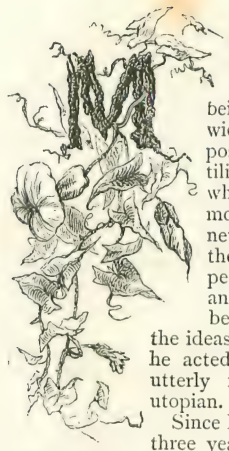
L'ENVOI.

And these the gowns within the year
Dame Nature hath for special wear,
In which successive to appear.



AVIE WOODFIELD'S WANTS.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," etc.



CHAPTER II.

R. WILPRAHAM had the reputation of being a learned and widely-travelled man, of possessing great versatility of genius, and a whisper against his moral character had never been heard. But, then, his habits were peculiar; he described an orbit too eccentric to be easily calculated, and the ideas he held, the opinions he acted on, were said to be utterly impracticable and utopian.

Since his return from India, three years ago, he had built a bungalow on Closeholm Hey. He had not only planned it, but had largely assisted in the building and ornamentation of it. His own hands had helped to clear the ground around it, and had transformed a desert of broom and brushwood into a blossoming garden, flanked by fruitful fields and orchards.

Summer and winter he rose at sunrise. Through several hours of the day he worked as hard as a labouring man, and through what remained he read with equal diligence. His dress was peculiar, his trousers being gathered into a band to fit the knee like a boy's knickerbockers, and his hat, with its broad blue silk streamer to serve as a screen or to wind round the neck, being apparently more adapted to India, with its hot sun, than to this country of wideawakes and shiny top-hats.

The sole reason for his departure from the approved style of an Englishman's dress was his own convenience. Certain it is that it was only fashion that he outraged; and it might be owing to this independence that work and weather never seemed to put the marring marks upon him that they do upon other people.

Another of his absurdities was said to be his diet. He had ascertained by experiment the kinds of food on which he could best preserve his health and develop the largest amount of mental and physical energy. He lived on cereals, vegetables, and fruit. These he either cooked himself or had cooked to his own liking. The wheat of which his bread was composed he ground in a little mill of his own contriving, that he might secure all the nutrient properties of the wheat, and eliminate what was irritating and superfluous. It had evidently become a habit with him not to allow anyone to do for him what he could as well do for himself. Why did the man choose to be his own builder, gardener, cook, artist, and physician—why?

He never concealed the reason, which was one to which the sanction of public opinion could scarcely be given. Still, utopist, idealist as he was, he little deserved the coldness meted out to him. All were welcome to come and look over his bungalow who had any curiosity about it. It was his way to ignore reserve, and to ask little favours of the owners of gardens and conservatories, while his own plants, medicines, and books were alike at the service of whoever would beg, borrow, or steal of him.

The conventional mind of Closeholm, however, could not forgive him his dress, his diet, his self-service, or intermeddling with many kinds of knowledge. This argument for the routine to which he had committed himself was that man was placed in the world to develop his whole moral and intellectual nature; that the corrupt state of society and the apportionment of different branches of industry to individuals selected and trained exclusively for them, prevented men and women from developing the whole of the aptitudes that they possessed, and that to fulfil the great Creator's plan, and regain their original greatness, they must go back to a simpler mode of living, see a household of servants in their ten fingers, and after satisfying their simple natural wants by labour, engage their higher powers on such subjects as were congenial or possible to them. A very harmless craze this. Imitation was only possible to such as possessed like himself an independent fortune, besides great versatility of talent.

It was said that his wife found the bungalow very dull, and that she varied the monotony of existence more frequently by long visits to relatives at a distance than she would have done had she tenanted a house of three stories, with the regulation supply of servants, and the satisfaction of domestic conformity to social standards.

No one wondered when a bright young girl became an inmate of the bungalow. It was supposed that she might be a young cousin of Mrs. Wilpraham's, as she was never heard to call her aunt, or that she came there to be company for her. She stayed there for some months without making any acquaintances, save that of young Walters, whose father farmed his own land, and had a little farm in the neighbouring county reserved for Fritz when he should be ready to take it. Fritz had discovered that he might acquire some valuable ideas from Mr. Wilpraham, so he had tethered his pony to the bungalow gates, and besieged him with what Mr. Wilpraham was pleased to call his very intelligent inquiries pretty often, before he got the length of invading his library or taking a place at his parlour fire. The climax was quickly reached, the last nine days' talk on the Closeholm carpet being the marriage of Mr. Fritz Walters, of Haill Farm, and Miss Vipond, lately of the Bungalow. Even now the young couple were honeymooning in North Devonshire, before settling down to the practical duties of the life that awaited them.

Regarding Miss Vipond Avie had not the slightest curiosity. She had wasted much idle speculation on Mr. Wilpraham; she had even visited the bungalow and been charmed with its beauty and elegance, but it was a matter of entire indifference to her that fate had made Mr. Wilpraham her companion through this hour of rain and tempest. She sat opposite him with an air of pre-occupation that said plainly, "Not at home to strangers." A thought seemed to strike Mr. Wilpraham. He took from his waistcoat pocket a little wet book, wiped it tenderly with his handkerchief, and turned over the pages.

"My 'Racine'!" exclaimed Avie, in tones so quick and lively that she made the gentleman start. Ashamed of her self-forgetfulness, she blushed brilliantly. "I did not know I had lost it," she said, as he did not hasten to return it.

"You think it impossible I should have a pocket edition of 'Racine' like your own."

"It would not be worn the same way," she said, smiling. "I must have left it where I was sitting when the storm came on."

"Sleeping beauties need a guard for their treasures," he replied. "The reeds caught your book, and I, who had passed you while you were sleeping, saw *and picked it up.* 'My "Racine!"' The emphasis of that 'my' was beautiful; it could not have burst more forcefully from the lips of Madame de Staël, when she took offence for her idol in the Russian theatre. He is, then, a great favourite of yours?"

"Not a great favourite," said Avie, with extreme caution. "Having but few books, I value them more than people who have a great many."

"Ah! you love reading?"

"Yes."

"So do I, but of late my love of reading has been held in abeyance."

"And mine has always to be kept down," exclaimed Avie, as if reciprocating a confidence.

"I should think it is thirty years since I read 'Racine.' Would you object to reading me some of the choral parts of *Athalie?* It will pass the time, and the storm is not too loud for the voice to be heard."

"I would with pleasure, Mr. Wilpraham; but I am afraid my French accent is not good enough. If you will be so kind as to read to me, I will listen, in hope of improvement."

"Nay, my accent has grown rusty. Whether or no, the type is small, and I am forbidden to read or write."

"Are you? Oh, I am so sorry! Is it your eyes that are affected?"

"Yes; very seriously. I can force them into my service when I will, but I am warned if I persist in doing that I shall only hasten on the inevitable."

"Dear me!" said Avie; "how many troubles there are in the world!"

She immediately began to read one of the choruses to Mr. Wilpraham, and felt no confusion because he occasionally corrected her accent. The wailing close of the last chorus was so much more awesome than the storm they were sheltering from that the outside disturbance seemed almost playful. Soon would the sun shine out again; the birds shake their feathers dry and sing; the rain-beaten flowers rise on their slender stalks. There was no abiding horror.

"Your voice is good for reading aloud," said Mr. Wilpraham. "The rain did not patter down its clear accents. I do not like to think that the privilege I have enjoyed this afternoon I may never know again. Would it be any use for me to invite you to come to the bungalow whenever you want a book that may be in my library? You might enjoy reading there sometimes. Mrs. Wilpraham would be delighted to see you. A weakness of the throat prevents her from reading aloud to me, but if you would sometimes read for an hour to both of us, you would confer a favour we should deeply appreciate. In return I should be glad to lend you books, or procure you any from the library at Smeyton. You see I do but appeal to your cupboard love."

"To my selfish instincts, that is; you would not have to urge me, Mr. Wilpraham, if I could find opportunities. Other duties absorb all my time, but unhappily not all my inclination. I owe this afternoon's holiday to a headache."

He looked at her with a grave concern in his eyes. Her perfect frankness took him by surprise.

"Well, Miss Woodfield, the storm is not passing over as quickly as we expected it would. True, the rain does not dash down as it did, but you would soon be very wet walking in it. Since the bungalow is so near, will you

come with me? and when the evening is fine I will see you home."

Avie thanked him, and they bravely stepped out of their shelter. They soon reached the Hey, where Avie was ushered into Mrs. Wilpraham's presence. With a quick breath and a glowing cheek Mrs. Wilpraham took her to the kitchen fire, brought her dry slippers, and hung up her wet things.

"We are just going to have tea," she said; "nothing can be better; it will keep you from taking cold."

What a social talisman lies in a cup of tea!

To Avie it seemed like a page out of a romance, that she should be taking hers in this beautiful bungalow, at a table whose accessories witnessed as strongly to the love of the beautiful that distinguished Mr. Wilpraham, as even the pictures on the walls, and the vases whose brilliant colours burned in dark corners, while delicate shapes in softest grey, in sea-like green or opaline blue, lent their several effects where they could be of the most artistic value, in other parts of the room.

Being a bookish girl, Avie was rather careless of detail; but a full-length mirror in one corner, Oriental curtains, couches that might have been purchased out of a bazaar in Damascus, all struck her as elegant departures from the conventional modes to which she had been accustomed. Yet she could see that the lady whom all this was intended to please looked at it with unsympathetic eyes. She always spoke of Closeholm as an out-of-the world place to vegetate in. The bungalow was Mr. Wilpraham's folly, and the spot that made a summer's paradise was a long winter's desolation.

Yet what admirable forethought and contrivance had been used! The place was built with cement, and with such care that draught was impossible. It was by wide open windows and doors air was admitted, not through chinks in the wall, and through the seams of badly hung window frames. Every peg and nail that was necessary had to be thought of while it was in building, as the workmanship could not be disturbed afterwards. Erected on a terrace of earth, there was an agreeable sense of elevation without mounting upstairs. The bank that sloped into the garden was beautifully planted. The rooms were many, wide and lofty, so that the place must have covered a large piece of land.

When one came to look upon it as the work of one man, one could not but conceive highly of his industry and talents, and not every one would have called the application of them into question.

"I will not test your complaisance by asking you to partake of my hermit fare," said Mr. Wilpraham, as he filled an old-fashioned china beaker with milk, and put his knife into a tiny loaf of what appeared to be the coarsest dark brown bread. "At the same time I do not envy you ladies the delicate buttered starch and bodiless tea on which you regale yourselves, and think that you know how to live. Ah, if you comprehended all the waste tissue and muscle nature has to repair in the journey through life, and the necessity of sparing the digestive apparatus all unnecessary exertion, you would live a little more after my plan."

"It might require some self-denial," said Avie.

"You think the taste for this bread, for instance, would have to be acquired? Will you oblige me by trying what it is like?" He handed her a piece the size of a bean.

"Now, truly, is that very dreadful?"

"Why, it is sweet!" exclaimed Avie.

"Not so sweet as cake, but a little honey has been included in its composition. A taste for it can be easily acquired, and its nourishing, supporting qualities make it well worth the while. However, I will not inflict a lecture on chemical values upon you."

After tea Avie went to see the library. It was small but select. She looked at Humboldt's "Cosmos," Motley's "Dutch Republic," and "the Roman Poets," with longing eyes, but she would only consent to the loan of Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," as being most useful to her for the present.

She had so little time, she said, and her bright face fell as the old conflict between longings and limitations came strongly to her mind.

"The Lord is My Shepherd; I shall not want," sang again a voice, so exceeding small and sweet, that it was as if last Sunday's text had come out of some hiding-place in her heart, and, like a little bird on a bough, was warbling the burden of it in her ear. How came this beautiful library to be so unexpectedly opened to her? Why had she just taken from the shelves a book that she had often thought of with desire? "But it is all accident," thought Avie. "Unless ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe," sang the little bird from some other hiding-place; so Avie concluded that the satisfaction of her wants must even now have begun, but still the old difficulty remained about the time, and always would remain.

"It is a pity you can't be Mr. Wilpraham's companion," said Mrs. Wilpraham, with a look of amusement; "you would take to your work more naturally than Mrs. Fritz Walters did."

"Oh! I broke her in. I educated that skittish young filly beyond the novel point," said Mr. Wilpraham; "but she will soon go back to the old level with Mr. Fritz for a companion and no one to look after her. I'll no more of lady-companions! They are sure to leave me if a young man comes into the competition. The idea was absurd, and it worked—for a few months."

"Was that young lady your companion?" asked Avie; "I thought she was Mrs. Wilpraham's cousin or niece, and that she was here to bear her company."

"That was because they always walked out together."

"I must tell you how it was," said Mrs. Wilpraham. "When the peculiarity of Mr. Wilpraham's sight caused such severe restrictions to be laid on his reading, he found himself very badly off with only me for a reader, because I have a very weak throat. After thinking the matter over I advertised for a companion, a young lady of agreeable manners, who would be like a daughter in the house and who would not dislike reading aloud. I had many applications in writing, but Miss Vipond answered the advertisement in person. Her mother came with her to see that her darling did not place herself with people who were not fit guardians of her youth and innocence. But I cannot tell you the girl's astonishment when she found she was to be Mr. Wilpraham's companion, not mine; that she would have occasionally to act as amanuensis for him, learn to cook his favourite dishes, and read to him every afternoon. However, she seemed to look on the programme as fine fun, and her mother congratulated her on having no heavier duties to perform. Young folks are soon taken with novelties, so Miss Vipond ingratiated herself with Mr. Wilpraham by going into ecstasies over the bungalow. Certainly we might have gone further and fared worse, for while she stayed she was a constant source of amusement to him."

"And what did she make of the reading? Did she get interested in it, or go through it as a duty?"

"She learned to take up her cross," said Mrs. Wilpraham, with an odd twinkle in her eye, "but Mr. Wilpraham really flattered himself that he was forming her mind."

"Forming her mind for Mr. Fritz Walters," said Avie, with a merry laugh.

"Yes: it was greatly worth his while. The little minx learned to knit her brows, and put on an air of most profound attention, to all the explanation of the text that Mr. Wilpraham gave her; but she was listening for Fritz's pony, and building castles of her own far away from this bungalow.

"The first book Mr. Wilpraham put into her hands was 'Plato's Republic.' She read a few pages; her voice grew very flat; then she said, with an air of impatience—'This is, without exception, the most stupid book I ever read in all my life.' 'Indeed!' said Mr. Wilpraham. 'Pray what was the last book you read before coming here?' '"Lady Audley's Secret,"' said she. 'And the one before that?' he inquired. '"Good-bye, Sweetheart."' 'I am afraid you must find my books stupid,' he said. 'Unfortunately I cannot offer to consult your taste in choosing them.' She recollected herself immediately, for she had only spoken out of her simplicity, and, being so young and inexperienced, he treated her like what she really was—a spoiled child. Mr. Wilpraham told her that, by being patient and attentive, she would find the love of good books grow. They would strengthen and polish her understanding, so that she would be a much finer young woman after twelve months of such culture than she had been in the beginning. She told him she hoped it would be so; she knew there was much room for improvement. After that she kept any weariness she might feel out of his sight, as in duty bound; but I fancy he is mistaken if he thinks that she profited much."

"Oh, how I wish I could have had her chances!" said Avie.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN GOING TO MARKET.

By MARY POCOCK.

AT THE GREENGROCER'S AND THE BAKER'S.—THEIR WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, AND WHAT TO BUY.

In purchasing at the greengrocer's one of the first things to be considered is appropriateness; the vegetables should not be ordered until after the principal dishes are decided on, for an otherwise good dinner may be spoilt by unsuitable vegetables; for instance, though I should like cabbage with roast beef, I should think it strangely out of place with spring chickens; and though stewed celery is good with turkey, I do not fancy it would go with roast pork. It is the same with the dessert; it should be in keeping with the dinner, though I do not see any objection to a simple dessert after a rather *recherché* dinner. I think it a mistake to have the dinner plain and the dessert *recherché*: it looks as if the lady of the house had not taken any trouble or given any thought to it, as dessert is merely a question of money.

After the question of appropriateness is that of price, as nothing varies more from week to week, and even from day to day, than the price of vegetables and fruit, and there is in general no reason for buying things on the days they are scarce and high-priced, unless wanted for special occasions. This variation in price is one of the reasons for going to the greengrocer's, for if one chooses one's time it is easy to have everything that is in season, without being extravagant.

Variety is not studied enough in most families. It is not uncommon in English households, particularly in winter, to see about three vegetables served in turn, day after day, when a variety might be given, especially if other ways of cooking besides plain boiling were resorted to. We are not as a nation great vegetable eaters, but many people who do not care for sweet dishes like a vegetable course. A list of the vegetables that are to be had from September to March may help some young housekeepers to vary their orders. For fresh vegetables we have Brussels sprouts, spinach, turnip-tops, mangel-wurzel-tops, Scotch or curled kale, white and purple broccoli, savoys, cabbages, what are called bunch greens, cauliflowers, tomatoes, celery, *barbe de Capucin* or blanched chicory, sea kale, endives, and sorrel; then the root vegetables—Jerusalem artichokes, salsify, celeriac, or celery root, English and Portugal onions, parsnips, turnips, carrots, and leeks. Of course, besides these vegetables there are the forced lettuces and other things. I need scarcely say that all these are not to be had during the whole of the winter months, as, for instance, tomatoes, which only last the autumn; and when there is a long frost or deep snow all vegetables are scarce.

Lettuce, endive, or sorrel may be ordered for dressing as vegetable. Celeriac, or celery root, is only used cooked; it may be dressed in various ways; it is nice served like Jerusalem artichokes, or after being boiled it makes a good salad; it is much eaten in Germany in that way. Celeriac and salsify are not very generally known; they are both exceedingly good. Carrots, turnips, beetroots, parsnips, celery, and leeks would all be more eaten as vegetables if greater attention were given to modes of dressing them. In purchasing green vegetables notice that they are fresh-looking and crisp; cabbages and savoys should be hard and firm in the middle; young spring cabbages, before the centres are white, are very good; cauliflowers should be white and evenly grown; turnip-tops and celery are best after there have been a few frosts; Brussels sprouts should be close and firm.

I prefer to purchase the dirty carrots that come to market in sacks, and are sold by the pound, to buying those that are washed and tied in bunches. If you buy uncooked beetroots, take care that they have not had the ends broken off or the surface damaged, for if they have they will not be a good colour when boiled. With regard to summer vegetables, they are so numerous that it is not necessary to give a list to facilitate the ordering of a variety, but I would recommend the small round carrots, generally called French carrots, for stewing; they come in before peas, and when one is getting tired of winter vegetables.

Never buy any but young peas, with well-filled pods, for boiling; older ones may be used for stews and soups. When peas first come in they are frequently sold by the pound, afterwards by the peck. One cannot say how many to order for a dish without seeing what they are likely to yield; sometimes three pounds of peas will not yield more than one pound of another kind will. Some shops sell them by the pint, ready shelled. It is customary when peas are bought for the greengrocer to give mint to cook with them.

The narrow beans, of which the flower has been white, are known as French beans; the beans of scarlet runners are called scarlet beans. Long radishes cooked and served like asparagus are liked by some people. The very small asparagus that is sold to put in soups and entrées is called sprue. For table, some prefer the large white-stalked asparagus, much of which comes from abroad; I think the green stalked is infinitely superior.

Choose well-grown, straight cucumbers; when fresh they are firm, and break easily; when old they get yellow; when stale they will bend. The small ill-shaped field cucumbers are sometimes nice for stewing, being much cheaper than the frame cucumbers.

New potatoes should only be bought in very small quantities, as the fresher they are when cooked the better. I once heard someone say that to get a Jersey new potato in perfection it must be dug up, put directly into the saucepan, boiled forthwith, and eaten as soon as done. The first new potatoes we get in the market are not English. One can easily tell the English potatoes when they come in; they look fresher, moister, and usually muddier. Old potatoes are cheapest bought by the bag or the bushel, according to the size of the family; they keep very well if protected from frost; but if you want to have potatoes in to last more than a fortnight it is best to mention it to the greengrocer when ordering, and he will tell you which of those he has in stock will keep best. It is a good plan one day of the week (Saturday is the best in London, that being market day) to buy a stock of potatoes, carrots, turnips, beetroots, apples, and similar things that keep well, to last the week. I never think a Saturday order complete without lemons and parsley. I find that it answers best to buy sage, mint, and sweet herbs ready prepared in bottles, for when they are bought green they are half dead, and the earth is so dry on them that it is almost impossible to free them from grit; but those who like to prepare them themselves should mix together one ounce of lemon thyme, one ounce of common thyme, one ounce of winter savory, and one ounce of sweet marjoram; they should be dried and run through a sieve before they are weighed, then put in a bottle and well corked. Basil should also be kept dried.

Chervil and tarragon are useful herbs, to be used sparingly; they are best fresh, but as they are not always to be had, it is well to have some dried, or the fresh leaves may be kept in either vinegar or sherry. A few drops of tarragon vinegar are much esteemed in salad by many people.

Shallot and garlic store well, so should always be kept in the house. Chives are of the garlic tribe, but have no bulb; they are far superior to young onions. With regard to salads, again we have not as much variety as we might have. French or cabbage lettuces are to be bought all the year round; upright or cos lettuces we get in spring and summer.

Batavias are a species of endive, with straight leaves and less bitter flavour than the curled endives; they make good salads.

When buying cabbage lettuces, endives, or batavias, always choose the closed ones with firm hearts, not those that have been spread out for show. *Barbe de Capucin* makes an excellent winter salad, either alone or with other things. Corn salad, also called marsh salad and lambs lettuce, is to be had in the summer and until late in the autumn; land cress, water cress, mustard and cress, are also all available for salad.

The first fruit we get in the year is the forced rhubarb; it is such a pretty delicate colour that one easily knows it from the rhubarb that is grown without being covered. This latter is none the worse—indeed, I think it is better for being a little stale and dry before it is cooked. Gooseberries should never be bought for cooking when they are getting ripe, as they are then so very sour when cooked, whereas, when they first come in and are quite hard they do not require a great deal of sugar. Unripe gooseberries are the right ones for green gooseberry jam, but for the red gooseberry jam they should be very ripe.

Kentish cherries, in appearance semi-transparent and bright red, are the best for cooking (for tarts and jam). Morellas are used for cherry brandy; they are also very nice for cooking, but are generally rather scarce, and consequently dear. Neither Kentish nor Morella cherries are ever used for dessert.

Scarlets are the very best strawberries for preserving, especially for making "whole strawberry" jam, as they do not break easily; they are not expensive, but generally have to be ordered specially from the greengrocer, as they are not often to be seen in shops.

The varieties of apples are too numerous to mention here, for we have not only English apples to deal with, so many apples are imported, and some years we get quite different sorts to those we get others. Some kinds are good both for eating and cooking, but as a rule this is not so; good apples are always heavy. For cooking it is always best to buy large apples; there is so much less waste in them that, though higher priced, they are cheaper to use.

With regard to the time to purchase fruit for preserving, one must be guided by the season and buy when it is plentiful, and after one or two dry days, for if fruit is picked wet the preserve is troublesome to keep.

It is a good plan to keep apples and stewing pears in the house. Pears and melons are often bought before they are ripe. Any kind of fruit—oranges, lemons, pears, melons, etc.—bought for keeping should be turned every day; the reason for this is that the juice in the fruit gravitates, and if not turned the part on which it rests rots from the extra moisture in it. Dessert fruit is easily chosen according to one's taste. Good fruit in England is an expensive item, but a little practice will soon teach the housekeeper the value of the different kinds, and to know English grapes and pine-apples etc., from foreign ones. Most of the foreign apricots, peaches, etc., are packed in boxes.

At the baker's we have not much to do. I find it best to have flour in fourteen pound bags, if the family is large enough. It is best to keep two kinds: best whites for pastry, light batters, sponge or other light cakes, etc., and household flour for suet puddings, bread (if required), and ordinary purposes. Where only one kind is kept it is better to have whites, as household will not make very light pastry, nor will it do for light fancy bread.

The law now requires that what is known as a quartern loaf shall weigh 4 lbs., and a half-quartern must weigh 2 lbs., no matter whether it is a cottage or a household loaf. Five kinds of loaves are generally sold by bakers: households—plain square loaves with crust top and bottom; cottage—round loaves made in two pieces; bricks—long loaves made in two pieces like cottage; coburgs—loaves made all in one, looking as if the four corners were turned up; and tin, which are loaves baked in tins. Penny and twopenny loaves are always extravagant, as they are not sold by weight, but as fancy bread. At the time I am writing a 2 lb. loaf is threepence. I have just weighed a twopenny cottage loaf; it weighs fifteen ounces—less than half the weight of a threepenny loaf. Vienna and other fancy loaves are not sold as half-quarterns, or rather as 2 lb. loaves; they require finer flour to make them good, so are in consequence a little dearer.

Excepting drugs, which are sold by apothecaries' weight, we buy almost everything by avoirdupois weight; but there are besides special weights for various articles which should be known to the housekeeper. The chief of these are as follows:—

A quartern or half gallon of flour ..	3½ lbs.
A quartern or half gallon loaf ..	4 ,,
A gallon of flour	7 ,,
A peck or stone of flour	14 ,,
A bushel of flour	56 ,,
Barrel of American flour	196 ,,
Sack of flour (five bushels)	280 ,,
A bushel of wheat	60 ,,
A bushel of peas	64 ,,
A bushel of barley	47 ,,
A bushel of oats	40 ,,
A peck of salt is	14 ,,
A bushel of salt	56 ,,
Bushel of rock salt	65 ,,
A stone of butcher's meat	8 ,,
A stone (horseman's weight) ..	14 ,,
Firkin of butter	56 ,,
Firkin of butter, Irish weight, about	70 ,,
Barrel of butter (four firkins) ..	224 ,,
A firkin of soap	64 ,,
Barrel of raisins	112 ,,
A bushel of potatoes	56 ,,
A bag of potatoes (two bushels) ..	112 ,,
A sack of potatoes (three bushels)	168 ,,
Apples and coke are also sold three bushels to the sack.	
A sack of coals is	224 ,,

I cannot conclude these papers on marketing without a few general remarks on the subject. If you go to the shops, instead of ordering at the door, you naturally expect to have some advantage, and there is most certainly something to gain by going; but much depends on regularity and on being sufficiently early. In the suburbs of London, and most places where there is no market to go to, it does not do to shop too early, for the shopkeepers have not returned from market, or if they have come back their fresh goods are not unpacked; choose the hour when you find by experience that your tradesmen are ready to attend to their customers. In my vicinity they are ready by half-past ten, and I do my shopping as near that time as possible; the shops are not crowded then, so I get well attended to, have the first choice, and everything is sent home in good time, whereas if I went, as many people do, two hours later, it would take me double the time, I should have to buy what I could—that is to say, what was left by earlier customers—and should hear in the course of the day that so-and-so had not sent, and something was required for use at once. Such are the petty worries of housekeeping that we should all do our best to avoid.

A rule without exception is, when marketing, ask the price of everything you purchase. It is much better to pay cash for everything (bread and milk only excepted). If you cannot reckon quickly in your head, carry a note-book, make out a list in it of what you are going to order, put the price of each article down as you buy it, and add up when you pay, for it is not now customary in shops where they do large cash businesses to give bills, unless specially demanded; it saves time to reckon up the articles and take the money, but it is quite necessary for the purchaser to be able to check the reckoning.

If you do not invariably pay cash, you must take receipted bills when you do pay for anything, or mistakes may occur. Treat private dealers as you are obliged to treat Army and Navy or Civil Service Stores, and they will be able to serve you better than if you order thoughtlessly; that is to say, that if you go to the shop and order of your oilman or grocer what you will require for a week on one day, and pay cash, it will certainly pay him better than if he has to send five or six times to deliver as many shillingsworth of goods. I was this morning in a baker's shop, when a lady came in and ordered sixpennyworth of sponge cakes. She asked if she could not have eight for sixpence, as that was what she got at the stores, then requested they might be sent immediately. Of course all the baker's men were out on their rounds. I could not help thinking of the unreasonableness of this, considering the smallness of the order. I think, perhaps, we all fail a little in consideration and thoughtfulness for others when we are shopping, and this recoils on ourselves, as we cannot be as well served in consequence. I hope that some young housekeepers who at present order may be encouraged to go to market and take an active interest in their housekeeping. Experience has taught me that a house goes on more comfortably where this is done, either by the mistress or a professed housekeeper. I am aware of the difficulties that attend the housekeeper, who is also the mother of a young family, and how the morning hours fly; but system and regularity accomplish wonders.

I consider that judicious marketing saves money for the purchaser and does not injure the tradesmen, who can make no bad debts with cash customers; and now that so many people are complaining of bad times, economy is often necessary. I hope many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can say with Swift, "I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease."

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXII.

FAN IN TROUBLE.

"I MUST speak to you, Miss Janet. No one will see us here," greeted Janet, when she reached the side gate leading to the park, through which she had always been in the habit of escaping to Hoplands.

It was Fan, who was crouching within the shadow of the park wall, concealed by trees and bracken. Janet paused. She had been walking so rapidly that she was out of breath, and was not sorry to be arrested by Fan.

"He is not coming! Did you leave him at home?" began Fan.

"Yes, if you mean Mr. Tom," replied Janet.

"He is a snake in the grass. Don't trust him, Miss Janet. You used to love him just as I loved Jack; but, oh! they are as different as—Mr. Aspenel and Sir. I can't live with him any longer; indeed I can't. He hates me and twits me for my gipsy origin, and tries to run down the gipsies. Ha! ha! Sir and Mr. Gerard and I circumvented him and Mr. Aspenel, and they stopped on the common as long as they liked. Sir paid the children's schooling, and I gave them lollipops by the sly. They were just as nice children as the villagers, and sharper. I taught them on Sundays, and Miss Aspenel took my class. Mr. Gerard went to see them, and preached, so that some of them became Christians; indeed they did. Tom scoffs, and even Sir laughs, but it's quite true. Mrs. Lee, the old Tigress, has bought a basket of cottons and tape and needles and all sorts of things, and goes about selling them. She says, 'Nothing's too hard for the Lord,' and nothing is, Miss Janet, except Mr. Tom. Don't believe anything he says, and don't let Miss Aspenel believe him. Hush! I hope the dogs haven't got loose."

Fan paused to peep round the wall, but no one was near. Janet begged her to make haste.

"I can't, Miss Janet, for so much depends on you and Miss Aspenel being on your guard. He is what Miss Vigors calls diplomatic. Poor Miss Vigors! she has worked very hard with me, to no purpose: but Miss Aspenel is 'a credit to her,' as she says." Fan laughed. "Miss Aspenel is an angel, but you are more like me. I mean, you are not as bad as me, of course, but you are not quite perfect, are you?"

"My dear Fan, I am not nearly as good as you, for you love your foster-father better than I do my real one, and teach in the Sunday-school, and ——"

"Miss Janet, I am very bad indeed, but I love Sir and Jack as dearly as my life."

Here Fan broke out into a sort of sobbing wail which terrified Janet.

"Oh, Miss Janet, I can't help it, and Tom is sure to be somewhere listening," said Fan, making an effort to calm herself. "Tell Sir how dearly I love him and Jack, and don't be offended with him because he spoke out just now. He is very fond of you. He loves you next to me, but—I think—he loves me best."

Here the sobs broke out again, and Fan could not control them. Janet tried to soothe her, argued with her that Tom did not mean to be unkind, assured her that she was her friend, and that Edith was also fond of her, and that Mrs. Clarville and Gerard and all the ladies cared for her.

"As to the poor and the gipsies, they adore you, Fan," she wound up with.

"'I MUST SPEAK TO YOU,' MISS JANET."

It was all in vain. The sobs increased, and Fan suddenly threw her arms round Janet, clung to her for a moment, then darted across the park in the direction of the Home Farm.

We must leave Janet to follow her.

The Home Farm was a pleasant, shady place, situated in the park at some distance from the great house. It had its model farmyard, model dairy, and, one may almost say, model cows, for people who know nothing of farming always go in for the models. Mr. Aspenel did, and his children were especially fond of a model dairymaid, who gave them fresh milk and curds and whey whenever they liked. Mr. Aspenel himself only visited these, his models, on Sunday afternoons, when, having been to church in the morning, he found as many flaws in them and their expenditure as he possibly could. Hither came Fan. She, too, was fond of the dairymaid, whom she had once known at Hoplands, and who always received her with delight.

"My dear Fan, what is the matter?" asked this official, who was in her ornamental dairy, skimming the last settlement of cream from the milk in a white, china milk dish, for Mr. Aspenel sold the skim-milk to the poor, and allowed no cream to circulate therewith.

"Mary, have you seen Mrs. Lee?" panted Fan.

"What! the old Tigress that have been converted, and goes about with a basket? She was here half-an-hour agone, and is coming back this way. She said she was going on to the house, for the servants have took to deal with her, and she sells 'em tracks instead of telling their fortunes. Many's a time she've told mine, and a lot o' things she said come true. But she have give it all up for 'the Lord's sake,' she says."

"So she has," said Fan, solemnly, recovering voice and manner. "She used to get as much as a guinea from ladies by the sly. She understands astrology and palmistry, and lots of clever things. May I stay here till she comes back?"

"To be sure you may," assented Mary, proceeding with her work.

Fan had not long to wait. Standing watching on the threshold of the dairy, which looked like a temple, she made a pretty picture. The scarlet feather in her hat, and the scarlet scarf twisted round her neck, contrasted with the black hair; while the hoar frost on trees and roofs, and the cold, clear winter sky surrounded her. Toiling up a slippery slope appeared a neatly-dressed old woman. She wore bonnet, apron, and dark plaid shawl, and was very unlike the Tigress. Yet she it was. She carried a large basket full of such wares as itinerants hawk about, and looked eminently respectable. Fan hastened to meet her, and insisted on taking her basket from her and resting it on the doorstep of the dairy.

The dairymaid overhauled the goods, and found that she wanted certain reels of cotton and tapes; and meanwhile Mrs. Lee went inside and rested.

"Buy a track as well, Mary. Here's one as is very comforting," spoke the old Tigress. "One as can read spelt it out to me. But I'm beginning to learn to read myself. There's nothing too hard for the Lord, and under Him Mrs. Clarville and her son have converted me. I told the girls so at the Park, but they laughed. 'Tell us our fortunes,' they said, but I've done with that trade, and said so. They were so surprised that they bought some tracks, and wouldn't believe that they wasn't about fortune-telling. If they was I should soon have their master down upon me and be shut up or fined. I've told lies enough in my time; now I'm going to tell the truth and spread the gospel news so long as I'm alive. And I'm taking this round out of gratitude to Mr. Harton and Mr. Austen, who gave us room to pitch our tents, and let the children have some larning, God bless 'em!"

Mary stood listening, arms akimbo and open-mouthed, for she had known the Tigress for years. Fan also listened. The afternoon sun looked in upon the trio through the sparkling trees, the icicles on which he was transmuting to gems, and seemed to be listening also.

"Accept salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved," burst forth the old woman, rising and outstretching her hand. "There's nothing to do, nothing to pay; it's all without money and without price."

Then she took a paper from her basket, and presented it solemnly to Fan, saying—

"I promised to deliver it myself. Do your duty, child. I don't know what's wrote within, but as sure as that sun is shining and Mary's my witness, every word I've ever said to you is true as this Holy Gospel."

She took up from her basket a small book, which contained "The Gospel according to St. John."

"You can read, and I'll give it to you," she added, placing the booklet in Fan's gloveless palm. "The Lord forgive me, but I was just going to say, 'Cross my hand and I'll tell your fortune,' for the lines are as clear as the light, as I read them there, beneath the truth, in your small hand. If I could read that blessed Word as well as I can read those lines, I should be a happy woman this day. But I'm forgiven! I'm forgiven! Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"What ought I to do? What must I do?" cried Fan, who was trembling with a sort of fear.

"Repent and be converted; then the Lord will make straight your path," replied Mrs. Lee. "Come not with me, child. Stay here till I am out of sight."

She took up her basket and hastened away in the direction of one of the lodges. Fan watched her till she was out of sight, while the astonished dairymaid poured forth many questions as to whether "the Tigress was really converted, or was she acting a part? Was it because she would be took up for fortune-telling, and wouldn't for hawking if she paid her five shillings a year reg'lar for her licence?" etc.

"She is converted, Mary," replied Fan, emphasising every word.

"I wouldn't have nothing to do with her any the more for that, if I was you, Fan," said Mary, bustling over the white china milk pans.

Fan put the paper carefully in her pocket, and returned across the park to Hoplands.

"I won't read it till I'm locked into my room, or Tom will be sure to see me," she muttered, as her winged feet trod the frosty rime.

This dreaded Tom was watching for her near the kennel, where she had shut up the barking, yelping, impatient dogs. He knew that she would let them loose, and was pacing the yard expectant. She did, in fact, go there first, and opened the kennel without perceiving the enemy. She was startled by his approach, and the severely spoken words, "Fan, I wish to speak to you."

"Certainly, Mr. Tom," she answered, defiantly.

"Come into my study. We shall not be interrupted there."

They went by the back entrance into a room appropriated to Tom. It looked out at the side of the house upon a portion of the copse, through which he had watched the disappearance of Wandering Will. His studentship was apparent in the bookshelves and scattered volumes and papers that filled the room.

"Sit down, Fan."

"With pleasure, Mr. Tom. How quiet your room is!"

"May I ask, Fan, what you meant by speaking of me as you did to Miss Janet Aspenel?"

"I only said that the servants and I wish you would go away again, and so we do."

"Why?"

"Because you go contrary to us, Mr. Tom. You know you can't bear me, and want to get rid of me. But Sir doesn't."

"Then our feelings are reciprocal, Fan. You say you can't bear me, and I can't bear you. Those are your words, and as you are no longer an inconsequent child, I suppose they mean something."

"I don't know what yours mean, Mr. Tom. What's 'inconsequent?'"

"Well, you understand the consequences that must follow on certain premises."

"Indeed I do not. I only understand that you and I don't get on together, and if this is the consequence of my being a born gipsy, as you are always saying, I don't know how to alter it."

"By staying indoors, and not wandering all over the country at unseemly hours; by avoiding contact with your clansmen and women; by not bribing gipsy children to go to school, and so keeping a set of vagabonds in this neighbourhood; by not running after people above your own rank; and, finally, by avoiding all allusion to me."

"Then I must put chains on my feet and hands and tongue. I could never do that, Mr. Tom."

Fan laughed, and displayed two rows of ivory so small and white, set in such a coral box, that even Tom was fain to

admire them; to say nothing of the sparkling eyes and red-rose cheeks. He was the only man who could resist Fan's fascinations.

"You harbour all sorts of vagrants either in the kitchen or woods. Twice I have seen a suspicious character lurking about, once in your presence, once I believe, waiting for you. You are often in company with that old humbug, the Tigress. You resist Miss Vigors' efforts for your good; even my father and Mr. Austen——"

"Stop, stop, Mr. Tom," shouted Fan, putting her fingers in her ears. "I won't listen to a word more, for you are beginning to tell lies. Neither Sir nor Mr. Austen ever said a word against me. The Tigress is not a humbug, but a Christian woman who has given up making lots of money upon principle, and become a respectable hawker. You may laugh, Mr. Tom; but she's converted, and Mr. Clarville has done it as sure as Fan's Fan. I wonder whether you would give up the hope of a grand match and a grand fortune to go a-hawking."

Tom's face darkened as he replied—

"Not the Tigress's kind of hawking, certainly. But what is more to the purpose, will you give up your haunts and associates and do your duty to my father, who has done so much for you?"

"I would do anything in the world for him, and you know it, Mr. Tom. Oh! how I wish Jack was here!"

The recollection of Jack was the last strain on Fan's overwrought feelings. She broke into passionate, almost hysterical sobs. Tom had never seen her so affected since his mother's funeral, when the women servants were obliged to withdraw her from the grave. Being human, he was himself touched.

"I did not mean to pain you so much, only to advise you, Fan," he said.

"I don't care what you meant. You are cold and cruel," she cried, restraining the sobs, and moving towards the door. "But you shall not reproach me any more. Everybody in this house has been kind to me but you. I love Sir, and Jack dearly—dearly. Oh, if Jack were here! And mother! *I love her* still with all my heart. But you! you, Mr. Tom! No: I won't hate you, for that's wicked, but I—I—never want to see you again as long as I live."

She opened the door, banged it after her, and left Tom Harton in a state of some uncertainty.

"I did not mean to raise such a whirlwind," he muttered: "but I think she will not again prejudice the Miss Aspenels against me. She is so shrewd, that one knows not where she may stop."

He sat down, took up a book, and began his studies.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."

THE ballad which forms the subject of the present paper was characterised by the poet, Robert Burns, "as one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language." His further evidence concerning it is that, "about the year 1771 or 1772, it came first on the streets as a ballad;" and he infers "that its composition was not much anterior to that period." It is something to have such a witness as to its earliest appearance, for a curious interest is added to this lovely song by the fact that its authorship remains uncertain, and has been the subject of very lively literary dispute.

We will give the whole song, as it appears in "Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Song," and then we will tell the histories of the two people to whom it has been attributed, and the internal and external evidences which have seemed to the partisans of each to justify their advocacy.

It runs—

"And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

"And gie' to me my biggonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

For there's nae luck, &c.

"Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie' little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat,
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

For there's nae luck, &c.

"There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thraw their necks aboot,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

For there's nae luck, &c.

"Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht—
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

"The cauld blasts o' the winter wind
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

For there's nae luck, &c.

"Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,
In troth I'm like to greet."

For there's nae luck," &c.

In 1806—that is, more than thirty years after the song "had been sung about the streets"—the Rev. John Sim, of Oxford, claimed the song on behalf of William Julius Mickle, the translator of "The Lusiad." He brought out an edition of Mickle's works, in which the song appeared marked with an asterisk, as having never before been issued under his name. Mickle had died in 1788—eighteen years earlier.

A counter claim was set up for one Miss Jean Adam, a humble Scotch schoolmistress, who had died in 1765; that is to say, five or six years before Burns heard the ballad.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE had been a man of some literary repute. He was born in 1734; the son of a Scotch minister; was educated first at a Dumfries grammar school; early showed a taste for versification, and was "finished" at the high school of Edinburgh, in which city he afterwards went into business, very much against his will. As a natural result he was not successful, and after many struggles and vicissitudes, he went to London in 1764, to seek for literary employment. Finding pure literature not highly remunerative, he became a corrector for the press, and having acquired a knowledge of Portuguese, in due time he issued his great work, the translation of Camoens' "Lusiad." His linguistic acquirement gained him a good appointment in a British embassy to Portugal, from which he returned with a small fortune. In 1782 he married a well-dowered English lady, a Miss *Mary Tomkins, wooing her* in the old manor house of the Powels, whence Milton had taken his first wife. Mickle survived his marriage only six years.

He seems to have been a well-intentioned

man of considerable industry and some taste, but the greater part of his undoubted work shows no force or originality. One notable exception, however, must certainly be made. He wrote the exquisite ballad of "Cumnor Hall," whose first stanza,

"The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby,"

"had a peculiar species of enchantment for the youthful ear" of Sir Walter Scott, the force of which he owned "was not entirely spent" when he made the story of this ballad the plot of his novel "Kenilworth."

MISTRESS JEAN ADAM is certainly a more interesting and pathetic figure. She was born about 1710, in the neighbourhood of Greenock, now a huge city, teeming with wealth and filth, but then a clean little town on the silvery Frith of Clyde. She lost her parents when she was quite young, and commenced a self-dependent career as a sort of household "help" in the family of a clergyman. She was an intelligent girl, was made free of the minister's library, and when twenty-four years of age issued a little volume of verses of a somewhat portentous character, since we find in the table of contents such subjects as "On the Method of Grace," "A Dialogue between the Soul and Curiosity," "On Cleopatra," and the like. About the same date she seems to have left the manse, for we presently hear of her as the mistress of a girls' school, which she carried on for some time with considerable success, though with much originality, since she is reported to have sung her own songs in the schoolroom, and to have read *Othello* to her pupils at a date when Shakespeare was a forbidden book in most Scottish households. There is a tradition that, in her middle age, she walked up to London, to pay a visit to the novelist Richardson, author of "Clarissa Harlowe," &c. Perhaps these eccentricities hastened the catastrophe, for eventually her school failed, her unsold poems absorbed her tiny savings, and in her old age there was nothing for her but to wander from house to house, and from village to village, in quest of such tasks as lay within her strength and skill, subsisting on the pittance which justice or charity gave her in return. Sometimes old pupils offered her homely little kindnesses against which her independent spirit at first revolted; though she schooled herself into final submission. Yet we may believe that even this hard lot had its alleviations. It had interest and variety. Jean's social gifts of song and story would surely secure her many a kindly welcome. But in the end she died in the poorhouse of Glasgow, described as a "poor woman in distress, a stranger who had been wandering about." She had but a pauper's grave.

The authorship of "There's nae luck about the house" was claimed for Jean Adam on the testimony of several of her old pupils, who declared they had heard her sing the song, and affirm it to be her own composition. As Jean Adam died in 1765, this, if true, must have happened long before the song became public property by being "sung in the streets" about 1770-1.

On the other hand, the Rev. Mr. Sim, in editing Mickle's works, stated that a copy of the song in the poet's handwriting "was found among his papers after his death, bearing marks of correction as a first copy, and that Mrs. Mickle perfectly recollected her husband giving her the ballad as his own composition, and explaining to her (she being an Englishwoman) the Scottish words and phrases."

In this conflict of evidence, we must try to bear in mind the following points:—

Mr. and Mrs. Mickle were not married till 1782—more than ten years after Burns had "heard the ballad sung in the streets."

Undue importance must not be attached to the copy of the poem found in Mickle's handwriting. In very recent days, that lovely poem "The Blind Spinner," written by Mrs. Helen Jackson, an American poetess, made its appearance in this country with the signature of "F. Brooks," a MS. copy of the verses having been found among the papers of a deceased gentleman of that name, who had greatly admired them.

Jean Adam has left no work of note—nothing which points in the direction of this beautiful song. But some of the best songs ever written have been their author's solitary successes.

On the other hand, though most of Mickle's productions are classical in form, and "high and dry" in quality, yet "Cumnor Hall" remains to prove that he had a genuine inspiration.

The verses of our ballad are so full of wifely feeling and housewifely touches, that if they are the work of a young, unmarried man, they show a wonderful dramatic power. But as the work of an unmarried and practically homeless woman, they show scarcely less.

The authors of "The Songstresses of Scotland" favour the claims of Jean Adam, perhaps with too much partisanship, which caused certain descendants of Mickle's, now resident in the United States, to take up the matter in a natural spirit of family pride and honour. Certainly a great deal of internal evidence can be brought forward on the side of Jean Adam. She was a sailor's daughter, and had spent all her life in a seaport town, where the comings and goings of sailors were among the most picturesque incidents. Her hero's very name, "Colin," is only common in the Western Highlands, where she dwelt, and in her seaport town, too, the houses had broad outside staircases, made of sounding deal.

"His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair."

But even such internal evidence, valuable as it is, is not all-sufficing. No verse in the song is more instinct with subtle womanly yearning and inconsistent emotions than the sixth, which won the especial admiration of Robert Burns—

"The cauld blasts o' the winter wind
That thirled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw."

And yet there seems no doubt that this verse was not part of the original song, by whomsoever that was written, but was subsequently added by Dr. James Beattie, author of "The Minstrel" and other poems of the most formal and didactic cast.

We feel driven to adopt the conclusion of the editor of "The Book of Scottish Song," who inclines to believe that possibly Mickle and Jean Adam both had a hand in this exquisite ballad — that some lines of hers, floating, as it were, in the air, gave birth to his finished version. We must remember that from Jean's hand we find nothing else written in her native Scotch. Probably she was proud rather of her prim, artificial English, for on the title-page of her volume of poems, she Anglicised her very name into "Jane Adams!" From Mickle, also, we have nothing in his country's dialect, but we have the quaint, pathetic "Cumnor Hall," and he who wrote that might surely have written anything, had he once set his genius free from the trammels of the "taste" of his time.

Such a conflict of evidence on a matter not yet a century old, and transpiring among the articulate and recording classes of society, may well make us pause before we deliver rash opinions and judgments. It is quite possible —though not probable—that the real author of "There's nae luck about the house" is neither Mickle nor Jean Adams, but some third person, either utterly unknown, or famous in some entirely distinct direction.

It has been cleverly said that nothing lasts so long as a coin or a song; yet the superscription may be worn from the one, and the signature torn from the other. What matters? The gold or the genius remains. Let all be forgotten that can be forgotten. A true, loving thought can never die, and neither you nor I, neither he nor she, need claim it, nor feel wronged if it slips accidentally from our grasp; for in truth it is not ours, but God's, and it is blessing enough, and honour sufficient, that He gave it to us to say for Him.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SOMEWHAT oppressive silence fell on the little company in the housekeeper's room after the door had been closed. Everybody except Fanny, who was the most guilty, felt convicted of frivolity. No more compliments were exchanged or meaning glances darted in Mr. Craik's direction.

"You talk of rising early, so you had better say 'good-night,'" suggested Mrs. Motley to her niece, and the girl was obliged to obey. But she ventured on a little protest, though she rose promptly enough.

"It is my last night, aunty."

"The more need for you to rest as a preparation for beginning work again, my dear."

"I shall see you again, Mr. Simmons, so it must be good-night only to you," said Fanny, but she extended her hand to the gardener as she continued, "It may be good-bye to you, Mr. Craik. I am not so sure of seeing you in the morning."

If Fanny expected a contradiction she was disappointed, for the gardener only shook the little hand gently, as if he were dealing with a fragile flower, and said "Good-bye," also adding the hope that Miss Fanny would keep well at Longminster, and that when she next came to Castlemount she would look even more blooming than at present.

Bedson was watching this parting with anxious eyes, but there was neither word nor look on Mr. Craik's side that could suggest the probability of a morning meeting, and she flattered herself that all danger of rivalry was now over so far as Fanny was concerned.

Craik walked leisurely home, and on entering his dwelling found his old aunt waiting up for him, though she was usually in bed before his return from the "House," as Castlemount was called by the servants.

"David," she said, "you'll wonder at finding me astir so late, but I was wanting speech with ye. I'm wishing to go back to St. Andrews. I've talked about it long enough—indeed, ever since I left it, much against my will, to guide your house till ye could suit yourself better."

"I could never do that, for you are a grand housekeeper," replied Mr. Craik.

"Maybe, maybe not, but the time has come when ye must just make a trial. Either take a wife to yourself or look out for some decent, staid body to take my place. Best the wife, if you can see one of the right sort. It's a lonesome life you lead now, with an old deaf aunty, and you'll not mend things much if ye bring another old body when I am gone."

"You have been good to stay so much longer than you intended. It's only fair that you should be the first to know that I have about made up my mind," bawled Mr. Craik in the ear of his deaf relative.

She nodded sagaciously, but asked no further questions. She had long since settled in her own mind that David's frequent visits to the housekeeper's room could have but one object, and felt assured that Bedson would make him an excellent wife.

"I'm glad to hear ye say it," she remarked, fully convinced that her nephew's mind was made up to propose to Bedson. "I'll not make a trouble of biding with ye for a few weeks, or till ye can settle all things to your satisfaction."

Mr. Craik acknowledged this concession by another vigorous exercise of his lungs, but his aunt's extreme deafness limited the conversation. Beside, it was already long past her bedtime, so the old lady lighted her own candle, pointed to her nephew's, said good-night, and left him to his meditations.

"I may have to bide with David for a while yet, for the maid cannot leave whilst the mistress is ill. But I'm glad to know for a certainty that David has fixed on such a wise-like body. Eh, but he has had time enough, and seen her often enough, without needing a jog from his aunty!"

Before Mr. Craik sought his pillow he had determined when and how to set about his wooing, and borrowing a simile from the green carpet on which the moon was casting her silver light, he said to himself, "No use letting the grass grow under one's feet. If a good thing has to be done, the sooner it is set about in earnest the better for all parties concerned."

Fanny Gregg rose betimes in the morning, and completed her preparations before the early breakfast hour. "I will finish my packing before I go down," she said, "then I shall manage to get my last look at the flowers after breakfast. The train does not start until a quarter to ten, and the groom is to drive me to the station."

"I thought you were going by the early train at seven," replied Bedson. "You did say that you must be at Longminster to begin work at nine. I know it is too late for that now, but why did you change the time?"

"Did I not tell you that Mrs. Hesketh asked Madame Leeson's leave for me to go by the later one? I am glad, for the first working day will seem quite long enough as it is."

"If you told me, I had forgotten," replied Bedson, who would have been well satisfied had the original arrangement been adhered to, and Fanny safe off the premises before daylight. Civility compelled her to say that it would be much more pleasant to travel when the morning had been aired a little.

"I suppose," said Fanny, "you will not care to run round the grounds with me. You can see the flowers whenever you choose."

"Flowers are like pleasant company, Fanny—things one can never have too much of. As I am going to lose yours so soon, I may as well make the most of the time that is left, and go through the hothouses and places with you."

So the two went together; but if either of them expected to meet Mr. Craik on his rounds, she was disappointed. Neither Fanny's bright eyes nor Bedson's sharp ones caught a glimpse of the gardener's tall figure.

Probably this circumstance made Fanny anxious to shorten her walk, for she hurried back towards the house and complained of the cold. She was unusually silent too, and Bedson, whose spirits had risen since she started, rallied the girl on having lost her tongue.

"People are not generally so cheerful at the end of a pleasant visit as when they have it all before them, at the beginning. Besides, I hate parting with people who have been so good to me."

A couple of big tears began to roll down Fanny's cheeks, and Bedson noticing these, gave the girl credit for deeper feelings than she had hitherto thought her capable of. So they parted very affectionately when the last moment arrived.

Before this Fanny remarked, "I do wish I had asked Mr. Craik to give me a nosegay. I generally feel rather afraid of him, but he was so good-tempered last night. Or you might have asked for me, Miss Bedson. He would not have said no to you."

"Better not, Fanny," interposed Mrs. Motley. "In summer-time it is different. You might take flowers by barrows-full and they would scarcely be missed. Now every flower blooms under glass; and costs so much, both in money and trouble, it would not be right for such as you to ask for flowers."

"Nobody loves them better than I do, aunt. It seems a pity that many people who have such quantities of flowers hardly care to turn round and look at them, whilst I have none."

"You have a great many things to be thankful for. Better be able to enjoy the sight and scent of every little bud than be without eyes to see, or power to enjoy them," replied Mrs. Motley.

So Fanny left Castlemount without so much as a green leaf in her hand. She was comfortably seated in a railway carriage and watching the retreating figure of the groom, who was already on the way back, when the opposite door was opened. She turned quickly, and saw Mr. Craik, with such a bouquet in his grasp as her fancy could hardly have pictured. "Would you like a few flowers, Miss Fanny?" asked the gardener, holding out the bouquet.

"Oh, Mr. Craik, how good of you! I never saw anything so lovely," cried the girl, stretching out two little eager, trembling hands for the prize. "If I only had time to thank you!"

She had it, for Mr. Craik stepped into the carriage, the whistle sounded, the train started, and the two were on the way to Longminster in company, and the sole occupants of the compartment.

The situation was confusing to Fanny, but the flowers were of great service in helping her to hide her embarrassment. She could not thank Mr. Craik sufficiently. She told him how she had been so longing for just one or two, as she went in and out amongst them that morning, and how she had almost made up her mind to ask, if it were only for a bud.

"I daresay, though, if I had seen you, I should have been afraid after all, but I was wishing to bid you good-bye, too, at the very last, you know."

Then Mr. Craik gallantly assured Fanny that she needed only to ask and to have whatever was in his power to give. As to being afraid of asking!

He did not finish that sentence, but looked unutterable things at the blushing girl, who was trying to hide her rising colour, by almost burying her face amongst the flowers.

"I did not say a proper good-bye last night, or hang about to say it this morning, because I was hoping to have just a little more of your company, Fanny," continued Mr. Craik. "I had business at Longminster, and I have been planning for the last two days to travel at the same time as yourself, but to drop quietly down to the station after you. And I have something more than good-bye to say. In fact, I would not say that at all, if I could help it. Can you guess what it is?"

As he asked this question he drew the flowers from the girl's clasp, and with the instinctive care of the true gardener who loves every leaf he has tended, laid them gently on the rack above their heads.

Then Mr. Craik possessed himself of the little hands which he had temporarily deprived of his own offering, and, having made up his mind, proceeded to let Fanny know it.

"It is my turn to ask for a flower," he said. "I want to take the bonniest little rosebud I know away back from the town, to bloom amongst other fair

blossoms at Castlemount. None of them shall be better tended and guarded than my rosebud, if she will let me transplant her. I will take care that no rough wind shall touch her, and when other human flowers are in danger of suffering and harm from storms of trouble, I will shield her from them so far as a man's true love and strong arm can do it. You know what I am asking for, Fanny. Will you give it me, my dear?"

The girl was taken by surprise. She had begun to suspect that it was at least as much for her sake as for Bedson's that the gardener paid such frequent visits to her aunt's snuggery in the evenings. But this open declaration came upon her unawares. The fact of not catching a glimpse of him during her run through the hothouses, and of his not even coming to say farewell and shake hands at parting, had helped to drive from her mind the notion that was beginning to find a place there. At least half the tears she shed, as she turned her back on Castlemount, were caused by mortification at the thought of Mr. Craik's indifference. He had been so friendly and pleasant during her visit, and to let her go in such a way was downright rude.

Everybody about the place had said "good-bye," and given her good wishes, even Mr. Beauchamp and his mother. And the master had told her that whenever she could get a holiday she must come and spend it with her aunt at Castlemount. If Fanny had any thoughts for Mr. Craik previous to his appearance at the carriage window, they were angry ones, on account of the slight put upon her.

Now she understood the reason, and could hardly tell whether she was most gratified or frightened at the discovery. She was so young, only nineteen, whilst Craik was six and thirty, thoroughly in earnest, and not the man to be trifled with. She must say "yes," or "no," and keep to it. No yea-nay business would answer with David Craik.

In her surprise and bewilderment, unable to make up her mind what to answer, Fanny began to cry without saying a single word.

Craik saw that the girl was startled, and he told her so, and assured her he would not give her a moment's pain for the world; he loved her too well for that. He ventured to draw her towards him, as a mother might put a kind arm round her weeping child, and soothed her with tender and respectful words. What could he do but be patient and wait until she had so far conquered her emotion as to be able to answer him? And he did wait.

This quiet interval was precious to Fanny. One can do a great deal of thinking in a very few minutes. She really liked Mr. Craik very much. He was a fine, tall, well-built man, just the one to whom a weak girl might look for protection. Everybody said he was good-looking, and as to means and position, he would be a very desirable partner. Even when she thought he liked her a little, Fanny had not dared to imagine that he loved her best of all. It was very sweet to know that he did, and to listen to such tender words from one so strong and well-fitted to shield a little thing like her, and to tend her as he tended his dainty flowers.

Then came a thought of Bedson.

Fanny felt sorry for her friend, because she really believed that the lady's maid thought Craik was only waiting a fitting opportunity to ask her to be his wife. But then, was it her fault that Mr. Craik liked her the best? He had a right to choose for himself, and if he chose her instead of Bedson, Fanny could not help it. If she were to refuse him, he was not the man to turn round and take someone else in her stead. She had no doubt on this head.

Through Fanny's mind these thoughts flitted rapidly, and at the same time she pictured herself as the mistress of that pretty house, which, in summer time, was like a very bower of roses. She imagined herself standing in the porch, watching for a husband's home-coming, her forehead fanned by a flower-scented breeze, and all around her peaceful and beautiful. She contrasted this with last summer's experience in the hot workroom, when she had often felt so faint and weary that she could hardly go on with her work, and she and others had gasped for a breath of cool air, though windows were open wide, and the room was better than most that are similarly used.

Mr. Craik, watching anxiously, saw a change in the expression of Fanny's countenance, and felt that it augured success to his suit.

So the strong man's arm drew the pretty head to his breast, and when he tenderly wiped away the last tears, and lifted her face towards his, there was no resistance. His look of love was met by a smile and a blush, and David Craik was permitted to press a first kiss on Fanny's rosy lips.

"And you'll be content to live in the country and not sigh after town?" inquired the happy lover; to which Fanny whispered a reply which increased his delight.

"I would rather live at Castlemount than anywhere else in the world. I don't care a pin for going to London now."

The train was very near Longminster, sadly too near in one sense. But though Mr. Craik was very much in love, and very happy in having won the object of his affections, he was not the man to neglect duty, or to encourage Fanny to neglect hers. He had contrived to time the journey so as to travel with her, but none the less was it essential to the prosecution of gardening operations at Castlemount.

There were implements to be purchased, plants and seeds to be selected, and various other matters attended to. The coming hours were not his own, but belonged to his employer, and Craik was not the man to devote them to pleasure, however tempting might be the circumstances in which he now found himself.

Fanny was expected to be at Madame Leeson's as soon as possible after the arrival of the train. She had meant to go there by omnibus, but instead of doing so she sent her box by it, in order that Mr. Craik might walk with her to the very threshold.

"You can go as far as Madame Leeson's with me, can you not, Mr. Craik?" she asked, with a little innocent, pleading look, that made her companion's heart give a glad bound as he saw it.

If it had ever been delightful to Fanny to realise a sense of protection as she leaned on his strong arm, it was no less so to Craik to find the pretty young creature already clinging to him as her more than friend, and wishing for his continued guardianship.

"Of course I can, Fanny," he answered. "I shall lose no time by walking with you, for all the shops I want to call at are in the neighbourhood, only a little beyond Madame Leeson's. I must pass her door by the shortest way I can go. But, my dear, you must let go the 'Mr.' I am David Craik—your David, remember, for so long as God shall spare us both," he added, reverently.

The girl smiled for an answer, and gave him another of her bright looks, as he drew her little hand through his arm and accommodated his step to hers.

There was not much talking on the way. Craik's heart was full with his great new happiness, and many a resolve to do all that a true man could to make happy the life of the innocent girl who trusted him.

Fanny's thoughts were in a perfect whirl of delight. Her secret made her feel wondrously independent. What if Madame Leeson should find fault with her this morning for not saving time by riding instead of walking. Well! she should not mind very much. Most likely she would not be so very long under Madame's orders, but she was a kind mistress and had been good to her. She hoped she would not be displeased. She would not like a frown to mar this bright day.

Naturally she took a girlish pleasure in exciting the curiosity of her companions in the workroom.

Fanny knew that the very sight of Mr. Craik's tall figure and beaming face would set them all wondering. They might wonder. She would tease them and tell them nothing of what had passed at Castlemount, or—more important still—on the way back. How delightful it would be to have them all asking questions to which no one could possibly give an answer but herself, and to keep her lips firmly closed.

They would know all some time. She would like everyone to know after she had teased them a little. But in the meanwhile Fanny's dreams were cut short by her arrival at Madame Leeson's and an audible sigh from Mr. Craik, which prefaced the words, "We'll have to part here Fanny, my dear."

A loosing of the little hand, a firm, kind pressure of it in Craik's strong ones, tender words of farewell, and hopes of a speedy meeting from him, and one more glance, and the words "Good-bye, David," from Fanny.

Then she was within, and Craik, feeling as if it had gone suddenly darker and colder, was striding away alone.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMY.—The "Glasites" of Scotland are the same as the "Sandemanians" of England. John Glas, minister of the Scottish Church, 1727, published a book called "The King of the Martyrs," in which he denounced national churches, etc., and pretended to have followed the primitive ecclesiastical order in the church better than any existing church. He was "deposed" 1727. In 1755, one Robert Sandeman followed Glas in his ideas and founded a similar sect in England. Murillo placed his Madonna standing on a crescent. There is no reason why marriage should form any barrier between us and "our girls;" nor why, save under certain specified circumstances, they should be debarred from taking part in our competitions.

MIDDLE-AGED DOMESTIC.—There are many circumstances surrounding persons in the highest ranks of life that prevent their forming alliances suitable to their position and talents. And among excellent people in a less elevated condition there might be similar cases. Every position has its own drawbacks. Most domestic servants might be thankful for the proprietorship even of a "petty shop," and a worthy tradesman's devotion with it. High-class tradesmen usually seek high-class tradesmen's connections. Persons in any condition may certainly have themselves announced as Miss So-and-So, when they visit in their own circles. But when a maid calls to seek a situation, or to see an old mistress, it would not be seemly for the footman to announce her as "Miss——"; nor a manservant under similar circumstances as "Mr. John Smith."

EBE.—Give no meat nor greasy food to your parrot. Of course his feathers come off, so unsuitably fed as he is. As to underdone meat, that might give the dreadful disease you name; raw meat certainly would. You may give him bread sopped in milk, hemp, and other bird seed, biscuits, all kinds of nuts, and a little fruit very sparingly. He might sometimes amuse himself with a chicken bone.

TOM-BOY.—You have not completed your growth, nor are your bones fully hardened, till you attain your majority at twenty-one. Certainly your judgment will be far from mature till then; and at best your experience will have to be gained later on. Your education in household economy, in cookery, and in nursing, should commence on leaving the schoolroom at eighteen; and though you may then be introduced into society, you will still be but a "green girl," incompetent to choose your lot in life; an "infant in the eye of the law," who can neither make a will nor witness a deed. Be thankful that you have still so much time for improvement, should God spare you to see mature age.

A. FLOWER.—The duties of a lady's secretary comprehend anything her employer requires, in the way of copying, writing at dictation, or with mere general directions (the wording being left to the secretary), or the looking out of references, reading MS., correcting for the press, etc. Neither the secretary nor anyone in residence at the house, not even the domestic servants, should knock (unless specially required to do so) at either the dining or drawing-room doors. With reference to a study, or boudoir, their doing so must be a matter of private arrangement.

HYGIENE.—Try the effect of taking a tepid bath, quickly accomplished at night, if more convenient than in the morning. It would probably tend, however, towards making you wakeful. A certain amount of washing for cleanliness is essential at night, as well as in the morning; but complete immersion, we think, would drive away all inclination to sleep.

HEBE.—Rub the light-coloured furs with flour, and then shake them well. July 12th, 1867, was a Friday.

KITTEN.—Avoid the use of medicine. It is a last resource only, when careful dieting and other rules for the improvement of health seem to fail, or on any sudden emergency. Judging by your name that you are very young and kittenish, you ought not to need medicine of any description "two or three times a month!" Surely you must mean in two or three years? Ask a doctor how to diet yourself for your complaints.

"S. SEVENTEEN" need not refer such a question as that of "flirting" to us, when already her own mother, mistress, and guide has reproved her for it in such strong terms. We fully endorse them. It is undignified, deceptive, and as she says, "Unladylike." For our many-times-given recipes for making sponge cakes, refer to vol. v., pages 171 and 247, amongst other places named in our indexes.

POOR RUTH.—If you have wronged anyone by making injurious or false statements of them, make no delay in setting the matter right with the person you misinformed. If you have quarrelled with anyone, endeavour through the intervention of a friend to effect a reconciliation. If they refuse you will be blameless. Supposing that you were in the wrong, be noble-minded—nay, Christian-like enough to make an apology. It would not, however, be a necessary part of mutual forgiveness to keep up an intimacy. Politeness when you chance to meet is all that could be required. Pray for grace to forgive, bear no malice, and then you may go to the Lord's Table, trusting in His atoning sacrifice.

SCEPTICAL.—It is quite true that the Will o' the Wisp, or *ignis fatuus*, flies from you when you follow it, and follows you when you run away; but the explanation is simple. The movement you make in running displaces the air, and drives away the light gas producing phosphorescent light, or draws it into the *vacuum* you have left. Have you never observed on a hot summer's day how a swarm of flies will remain over your head when driving in an open carriage, and yet never fly with you? nor do you leave them behind. The reason is precisely the same; the current of air created is sufficient to carry them onwards without action on their part.

NORWAY.—The most suitable and comfortable gown to wear for a tour in Norway is a serge; and blue is the best colour, we think. You might have one or two Norfolk or Garibaldi bodices, and also a second gown, in case you get wet. Warm wraps are needful, as the cold in June is sometimes great.

MARJORIE must refer to the Summer (extra) Number of the "G.O.P.," entitled *Sunlight*, 1884, for portraits of the editors, writers, and illustrators of our magazine. Her good wishes are very gratifying, and she has our best thanks.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK.—1. Who shall translate Carlyleese? We should suppose he means to imply, by the use of "Gigman," those who desire to keep in the usual paths and ruts of this life—formalists, not looking nor desiring better things. 2. We should advise you to take some rest during the day.

A PUZZLED ONE.—You could not keep a servant on £150 a year in London; that is, if you do as you ought to do, and lay aside sufficient for a rainy day. If your husband be a clerk, with nothing but his salary, you should not only save, but also have his life insured. £1 a week for house expenses, fire, light, &c., and living, and £20 a year rent, would, we fancy, be the expenses in London. Clothing and taxes are to be remembered.

ANNIE FREY.—We never recommend hair restorers of the kind you mention, and should advise you to keep to such as rosemary tea, and camphor and borax, which we have often prescribed. There are so many good reliable nerve tonics now, you should have advice from a medical man respecting what would be suitable in your case, and read the articles by "Medicus" in the G.O.P., as to your general health. You must try to take a walk each day.

BAYONS.—Many thanks for the sixpence enclosed in your letter for the New Girls' Home. It is an act of pure madness to eat a heavy hearty supper just before going to bed. The lightest possible nourishment should be taken. Sleep is the time of rest to all the bodily functions, and this law cannot be broken without punishment.

EUGENIA, a some time resident in Hamburg, writes that the special privileges enjoyed by that city, as a free town, in reference to import or export commerce, were to be cancelled from the year 1887. Henceforth, therefore, Hamburg will be like the rest of Germany, included in the *Zollverein*. To travellers, the difference will be this: that instead of their luggage being examined at the railway station, *en route* for somewhere else, it will be done as in our own ports, before leaving the ship. We draw the attention of our correspondent "Dotte" to this new state of the laws concerning Hamburg.

HOPE says, "My nose goes so very red, I am ashamed of going with anyone." But your nose is a passive sufferer, and takes no active steps towards spoiling its appearance, so cannot go anywhere unless you take it with you. Dress more warmly, take quicker walks, get a skipping rope and skip for five minutes when very cold, eat warm food, and attend to your digestion, keeping your head well up, and abstain from study just after meals, and your nose will become (not "go") less gay-looking.

JOAN.—The meaning of the legal term, *Femme Couverte*, is clearly derived from a heraldic usage. A gentlewoman "entitled to bear arms," if married, bore her family cognisances embroidered on her "kirtle," or inner bodice (of gown), and a cloak embroidered with those of her husband over her shoulders; thus signifying that she was under his protection, and "covered" in the view of all beholders with the insignia of his rank and power, so that to touch her was to dare his vengeance as a knight and noble. In the fourth part of our series on "Heraldry" we gave an example of a lady "bearing arms, kirtle, and mantle."

FUZZLEBACK.—The slang term "spooning," as connected either with love-making or its base counterfeit, flirtation, is derived from a sea-term. A ship, when unable in a storm to bear the strain of the sail she carries, is said to "spoon" or dip too low under the water; and so a man, when he has given way, under too strong a pressure brought to bear on him, intentionally or otherwise, by a woman he admires, is said to "spoon."

STOURBRIDGE.—Porridge and milk is fattening. "Good-bye" is probably a contraction of "God be with ye," or compounded with "bye," a way or journey.

EMELIA.—Rain-water is the *purest and best of water* and on account of its freedom from saline and earthy salts, is especially suitable for domestic use; of course in large towns it becomes contaminated by smoke.

LANKY SIXTEEN.—1. The term "upper ten thousand" means the aristocracy, and was first used by an American author, N. P. Willis, in speaking of the fashionables of New York, who at that time were not more than ten thousand in number. 2. Crœsus was a king of Lydia, and was so rich and powerful that all the wise men of Greece were drawn to his court, and his name became proverbial for wealth, B.C. 560—546.

MINNIE JONES.—We cannot enter into a discussion as to the value of phrenology in these columns, and we much regret we cannot give you any advice how to cure your "very badly-shaped head." Captain Marryat in "Midshipman Easy" portrays a man who endeavoured to alter his "bumps" by means of a machine, but fell a victim to the attempt. Be satisfied with your head, and console yourself with the idea that it might be far worse.

GIPSY COUNTESS.—The question as to the origin of the gipsies is surrounded with obscurity and doubt. It seems generally believed that they are descendants of a low-caste tribe of Hindoos, expelled by Timour about the year 1399. They appeared in Germany and France early in the fifteenth century. In the former country they are called *Zigeuner;* in France, *Bohémiens*. In Spain, where in the last century they already numbered upwards of 120,000, they are called *Gitanos*. According to another authority respecting their origin, the first mention of them dates back to the year 1322, and their own accounts of it vary considerably one from another. That they come from the East alone is certain. Some have thought that they form a portion of the lost ten tribes of Israel. Although professional thieves, they keep faith to those kind to them; and there are existing compacts between them and certain of our county families permitting them to "squat" on their lands for a certain period yearly, under the sacred pledge that they will steal nothing from them nor injure the property. They have experienced much shameful cruelty in the past and up to the present time.

ANTIQUARY would find the poetical riddle of Anna Seward probably in her biographical memoirs, which were written by Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, and published with her correspondence after her death. We never heard of the reward, however.

AUTUMN must be very careful over her diet; much palpitation of the heart has its origin in indigestion.

C. J. C.—We should advise your taking a legal opinion on both matters. Two witnesses are needful, whether you have an executor or not.

GRATITUDE.—The siege of Paris by the German army lasted from the 19th September, 1870, until 28th January, 1871.

AN INTERESTED READER.—Showing the white feather is derived from the fact that no gamecock ever has a white feather, the appearance of one of these showing a cross-breed in the bird.

DELINE.—The 12th of December, 1872, was a Thursday.

GILEAD.—We do not know to what kind of "balm of Gilead" you allude. The true "balm of Gilead" is said to come to England very rarely, as the Turks and Egyptians will not allow it to be made an article of commerce, and it is said to cost a shilling a grain in Constantinople. The tree from which it is obtained grows in Arabia and Abyssinia. It takes its name from Gilead, in Judea, to which place it was brought at a very early period. It is a skin cosmetic.

NINETEEN.—The first volume of the "G.O.P." began January 3rd, 1880, and ended September 25th, 1880, making only nine monthly parts. No summer nor winter numbers were published till 1881.

LILY KOMER and SOUTHERN CROSS.—Governesses willing to assist in the work of the family can obtain situations in the colonies, we believe, but you should write for advice on the subject to the secretary of the Colonial Emigration Society, 13, Dorset Street, Portman Square, London, enclosing a stamped envelope.

"KELLY'S DARLING" may wear her engagement ring on the finger that it fits the best; there is no rule about the matter. It is not like a wedding ring, about which there is a fixed rule, and that from a custom dating from a very remote period. Wring the pudding cloth out in a basin of boiling water, and while steaming put in the pudding, after the latter has been well basted. We think it stuck to the cloth because you forgot the steeping in boiling water.

AVICE.—Your long and sensible letter should have had an earlier response. But at least you have our best thanks now; we should like to have many more of such correspondents.

H. M. R.—If you refer to the indexes, you will find answers to your question respecting "Seaweeds." Your handwriting is very good.

A WISH.

Oh! could I paint with artist's skill,
My brush would never idle lie,
For I would paint with right good will,
The hill and dale, the trees and sky.

The flowers that scent the air serene,
The stars that deck the evening sky,
The trees that wave their branches green,
And cause the autumn winds to sigh.

The flocks on countless hills that rest,
The birds low warbling in the shade,
And everything in beauty drest
Within the glen and forest glade.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 425.] FEBRUARY 18, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

BY RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

"'SURELY NO GIRL WAS EVER SO RICH.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

As Mr. Craik parted from Fanny Gregg at Madame Leeson's door, Mr. James Smith passed by on the other side of the street. He knew the girl by sight, and that it was she who should have attended on me that morning at Longminster. He was also aware that she had been staying at Castlemount to recruit her strength.

The detective was in a most unamiable mood at the moment, for he had met with nothing but disappointments. He was owning himself thoroughly nonplussed, and so far had entirely failed to find a single trace of the missing diamonds.

Smith had absolutely nothing to report, and how fast the time was passing! Yet in all his professional career he had never taken more pains, lost more sleep, or felt a greater interest in a case than he had done in this. He was convinced that neither Miss Martin nor any other person had disposed of the lost jewellery in Longminster. London was much more likely, or the diamonds might have been taken abroad. If so, goodbye to any chance of their recovery. Smith knew of Miss Martin's long engagement to young Read, who was

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actually employed in a merchant's office in London. Most likely Miss Martin would ask his help, after her own attempt to sell the articles to Mr. Street had failed.

The detective was even then on his way to the post office. He had called there many times since this particular quest began. The principal office was at a large stationer's shop, and within a very short distance of Madame Leeson's. His visits were paid at the busiest hours, namely, when the London bags were just in, and shortly before the times at which they were despatched.

Mr. Smith made two excuses for his calls. He wanted to purchase stationery, but was in no hurry, and would wait until the bustle was over, or he expected a small registered packet which he was anxious to receive without loss of time.

The detective was well known to the postmaster, and it was no uncommon thing for him to receive registered communications at the office, instead of waiting for their delivery.

"I am so often out," he would say, "and if the postman called at my place he might find nobody to take a registered letter and give a receipt. Being so near, I drop in, and as I am no stranger I take what belongs to me, sign for it, and you are spared needless trouble."

But Mr. Smith had called half-a-dozen times without receiving anything but ordinary letters, and the postmaster quietly remarked to his wife, "Smith is after something, or somebody. All the while he is sauntering about the shop in that innocent careless way, and looking as if he had nothing weighing more heavily on his mind than the buying of a packet of envelopes, he has eyes and ears open for all that is going on."

It did not, therefore, surprise the postmaster when Mr. Smith entered the shop on Monday morning, and made one more inquiry about the expected packet.

The post office was partitioned off from the place of business, and there was a separate approach to it, but the detective never used the latter. There was an inquiry window into the large shop itself, which no doubt helped the sale of stationery, as customers could select articles, post letters, and ask questions about postal matters, without going round to the office proper.

It was at this window that Mr. James Smith inquired for his packet, and as there happened to be a lull in business at the moment, he could hear what passed behind it.

"Any registered letters this morning?" asked the postmaster of the clerk who was sorting. "Mr. Smith is here again about the one he has been expecting for days."

"I don't believe there is anything for him," replied the clerk, running over the list. "No," he added. "There are six for the bank, two for Mr. Street, and one for Miss Martin, at Madame Leeson's."

The detective's face assumed an expression of increased interest, especially when he caught the words uttered in a still lower tone, "I believe the parcel is the same that the young lady registered last week to Mr. Read, and seemed so very frightened and particular about."

"No, Mr. Smith. I am sorry you have had another call for nothing, but there are only ordinary letters for you," said the postmaster, as he handed to the detective his share of the contents of the London bag.

Smith thanked him, glanced carelessly at the address, and with the remark, "These will keep," pushed them into one of his ample pockets and left the shop. He did not go far, but by a little skilful dodging he managed to meet the letter-carrier on Madame Leeson's doorstep. Of course the man held uppermost the little packet which was for delivery there, and the form of receipt ready to be signed when he handed it over.

"Are you quite sure you have nothing else for me?" said the detective. "I've been running after a registered letter for days past."

"I have only this to deliver, now," replied the man. "You can see for yourself that it is not addressed to you; if I did not know you so well, I would not let you touch it;" for Mr. Smith, availing himself of this permission, not only looked at the address, but took hold of the little parcel.

A moment's dexterous manipulation convinced him that it contained two separate cases, the flat undersides of which were placed together and then tied. But the upper portions being rounded, the nature of the contents could easily be guessed at.

"This is not for me, any way," replied Mr. Smith, "and I was stupid to ask you in any case, for another man comes my way, and if a letter had been overlooked at first, he would have brought it."

Mr. Smith gave the postmaster no further trouble about the long expected communication, but he saw my husband in Longminster within an hour after his talk with the letter carrier on Madame Leeson's doorstep.

"Your face tells me you have been unsuccessful," said Tom. "Indeed, if you had found out anything, you would have let me know, without waiting for this interview."

"You are right in one way, sir. I have nothing to report as to your property. But, within the last hour, I have convinced myself that whatever Miss Martin offered to sell Mr. Street, has been up to London and come back again."

Smith then gave my husband a detailed account of all that he had done, adding, "You may think what a trial it was for me to finger that little parcel, and then give it back to the postman. If it had been night and near my house, instead of broad daylight and the High Street, I cannot say what I might have been tempted to do."

"Perhaps the cases had nothing in them," suggested Tom.

"Then why register them or even send them back, if the contents had been disposed of?"

Tom could not say, and he remained silent.

Smith looked pityingly at him and then said, gently, "You are down, sir, and I am afraid your trouble is about something more precious than even Mrs. Beauchamp's diamonds."

Tom owned that he was right. "My wife's condition is such as to absorb all my interest," he replied. "I have kept this appointment with you, caring very little what news you might have for me, except that I should have been glad to know that you were possessed of information which would exonerate Miss Martin from all chance of blame. I hope you are on the high way to obtain that."

"I hope so too, sir. And do you know, I have got a queer notion into my head. I have set so much machinery in motion, here and elsewhere of which nobody knows but myself, in order to find those diamonds, and I am nonplussed for the first time in my life. I never before failed to find out something. About the jewels I have not a streak of light. I am beginning to wonder whether they have really been either lost or stolen."

Tom started in utter amazement. "Do you think that my wife could have returned the diamonds to my mother?" he asked.

"You know best whether she ever had a chance, sir. Was your mother at Castlemount when you and your lady came back from Longminster?"

"She was not, and I now remember that my wife herself asked me to see the diamonds restored to my mother's keeping. It was in consequence of this that I began to seek them, and failing to find them, took the steps you know of."

"I need not have asked you the question, if I had looked back at my notes," said Smith. "I have it all here. You had a little conversation with your lady, when she woke up, and found you beside her. Still, I would just drop an inquiry, careless like, if you have a chance, and find out whether Mrs. Beauchamp has her property safe or not."

Tom assented, and then Smith asked whether Mr. Fielden had said any more on the subject.

"No," replied Tom. "I have seen him about other business, and found him extremely formal and almost painfully polite, but he did not condescend to ask anything about the diamonds."

"I was sure of it, sir, before I spoke; and yet I know he will be just wild to hear the result of our search. It is a comfort not to have to confess to him that it can be told in one word—nothing."

Tom thought, however, that Smith's hint might be worth acting upon, and accordingly he turned the conversation to that Longminster gathering which had produced such disastrous effects on myself. Then he asked, "By the way, did you get your diamonds back? I know Olive said something about them."

"I did not, but pray give yourself no trouble, Tom. They are just as safe here as at the Hurst. I have often said so to Olive, but the poor, dear girl was always particular about returning them to me at once. Let them stay where

they are. There is little chance that they will be wanted for some time to come."

Mrs. Beauchamp sighed, and then mentally rebuked herself for having spoken in such a desponding tone. She tried to make amends for it by adding, "When Olive does get the turn, she will need a long season of rest and a change to the South."

"If the turn should be in the right direction," replied Tom, sadly, almost hopelessly, for the crisis of my ailment was at hand, and the doctors' faces were suggestive of fear, whilst their words spoke of hope.

No doubt my husband was passing through the saddest experience he had ever yet known. No wonder he was down-hearted, knowing as he did that my parents, elder brothers, and sister had been summoned by telegram, and were probably on their way to Castlemount.

"Purely as a matter of precaution," the doctors had said. "If our patient should become fully conscious within the next twenty-four hours, as most probably she will, her first inquiry will be about her parents. It is well they should be at hand in order to avoid the smallest chance of disappointment, should she wish to see them."

Mrs. Beauchamp, Aunt Hesketh, and Tom well understood these carefully guarded words. They meant that the coming restoration to consciousness might only be the precursor of death, in which case my parents must be at hand to bid their child a last farewell.

Need I tell how they came, and how in that hour of anxiety Mrs. Beauchamp and my parents, drawn together by a common sorrow, became better acquainted with each other than they would have done during years of ordinary occasional intercourse?

When people have wept and watched and prayed with the same love and hope and fear in their hearts, by the sick bed of one dear to each and all, they can never be strangers again.

This was one blessed result of my sickness. It was not "unto death," as is evident from the fact that I am telling the history of it. And now, in spite of all the trouble of that time, there is not one of us who wept or suffered in mind or body during its course, but likes to look back upon it. Not one of us that would choose to have it blotted out of our memory if such could be.

Tom and his mother, who together with Aunt Hesketh had their share in the night watches, learned something of the value of affliction as a means of bringing the soul into communion with God. In the dim light and often dead silence of the sick-room, when the solitary watcher almost fears to breathe lest a sigh which would relieve the heart should disturb the fitful slumber of the patient, those who think of God at all must lift up their hearts to Him.

The lips must perforce be closed and the tongue be restrained from shaping words of prayer. But the longing of the soul finds expression, and that which no human ear could have power to discern goes up, as did the prayer of Jesus, in the days of His flesh, "With strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save."

And if the solitary watcher who thus prays realises as he never did before what is meant by holding communion with God, so do those who kneel together in the hour of sorrow comprehend His common fatherhood, and understand that they belong to one family when they cry, "Our Father."

It was on Wednesday, December the eighth, that the prayers on my behalf were changed to thanksgivings. The crisis was past and I had begun to live again, was conscious of all that was passing around me, and had, so the doctors said, every prospect of renewed and continued health and strength in the future.

I can remember so well how with Tom's first kiss a tear was left upon my cheek; how, one by one, I was permitted to see for a moment those I loved best, and that I thought how needless it was to restrict their visits, since what medicine could possibly benefit like the sight of those dear faces?

I became gradually aware of the links which had been forged and riveted, silently but surely, in my quiet chamber, and that between my dear parents and kindred and Mrs. Beauchamp there would for the future exist a bond of union that would never again be broken.

When I understood what Tom's mother had done for me during my illness, my heart swelled with glad thankfulness, and I whispered to her, "Surely no girl was ever so rich! I think I have three mothers; my own and Aunt Hesketh were two always; now ——"

"I am also your mother, darling Olive," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "I only knew when I feared to lose you how much I had learned to love the girl from whom I once desired to separate my son. We shall all be happier for what we have gone through of late; happier and, God grant, better too."

I never called Tom's mother "Mrs. Beauchamp" again. She was mamma, to distinguish her from my own dear parent, for though I loved the word mother best, I could only give it to one—the real parent. The memory of those days of weakness, when I first became aware of the trial I had passed through, and that I had been in a manner given back to light and life again, is one of the sweetest laid up in the storehouse of the past.

I did not understand all at once. I was like a child, only able to take in by littles what was passing around me, and abundantly contented to lose in my present happiness all anxiety about what had passed during that death-like interval of unconsciousness. It seemed bliss enough to lie with closed eyes and to know that my thin hand lay in the tender clasp of my dear husband's. My good kind Tom was so overjoyed to think that when my eyes opened they would no longer stare wildly round, but would meet his with looks of loving recognition, that he seemed hardly able to tear himself from my side.

Before this illness I had thought it almost impossible for husband and wife to be more truly one than Tom and I were. I knew better afterwards. Affliction borne together, or the prospect of being parted for ever on this side the grave from the one we love best of all, forges stronger links, and with them binds husband and wife more closely together than many years of unbroken sunshine and health would have done.

That illness came upon me just when I was feeling utterly weary of the kind of life I was leading—when a sense of opportunities wasted, talents unused, time frittered away in occupations which brought neither satisfaction nor return, was making me ask myself if this were the best that I could hope for.

I was dreading that I might gradually fall into the habit of living—I cannot say for my own ease, because I was weary of being dragged into society, and yearning for the peace of home, but in accordance with the ways of many around me.

The illness shut me within the walls of Castlemount. It put a stop to the tide of invitations which I had found it equally difficult to refuse and to accept. And best of all, the change was brought about independently of ourselves, and in such a manner that none could take offence, or deem themselves slighted.

To this day Tom and I say to each other, "What a blessing that illness was, though it came, as God's kind messengers often do come, in the form of a trial!"

He whispers to me how during that trouble he felt as he had never done before of how little worth are wealth and position when life hangs upon a slender thread, and all has been done that human skill can effect.

"At such times one has only God," said Tom.

"But how precious is the knowledge that we have Him!" I answered. "And having Him we have all."

By many little expressions of this kind I was led to feel that trouble had been as "the refiner's fire" to my beloved husband. It had taught him to put a very secondary value on many things which hitherto had held a first place. It had shown him his helplessness, and carried him a humble suppliant to tell out his requests at the footstool of his Father in heaven.

It would be impossible for me to tell how lovingly I was surrounded, or to describe my own feelings as I thought, "This one roof covers most of those who are best and dearest of all to me."

It was the first occasion on which my parents visited Castleton. I used to think they had relinquished me almost too much to my husband when I married and left them all.

(To be continued.)

ODD CHARACTERS.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

By NANETTE MASON.

IV.—MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

By those who lived in her own day, the duchess was familiarly known as 'Mad Madge,' and certainly no madder specimen of a thoroughgoing bluestocking ever existed.

She was born about 1625, at St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex. Her father was Sir Thomas Lucas, a gentleman of large estates, and much thought of. There were eight children: three sons—not one of them "crooked or any way deformed," we are told—and five daughters, Margaret being the youngest.

Whilst she was but an infant Sir Thomas died, but the mother was a person of great good sense, and under her guidance the family was well brought up. Margaret records that she and her sisters were "bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, and on honest principles." They read, worked, walked and talked with each other, finding their chief enjoyment at home, and the best company that round their own fireside.

Our Margaret grew up a shy girl, but under her shyness it was noticed that an eager and impetuous mind was at work. She early showed an inclination for literature, a spark that was to become a consuming fire. To quote her own words, "It pleased God to command His servant Nature to endue her with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from her birth; for she did write some books even in that kind before she was twelve years of age."

What settled her future life was a notion that came into her head that she would like to become one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I. Her mother objected, but Margaret was at last allowed to have her own way. She joined the court at Oxford, and in 1643 accompanied the queen to Paris, these being the times of the civil war in England. The young maid of honour was not exactly fitted for a court life; her shy and unsociable nature caused her to be spoken about as a "natural fool."

The romantic William Cavendish, the "loyal duke"—then marquis—of Newcastle came to Paris in 1645, after the battle of Marston Moor, which resulted in the ruin of the king's cause in the North of England. He was a very fine gentleman, active and full of courage, and highly accomplished in the arts of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which in those days were held to constitute good breeding. He had some pretensions to literature also, and wrote several comedies—bustling pieces of intrigue and wit.

At Paris he met Margaret Lucas, and with the shy maid of honour he straightway fell in love. She was as much attracted to him as he to her. "He was the only person I ever was in love with," she says, adding that her affection was placed upon merit. There was a difference in their ages. Margaret was twenty-one; the marquis was fifty-two. He had been married before, but the previous wedding does not seem to have interfered with the romance of this second wooing.

The two were married in Paris, and lived on the Continent, chiefly in Antwerp, till the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. They were happy in each other's company; it was a case of mutual admiration, Margaret thinking her husband a genius, and he believing her to be almost perfect. Their only source of regret was that they had no children.

It was as well that they were fond of each other, for the times pressed hard upon them. Of the large rental of his estates in England, not a farthing could the marquis get for his own use, and he had to live as best he could on credit. It was estimated that the loss sustained by him from the civil war surpassed rather than fell short of £733,579. Fortunately he found people who believed in his coming at last into the full enjoyment of his own, and were willing to lend, but before the days of his banishment were over this credit was exhausted, and he and his wife were in difficulties, even about paying for their dinners.

During this trying period Margaret consoled herself by indulging her unbounded passion for scribbling, and wrote a considerable part of the folio volumes which bear her name. Though often without a penny in her purse, and knowing not where the next meal was to come from, she made herself quite happy with a pen and an ink-bottle.

Her reasons for writing are given unanswerably in one of her productions, where she says, "I imagine all those that have read my former books will say that I have writ enough unless they were better; but say what you will it pleaseth me, and since my delights are harmless I *will satisfy my humour*.

"For had my brain as many fancies in't
To fill the world, I'd put them all *in print*:
No matter whether they be well or ill expressed,
My will is done, and *that please woman best*."

In another place, defending her own authorship, she remarks, what is true enough, that writing is better than gossiping, making fun of one's neighbours, listening to flattery, admiring oneself in a looking-glass, and such-like folly.

She had a wonderful flow of ideas, good, bad, and indifferent, and not the least discrimination in the selection of them. When a thought occurred to her, down it went at once on paper. "My fancy," she records, "is so quick, that it is quicker than the pen with which I write, insomuch that my ideas are many times lost through the slowness of my hand, and yet I write so fast that I stay not so long as to make perfect characters."

There never was a more complete bluestocking. Nothing so pleased her as to sit at home writing, or to walk up and down her own room thinking. At these times she was in the habit of talking to herself. When she went abroad it was only to pick up ideas. Contemplation, according to her own account, was her strong point. "Naturally," she says, "I am so wedded to contemplation, that many times when I have been in company I have not known one word they have said by reason my busy thoughts have stopped the sense of my hearing."

In all her writings—poetry, plays, philosophical works, letters, and what not—there is a great deal of what is sometimes called "dear good little *me*." She is not at all backward in letting the reader know about the exquisite beauty of her person—and she was really a strikingly handsome woman—and the rare endowments of her mind. Her intellect, she mentions, was so active that her appetite became passive; she lived frugally on boiled chickens and water. Her husband was almost as abstemious in diet as herself, but for water he substituted small beer and a modest allowance of sack.

Some people maliciously hinted that she was not the author of her own works. The marquis published a denial of these false statements, in which he praised his wife's philosophy, and said it was "truly and only wrought out of her own brain." Like a devoted husband he also praised her poems, and made light of the fact, made fun of by the critics, that they often halted both in number and in rhymes. Such trifling blemishes, according to him, were only like spots on the sun. "It is new born and creating fancies," he says, "that glorify a poet." He encouraged his wife to go on writing, though he tried to persuade her to spare time from study for the pursuit of health.

Margaret was always ambitious—ambitious of the highest places, and the best occupations and the loftiest company. She had a hankering after personal perfection. "I think it no crime," she says, "to wish myself the exactest of nature's works." "My greatest desire," she records in another place, "is to be had in remembrance in after ages. All I desire is fame." By the pursuit of literature she imagined fame might be secured, and no doubt she would have had a place now on every bookshelf if writing much were only the same as writing well.

But she understood about more than merely writing books. She knew something of country life, down to the keeping of poultry, and would have made an excellent farmer's wife. Even when, however, in after years she had the opportunity she did not busy herself much with rural affairs, "by reason," she says, "my scribbling takes away most part of my time."

An eccentric passion for literature did not prevent her from having some lovable features in her character. She was constant in her affections. But having a regard for people, she tells us, proved a troublesome affair: "it is the only torment of my life," she says, "for fear any evil misfortune or accident, or sickness, or death, should come into them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest." A considerable deal of nonsense may be forgiven in a good wife, who, write as she does, that she never finds the time tedious when she is alone, "so I be near my lord and know he is well."

"I am grateful," says our authoress, alluding to another personal characteristic, "for I never receive a courtesy but I am impatient and troubled till I can return it . . . . I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, but when I am angry I am very angry, but it is soon over." She describes herself as tender-hearted: "for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul." It is to her credit that she was one of the first writers to hint at the cruelty of field sports. She mentions that she was more inclined to melancholy than mirth, but that she did not often either weep or laugh.

She was a thorough Englishwoman, and seems to have taken no pains to associate with

the foreigners amongst whom she resided so long. She had "a natural stupidity towards the learning of any other language than her own native tongue," and did not even know French, though she lived in France for five years.

The Restoration came at last, and after fifteen years of banishment the marquis returned to England. He was, in 1664, elevated by Charles II., whose governor he had been, to a dukedom, and settled down shortly afterwards with his wife to the enjoyment of brighter fortunes.

The two kept away from court as much as possible, and when they did go there Margaret's peculiarities made her somewhat of a laughing-stock. Her vanity, it was noticed, was prodigious; her affectation extraordinary; and, to crown all, she wore the most wonderful theatrical costumes.

That she did not dress like other people the duchess herself allows. "When young," she says, "I took great delight in attiring, fine dressing and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as were invented by others; also I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of dress." "I always," she remarks elsewhere, "took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits, but whatsoever I was addicted to, even in fashions of clothes, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honourable, modest; of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence because it is a pure truth."

Her oddities made the duchess much talked about, and amongst the people who took an interest in her we find Samuel Pepys, whose Diary throws so much light on this period of London life. On the 30th of March, 1667, he makes this entry in his Diary:—"To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle, called *The Humorous Lovers*, the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, and yet would not but have seen it that I might the better understand her." Mr. Pepys, however, seems to have made a slight mistake: *The Humorous Lovers* is by the duke, not by the duchess, but likely enough she had a hand in it.

On the 11th of the following month, Pepys writes: "To Whitehall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle's coming this night to court, to make a visit to the queen, the king having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in antique dress as they say; and was the other day at her own play, *The Humorous Lovers*, the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, and yet she and her lord mightily pleased with it; and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to court that so many people may come to see her as if it were the Queen of Sheba; but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night."

It was on the 26th of April that Pepys saw her for the first time. "Met my Lady Newcastle," he says, "going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ear; many black patches because of pimples about her mouth; naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *just-au-corps*. She seemed to me a very comely woman."

On May day—four days after this—he went to St. James's Park in hopes to see her grace again. A great crowd of sightseers were on the same errand. Pepys never got near her, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went. He saw, however, that she was in a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold; there were white curtains; indeed, everything was either black or white, and in the midst of this arrangement in black and white, the diarist caught sight of the duchess sitting, in her velvet cap. No wonder she made a sensation, and that the boys and girls used, as Pepys tells, to run after the coach in hundreds.

The duchess went to the meeting of the Royal Society on the 30th of May, and Pepys was there also. He got a good look at her on this occasion. "The duchess," he says, "hath been a good comely woman; but her dress was so antick and her deportment so ordinary, that I did not like her at all, nor did I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her, she exclaiming at every experiment that she was 'full of admiration,' and then she was led back to her coach by several lords and philosophers, including 'a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset.'"

Evelyn, another diarist of the period, was also present at this reception. He was on a friendly footing with both the duke and the duchess. Of the latter he says, "she is a mighty pretender to learning, poetry, and philosophy, and hath in both published divers books." He describes himself on one occasion as much pleased with "her extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse." He went farther than this: he flattered her to her face in the most extravagant manner, making her out to be the greatest genius and the most sublime wit that ever visited the earth in the person of woman.

The duchess experienced a great deal of this fulsome adulation. The panegyrics and puffs she received might well have turned her head, even had she been, what some people who might have known better called her, "the princess of philosophers." It was an age of flattery, and she received more of it, perhaps, than any other author, either before or since. The letters and poems written in praise of her and the duke were collected, in 1678, into a folio volume, which forms an astonishing exhibition of the sort of homage paid by learning to high rank in those days.

One of the duchess's privileged visitors was Richard Flecknoe, the poet and dramatist, of whom Dryden says that his—

"prose and verse was owned without dispute
Throughout the realms of nonsense absolute."

This poet has given the following description of her grace's closet or study:—

"Is this a lady's closet? 't cannot be;
For nothing here of vanity we see,
Nothing of curiosity, nor pride,
As most of ladies' closets have beside:
Scarcely a glass or mirror in't you find,
Excepting books, the mirror of the mind;
Nor is 't a library, but only as she
Makes each place where she comes a library."

Wit and satire, however, as well as flattery, claimed the duchess for their own. Even those who praised in appearance sometimes contrived by a double meaning to ridicule in reality. When Waller, the poet, was shown some verses by the duchess, "On the death of a stag," he said that he would give all his own compositions to have written them.

"That is extravagant praise," said a friend.

"Not at all," he replied; "nothing is too much to be given that a lady might be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance."

From the time of her return to England till the day of her death the duchess wrote as diligently as she had done when abroad. So bent was she on not allowing the least idea that entered her head to escape, that she engaged a number of young ladies, whose business it was to rise at any hour of the night and write down whatever they were told. When the bell rang, up one of them rose to commit to paper a verse, an aphorism, or a philosophic theory.

What the duke *thought* about these midnight labours is not told; but he was sometimes out of patience with her, if the story is true that, when complimented on her wisdom, he once said, "Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing."

But whatever he thought it is certain that the duchess never for a moment wavered in her admiration of him. She wrote his life, and published it in 1668, during his lifetime, so that any error might be corrected; but she says, "I challenge anyone (although I be a woman) to contradict anything I have set down, or prove it to be otherwise than truth." The work had a pompous enough title-page, containing over a hundred and forty words: "The Life of the thrice noble, high and puissant Prince William Cavendish, Duke, Marquess and Earl of Newcastle,"—and so on—"Written by the thrice noble, illustrious and excellent Princess Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, his wife."

The book attracted a good deal of attention. Pepys read it, and made this entry in his Diary on the 18th of March, 1668: "Stayed at home, reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes of and to him."

Tastes differ, however, and we meet with praise of this work pitched in a high key in one of Charles Lamb's essays. "No casket," he says, "is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honour and keep safe such a jewel."

Her enthusiastic summing up of the merits of her husband is amusing, at all events, whatever the other characteristics of the life may be. She compares the duke to Julius Cæsar. "Nay," she adds, "in some particulars he did more than Cæsar ever did." In her estimation he was "the best lyric and dramatic poet of his age." Was he as a dramatist equal to Shakespeare? Equal! says the duchess; he was beyond him—"he was as far beyond Shakespeare for comical humour as Shakespeare was beyond an ordinary poet in that way." After that it is not surprising to learn that she was more than satisfied with the elegance of his exterior, the becomingness of his dress, the simplicity of his diet, and the weight and variety of his discourse.

As a companion work to this life of the duke she wrote an autobiography—"A true relation of her birth, breeding, and life." Of all her books this is the most worth looking at: the naïveté of it alone is charming.

The production she herself thought most of was her "Philosophical and Physical Opinions": she calls it "her masterpiece and the beloved of all her works." Authors are seldom good judges of what they do. The fact is that her grace's philosophy is the most absurd feature about her: it is the dead weight that drags her to the ground. Occasionally we meet with a piece of common sense, but it has to be searched for under mountains of ignorance and extravagance.

It was noticed that she had rather a contempt for solid facts, and that she was only herself when she ran wild in confused speculations. On one occasion she met Dr. Wilkins, the Bishop of Chester, who had written a book on the possibility of a passage from the earth to the moon.

"Doctor," said the duchess, "where am I to find a place for resting on the way up to that planet?"

"Madam," replied the bishop, "of all people in the world I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air that you might lie every night at one of your own."

The duchess is seen at her worst in her plays. There are nineteen of them, some of them in two parts and with scenes almost innumerable. No literary appetite nowadays is equal to reading them. Some people said that she stole her plots, but that could hardly be, for her plays have only the ghosts of plots. Her characters are mere abstractions representing certain virtues and vices. The speeches made by them are often scholastic and long-winded, as if they were extracts from her grace's letters and philosophical opinions.

Amongst her grace's short poems those dealing with fairy subjects have been praised. Her verses, however, exhibit marked deficiences in the matter of feet; and as for the rhymes, the duchess's ear, to put it mildly, must have been an odd one. She does not deny that she was weak in the artistic construction of poetry, but this she held to be a trifle—an opinion shared, as we have seen, by her husband. The important thing, according to them both, was the thought, not the way it was expressed.

In her "Poems and Fancies," the duchess has this characteristic request to the reader: "Let me entreat you to consider only the fancies in this my book of poems, and not the language, numbers, nor rhymes, nor false printing, for if you do you will be my condemning judge, which will grieve my muse." In the same volume, she says, "I must entreat my noble reader to read this part of my book very slow, and to observe very strictly every word they read, because in most of these poems every word is a fancy."

"Excuse and pardon me," she writes in another place, "for making all this noise about my own books. I have launched my labours into the world, and am rejoicing at my own handiwork." She was easily pleased. Her thirteen folio volumes merit the description she herself gives of them. "You will find my works," she says, "like infinite nature, that hath neither beginning nor end, and as confused as the chaos wherein is neither method nor order, but all mixed together without separation, like evening light and darkness."

In case anyone should wish to see a specimen of her grace's poetry, we give the following extract from an "Epistle to her brain":—

"I wonder, brain, thou art so dull, when there
Was not a day but wit passed, through the year.
For seven years 'tis since I have married bin,
Which time my brain might be a magazine
To stow up wise discourse naturally sent
In fluent words, which free and easy went.
If thou art not with wit enriched thereby,
Then useless is the art of memory;
But thou, poor brain, hard frozen art with cold—
Words, scales of wit, will neither print nor hold."

Now and then, in her prose works, the duchess says things worth repeating. One can hardly write much without occasionally hitting on something good. Here are some examples:—

"Vanity is so natural to our sex that it were unnatural not to be vain."

"Great memories are like standing ponds that are made with rain; so that the memory is nothing but the showers of other men's wits."

"Surely those who do not delight in poetry or music have no divine souls or harmonious thoughts."

"The reason why women are so apt to talk too much is an overweening opinion of themselves in thinking they speak well; and striving to take off that blemish from themselves of knowing little by speaking much, as thinking that many words have the same weight as much knowledge."

With these sensible sentences we part on good terms with this eccentric woman. Soothed by flattery and firmly believing that she would be famous for ever, the duchess breathed her last on the 7th of January, 1673-4. She was laid in the North Transept of Westminster Abbey, and her husband three years afterwards found a resting place there by her side.

Over them was erected a stately monument, with an inscription which has called forth the admiration of many a visitor to the ancient edifice:—

"Here lies the loyal duke of Newcastle and his duchess, his second wife, by whom he had no issue. Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous. This duchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books do well testify: she was a most virtuous and loving and careful wife; and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when they came home never parted from him in his solitary retirements."

(*To be continued.*)

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

V.—TEMPERATURE OF THE SICK-ROOM.

A MATTER of considerable importance which claims the attention of a nurse is the maintenance of the proper temperature in the sick-room. In a variable climate like that of England, it is very seldom that the external temperature, even during the day, remains as constant as is desirable in most cases of serious illness; while the very great difference between the temperature of midday and midnight, at almost all seasons of the year, renders it absolutely necessary to resort to means and appliances for artificially modifying the degree of warmth of the patient's chamber. For the purpose of satisfactorily regulating the temperature, it is necessary to have a thermometer placed in some part of the sick-room; and it is generally found desirable to have another outside the window of the room, so that the external temperature may be noted and compared with that of the inside of the room. Fortunately, thermometers are not now an expensive luxury, being bought sufficiently good for ordinary purposes at one shilling, or even less. I have been accustomed to recommend that the one to be placed outside the window should be a spirit one, with the spirit dyed some colour, such as green or red, so that it may be easily seen at any time, even at night. Such a thermometer can be read quite easily by holding a lamp or candle near it inside the window; while for the interior of the room, a mercurial thermometer, which can be used also for registering the temperature of water for baths, etc., is more convenient. In this country thermometers are almost always graduated on what is called the Fahrenheit scale; that is, the degree at which fresh water freezes is marked 32, and the degree at which fresh water boils is marked 212, the space between being divided into 180 equal parts, or, as they are called, degrees Fahrenheit. Occasionally they are graduated in what is called the Centigrade scale, where freezing point is represented as 0 and boiling point as 100, and in this case the hundred parts between 0 and 100 are named degrees Centigrade. This latter scale is the one employed in the greater part of the continent of Europe. When writing a temperature, it is usual to employ the letter F or C after the number of degrees, so as to indicate which scale is intended; and instead of using the word degrees, a symbol is used, such as is represented in the following examples. Thus, in the Fahrenheit scale, boiling point is represented as 212° F., and in the Centigrade as 100° C. In conversation in England, the Fahrenheit scale is always understood, if another is not especially mentioned. Many thermometers are now graduated on the one side with the Fahrenheit scale, and on the other with the Centigrade. A well-made thermometer will register equally accurately the temperature, whether it is placed lying flat or suspended; but it is generally more convenient to hang it on a nail, or to place it upright on a stand. As regards the position in which they should be placed, care must be taken that they are uninfluenced by anything which will interfere with the exact determination of the temperature of the atmosphere, respectively outside and inside the room, which is the information we wish to obtain. The external one should, if possible, be hung in such a position that the rays of the sun will not fall directly upon the thermometer, as if they do they will make the instrument register a much higher temperature than the atmospheric heat, which is what is known as the temperature in the shade. The difference will depend upon the amount of sunshine and the directness with which the rays fall upon the thermometer. In summer, if the sun is shining brightly, and the rays fall full upon the thermometer, there may be as much as 50° F. of difference between the temperature in the sun and that in the shade. If from the position of the window it is impossible to find a place on either side upon which the sun's rays do not beat at some period of the day, such as will be the case in a window looking due south, the difficulty can

be met by fitting to the thermometer a slight shade of darkened wood or other material, to prevent the rays striking directly on the instrument.

In the interior of the room even greater care must be taken to find a proper place for the thermometer, as the influences which may make it register an erroneous temperature are more numerous. In the first place, just as with the external thermometer, the rays of the sun have to be avoided. This of course can always be managed without difficulty inside almost all rooms, as, unless there are windows on three sides, some part of the wall can always be found not exposed directly to the sun's rays. But rays of heat from the fire, and from artificial sources of light, such as gas jets or lamps, are similarly sources of error, although not to nearly so great an extent. It is not an uncommon error to imagine that the heat felt in front of a fire is an indication of the temperature of the atmosphere at that point; but that this is an error is very easily demonstrated by holding a thermometer in a place in front of a fire, first with its surface presented towards the fire, and then afterwards with the back of the wood upon which it rests towards the fire. It will be found that when held with its face towards the fire, the temperature registered is much higher than when it is turned away from it, although the thermometer has not been moved from its place; and it is the lower temperature which accurately indicates the temperature of the air in the room. Another cause of error in accurately ascertaining the temperature of the room is the existence of flues in the walls of rooms which, if fires are burning below them, will often raise the temperature of the wall of the room to a very great amount. Such flues undoubtedly assist in raising the temperature of the room; but at the same time raise the temperature of the wall so much higher, that a thermometer hung against it will register a temperature utterly incorrect as an indication of the condition of the air in the room. On the other hand, when the outside wall of a house is thin, it is so much affected by the external temperature that a thermometer in contact with it is influenced considerably by the external atmosphere. Generally speaking, the best place for a thermometer is on the wall in a line with the fireplace near the corner of the room; or if that happens to be an outside wall, on a table standing near that corner.

There are, of course, two directions in which the temperature of the sick-room may have to be altered. During the greater part of the year in this country, except for a few hours in the middle of the day, the temperature indoors has to be artificially raised by various means; but in the height of summer here, and in warmer climates elsewhere, means have to be sought for the purpose of reducing the temperature. And by a judicious use of the various means of increasing and reducing the temperature of the atmosphere, the nurse has to obtain what is in many illnesses one of the most important of all aids to recovery—the maintenance of a uniform degree of temperature in the sick-room throughout the day and night. The temperature at which a sick-room should be kept varies very considerably with the character of the illness from which the patient may be suffering; and to some extent with the mode of treatment which may be prescribed by the medical attendant, who will usually let the nurse know his views and wishes in the matter. Speaking generally, in inflammatory conditions of the head a rather low temperature is desired, not exceeding 58° F. or 60° F., while in what are known as the essential fevers, such as scarlet fever and typhoid fever, a uniform temperature of from 60° to 64° F. is maintained. In cases of bronchial affections again, in children especially, a constant temperature of 70° F. is often required for many days and nights in succession. A rather higher temperature is required as a general rule when the atmosphere is moist than when it is dry, the moist air abstracting heat more rapidly from the patient, so that, other conditions remaining the same, one would increase the temperature on a foggy or rainy day, and decrease it a little on a dry, bright day. In cases where artificial moisture is introduced into the room for remedial purposes, such as in cases of croup, a very high temperature is usually required, even exceeding 70° F.

Of all the methods of raising the temperature of the sick-room, by far the best is by the free admission of the rays of the sun through the glass of the window, unsheltered by blinds or curtains. In addition to warming the atmosphere of the room, the rays of the sun have a purifying action on the air, and also exercise undoubtedly a beneficial influence on the progress of many diseases; although the exact manner in which this is effected is not ascertained. But the use of this agent is limited in two directions. In the first place, of course, the rays of the sun are not always to be obtained when wanted, and their effect diminishes the less directly they fall upon the window of the apartment; and in the second place many invalids are painfully sensitive to bright light, and are not able to bear with comfort exposure to the full glare of the sun. When, therefore, we are unable to avail ourselves of this means, the alternatives are generally either coal fires, gas fires, oil stoves, or gas jets.

Next in value to the rays of the sun must be placed the heat emanating from a coal fire, burning in an open grate with a chimney which draws well. I have pointed out in a previous article how much such a fire assists in the ventilation of the sick-room. Its one drawback lies in the difficulty of maintaining with it a uniform degree of temperature without disturbing the patient, more especially at night, by the frequent addition of coals, and by the occasional use of the poker. A satisfactory method of avoiding the former difficulty is found in rolling up previously the coals in small paper parcels, each sufficient for one addition, and placing these parcels as required quietly on the top of the fire. If this is done judiciously, and a good burning coal be used, it will be found that the use of the poker may be dispensed with, thus obviating the latter drawback.

Gas fires of various kinds are now much used in bedrooms, and have the advantages over coal fires of being always ready for use, and admitting of easy and accurate regulation of the amount of heat. But, equally with coal fires, they require a chimney which draws well, and in this respect are apt to mislead; as, if there is any down current in the chimney it is not visible smoke, as in coal fires, but invisible, although very impure, gas, which is sent back into the room. As a rule the presence of this will be indicated by a characteristic smell; and it may be laid down as a rule that all gas fires which produce an appreciable smell in the atmosphere are unsuitable for use in a sick-room. A defect of many gas fires is that they dry the atmosphere unduly. All air, as we have seen in a previous paper, contains a certain amount of watery vapour, and the warmer the air the more moisture it is able to retain, without depositing it in the form of drops of water or dew. When the watery vapour is in a comparatively small amount, the air is felt to be dry, and if the deficiency is great, this dryness may become unpleasant and irritating to the throat and lungs; when the watery vapour is in excess, the air is felt to be moist, and may be even damp. *All fires of* every kind decrease relatively the amount of moisture by increasing the temperature of the atmosphere; but gas fires more than others seem to dry the atmosphere so as to make it irritating, especially to invalids whose throats or lungs may be weakened. This excess of dryness can always be prevented by placing near the fire some water in a flat shallow plate or pan, so that a surface of some size is presented from which water can evaporate. An ordinary dinner plate, filled with water and placed just in front of the fire, is usually sufficient for this purpose; in cases where much moisture is required, a steam kettle (what is popularly known as a bronchitis kettle) may be placed on the fire itself and kept boiling. By using the steam kettle a certain amount of heat also is gained which would otherwise be lost in the chimney.

In rooms where there is no flue, or a badly acting one, if it is absolutely necessary to use such a room for an invalid, the temperature may be raised by the use of an oil stove. The products of the combustion of oil are not so injurious as those of gas or coal; and in a fairly ventilated room an oil stove will raise the temperature considerably, without rendering the air unpleasantly impure. Like gas fires, they dry the atmosphere very much, and necessitate the use of evaporating pans. They should only be used when better means of heating are not available.

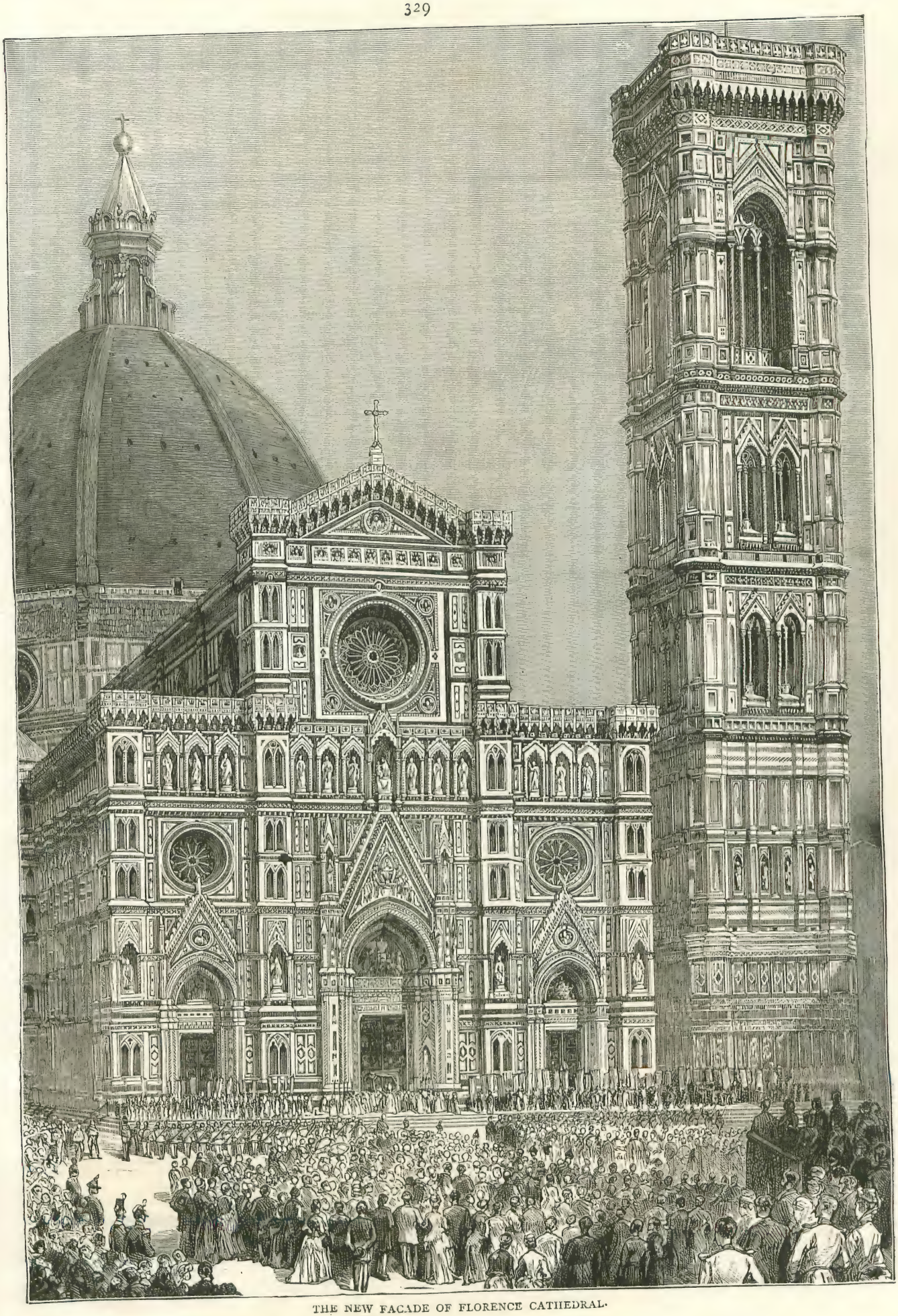
It does not often happen in this country that much effort has to be made to reduce the temperature of the sick-room. Even in summer the temperature of the atmosphere in the shade rarely exceeds 80° F., and it is found that such a degree of heat is not as a rule injurious, or even very unpleasant, unless it persists for at least several days. The effect of abnormally high temperature is certainly not nearly so immediately apparent as the effect of exceptionally low temperature; and while a change of temperature from 70° to 60° in a case, for instance, of bronchitis may be followed by very serious results, in the same case probably nothing beyond a little discomfort would be experienced by an increase from 70° to 80°. Still it is desirable sometimes to reduce the temperature of the sick-room. The exclusion of the sun's rays by dark coloured blinds is efficient for this purpose, dark coloured materials being found to resist heat best; and where they exist, the use of external lattices and sunblinds is still more effective, as they prevent the rays falling upon the glass of the window, from which much heat is radiated when exposed to the sun. Another means of cooling the atmosphere is by permitting cold water to evaporate freely in the room from shallow dishes presenting large surfaces. The larger the surface the greater the evaporation, and the greater the consequent cooling, as water in the process of evaporation absorbs much heat from the surrounding air. For the same reason the use of cold sprays in the atmosphere is advantageous. Care must be taken that the air does not become too moist by the use of these agents. Another pleasant and efficacious method is the exposure in the room of blocks of ice, which in melting withdraw much heat from the atmosphere; while at the same time moisture is not added to the air to the same extent as it is by the evaporation of water, or by the use of the spray.

MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.
(Raphael.)

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.



THE NEW FACADE OF FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.

THE few hours that had been left us on the day of our arrival in Florence had been spent in visiting the Piazza della Signoria and the adjacent buildings, in wandering along the Lung' Arno, and in climbing the hill of S. Miniato, in order to gain a panoramic view of the city. It had been intensely cold, with that raw wind for which Florence is celebrated in the winter months. The next day was bright and sunny, and far warmer than the preceding, and we were rather surprised at the busy aspect of the city. Numbers of people were wandering about, our own countrymen being largely represented, not only by tourists, but by resident English, for we are quite a colony in Florence, especially during the spring and autumn. Florence is, however, by no means a city given over to tourists, or dependent upon them; there seems to be plenty of business being done, and there is more activity and life than is to be found in most Italian cities.

This appearance of prosperity is said, however, not to be borne out by the financial condition of the city. The people are heavily taxed, and since the year 1871, when it ceased to be the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, Rome having supplanted it, the great revival which seemed to be in store for the city on the Arno has either been nipped in the bud or postponed to another generation. Be this as it may, Florence presents a by no means cheerless aspect to the casual tourist, and the bright shops and air of fashion disappoint many people who, when in Italy, wish for artistic and poetical repose.

It may be remembered that we had failed to arrive at the Cathedral in our first ramble from our hotel, so we took another direction this time, through a more populous part of the city. What tortuous and narrow streets, what numbers of palaces and churches, and how closely built the city is, and what a teeming population it seems to possess! The houses are somewhat gloomy-looking, and many are built of dark and now grimy stone. The heavy projecting cornices, which must temper the heat in summer, add to the sombre effect of the narrow streets in winter, and the gratings and battlements bear evidence to the turbulent and restless spirit of the Florentines of bygone days. With what interest we gaze at the old palaces and houses, which by inscription or tradition we know to have been inhabited by the great of the past. There is very little restoration, and save for the crumbling of a stone here and there, and the subdued colouring of the hand of time, we might have been transported to the golden days of Florence. The modern Tuscans, with their bright costumes and intelligent faces, seem—with their buildings—to unite the present with bygone days. Picturesque streets alone will not enable us to live in the past. An intelligent population, busy and eager crowds, are necessary to keep up the illusion. If we have not these, if the people are miserable-looking, and give us the appearance of being mere caretakers of their city, then melancholy thoughts rise in our minds, the past seems cut off from us, an infinite chasm separates us from the great of old.

We approached the Cathedral by a wide street; but before we came in sight of it my friend pulled my arm, and, almost with fear in his countenance, pointed to a procession of men, about twenty in number, each dressed in a long black robe, with a cowl over the head, completely covering the face, except for two small apertures for the eyes. Four were carrying a coffin over their shoulders, and others candles. Their ghastly dress and quick, noiseless walk gave them the appearance of spectres, and our natural impulse was to get away as quickly as possible; the black robe and cowl gave them such an uncanny appearance. After the first shock we recognised these spectres as the "brothers of the Misericordia," and certainly neither we nor anyone else need fear these self-denying men, always ready to minister to the sick and bury the dead. Six centuries have seen these "brothers" and benefited by their works of charity, for they do not receive any remuneration for their work. It would be supposed that only those in the direst extremity of poverty would enrol themselves as members, but this is not the case. All classes of men, from peer to peasant, are included in the brotherhood; even princes have donned the black robe and cowl of the "Misericordia."

There are curious enigmas in this life of ours. We had scarcely lost sight of the "brothers of mercy," when a group of soldiers passed us. Such a merry-looking lot of fellows; evidently they had returned from practice, for they were cracking jokes and singing with much gusto. They looked the embodiment of happiness and good-fellowship, and yet they carried about them implements of death, and their *raison d'être*, so to speak, is to be ready in an emergency to destroy their fellow men, and inflict terrible agony. Curious indeed that they should suggest friendliness and *bonhomie*, whereas the Misericordia, whose object is to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow men, minister to them in their last agony, and give them Christian burial, almost terrified us.

Our readers may remember that the Cathedral of S. Mark, at Venice, is approached in one direction from a magnificent Piazza formed by rows of stately palaces. We approach the great church in another direction from the Grand Canal, on our right being the huge Gothic pile of the Ducal palace, and on our left that perfect example of the Renaissance, the Library of S. Mark. These two approaches to the Cathedral of Venice respectively, the Piazza of S. Mark and the Piazzetta, are, as I have said, formed by rows of splendid buildings, which, with their satellitious attendance upon the glorious Cathedral of S. Mark, constitute a group of buildings which, with one possible exception, is the most magnificent I have seen. The possible exception is the group of buildings in the Piazza del Duomo at Pisa; but these are almost outside the melancholy city. They may once have formed part of Pisa, but now they have their own companionship and solitude, and seem to discard the ghostly remains of a once powerful capital.

Now, the Cathedral at Florence, with its noble relations the Campanile and the Baptistery, is approached by a Piazza scarcely worthy of the name, is situated in the very centre of the city, and in one of the busiest parts of it, bustle and activity surrounding it on all sides. And does the bustle and activity constitute a disturbing influence? Not a bit of it. I was going to say that the Cathedral, though commenced in the thirteenth century, looks a work of yesterday. This would be an exaggeration, but it gives one no idea of age. The feeling which came over me, when first looking at it, was not so much one of admiration as of wonder. I hope I am no Philistine, but it looked to me like a colossal inlaid workbox. It seemed almost unreal. I felt a wish to touch it, to prove that it was not an extraordinary vision. The costly marbles with which the Cathedral is cased, black, red, green serpentine, and ivory white, give it an appearance perhaps best described by the word "lovely." We lose sight of the style of architecture, of the very form of the church; all is swallowed up in wonder at the beauty of the material and the exuberance of the detail. And the deep blue sky and bright sun overhead accentuate its dazzling loveliness, and make it look the work of angels, not of men.

Giotto's Campanile contains all the good characteristics of the exterior of the Cathedral, together with far greater beauty of design and of form. Our greatest art writer gives it the greatest praise which it is possible to bestow upon a building. But after having read his exquisitely poetical description, I am bound to confess that both my friend and myself were somewhat disappointed.

Brunelleschi's dome has been before alluded to. It is, I believe, the largest properly constructed dome in the world. Though not so high from the ground as that at St. Peter's, at Rome, the proportions of that church being greater, the Florentine dome itself is both higher and larger in circumference than its rival. When about to construct the dome at St. Peter's, Michael Angelo, after gazing at Brunelleschi's great work, exclaimed, "I will make her sister more stately, but not more lovely."

We entered the Duomo. Oh, great disappointment! A dark and dreary desert. Impressive in some measure by reason of its great proportions, but chilly, bare, uninteresting as so great a church well could be. Singular that so fairy-like an exterior should enclose this silent, dreary vault. In fact, it is hard to exaggerate the disappointment—perhaps the greatest we experienced in all our Italian travels—we felt in entering the church.

In the Cathedral of Florence is a memorial fresco to an Englishman, Sir John Hawkwood. This man, a kind of captain of "free companions," won his spurs in the wars against the French, under Edward III. When these were over, he seems to have wandered about Europe, offering his sword to the highest bidder. He and his companions fought for Pope, Visconti, for the Florentine republic—for anyone, in fact, who wished "a goodly fight," and was willing to pay for it. He seems to have been a skilful leader, brave as a lion, but cruel and relentless. Such a character as is beloved in romance, ay, and in real life too. Sir John was known and dreaded all over the Peninsula, and was buried with great pomp by the Florentines, who, however, afterwards with much regret surrendered his body to Richard II. It is indeed curious that men like this should be esteemed and admired. To kill and destroy merely for the sake of money, to be utterly callous whether the cause of the fight is right or wrong—such warfare is the reverse of noble, and deserves no admiration.

After the Duomo we visited the Baptistery, formerly the Cathedral of Florence, and now sometimes called the church of St. John the Baptist. It is coated with marble, like the Cathedral, but its three great bronze doors are its chief pride. These, in their way, have never been surpassed, and Michael Angelo in his vigorous language said they were "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." All the baptisms in the city take place here, and as we were entering the building, the shrill crying of an infant told us that the sacrament was then being performed. A great number of children were awaiting baptism, some in swaddling clothes evidently extemporised for the occasion, carried by women whose hungry faces told only too plainly that they were members of God's poor; while others, bedecked in lace and fine linen, surrounded by relations and friends, were as evidently sons and daughters of the wealthy. But whether rich or poor, and whatever the creed of the parents, the sacrament is the same for all.

After seeing the Baptistery, we found our way to the Uffizi Palace, and having paid a lire each, commenced our rambles through the interminable gallery, a walk of miles through an avenue of masterpieces of priceless value. The room known as the Tribune is undoubtedly the gem of the whole, for here are collected together, and seen side by side, examples of the greatest school of sculpture

and the greatest school of painting that have ever existed. My readers, perhaps, know that, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the Italians in mediæval times, of Germans, French, and English in later days, the supremacy in the art of sculpture has ever remained with the Greeks of classic times, and in the Tribune of the Uffizi, the walls of which are covered with master works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, and others, are seen the "Venus de Medici," the "group of wrestlers," the "dancing faun," the "Apolloni," and the "slave whetting his knife"—five examples of perfect classic sculpture.

Perhaps the rooms in the Uffizi which, next to the Tribune, interested us most, were the hall of the Niobe, and the saloons containing portraits of painters of all countries from the fifteenth century, executed by themselves. Our artists, Leighton, Watts, and Millais, painted their portraits for this gallery, and their works are well hung, and, notwithstanding the rivalry to which they are subjected, they bear evidence to the excellence of our present school of portraiture.

Through room after room, corridor after corridor, we wandered, until we felt a perfect surfeit of sightseeing, and began to get into that frame of mind when, like the American, we thought it pity that there are so many masterpieces, or at all events that so many have been gathered into one gallery. Just as we had decided to leave the Uffizi, a staircase attracted our attention, and we thought that by way of a change we would descend it and see where it led to. Being quite alone, we could, of course, ask no questions, so down the staircase we went, and arrived at a long corridor containing woodcuts and engravings; but having just seen so many great works, we did not deign to notice these. After the corridor of engravings, the passage, if I remember rightly, turned to the left, and we found ourselves in another gallery, containing portraits of courtiers in very old-fashioned costumes, of bishops with very uncomfortable-looking mitres, of popes, kings, and other dignitaries.

My friend here suggested that we had gone far enough, and had better turn back, for, said he, we "might be trespassing. Perhaps we shall arrive in some noble's palace, or this passage may, like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, lead from a palace to a prison, and it would be very unpleasant to find ourselves in a dungeon, which, like those we read of in romance, when once entered close of their own accord, and admit of no egress." But having gone so far, it seemed a pity to turn back, and spying a window some distance off, which evidently disclosed a view, we went to it in order, if possible, to gain some clue to our whereabouts. The view from this window was a great surprise to us; instead of streets and buildings, which we had expected, a garden, or rather a series of arbours and terraces, met our gaze. Secluded walks, bordered by dark evergreens, picked out by what at this height looked like little white specks, but really statues and vases. What a refreshing relief from the miles of canvas!

Now there could be no doubt that we were looking at the Boboli Garden, and that we were close to Brunelleschi's massive Palazzo Pitti, which contains a picture gallery not inferior to the Uffizi itself. Consequently we had crossed the Arno, and had travelled a very long way from the entrance to the Uffizi, which is near to the Piazza della Signoria. We could scarcely believe this at first. To have crossed the Arno and to arrive in another part of the town through an avenue of picture galleries seemed such a novel idea. At this point we met the American gentlemen who were staying at the same hotel as ourselves, and they solved the mystery for us, and explained the geography. The two palaces of the Uffizi and Pitti are connected by the series of passages and staircases, and the Arno is crossed by the long gallery which surmounts the tumble-down houses on the Ponte Vecchio. Little did we think when looking at this gallery from the Lung' Arno, and still less, perhaps, when we were in it, that it is a connecting link in the great chain of picture galleries which travel so curiously and pursue their way so pertinaciously from one part of the city to another, not even allowing their course to be arrested by the natural boundary of a river.

I have little space to speak of the Pitti gallery; suffice it to say, that it is, if possible, even more interesting than the Uffizi, especially in its examples of that prince of painters, Raphael. Moreover, the rooms, unlike the majority of those in the Uffizi, are very handsome, and would be worth visiting apart from the masterworks which they contain. The circular picture of which we give an engraving is perhaps the most celebrated representation of the Madonna in existence. The tradition connected with it is, that Raphael, when at the shop of a wine dealer, or more probably of a cooper, saw a beautiful young mother nursing a child, and, sending for his colours, he painted the lovely group on the top of a wine-cask. Unfortunately the extreme "finish" of the picture would preclude all idea of this being the identical work which he executed on the tub, but it may have been inspired by a sketch made in the manner described.

After visiting the Pitti, and examining its treasures, we felt completely "worn out." We had had enough of painting and architecture, and I suggested that we should go to hear some music, and enjoy art of another kind. A great *prima donna*, not a child of the Sunny South, however, was to sing, and the work to be performed, once pre-eminently popular in this country, was by a celebrated Italian composer.

The price of the seats was rather high, but we paid the money, being anxious to hear a representative Italian work in the country of its production. The overture commenced in an inoffensive and quiet manner, and led us to expect a dignified production. After the first twenty or thirty bars, however, the music degenerated into the commonest valse manner, and finished with a kind of *potpourri* of the well-known melodies of the opera, the accompaniment being as poor as it could be, ridiculously unworthy of an orchestra—only fit, in fact, for a street band.

The singers came in for a great deal of approbation, and the work was received with frantic applause, the Italians in the poorer parts of the house shouting their bravo and bravissimo in a manner that would surprise the London rough. And our own resident countrymen and countrywomen were in great force, and followed suit to the Italians in their delight at the work. But my friend and I, humble members of London's "unmusical" city, unhesitatingly condemned the degraded and now fortunately almost obsolete style of composition. We did not of course give vent to our feelings, but left before the second act, greatly to the surprise of Florentines, both native and foreign. It is but just to the composer to say that he has himself expressed, both by words and later works, his disapprobation of this kind of music.

(*To be continued.*)

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NO FAN.

THE next morning there was great consternation at Hoplands, for Fan was missing. She did not appear as usual at breakfast, and even Tom was obliged to acknowledge that everything looked disconsolate without her. The kettle did not boil, the tea was unmade, the toast was cold, the bacon greasy, the eggs unboiled. As a rule, Fan saw to all this, and saw to it with seeing eyes. It was a bitterly cold morning, and frost had glazed all the window-panes and half congealed the blood in Tom's veins, as he rubbed his hands over the smoky fire. There were no dogs on the hearth-rug, and no sound anywhere.

"These are her gipsy ways. She is revenging herself on me," muttered Tom. "She is mistaken if she thinks she will have any effect. I can wait."

He took up a newspaper and pretended to read. Mr. Harton came in.

"Where's Fan? Bless me, something must have happened. Breakfast isn't ready, and the room's like an icehouse. Fan! Fan!"

The latter words were shouted in the hall, from the bottom of the staircase. No answer. He rang the bell.

"Where's Fan?" he asked of the servant.

"I thought she was here, sir; I'll go and see."

The girl went and returned immediately.

"She must have gone for a walk, sir, for she've took her hat and cloak. She's sure to be back directly. I lays the breakfast and never waits for her, for she's always to the minute."

"She is," assented Mr. Harton, while the servant drew up the fire, boiled the kettle, and did all she could to compensate for Fan's non-appearance.

Tom sat over his paper, silent and relentless; while his father tried to look

through the frosted panes, walked to the hall-door, shouted "Fan," and finally sat down at the breakfast-table.

"She must be mad to go out before breakfast on such a morning as this," he said.

"She is mad," replied Tom. "But she is only revenging herself on me for lecturing her on her improper conduct. She will be here when she has paid me off."

"She has paid us both off, and that's hard upon me who have no account against her," said Mr. Harton. "What did you find amiss in her?"

"Principally what she said about me to Miss Janet Aspenel; but also her assignations with improper characters."

"Pshaw, Tom! There's no harm in anything the poor child does. She likes liberty, that's all."

"Just so, father. Liberty of tongue as well as action. It is time some of it should be put a stop to."

Mr. Harton was an easy-going man, and never argued with Tom if he could help it; so he began his breakfast, grumbling over weak tea, hard-boiled eggs, and cold bacon and toast. He was up and down twenty times during the meal, looking for Fan.

"She's paying you off with a vengeance," he said. "She'll take her death of cold. Send one of the men to look for Fan," he added to the maid, who came in with a relay of steaming rashers.

Tom began upon them, assuring his father that Fan never took cold.

Back came the maid with the words, "Sam has gone off to look for her, and has taken Rolf. He'll find her quick enough."

But neither Sam nor Rolf could meet with Fan, so Mr. Harton went off in search himself, and Tom, who was alarmed at her continued absence, on account of the conversation of the previous evening, turned out also.

Mr. Harton went first to the Cottages, thence to the Rectory, and finally through the village, but nobody had seen Fan. The old ladies, the rector, and the villagers, all agreed in assuring him that she would "turn up all right," as they had each met her in various out-of-the-way places at all sorts of hours.

"Not before breakfast in mid-winter," said Mr. Harton.

There was a hue and cry after Fan, who was everybody's friend and favourite, despite her odd ways. The only person who gathered certain news of her was Tom. He inquired at the West Lodge of the Park, and heard that she had been seen at the dairy the previous afternoon. He readily elicited from Mary, the dairymaid, what had passed in her presence between the Tigress and Fan, and returned with the news, elated, to his father. But Mary had not seen the transmission of the letter.

"She is only playing us a trick, and has gone off with that old humbug for one of her gipsy excursions," he said, reassuringly, being quite reassured himself, and feeling convinced that he, at least, had nothing to do with her escapade. His father, on the contrary, laid the blame at his door.

It was strange that nothing was disarranged in Fan's room. She had slept in her bed, and dressed herself in her ordinary clothes. Mr. Harton was comforted when he learnt that the latter were the warmest she possessed, and mostly of woollen. She always wore the thickest of country-made boots in winter, and hose knitted by some poor villager, so she was proof against the frosted roads.

"She could not mean to stop out the night, or she would have taken a night-dress," suggested a maid.

"Of course not. I never supposed her absence was intentional," said irrational Mr. Harton.

"Then why did she leave before breakfast?" asked irritating Tom. "Depend on it she had an assignation with that fellow who was hanging about here."

The day wore on, and still no Fan. The news reached the Park through the dairymaid, and the servants told Nurse True, who naturally passed it on to her young ladies. In spite of her resolutions of the previous day, impulsive Janet appeared at Hoplands during the afternoon. She met Mr. Harton in the lane, walking up and down in a state of great anxiety.

"Is it true about Fan, Mr. Harton?" she asked.

"She has not come back, Miss Janet," he replied.

"I daresay she will by-and-by," returned Janet. "I think she was frightened because she was overheard by Mr. Tom when she made that speech to me about him. She ran after me, and seemed very strange. She cried and sobbed, and said she loved you and Jack as dearly as her life. She is afraid of Mr. Tom."

"He is the only one who hasn't spoilt her," said Mr. Harton with a latent sense of justice. "It was impossible to control Fan, and now, I don't know what may have become of her. But I don't think Mrs. Lee would lead her into harm. Whether she's converted or not, she's honest. I've known her off and on ever since I was a young man, and during my father's time and mine, she and the gipsies never stole a chick from us, or rifled a hedge. We've always harboured 'em."

"She was at the Park yesterday, and the servants bought cottons and tracts of her. Nurse True believes that she is really converted," said Janet.

Mr. Harton smiled, and said—

"If so, Gerard Clarville must be a Salvationist."

Almost as he spoke, Mrs. Clarville appeared. She had also come to inquire about Fan. She was surprised to see Janet alone, and when she had learnt that Fan was still absent, said she would walk with her to the Park. She declined Mr. Harton's invitation to the house, thinking that Janet's independent rambles were almost as doubtful as Fan's. They walked away together, and were succeeded by a crowd of eager inquirers, who, however, all believed that Fan would be home before nightfall. Among them was Miss Vigors.

"Fan may be wild and unteachable, but a more obedient and tractable girl never lived," she said, and went with Mr. Harton into the house.

She was more strong-minded than Mrs. Clarville, and volunteered to make tea for him and Mr. Tom. She contrived to divert his mind by leading him to talk on his favourite subjects, and remained with him so long that the domestics thought she would never depart. The pair were *tête-à-tête*, since Tom did not come in to tea. Mild Mr. Harton, and Miss Vigors laying down the law in a big bonnet and a large scarlet cross-over—she had thrown off her cloak—was a sight that would have delighted Fan. But Fan did not return to see it.

"Thank you heartily for your visit, Miss Vigors," said Mr. Harton, when propriety obliged her to rise. "Sam shall see you home."

"I shan't have a wink of sleep to-night," she said. "But Fan is sure to come back sooner or later."

But Fan did not come back. Mr. Tom did, however, and brought the news that Fan had been seen at the railway station nigh to Roselands about nine o'clock that morning. This was five miles from Hoplands, and Mr. Harton said she had boasted that she could walk it in a little more than an hour.

"She has gone off to vex me, intending to return, and has missed the train," suggested Tom, who felt sadly uncomfortable.

"At any rate, she hasn't destroyed herself in a fit of anger or perplexity," returned his father. "I daresay she will be at home to-morrow. Your lecture did for her, depend upon it. You never understood her, and your long absences from home prevented your appreciating her virtues. She has probably gone to see Margaret Fallon, of whom she is very fond, and, as you say, lost the train."

Margaret Fallon was a friend of Fan's, who lived not far from the station at which she had been seen. With this crumb of comfort as meagre support for the night, Mr. Harton summoned his household to family worship, and went to bed. Tom, on the contrary, sat up into the small hours, striving to study, and thinking all the while of Fan. Much as he fancied he disliked her, he was averse to having it supposed that he was the cause of her flight. He was selfish, but did not wish to appear so. Who does? Moreover, he only disliked Fan when she was impertinent and interfered with him. While vainly trying to fix his attention on a deep theological book, he seemed to see her brilliant face, and hear her parting words, as he had seen and heard them in that study the previous afternoon. "I never want to see you again as long as I live." It was a strong expression, and he could not get it out of his mind. What if she had followed it up by leaving him and Hoplands for good?

Another breakfast without Fan. It was not so cheerless as the previous one, because the servant did her best to atone for it by providing for her master's comfort. But she could not supply Fan's

cheery presence, or make the breakfast-table ring with her laughter and jests. Tom poured out the tea, and failed properly to replenish the pot, upon which his father commented much to the glorification of Fan. The dogs were dejected, and whined for their friend, while the starving birds pecked at the window-sill in vain.

"She will be back by the first train, Rolf," said Mr. Harton, patting the retriever's curly head. "I wish you would go and meet it, Tom, and show the poor child that you bear her no ill-will."

As Tom wanted to relieve his conscience somehow, he finished his breakfast and went. As he passed the Park gates, Mr. Aspenel drove out. He stopped his brougham, and beckoned him in, asking if he were going to town. Tom explained, and as Mr. Aspenel had heard nothing of Fan's disappearance, Tom was obliged to recount it. He did not think it necessary to tell his own share in the event.

"I hope she will never come back," said Mr. Aspenel. "One pest the less in the parish. Your father should not encourage such vagabonds. One has enough to do to keep going without extraneous influences."

"You are quite right, Mr. Aspenel," said Tom, who always agreed with the millionaire, having an eye to the future.

Tom saw Mr. Aspenel off, and waited until the London train came in. Being, like his father, tolerably sure that Fan would appear, he stood preparing what he should say to her, and how he should best temper reproof with expression of pleasure at her return. He really hoped to see her, for he dreaded lest his participation in her absence might get wind.

His hopes were baseless, for the train steamed up, and no Fan got out of it. How could he face his father with the news? A thought struck him; he would telegraph to Fan's friend, Margaret Fallon, and wait for an answer. He did so at once. She lived quite near the station, and the answer could not be long in coming. He paid for a return telegram to expedite it, and addressed it to Miss Fallon. He had never before spent so long a quarter of an hour. He paced up and down in the cold; he went into the small waiting-room to warm himself; he made inquiries of the station-master concerning Fan; he questioned the porter; he got through the interval somehow. The reply came at last. "Not been here. M. Fallon to T. Harton."

Revulsions of feelings are strange anomalies. Tom had never before believed in them. He had a set code of laws and opinions, which were, in his own estimation, unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians. He had always considered Fan an interloper to be got rid of; now he would have sacrificed much to get her back again. How should he go to his father? "Like Rolf, with his tail between his legs," he thought, grimly. He met his father, who was alarmed at his prolonged absence, and could not rest indoors.

"Not come! What can have happened? She will be back by the next train," said Mr. Harton.

"She is not at the Fallons," said Tom.

"The responsibility is yours. She must have run away from you, Tom," remarked Mr. Harton, despairingly.

"Impossible, father. But you will not allow so unlikely a suspicion to transpire. I will use every effort to find her, provided the blame of her disappearance is not thrust on my shoulders. We have had these quarrels and disputes ever since I can remember, and she always held her own."

"I am not likely to befoul my own nest. The first thing to do is to find the Tigress. Set about it; you are younger than I."

They reached Hoplands, which they both entered, hopeless and dispirited.

(To be continued.)

HOUSE BUILDING.

(From the German of Eleonore, Princess Reuss.)

We build with what God giveth
So freely from above,
To shield us from the tempest,
A holy house of love.

In faith we two have entered
Into the solemn bond—
In faith, without misgiving,
And that is solid ground.

The rock whereon we're building—
Our tried foundation stone,
On whom with trust unwavering,
We found, is Christ alone.

In heat of heavenly furnace
Have all the stones been tried,
The floods may rage around us,
Our walls shall aye abide.

Fidelity's the mortar,
It keeps the whole secure,
When God His grace bestoweth
To keep it fresh and pure.

The roof is God's own blessing,
The cross is light to it;
Around may rage the tempests,
'Tis ne'er by lightnings hit.

Two rings of gold so solid
Fast close the house's door,
And that the building prospers
God seeth evermore.

One guest there is whose entrance
Is welcome every day;
He graced the feast in Cana,
For Him to come we pray.

And through our house's chambers
He shall for ever go;
On them a grateful shadow
His trees of life shall throw.

O life! O happy dwelling!
We would go out no more,
Till to the heavenly mansion
We shall transfigured soar.

JOHN KELLY.

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.

WINTER was coming, and with it plenty of work in looking over warm clothing for the boys, who all seemed to be growing only too fast, and outstripping their clothes in a way that Nell found very trying.

"If they would only stand still for a little while now and then," she sighed, "but they never stop growing and expanding in every direction for a minute!"

"It isn't us gets bigger, it's our things gets smaller," said Will, who never bothered himself with grammar in the holidays; "I know my flannel shirts get smaller every time I put on a clean one; we put them on clean this morning, and I can hear it going 'pop' whenever I move; you just listen," and he proceeded to arch his back, and wave his arms about, to illustrate his meaning.

"Yes, they must have been shamefully washed at school," said Mrs. Lawrence; "you must both have new ones, and those can be mended and given to that little rheumatic boy in the village."

Mrs. Lawrence always pinned her faith to Welsh flannel, though in instructing Nell she owned that many people are equally in favour of the Yorkshire makes, probably with as good reason. But Welsh flannel was bought for the shirts, and the first thing to do was to thoroughly shrink it. For this purpose it was left soaking in cold water for forty-eight hours, then plunged into hot water and very quickly dried at the fire. A good piece of the shrunk flannel was put aside for mending purposes, as it is difficult to match after it has been washed and worn. The shirts were cut amply large to allow for further shrinkage. They were made with a yoke at the back; and those for Frank were also double-breasted, for the sake of extra warmth. The collars and cuffs were of linen, which shrinks less and is not so clumsy as flannel.

The next piece of necessary work was the making of dressing gowns for the younger boys; for their present ones had been so long in use at school that Nell condemned them as quite done for. "They might do for boys at boarding school, but they are not fit for boys who live at home with their mother and sister," she said, when her brothers were begging for their favourite garments not to be taken away.

"Oh, mine is so jolly and comfortable, I really prefer it split down the back," said one.

"I must keep mine, for I always hook it up over the window to keep the draught out, and it's got the holes in it all ready," pleaded another.

"I'm not going to have a horrid tight thing with a pinched-in waist and a 'wattle' pleat like yours, anyhow," said the third.

But Nell was firm, and wrote for a paper pattern to one of the shops which supply them, enclosing measurements of the biggest of the three, so that the pattern could be adapted for the other two.

Some warm grey homespun was bought at the flannel warehouse for one shilling and threepence a yard, the directions on the pattern giving the exact quantity required for the garment. The material was thick enough to do without lining, but Mrs. Lawrence advised the sleeves and body part being lined to add firmness, and to prevent the soft material being pulled out of shape by the rough treatment it was sure to meet with. The collars and cuffs were of cardinal twilled flannel, and a strip of the same, six inches wide, was added down each side of the front. Some tiny straps of the cardinal were stitched at intervals around the waist, through which ran a wool cord and tassels of the same colour, completing a handsome, warm, and most durable garment, costing only about 7s. each.

Roger and Mark began to think they would also like a new dressing gown, since they were to be had so cheaply, whilst Nell was "in the mood," and Mark went so far as selecting, from the patterns sent on approval, a beautifully soft velour flannel, which was supposed to resemble velvet, but is more comfortable for wearing and even softer than velvet. It was double width, the price being 4s. a yard; and Nell thought she should quite enjoy handling so nice a material, when the possibility occurred to Mark that someone at Oxford might inquire whence came the gorgeous garment. Suppose it leaked out that his sister had made it! No, the risk was too great, and he resolved to be content with the old one. Roger, however, persuaded Nell to set to work once more for him. He chose a Paisley shawl pattern, cotton material, which had to be lined throughout with red flannel for warmth; the collar and cuffs were also of the red, and the girdle to match. Poor Nell almost repented of having agreed to make it, so weary did she grow of her task. At first her needle flew and she was eager and excited over it, but her first enthusiasm always cooled down in all her tasks, and they generally became irksome before completion.

"Plain sewing does make me so bad-tempered after the first interest has gone off," she said, "I really feel as cross as two sticks; so, boys, I advise you to let me have the workroom to myself till this is finished."

At length it was done, and her brothers at once insisted on her joining them in a long ramble, for she had declined all such pleasures of late, and she was delighted to be free again. On this occasion she had her little cloak and umbrella with her, but no one offered to relieve her of it, and in going through gates and over stiles, the boys' only thought was which of them could get through first. The idea of giving Nell any help never entered their heads.

Nell noticed these little omissions very much, the few boys she had hitherto met having been gentlemanly and well-behaved, and she had felt hurt and surprised to find that her young brothers were so deficient in the little kindnesses she expected from them. It did not occur to her that politeness does not come naturally to all boys, and that in her brothers' case, removed from home influence, their manners had been quite neglected.

Roger and Mark had had a similar training, and on going out into the world had soon perceived their own deficiencies in these matters, and had suffered much from a sense of awkwardness which they were a long time in overcoming, and which caused them bitterly to reproach their former teachers for the neglect which was the cause of such trouble to them when school days were done. The natural result was that they both now rather over-did the polite attentions which are usual, and were correspondingly severe on any want of them in others.

Mark was behind the party this morning, and seeing Nell pushing open a heavy gate which had swung back nearly in her face after the passing of the three tearing boys, he shouted to them in loud and angry tones. "You young cubs!" he cried, "I've seen some rough fellows in my days, but never—no, never, have I met such utter boors as you three." And after some more "coarse abuse," as George called it, he gave them a thorough lecture on behaviour in general, and to ladies in particular.

"I suppose, Nell, you've been thinking us regular cads all this time," said Will, in an aggrieved tone.

"Oh no, not that; but I felt sorry my brothers did not think it necessary to be polite to me."

"But it was not only you; why, we should not be polite to anybody!" he said, ingenuously. "We have never been taught how, and it hasn't seemed to spring up natural in us somehow."

There was henceforth a marked improvement in the manners of the boys, and their mother, father, and Nell were all made the happier by Mark's timely lecture.

Frank for some days had been extremely gloomy; his delicate health often caused him to be out of sorts, when not really ill, and he was of that unfortunate disposition which likes to brood in silence over aches and pains, and rather enjoys feeling neglected and ill-used. Nell thought he might rouse himself, and not give way to the sulks, in which she concluded he was indulging; but George explained matters by casually remarking that "Frank would have to walk to school in his slippers pretty soon; he can't get his boots on for chilblains."

Nell hastened to him, and found him suffering so much that she forbore to scold him for not saying anything about his poor feet before. She, herself, knew an excellent remedy for unbroken chilblains, having seen it so often used during her schooldays as an unfailing cure. A teaspoonful of mustard and an ounce of lard were mixed to a paste, and well rubbed into all the places before the fire.

Frank pointed out one or two as old acquaintances which came regularly every winter, but even these confirmed ones yielded to the frequent rubbing. The broken chilblains were prescribed for by Mrs. Lawrence, who had the following mixture prepared: Some mutton fat, perfectly free from salt, was melted and mixed with whitening to a convenient thickness, a few drops of sweet oil being added, to prevent its getting hard when cold. This was spread on lint, and laid on the places, which soon healed.

As Frank's poor health and bad circulation were the causes of these winter troubles, it was necessary to make him take plenty of exercise, to promote circulation, and when his hands and feet were cold, he was persuaded to warm them by going for a quick run, or by rubbing them—in fact, to use any means except coming close to the fire. He had plenty of warm stockings, but Nell now began knitting for him some mittens, using the following pattern, an extremely simple one, though at first glance it looks rather complicated. Four needles are used, and forty-eight stitches are

cast on to three needles. Knit two plain and two purl for thirty rows; this forms a tightly-fitting wrist. Then knit plain, 14 rows; this reaches to the commencement of the thumb, which is made thus: knit two, make one, knit two, make one; and then knit to the end of the round.

Next two rounds, knit plain.

Next round, knit two, make one, knit four, make one, knit to the end.

Next two rounds, plain.

Next round, knit two, make one, knit six, make one, knit to the end.

Next two rounds, knit plain.

Next, knit two, make one, knit eight, make one, knit to the end.

Next two rounds, plain.

Next, knit two, make one, knit ten, make one, knit to the end.

It will be seen that, in every third row, the knitted stitches between the two made stitches are increased by two. This is to be continued in exactly the same way until these knitted stitches between the two made ones are twenty-two in number, when the enlargement for the thumb is sufficient. Now the twenty-two stitches for the thumb are slipped off on a piece of wool; and with the rest of the stitches ten plain rounds are knitted, and then ten more rounds, two plain and two purl, and cast off. Now the thumb stitches are picked up on three needles, adding two more stitches, making twenty-four in all. Knit six plain rounds, then six more, two plain and two purl, and cast off.

The mittens were very warm and comfortable, but, boy-like, Frank greatly objected to wearing them, or indeed anything different from the others. Nell usually went to the door to see the three off for school every morning, and day after day there was the same scene—Frank darting about and trying to elude his sister, who chased him with the despised mittens, and never let him go till they were on his hands, and a promise extracted that they should not be removed, except for washing, till he came home again. At length a compact was entered into. If he would submit to wear his mittens regularly, and to let Nell do what she could to prevent the chilblains returning, without so many battles and combats, she would help him to make some pretty things for his little bedroom, in the decoration of which he took some pride.

"I am so tired of sewing," she said, as they talked the matter over. "I should like a complete change. We may as well make something that would be useful, so let us go and look round your room, and see what you want."

They found a great lack of hooks or any hanging accommodation, and Nell suggested some carpentering, in which Frank was skilful. He was to do the actual work, whilst Nell supplied the ideas and designs. Between them they made some pretty and novel sets of hooks, the first of which was shaped like a large horseshoe, fourteen inches across in the widest part, and about the same depth. This was cleverly carved in wood, with a real shoe as pattern, and the pegs were made to resemble nails projecting from the shoe, and sufficiently far apart to allow of a garment hanging from each.

Another piece of wood was cut into a shield shape, the edges bevelled, from which four pegs projected, representing the handles of a sword and a dagger, and two spear heads. They both enjoyed the work greatly, and indeed carpentering suited Nell's taste better than dressing-gown making. She had many more ideas, and was in the midst of the elaborate design of an anchor, for the same purpose as the horseshoe and shield, when Mrs. Lawrence checked her by saying Frank's requirements were quite provided for, and empty hooks would be a doubtful ornament on the walls.

(*To be continued.*)

READING THE BIBLE.—The reading of the Bible was prohibited by Henry VIII., except by those who occupied high offices in the state. A noble lady or gentlewoman might read it in "their garden or orchard," or other retired places, but men and women in the lower ranks were positively forbidden to read it, or to have it read to them.

AN IMPRESSIVE PREACHER.—No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

It used to be a practice in some country districts to beat walnut trees when in bud, with poles, a proceeding which was thought to increase their productiveness. To this we have an allusion in a popular saying, to one item of which some of us may perhaps object:—

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they'll be."

HOW TO RECOGNISE A POET.

Let me, for once, presume to instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes;
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

Horace.

THE END OF A COQUETTE.

When the coquette settles into an old maid, it is not unusual to see her as staid and formal as she was previously versatile:—

"Thus weathercocks, which for a while
Have turned about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last."

ONE THING AT A TIME.—The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at a time. "If," he added, "I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else until they are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order."

THE MARRIAGE FEE.

A Quaker married a woman of the Church of England. After the ceremony the vicar asked for his fees, which he said were a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said, if he would show him any text in the Scripture which proved his fees were a crown, he would give it him.

The vicar at once turned to the 4th verse of the 12th chapter of Proverbs, where it is said "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

"Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion: Solomon was a wise man: here are the five shillings and something beside to buy thee a pair of gloves."

BEAUTIFUL BACKS.

A lady made a naive reply when a censorious and conceited neighbour, vaunting her good figure, boasted that herself and her sister had always been remarkable for the beauty of their backs.

"That is the reason, I suppose," she said, "why your friends are always so glad to see them."

DAYS.

The following little poem of "Days," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, imitated, it will be seen, from the antique, is unmatched in its way:—

Damsels of Time, the hypocrite Days,
Muffled and dumb, like barefooted dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my peachèd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

THE RULE OF THREE.—One who describes himself as a much-tried married man, writes that the way to become practically acquainted with the Rule of Three, is to live with your wife, mother, and mother-in-law.

EDUCATIONAL.

IDALIA, DEMERARA.—You may play any sort of music; one style need not destroy your touch for another. It would take three or four years of training and close study to be qualified as a medical practitioner. The School of Medicine for Women, 30, Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, London, W.C., holds summer and winter sessions. Four years' course of study. Fees for whole curriculum of lectures, £80; and fees for four years' hospital instruction, £45. This school of medicine is associated with the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. An entrance scholarship (value £30) is offered annually in September. Prospectuses can be had on application to the dean, or the hon. secretary, Mrs. Thorne, at the school. There is also the National Association for Promoting the Medical Education of Women, 13, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh.

M. A. RUSSELL.—Under the unfortunate circumstances you name, as to small means, inability to read or write, necessity for earning a livelihood, and age, already 20, we recommend you to get your sister a visiting governess, to teach her to write and read and cast up accounts—say, in the evenings. This would be cheaper than sending her to school; which would be very trying, also, at her age. Then, if to her knowledge of housekeeping she added dressmaking, plain-sewing, and some experience in the nursery, a good knowledge of practical hairdressing, in which she should obtain some lessons, she would be qualified for a situation as lady's-maid. But she is, we fear, too old now, or it would be too expensive, to qualify herself for a situation as governess. She might succeed as head nurse if she studied practical medical books on the care of infants and children. Your English is excellent; we did not detect that you were a foreigner.

J. H. M. B.—You might be very useful as a "mother's help," but quite unqualified for a situation as "companion to a lady," as you do not write good English (and of course cannot speak it either); nor do you write a suitable hand, essential in such a situation. Had you been tall, you might have learnt hairdressing, millinery, dressmaking, and the art of packing and folding, and then you would have been qualified for a situation as lady's-maid. But you are not eligible, at all events, for one as "companion," and indeed such places are very scarce, and are taken by the poor gentry, who are accustomed to the habits and etiquette of society. We are sorry to disappoint you, but it would be only waste of time, and expense in advertising, to seek such an engagement.

SAD EIGHTEEN.—Before you undertook so responsible a charge as that of keeping your young brothers in order, your father should have given them formally into your charge, and desired them to submit to and obey you on pain of his serious displeasure. As it is, you had better allot them a play-room, as far as possible from your father's study; and if they quarrel and disturb him (you had better warn them) you will with much regret have to refer them to him, and ask him to interfere and give them a lesson, once for all.

PEONA.—We think that no better work could be selected to give you a good insight into English literature in general than the work by Dr. Angus, entitled "Handbook of Specimens of English Literature," sold at our publishing office. Study it carefully.

MUSIC.

QUEENIE and HELIOTROPE.—We have often told you that you should begin singing lessons at sixteen; half an hour's lesson only at first, until some amount of practice has strengthened the throat. No attempt should be made to stretch and extend the compass of the voice for a considerable time. The books we publish are all unexceptionable, if only you can understand them. If for entertainment, Sir Walter Scott's poems might instruct you as to the condition of society in the middle ages, as well as amuse you. But your mother or governess is the right person for you to consult.

ETHEL WINIFRED.—The fees for the classes and lectures at Trinity College, London, are from half a guinea per term. You can obtain all particulars on application, and prospectuses as to coming examinations. Either write or call yourself.

MADRIGAL.—There are very many works on the history of music, and we scarcely know which to recommend you. Perhaps you had better go to the British Museum reading-room, and look over Dr. F. L. Ritter's "History of Music," in which you will find a list of more than 500 works on music. (London, 1877.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRIS.—There is a place in the Edgware Road, W., where classes for the Swedish gymnastics are held. Your librarian would obtain any pamphlet written on the subject if any have been published.

A CITY READER.—The style of marking linen is quite optional. Sometimes the parents of the bride prefer that the *trousseau*, which is their gift, should be marked in the bride's own family name. Otherwise, the marking is done after the marriage, so as to give the adopted name, or initial. It is best that the house linen should be marked in the united names of the couple, as "A and B—C," which initials might be artistically combined in a monogram. You should have named the number of beds you mean to make-up. See our series of articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family," in which you will find the information you require. See page 278, vol. iv.

BLUE VIOLET.—Your quotation should run thus:—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

It is from Richard Lovelace (1618-1658), and appears in a poem "To Lucasta, on going to the Wars." You write very well; and it is unnecessary to spend time on copying.

CONVALESCENT.—According to Miss Nightingale, your tea will do you no harm, if not taken later than five p.m. No other drink can take its place, and if you desire nourishment, as well as refreshment, add milk or cream, and a small piece of sugar (one lump is sufficient); one breakfast cup of tea should not be exceeded, and it should be taken the moment it has drawn, never after it has stood some time.

ANXIOUS ONE.—Look inwards, and so long you will find cause for dissatisfaction and despondency. The former is as it should be; the latter should not be the result, because "by grace ye are saved." Look up, and you will see that you have an Advocate, and a Divine Proxy, who has borne your sins, and made an atonement for them; and who will also sanctify you by His Holy Spirit, if you call upon Him faithfully. Why are you so anxious to know yourself one of His children? and why do you pray so often for acceptance? It can only be because your Heavenly Father is "drawing" you; and could you for a moment believe that He is drawing you to His feet to spurn you from Him? Then take courage, and rejoice that "to-day is the accepted time, and the day of salvation."

ANNIE E. LORD's kind letter is very gratifying to us, and we thank her warmly for it.

MILDRED.—The information to which you refer is two years old, and one year sees a change in matters connected with emigration. It is certainly not encouraged at present, and is a risky venture. Young women who have comfortable places and kind mistresses should appreciate their comforts, and not be so ready to change a certainty for an uncertainty.

"IRLANDAISE."—See our illustrated article on desirable (indoor) exercises. But as these are dull diversions, we recommend you a good game of battledore and shuttlecock on a wet day. It is an advantage to keep the head up, and the lungs are exercised. If you can get a friend to join you in the game, all the better; and if you learn to place with both hands alternately, still better for your muscles and figure.

A GARDENER.—We think that a "Gardener's Almanack" would suit you, and will let you know what to do every month, and what should be in season in the kitchen garden. We sympathise with you on your becoming round shouldered; but if suffering from heart complaint, and palpitations, we scarcely venture to recommend gymnastic exercises.

PRIMROSE.—The article you want about "Calisthenics" appeared in vol. v., pages 516-517. It is called "The Physical Education of Girls." Your hand is legible, but not pretty. We thank you for your kind appreciation of our "Answers."

PUZZLED GIRL.—If you be unable to make your choice between your two admirers, you had better lay the problem before your parents, who will, doubtless, solve it for you. We see no reason for flight. If you have no special regard and affection for either suitor, they (your parents or guardians) will make your decision known to them in as delicate and friendly a way as may be possible. They will not lament very long when they know the tepid milk-and-water condition of your feelings towards them.

CHERRY-RIPE.—We could not recommend any publisher to your Swiss friend, and could only speak in general terms. Translations find little sale, unless works of distinguished or popular authors. First-published original works have sometimes to be paid for entirely by the author. When better known and approved, half risk and half profits are offered; and better still a sum down, or promised, on the sale of a specified number of copies; or to a successful writer, a more or less sum is paid, with the prospect of a "royalty" on a certain sale being effected. The copyright, also, may be sold, and all rights of authorship relinquished. The cost depends on the size of the work, the style of paper and print, and the (possible) illustrations required. £80 for a well got up octavo vol. might be a fair price. Always ascertain the number of hundreds of vols. to be comprised in the edition under consideration.

D. D.—We regret that the story you send is not suitable for our magazine. Just by the way, we may tell you that the models of sculptors are made of clay, and are cast in plaster of Paris, or sculptured in marble or alabaster afterwards. They do not work on mortar and paste; and the little Italian boys who come over to this country are brought by a speculator, who keeps them (miserably enough) in board and lodging, and retains most of their earnings. Little boys do not come over in a condition of independence.

AMY A. M. PLATER.—Your verses "To the Daisy" have a good deal of merit, showing thoughts, and good thoughts too. An "ode" is a lyric song of irregular metre, longer than a song, and differing from an epic in its dealing with the author's thoughts and feelings, rather than deeds and events. Our grandest examples are those of Milton, Shelley, Gray, Dryden, and Coleridge; amongst the ancient classic composers of odes, Horace, Pindar, and Anacreon hold the first place.

M. H.—We regret that your verses do not give sufficient promise for us to recommend you to continue writing them. You write a very good hand, wonderfully formed for your age; we should think that you could become a good artist.

JENNY JONES.—You should get a little sixpenny manual about the care of canaries, if you keep them. We have given many answers to questions as to their ailments. You have probably left your bird in a draught, and it has got a bronchial attack. Place it in a warm, sheltered, dry place, and in its supply of fresh water (every morning given) add fifteen drops of paregoric, half a teaspoonful of glycerine, and a bit of gum-arabic, as large as a pea. The food should be the ordinary black and white canary seed, and two or three grains of hempseed daily till recovered. The 19th of May, 1870, was a Thursday.

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.—To find the twelve signs of the zodiac you have only to refer to an ordinary almanac.

JANEY.—1. The coin called a "bawbee" was a copper halfpenny, struck in the year 1514, in remembrance of the year-old baby-heir of James IV. of Scotland, who fell in the battle of Flodden Field. "Bawbee" meant "baby," the coin bearing the effigy of the infant king. 2. We never heard that beetles were deaf; the "beetles" referred to in the saying, "As deaf as a beetle," otherwise rendered "As deaf as a post," meant large wooden mallets used for driving wedges into wood to split them, so making a deafening sound. There is also a machine employed in Lancashire, called a "beetling maching," for beating calico as it passes over rollers, under logs or "beetles," the noise produced being more deafening and distracting than that of the weavers' shuttles. The saying would be more correct if rendered "As deafening as a beetle."

A NOVOCASTRIAN.—A walk from London to Harrow and to St. Albans, under a proper escort (of gentlemen), would be, perhaps, within your powers, and would be of much inducement in the way of historic, artistic, and antiquarian interest.

JARNO.—The lines show imagination, but are incorrect in many ways.

EINE SCHWEIZERIN.—We believe fifteen grammes is about half an ounce in English weight. A litre is equal to a pound (of twelve ounces), or 1·76 in English pints.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 426.] FEBRUARY 25, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ENGLISH CASTLES;

OR,

MILESTONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

BY EMMA BREWER.

CASTLE RISING.

"Rising was a seaport town when Lynn was but a marsh."—*Old Tradition.*

BEING in Norwich, and therefore within easy distance of Lynn, we determined not to lose the opportunity of visiting Castle Rising, the name of which had been familiar to us from our childhood.

True many of the facts concerning it, which we then religiously believed, turn out to be mere fictions now that the weight of old documents and diaries is brought to bear upon them; but this did not lessen the strong desire we felt to pay it a visit and see with our eyes that which our minds, rightly or wrongly, had pictured long before.

With this intention we rose early and caught the 8.15 train to Lynn, which would set us down within four miles of the spot.

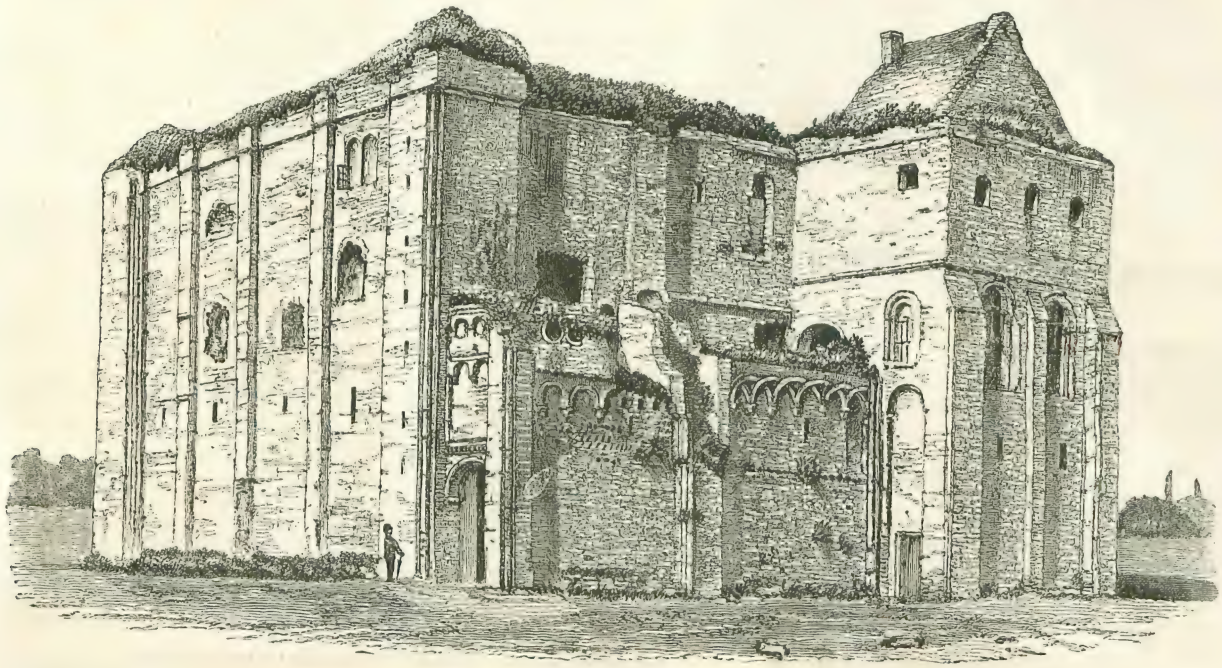
The village of Rising is old, grey, and quaint, with one or two objects of deep interest; but we would not pause to look at these, for our eyes were steadily fixed on the castle, which stands on high ground above the village, and we made at once for the entrance.

The earthworks are stupendous, and formed somewhat in the shape of the figure 8.

In a moment our thoughts travelled back to the centuries of long ago, when the Ancient Britons must have stood on this very spot in large numbers, their hands busy in the formation of these wonderful earthworks—setting their seal and signature, as it were, to the first milestone of our England's history.

The first thing we did after passing over the bridge and through the portcullis, was to take a long, quiet look at the grand old ruin so full of history, and then to walk round on the top of the high bank which encloses the whole. This gave us an idea of the size of the ground on which the castle was built, as well as a view of the ruins on all sides. What a wonderful place it must have been *in its entirety*! Now, alas, all that remains is the great tower or keep, the chapel, the gate-house, and part of a brick building of Henry VII.'s time.

The castle and castle grounds have had many masters and many occupiers. At the time of the Conquest, the stronghold belonged to Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, but on



CASTLE RISING.

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being forfeited by him was bestowed by William on his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux

The people who occupy it now as custodians are a policeman, his wife and family.

Between these two extremes, archbishop and policeman, what dramas have not been enacted!

Having finished our walk round the high bank, we mounted some broken steps and entered the gate-house, the lower room of which is used by the custodians as a kitchen, the upper as a bedroom.

We were permitted to look about, and I must say I have rarely been in a room presenting such extremes of age and character as this kitchen. Its nineteenth century chairs, tables, and cooking utensils seemed most incongruous within those hoary walls, lighted by antique windows and covered by the wonderfully arched roof.

The entrance to the castle, which was formerly through one of the sides of this room, is now filled up with encaustic tiles, on which various shields are engraved, and used as a fireplace. One can only be thankful that the beautiful arch above, a fine specimen of Norman zigzag, has been allowed to remain untouched.

From this room we mounted some rickety and worn stairs to one over it, now used as a bedroom. The floor is of Roman tiles with some pattern on them, though illegible, owing, I suppose, to their age and wear, for they are almost smooth. The door is of oak, very thick, old, and richly carved, and the room is full of niches and alcoves.

A tortuous passage leads out of this to another small room which, being occupied, we did not see.

Down the old stairs again and out by another door, we came upon a sort of gallery cut in the thickness of the wall, eleven or twelve feet broad, with arched windows looking out on the earthworks. Surely these were the very windows through which the ladies of the castle were accustomed to look at the travelling shows, which were the only theatrical exhibitions in early days, and were much patronised by the great ones of the land.

The principal hostels were also, in ancient days, built with galleries, and for the same purpose.

From this gallery we made our way into a large square vestibule, with signs of a staircase leading up into the castle proper. It was full of grotesque carved figures; indeed, in all directions there seemed a perfect wealth of broken carving about.

We next came upon the chapel, which is in excellent preservation when compared with other parts of the castle, and it seems as though a small outlay would render it fit for holding service. A Saxon font stands near the window, and the arches and roofs of the various parts of the building are superb. We were very interested in noticing that the old frescoes, which have been barbarously plastered over, are refusing any longer to be hidden, and are peeping out here and there so plainly that the colours are easily to be seen.

The outside of the ruins is full of interest to the antiquarian, for it abounds in splendid Norman zigzag work, early English toothwork, interlaced arches, carved corbels, and loop-holes.

That this castle is in better preservation than many others is owing to the care and taste of its present owners, the Greville Howards.

There seems to be no doubt about the period at which this castle was erected. Everything about it proclaims it a Norman milestone, and taking it and the grounds together, we have the Ancient Britons and the Normans in combination for the purpose of showing us how splendidly their work fitted in one with the other. The earthworks could not have served later ages without the castle on its summit, and the castle would have failed of its purpose but for the work of the Ancient Britons, which served as a foundation.

Previous to the Norman period there were but few castles capable of repelling and resisting—indeed, it has been confidently asserted that it was the absence of efficient strongholds which made William the Conqueror's mastery of England so easy; and those that sprang up in such quick succession after the Conquest were, as a rule, erected by the Norman barons to protect themselves against the resentment of the Saxons, as well as to satisfy their love of magnificence, exhibited in these stately castles.

AN ALMSHOUSE.

Most of them were built, as in this case, with a high bank round, and a deep moat or ditch, and the site selected was always, if possible, near a river, so that they could, when necessary, fill the moat with water, and thus render the castle doubly secure.

As these castles grew in strength they afforded the owners not only security from their fellow subjects, but independence of the Government, and this is doubtless the reason why the monarchs, later on, were always attacking and trying to extirpate what the old historian, Matthew Paris, calls "these nests of devils and dens of thieves."

Ood, the half-brother of William the Conqueror, was not more fortunate in the possession of Rising than was Stigand, for he lost it by rebellion in the reign of Rufus, who gave it to William D'Albini.

The son of this D'Albini not only inherited the estate and stronghold of Rising, but married the widow of Henry I., and assumed, in her right, the title of Earl of Arundel, and later on became Earl of Sussex.

It was this man who built Castle Rising, and although it has passed into many hands since his time, it is now in the possession of the descendants of the Albini, who take a deep interest in it.

Norfolk! Sussex! Arundel! Castle Rising! I never could tell clearly what these names had to do with each other, and yet it is clear and simple enough.

The builder of the castle, as we have seen, became Earl of Arundel and Earl of Sussex. Later on in history the castle and manor were sold and settled on Edward III. and his wife for life, and should they have no children they were to pass to Isabella, Queen Dowager, for life, and then revert to John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, second son of Edward II., and it belonged to the Duchy of Cornwall until the time of Henry VIII., when, in exchange for certain estates in Suffolk, it became the property of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, in whose family it remained until 1693.

This last paragraph is only for those who have been puzzled, as I have been, by the connection of the three titles.

That of course which has cast a lurid light upon Castle Rising, and made it familiar to us all, is the part it plays in the life of Isabella, the she-wolf of France, widow of Edward II.

I suppose none of us have ever had a doubt about its being the scene of her imprisonment and death, nor have we failed to picture the yearly visit of her son during the unhappy mother's captivity; and yet there are abundant proofs that she was not a prisoner at Rising, but travelled about to various parts of the kingdom without let or hindrance; that she did not even die there, nor were any preparations made in Lynn for her funeral.

She seems to have visited Rising now and again, just as she did other of her castles.

There are letters and parchments in existence to prove that she went from Berkhampstead to Windsor a month after Mortimer's death to spend the feast of Christmas with her "dearest son Edward."

We find her in the twelfth year of Edward's reign in Pontefract Castle; in the twentieth year at Hertford Castle, where from October, 1357, to her death, she lived, and where there is every reason to believe she died.

Do you ask what authority I can give for such a tossing about of the fabric of our belief in the history of bygone ages?

Documents, rolls, diaries, whose authenticity cannot be doubted, and which have been carefully collected by antiquarians—among whom are Harrod and Woodward.

Should we ever have the opportunity of visiting Hertford Castle we shall be on the alert to discover anything which can throw light upon the doings of Isabella.

Passing out of the castle grounds, we cannot return to Lynn without looking into the church of Rising, and the almshouses erected by James I.

The church is most interesting. The font is a beautiful specimen of rope work; and in one of the transepts is a wonderful piece of black oak carving, near which is what is called a "squint," permitting the people who sat there to get a glance of the sacramental vessels.

At the left hand of the chancel is a tall niche, which no one seems to know the use of; it is, I believe, the only one of the kind in England.

Standing back in one of the transepts is the old Jacobean table formerly in use.

From the church we went to the almshouses,

founded by James I. for eleven old women, a nurse, and a governess, or, as she would be called now, a matron.

It is one of the most interesting places I have visited. Everything remains the same as in the days of its founder, except, of course, the inmates.

The dining-room is as the king left it—chairs, table, fire-irons, and old carved chest, all the same. Over the mantelpiece is a fine portrait of Isabella, she-wolf of France, by whom is not known; but it is not at all a vicious face.

The chapel is small; the pews ornamented with beautifully carved poppy-heads; and the prayerbooks placed in the pews ask you to pray for Queen Elizabeth.

Each old inmate has a little house to herself, consisting of a sitting-room and bedroom combined, and a pantry; beside which she has a flower garden, a piece of potato ground, six shillings a week, and coals.

The dress of these old people is most picturesque, as you will see from the illustration.

The inmates appeared happy and content, and were very intelligent. One dear old woman of ninety-eight years old we quite fell in love with. She was so pretty and bright, and with every sense perfect, except hearing, so we carried on the conversation on our side by writing on a slate, which she could read without spectacles. She was very curious as to where we lived, and what relationship existed between us—we were three people.

The Princess of Wales went to see her a few weeks ago, and seemed quite as much interested in her as we were. She sat by her side, holding her hand, and chatting pleasantly with her for some time.

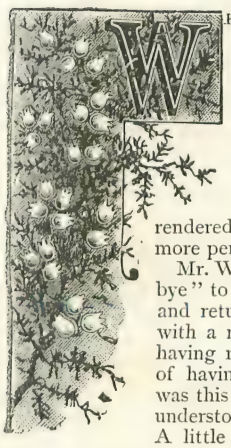
Having said good-bye to the old people, one of whom remembered hearing her grandfather say that in his early days the water came up to Rising, we drove back to Lynn. We did not think much of the town itself, and, except that it contains some beautiful old churches, it is quite unattractive.

(*To be continued.*)

AVIE WOODFIELD'S WANTS.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," etc.

CHAPTER III.



WHEN the rain had ceased Avie was obliged to accept Mr. Wilpraham's escort home. He visited his conservatory before he set off, and brought from it a basket laden with grapes and flowers, for her mother. This rendered her pleasure all the more perfect.

Mr. Wilpraham said "Good-bye" to her at her own door, and returned to his bungalow with a much greater sense of having received pleasure than of having conferred any. It was this man's fate to be misunderstood and undervalued. A little sympathy, if it only looked out on him from the eyes of a fresh young girl, was good to him.

Avie carried her treasures to her mother, eager to tell her all the pleasant things which filled her mind; but the sight of her troubled face was a damper. In answer to her tender inquiries, Mrs. Woodfield told her that her father had been saying bitter things, and accusing her of extravagance. Where is the extravagance, Avie?" she asked. "It can't be in the housekeeping. Your papa seems determined to bring us down to the lowest level. Just look how he goes into the street. I've always hoped people would think it a peculiarity of his; but no, he has a morbid desire to have us all look as forlorn as he does. It has been well said, however, that if you will advertise yourself as poor, the world will take good care to keep you so."

Avie did not know where the balance of philosophy lay: on her mother's side or on her father's. She had a dim notion that both were in extremes, so with a heart as heavy as lead she said what comforting things she could to her mother, and then put the children to bed.

Later in the evening she saw her father; he wore one of his darkest looks. "We're all going to ruin," he said, "all going to ruin. Three bills sent in to me a week; don't know how they're to be met: don't know who to borrow the money from."

"Mamma says the allowance you give her is so small, she cannot avoid running bills."

"Hang it! but she'll have to. I can't give her what I haven't got."

"I don't think mamma understands just what you have, papa. Why don't you tell her? Couldn't there be a family council on these matters? If we were all to put our heads together to see where we could save, and what we could do, it would be a great deal happier."

"Your mother would never consent to it. She is always indignant when she knows that I have named these things to any of you."

"We are such a large family; I wish I could earn money, but I am always wanted at home, and when Elsie can take my place I don't know what to do, my education is so defective."

"No; we are a helpless lot," was the discouraging reply, and Mr. Woodfield went out, banging the front door behind him, as if his own house was unbearable to him.

Avie's thoughts had soon been forced into the old ruts. She went to bed full of heartache, for one and for another, and of fear for the terrible unknown future. "Things are so unequal in this life," she moaned. "People get what they don't want, and miss what they do. What a golden chance came to that Miss Vipond for improving her mind, and how little she cared for it! It would have been an inestimable boon to me, who have, on the contrary, to treat books as enemies to my duty. Can it really be that a providence orders these things? Well, she might say it was a kind providence brought her and her Fritz together; and supposing I had had the privilege of fascinating Mr. Fritz, no such happy result would have accrued. He must always have remained a perfectly indifferent person to me."

Yet somehow the past day was like an era to her. She felt she had been glided a little way towards the haven of her desire.

The domestic storm wore itself out, much as the atmospheric storm had done. Avie set herself to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest Mrs. Somerville's Geography as she could make opportunity, and tried, above all, not to forget the beginning of her confidence, or the sweet text which inspired it.

Meanwhile, she was not forgotten at the bungalow, and one evening when she was out walking with the children, Mrs. Woodfield was surprised by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Wilpraham.

With great delicacy and tact they made known to her their errand, which was to ask her if she would allow Miss Woodfield to spend her afternoons at the bungalow, as reader and amanuensis to Mr. Wilpraham, with the understanding that the arrangement should be made as instructive to herself as possible.

Mrs. Woodfield's sympathies paved the way for the success of this petition; for it really touched her to think that across the path of that bright, active man lay the shadow of coming blindness. Mr. Woodfield coming in from the counting-house at the time, he was called in, and his opinion asked.

He did not hesitate to give his permission very cordially. Knowledge was power, he knew, and he would have been keen to avail himself of educational advantages for his children if they had cost nothing; so he called the idea excellent, and was sure the way ought to be made clear for Avie to avail herself of Mr. Wilpraham's very kind offer.

Seeing the obligation would be mutual, Mrs. Wilpraham did not let her pride stand in the way.

The visitors had left when Avie returned from her walk; but she was told how everything had been arranged for her.

The joy and thankfulness in the girl's heart were so deep that she could hardly speak; but she thought that she should always now be able confidently to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

Avie addressed herself to her new duties with that thrill of mingled pleasure and hope which we all feel when circumstances promise us the satisfaction of a heart-felt need. Nor was she doomed to disappointment. With all that was irrelevant to any and every purpose she might form for herself, she felt in the main that her mind was being watered by many springs. The conversations she had with Mr. Wilpraham were as instructive to her as they were enlivening and entertaining to him, who had long pined, being childless, for such companionship. He appreciated her difficulties and guessed at many of the darker facts of her life, and it pleased him to give her all the advice and help, as a student, that was in his power.

Avie lent him her bodily eyes; he lent her his intellectual ones, and by their help she saw much further and deeper than she would have done with her own unaided vision. The variety introduced into her life was a saving salt to it. She discharged the duties of her home with more spirit now that there was some escape from them. The yoke of bondage never galled so severely again, for the habit of calling on Avie for every little thing was broken by her being so much *out of the way*; and the girl's appreciation of the advantages she was receiving made her anxious to be a diligent teacher as well as companion to her young brothers and sisters. She was always trying to lead them on and upward.

Familiarity with the bungalow did not break the charm of the first evening she spent in it. Whether she sat in the warm sunshine reading to her friends at the open window, through which was wafted the scent of flowers and the hum of bees—while often the silvery chime of bells and the song of birds blended with her voice, and the far spreading green hillside beyond looked as if it could gather up all around it into one perfect, dreamlike repose—or whether on wintry days she sat within the ruddy circle of the hearth, and thought with a

kind of protest of the bleak walk home, the bungalow was always beautiful to her.

Her mother, who had not too many interests in her life, learned to look forward to Avie's coming home, not only for the help she could give, but for the breath of a lighter, balmier air that she brought in with her.

The numbers that every week reached them of the *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, and *Saturday Review* were eagerly read.

"I feel," said Mrs. Woodfield, "as if I was now a part of the world, Avie, and before I used to feel so cut off. Your papa never would afford for us to take a review or a magazine, and as I don't care a fig for politics, the newspaper was not of much use to me."

During the next two years Avie diligently sowed the seed of a golden harvest in the future; but as it is the lot of some ever to know sadness, her happiness was a very chastened one. She had to see the gathering of thick clouds, not only over her own home, but over the bungalow. For Mr. Wilpraham the slightly veiled windows darkened, till he groped as one who had no light, stretching out his hands pathetically as feelers, and relinquishing with the keenest regret one occupation after another which had gone to keep him healthy and happy.

"Ah! my friend," he would say to Avie, "what delight has been poured into my heart and brain through my eyes; and now this fountain of light and pleasure is being sealed to me, how little remains! How shall I drag on existence, led about by the hand, informed only by the voice. Complaint is weak, but you at least must bear with me. You see, my child, I was never musical; I cannot take up an instrument, I cannot call the charmers to another avenue of sense and feeling, as some blind men have done, more's the pity."

Avie was deeply affected, but his growing helplessness and dependence upon her gave her courage to speak to him of the only true source of human consolation.

"Dear Mr. Wilpraham," she said, "it is very sad for you; it is inexpressibly sad; but if you trust in God you shall not want comfort. I wish you could have heard a sermon I once heard on 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.' It took such hold of me, because the minister applied it to spiritual and intellectual wants, as well as temporal. I was always wanting them; I wanted time and books, and a teacher—three things it seemed as if I was never to have, although I could never make myself happy without them. Yet I learned that God, as my Father, was answerable—if that word isn't too human—for the cravings of my nature. He would not have implanted them if it had not been His will to satisfy them. In the strength of that sermon I must confess that I began to pray and to hope. Well, soon after that came the meeting with you, and all the pleasant opportunities I have had of improving my mind, and being taught through my duty to you. So I am quite sure, from the way God cares for a girl like me, that He will not see you lose the precious gift of sight and not make it up to you and comfort you, if you look to Him to do so. I wonder where it says, 'I will lead the blind by a way they know not.' Let me look for the verse and read it to you."

"No, my child, you must not take the trouble. You can't express the balm of Gilead for me out of a forced metaphor. What you say is very good; there may be a providence in the ordinary circumstances of life, but no one will convince me that the want of my eyes can ever be made up to me. The age of miracles is past, you know, and for yourself, apart from religion, you ought never to have lost heart. You had the witness in yourself of what your life was to bring forth. 'Spirits are not finely touched save to fine issues,' is the theology of Shakespeare."

Avie did not argue the point. The little seed she had dropped might have fallen upon a rock of resistance; but God knows all the ground of a man's heart, and that seed would be wafted to a spot in Mr. Wilpraham's, where it would take deep root and grow.

Whichever way she turned, trouble rose up before her, gaunt, menacing, and imperious. The canker-worm of a sordid care was eating away all the peace and happiness of her home, and reducing the youthful energies that should have been budding into vigorous life to the paralysis of despair.

To an experienced eye the gloom in which her father was plunged, the air with which he went about—his chin sunk upon his breast, his lips moving as he muttered incoherent predictions of ruin, want, beggary—must have betokened incipient insanity; but his children believed sincerely in these tokens of an oppressed heart, and wondered that the awful climax was so long delayed.

Mr. Woodfield's profession was that of public accountant. As he was an expert in the intricacies of figures and book-keeping, his services were much in demand, not only in the borough where he resided, but beyond it. The number of clerks he found it necessary to employ favoured in the eyes of some sceptics the idea of a flourishing practice rather than the shallowness of purse by which poor Mrs. Woodfield was required to regulate her domestic expenditure. Being unbusiness-like as well as inexperienced, she was at the mercy of her husband's representations.

Of a proud nature, mortified feelings had led her to shut herself up within her home, and neglect the cultivation of friendship; so that a hint of unfairness never reached her. The high spirit was succumbing at last to terror of the rod held continually over her head. For long after the girls' wardrobes had got to an all-pervading air of shabbiness, and elbows in dresses and thin places in boots were becoming daily the subject of anxious scrutiny, she wondered wherever the money was to come from to replenish them, neither daring to ask for it nor to run up that engine of distraction, a bill. It was a sore grief to her that Elsie, the beauty of the family, had to be so disadvantaged by her dress. She had cherished for Elsie such ambitions as she had never cherished for Avie, regarding the elder sister's dower of bright intelligence rather as a "garden enclosed."

Amid all her difficulties Mrs. Woodfield clung to the prejudices in which she had been reared, and had an invincible dislike to her daughters going from home, or doing anything that looked like working for money. On this subject there had been, as yet, no open war in the camp, but it was secretly Avie's intention to realise the market value of her talents when the opportunity came, and to this end she was answering certain advertisements. She thought with a sigh of the disappointment it would be to the blind scholar at the bungalow if she succeeded. "But I really must make money to clothe Elsie as well as myself," she said, "and to give mamma the little help she can no longer get from papa."

It was her intention to open the gate before asking leave to walk in at it. Her patience was sorely tried. For a long time every door seemed closed, and she felt as if she almost longed to get away from home. She was sure, now that Elsie was growing up, she was more a burden than a help there; and she had feelings she dared hardly own to herself respecting her father. There was something in the eager eye, in the nervous working of his mouth and fingers, in his grasp of every coin he handled, which put strange fancies in her mind that she tried in vain to dismiss.

"Anxiety has become the habit of his mind," she said. "This terrible, carking care has unmanned and demoralised him. Oh, why has he been permitted to drink for so many years of a cup that has been like poison to him?"

One day Mr. Wilpraham asked her if she would like to make acquaintance with some friends of his who had lately come to the Foley. If she would, he would feel pleasure in introducing her to them.

"I often meet them on the road, going and coming here," said Avie, and sighed. Her eye had wandered over to one of the long mirrors that stood in the room. She saw in it a faithful reflection of her *tout ensemble*. No, she could not ask Mr. Wilpraham to introduce her to these wealthy Anglo-Indians, with their elegant shawls and languid manners, their supercilious drawl and coffee-coloured complexions.

"They would not care to know me," she said, with a sadness in her tones that did not escape him.

"Great mistake of Glansie to keep those girls out there till they were grown up. They've done nothing with their time, and the heat has enervated them physically and mentally. No go in them, no spirit, no enthusiasm, but I daresay plenty of temper. They are too old to send to school, and couldn't possibly condescend to a governess at home. Yet they confess that their want of education makes them ashamed, and afraid of other young women."

"Ladies in their position ought to try to remedy that," said Avie. "They ought not to allow a false shame to stand in their way, for most educated people would appreciate their disadvantages."

"I must tell them so, and use what influence I can bring to bear. I am afraid their laziness will prove a more insuperable obstacle than their pride, for that they cannot help."

"If I should go away," thought Avie, "Mr. Wilpraham will enlist both of them for readers, and he will do his best to waken them up."

But Mr. Wilpraham had another grindstone for their wit in mind.

CHAPTER IV.

A FORTNIGHT had passed before Mr. Wilpraham again referred in his conversations with Avie to the Glansies. Then he said—

"Where there's a will there's a way. I have shown my young friends at the Foley how they may repair their scholastic deficiencies, if someone I know will not prove difficult."

"It would be a pity if someone should then," said Avie.

"Well, then, Miss Woodfield, you are the host without whom we cannot reckon. Will you devote the forenoon to those girls? They wish you to make it dovetail with your other plans, by taking luncheon with them, and coming here afterwards. I have prepared the way for you to receive liberal remuneration for your services; but put yourself on the footing of a friend and companion with them. Do not affect the governess; let them feel that their sins of ignorance are sacred to you, and then cajole, entreat, beguile them into learning as much as may make them passable, but never worry. But, first, are you willing? Will your mother make any objection?"

"Oh!" said Avie, grasping his hand. "You do not know how I have been wanting something of the kind; and now I need not leave you, and—and—I am so happy! Well, it only means, 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.'"

"Ah, I remember," said Mr. Wilpraham, pensively. "Well, you will call at the Foley to-morrow morning?"

Long after he heard the sound of her light

step down the gravel walk of the garden he sat thinking, his chin buried in his hand.

"It has been a great consolation to me, dear old Glansie and his wife coming and settling here," he said. "Can the Providence Avie Woodfield believes in have had any part in it? If so, I thank thee, Providence. It was a very kind thought on behalf of a poor, blind hermit, who had forgotten to be grateful; a very kind thought."

He said the words in human fashion, but two large tears fell on his hand, which came from a divine source, and watered the little seed that Avie saw fall on a rock of resistance.

"Things have come to such a pass with us," thought Avie, on her way home, "that mamma must be glad, for all our sakes, that I can earn a salary by teaching every morning at the Foley."

She little knew the trouble she was on her way to meet. Mr. Woodfield had been taken early in the afternoon with giddiness, followed by a complete lapse of consciousness, which lasted fully half an hour. Mrs. Woodfield, apprehensive of apoplexy, had sent quickly for the doctor, and had been in earnest consultation with him long after Mr. Woodfield had recovered, and had fallen asleep on the dining-room sofa.

She returned to her family with a sad face, but told them that there was no cause for present anxiety. Papa's seizure had not been apoplectic.

To Avie she was more communicative.

"Dr. Summer asked me if there was any real cause for the depression in which your papa always appeared to be sunk. What could I do, Avie? I was obliged to admit that he had had disappointments, and that complications in the business had made him over anxious, but the doctor looked as if he did not believe it. 'I daresay you will find that money has become a fixed idea with Mr. Woodfield,' he said. 'He is highly nervous. Persuade him to go into Scotland or on the Continent with a friend. Someone must manage affairs for him, or his brain will give way altogether.' 'Mr. Woodfield will say that he cannot afford it, and the business cannot go on without him,' I said. Dr. Summer just smiled again in that incredulous way he has. 'Mrs. Woodfield, if you do not know—perhaps cannot learn—from your husband how he stands, I should advise you to take proper means for ascertaining. I think you will find that his nerves and a disordered imagination have misled him; and, in any case, I must warn you that his symptoms are serious. They point to some incipient malady of the brain, which may render it highly important that you should get into his confidence, and try, for your own sake and the children's, to have some voice in business matters.' Oh, Avie, what does he think? Is papa going to have softening of the brain, or what is it?"

"He evidently thinks that rest and change are imperatively needed," said Avie, "and we must use all our eloquence to persuade papa, and tell him how we will screw and economise till he comes back."

She had very little heart to tell her mother her own news, and Mrs. Woodfield seemed to listen to her with a far-away mind.

Mr. Woodfield, though he was a little dazed, heard with great satisfaction that she was to be put in the way of earning a little money, and adjured her to be very careful how she spent it.

The next morning they had the satisfaction of seeing him in his usual health, but they could not forget the warning the doctor had given them. Foreseeing the evil, how were they to hide themselves? A perplexed question which ultimately had to be left to the gradual unfolding of circumstances; for Mr. Woodfield, when the necessity of a holiday and of a little travel was cautiously intimated to him at the breakfast-table, went into a violent passion. He told his wife that she never had comprehended, never would be able to comprehend, his position; but when she found them all taking a part in the "Beggar's Opera," she might propose tours and hotels, and all the most approved methods of getting through cash.

His eyes had an angry glare as he spoke; his whole frame was tremulous and agitated. His harsh utterances fell on the ears of his children with all their cruel significance and moral weight, though their mother sustained herself better against them.

Certain vague suspicions had been floating through her mind, which the doctor's words seemed to justify.

At noon Avie set off to see the Glansies, and found the young ladies expecting her. "Child's Guide and Mavor's Spelling Book," all in readiness, they told her, whenever she chose to begin.

She spent nearly all the morning with them, paving the way for future work. Short and easy methods were wanted for everything. So Lamb's Tales were set down as an introduction to Shakespeare, Mrs. Markham was chosen as a guide to the closely-written scroll of history, all the other subjects in their course being treated in a similar fashion.

"If only she would not worry them, nor let the object of her visits be known, they would be very good," they told her.

"If any curiosity is expressed, I will say that I have become acquainted with you through Mr. Wilpraham, and that my object in coming here is that we may all read together," said Avie.

"Yes, that would be nice," drawled Louisa. "People will wonder what you want of so much reading; but there's no accounting for taste. Here, where everyone likes to do something, they can't understand how we hate being bored. But, oh! Miss Woodfield, if you'd lived in India, and been thrown on native servants, because your mother was half boiled all the year round, except when she was up in the mountains, and your governesses were little better than animated jellies, you'd understand."

"I do understand," said Avie. "Lady Jane Grey would not have done anything under such circumstances. But take courage; if you can stand our winters you will gain more energy both of mind and body."

"I'd give everything I possess for a fair share of energy," said another of these limp maidens.

It will be seen that to help these girls, Avie needed not knowledge only, but abundant tact and sympathy.

The want of enthusiasm her pupils showed, the snail-like pace they kept, could not but be irritating to one so ardent, but their affection for her, which showed itself in much genuine kindness, compensated for a great deal.

"I seem to have three homes now," she would say to her mother; "and though two of them are beautiful, luxurious, wealthy homes, I see the shadow of a heavy cross in every one."

"Ah! but there is none like ours!" said weary Mrs. Woodfield. "Even poor Mr. Wilpraham in his blindness would not change with us to be in our predicament; he at least has peace and rest."

"I think that God is giving him contentment," Avie said.

She looked wistfully at her mother, yearning to speak to her of Him who has said, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" but shyness, which never shuts the gates of prayer, sealed her lips so that she could not say more.

Mr. Woodfield's head clerk was now managing the business for him, but this man showed a profound reserve when Mrs. Woodfield questioned him as to the state of affairs. No doubt he had received instructions from his master, who, having begun to blunder so egregiously that many losses were incurred, consented to surrender his duties to another, while he kept the lynx eye of suspicion and jealousy open for any advantage that might, he thought, be taken of his growing incapacity.

This state of things could not last for ever. The day came when all Closeholm knew the keen accountant's condition. His wife and daughters, the disengaged clerks, had been in turns stationed beside him, to interest and amuse him, and yet guard his every movement; but he was becoming less and less amenable to their wiles and endeavours.

It was now decided by Dr. Summer that though Mr. Woodfield's case was incurable, they must see what further could be done for him; and Mrs. Woodfield must in all fairness be initiated into her husband's position, and a power of attorney be procured to give her the right of independent action.

Even Mrs. Woodfield's cheek blanched at the thought of assuming her husband's responsibilities—a cold sweat stood on her brow. Avie stayed at home on the critical day that she was to have a conference with the bank manager, with Mr. Woodfield's solicitor, and the head clerk.

When, after several hours spent in uncertainty, Avie obeyed a summons to her mother's room she found her—how? Transformed, it appeared to Avie. It was difficult to say what emotion was uppermost with her, so many swept over her face in quick succession. "Avie," she said, "I have been deceived, played upon, crushed underfoot, for no reason. But it can never occur again. It never can occur again. I am set free from the toil at last."

"Mamma, what do you mean? Who would use you as you say?"

"Who? Who told us that we were poor, Avie, when we were really rich? Who said the business was going to ruin, when he was banking money as fast as he could make it? I have got here," she said, "the endorsement of successful speculations, the deeds of three legacies of which I was never told. I to be treated in this way!" she said, "who bore you all, and who got for you all the education and comforts I could, at the cost of grudging and many a hard word. Oh! it is bitter. I will confess now," said Mrs. Woodfield, after a long pause, "that I sometimes thought our difficulties were exaggerated; but if ever I thought your father had anything considerable behind him, I repelled the suspicion as a most unworthy one."

"Do not let the other children know, mamma," Avie almost wailed.

"No; and yet there are people in Closeholm who have known it all along."

"But is papa answerable for the delusion? He has acted under the influence of disease, has he not—not from moral motive?"

"Latterly, no doubt. But all through! No, Avie; the love of money is a thing that grows in a man. It is just that which has brought your father to the state he is in. I could never believe anyone who told me otherwise."

Yes, money had been on poor Mr. Woodfield's brain for years, and would be to the end of his days.

"He had grown so abnormally anxious," Dr. Summer said, "that he could not believe if he drew one pound from the bank another would be left for him to draw to-morrow."

The natural resentment of his wife softened when she was in possession of the sweets of a prosperity in which he could not share. It is only a hard heart that can steel itself against misfortune. Avie was glad and thankful when her mother began to speak of the injustice done to her as "poor papa's unfortunate craze." It showed that she was softened,

and that she tried to regard the thing from the medical rather than the moral point of view.

It was a pleasant and a melancholy sight to see the whole family now, driving in the long evenings through the beautiful country of Closeholm; the delicate mother looking so much better for the air and exercise, the freedom from domestic harassments, and her afflicted lord looking around him vacantly, or with a flash of intelligence in his mournful eyes. Perhaps he wondered why he was there, and how he came there. It was certain he would never be out long without telling his wife that he had important business to transact elsewhere, and must see Mr. Foster, the bank manager, or his agent.

Avie still continued the even tenor of her way.

Her friendship with Mr. Wilpraham was a sacred thing to her with which no change could interfere.

The teacher was becoming the taught, opening his heart to a holier light than that against which his eyes were sealed. Avie first knew this from the kind of books he chose to have read to him.

This encouraged her to try and open her father's mind in his more lucid intervals to things of which he had been long forgetful. She did not doubt that God had the key to his spirit, and could bring spiritual order out of all the confusion and darkness that reigned there

As to the Glansies, to whom she was fast becoming all that Mr. Wilpraham had been to her, they declared that they would not study with another, for no one else could take her place. So let us take our leave of her.

Mrs. Browning says—

"If a rose were sometimes thrown to you
from out the sky,
You would attain a trick of looking up."

Let our looking up be more than a trick, our prayers more to us than a kind of charm, for the Christian's hope carefully cherished shall be turned into certainty, and all sincere, earnest prayers have the answer that God sees best, even if it fails of bringing us the answer that we wish.

[THE END.]

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

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Total amount received, £105 7s. 2½d.

AN "ORDER OF MERIT" IN FRANCE.

REPORT READ BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY FRANÇAISE ON THE PRIZES AWARDED TO VIRTUE AT THE MEETING HELD LAST AUTUMN.

GENTLEMEN, it is now 104 years since the French Academy first publicly awarded prizes to virtue, so that this ceremony cannot pretend to any degree of novelty. When it took place for the first time on August 25th, 1783, it excited great curiosity.

A chosen few thronged the narrow hall of the Louvre, where the Academy held its meetings. Everyone listened with emotion as the Director, M. De Boisgelin, Archbishop of Aix, related the good deed about to be rewarded. It is even said that tears flowed from all eyes; but emotion was at its height when the poor woman who had won the crown rose from her seat and passed through the ranks of the assembly to receive her prize . . . . If, however, our prizes for virtue have lost their novelty since first awarded, they have gained much in importance . . . Instead of a single prize, we have now fifty to give, and there are not wanting candidates to receive them . . . . Demands have come to us this year from almost all the Departments of France—some even from the Island of Mauritius and from Guadaloupe. No doubt we shall have some soon from Tunis and Tonquin. Everywhere—wherever a devoted or virtuous action has been performed, those who have witnessed it have hastened to tell us of it. The neighbours assemble—talk it over—and the Municipal Council exerts itself. All these good people have no other interest in the matter than the pleasure of seeing virtue rewarded. But this is a very keen, wide-spread pleasure. This year we have received 210 documents, accompanied by most honourable signatures, which it has been necessary to examine most carefully, and among which, I assure you, it has not been easy to decide.

The first prize is awarded to a Calais sailor, Adolphe Delannoy, for a whole life of devotion and courage . . . . . Two prizes, little less in importance than the first, are awarded to Madame Dorvan Lalande and to André Bonneyrat. Madame Dorvan Lalande belongs to a good family of Poitou. Being left a widow in 1882, after a well-spent life in which benevolence had always filled a large space, her duties as wife and mother over, she judged herself at liberty for the years that remained to her to live where and how she pleased. Her tastes did not lead her to pleasure or repose; she had a passion for being of use, and dreamt of devoting herself to the aid of suffering humanity. In order to become an efficient nurse, she walked the hospitals, and followed the medical courses and lectures. It was at the time when France was threatened with a speedy invasion of cholera. Madame Dorvan Lalande thought that it would be a good thing to learn to know and fight it, before it reached home. She set out for Egypt, where it was raging, visited Alexandria, Cairo, Ismailia, and Port Said, staying longest in the towns most affected, and conducting herself throughout with a courage and a zeal to which the doctors of the country have rendered homage.

The following year, when the plague broke out at Toulon with violence, as you know, Madame Dorvan Lalande was ready. She obtained permission to go there and establish herself in the Hospital Bon Rencontre, as a common nurse. "The patients at Bon Rencontre," the president of the administrative board wrote to her later, "will never forget the cares you have lavished on them during our cruel trial. As for us directors and doctors, we cannot cease thanking you for your generous help." In her devotion to others Madame Lalande forgot herself, and on returning to Paris she was attacked with pneumonia, which endangered her life. As soon as she could be moved, she was admitted to the Vesinet Convalescent Home, where on July 13th, 1885, she received the medal of honour, which the Home Secretary adjudged to her for her heroic conduct. The Academy thinks that this conduct merits a still higher recompense.

Besides these three prizes, the Academy awards eleven medals of 1,000 francs (£40) and twelve of 500 francs (£20) each—the interest on M. de Montyon's legacy. I wish it were possible for me to place before you details of the virtuous actions which have merited these rewards. You would feel, I am sure, deep interest in seeing quite poor women—a florist—a village schoolmistress—needy workwomen—lavishing their care on the sick, the infirm, the indigent; sometimes even gathering them together—and though almost without means, offering them a shelter—even keeping them there until their death—by dint of prodigies of industry and charity. I should like to have time to mention all. I am forced to choose among them almost indiscriminately.

At Blaye, in the Gironde, Mlle. de Morineau, who had inherited nothing but a large house, founded there a hospital for aged women. Then, in order to cause no jealousy, built on unoccupied land an asylum for old men, and she found means, by begging on all sides, to maintain eighty-four persons there.

Elsewhere in one of the poorest parts of Auvergne, some sisters named Chaband, who possessed only a tiny cottage that their father, an old gamekeeper, had left them, became the benefactors of the whole neighbourhood. Hearing of illness in any place, they go there, care for the sufferer until the last, and if some little child is left desolate in the empty hut, they take it to their own home. Everything in the story of these poor girls is surprising and extraordinary. By spinning, weaving, knitting all day, they are barely able to maintain themselves, nevertheless they nourish the poor from their superfluity. Their cottage seems too narrow to hold them all three, and they house five orphans also; and yet we are told that miracles no longer take place.

But there is something still more marvellous. Marie Pauline Larrony, deaf-mute from her birth, was educated at the National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Bordeaux. Full of gratitude for an education which permitted her to mix a little in society, and which gave her back in part what nature had denied her, she resolved to devote herself to the task of teaching others. Chance having led her to Oloron, a small town in the Lower Pyrenees, she took first one little deaf and dumb girl to live with her, then a second, and finally received all who came. Almost all were poor; on her part she had no private fortune, and consequently no means of clothing and feeding them. If we were to reason after the wisdom of men, we should judge her wrong to attempt more than she could perform, but when once one has tasted the secret satisfaction of doing good, one becomes insatiable—enthusiasm carries one away. Virtue as well as vice has its enticements. It is possible to do headstrong, almost frantic, acts of charity. When Mlle. Larrony saw that she had exhausted her resources, she did not for a moment contemplate sending away the children she had received. But it was necessary all the same that they should not die of hunger. She decided to beg for them. To beg, when one is a deaf-mute, to ask alms from people to whom one cannot speak, and whom one cannot hear, is no easy task. Think, moreover, that people at Oloron are not rich, and that those to whom Mlle. Larrony appealed found it a hard matter at times to live themselves. Nevertheless, she was not discouraged. For three years she went from house to house, from village to village. "It seemed the image of misery, knocking at the door of poverty," says the report which was sent to us. What a pity, gentlemen, that poverty is not the least bit richer! It is generally most charitable; none give with a more willing heart than those who have scarcely anything to give. Mlle. Larrony never went away empty-handed. She took all that was offered to her—old clothes, eatables, even pieces of black bread. Those sad times have gone, thank God. The Department and the parish have taken Mlle. Larrony's school under their protection. But do not imagine from this that it is rich. The mayor sends us the accounts of the small establishment. They balance, it is true, but at the cost of much economy and many privations.

There remains to be spoken of the category of good servants, who are devoted to their employers, who, receiving no wages, work for them, care for them, and sometimes even support them. . . . And we crown women—daughters who spend their lives labouring for the ungrateful, receiving for all thanks bitter reproaches, sometimes blows, without losing patience or ceasing their devotion for a single day; add that for the most part they are very poor, and therefore cannot aid others without suffering painfully themselves. . . . Louise Germain, for example, has been employed for thirty-seven years in lace-making at Dieppe; she lived alone with her mother, whom she supports by her work. She has refused to be married, in order not to be separated from her; she cares for her with a zeal and tenderness which has never been surpassed. Life, however, is hard in this poor household. The old woman, now 76 years of age, is full of pains, and half paralysed. Her days are passed in suffering; at night she is ill at ease on the hard, narrow bed, which mother and daughter share. She has been heard to say, "I should like not to die before I have lain on a mattress." Notwithstanding, the garret is clean and well arranged. Louise Germain, with clothing pieced and mended, is still so tidily dressed that no one round her suspected to what fearful straits she was often reduced. She has never complained, she owes nothing, asks nothing, and, by working 14 hours a day, she earns 75 centimes (7½d.). That is her sole resource for herself and her mother, and for many years she has managed to make it sufficient. Bread is not always abundant, and it frequently happens that, having to pay some unexpected expense, one of the two meals is suppressed. But Louise, the one who works, is also the one who starves—the old mother lacks nothing. Do you not think, gentlemen, that duty performed under such circumstances approaches nearly to heroism?

* * * * * * * *

And we ask, girls, do you not think that our own G. O. O. M. will be equally useful in rewarding virtue among all English-speaking girls throughout the world?

We hope next month to place before our readers some names of girls whom they may consider to be deserving of our Gold Medal, and we hope on their part that they will be always ready to send us particulars of cases of heroism, or to suggest names of talented girls who, by their prominence, are deserving recognition at our hands.—ED.

CHILDREN'S DRESS.

DRESS:

IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

TEA-GOWN:
THE DRESS OF THE FUTURE.

JUST at this time we are all busy trying to make the clothes we are wearing last till the time comes for spring things, and we have hardly made up our minds even to consider the possibilities of buying anything. For the times seem so hard that there is less and less money to spend on the mere luxuries of life every year with many of us. I know numbers of people who now spend less than half what they did on dress; but though this is the case, they certainly look quite as well as they ever did, the reason perhaps being that they put more mind into the work of choosing it, and employ their reflective powers, the articles purchased being intended to last, and thus they are better selected in colour and texture. It is wonderful how much superior our dress looks when a little mental effort is applied to it, and we are not entirely guided by the fashion or the mere personal fancy of the moment. Our girls should make this care a matter of conscience. The best dressed women are they, I think, who have some kind of a rule in dress—who buy just what is absolutely required, and have the least amount in their wardrobes. One good dress a year seems to be the chief requisite of most people—such a dress that will look as fashionable the second year as the first, and, save and except the natural wear, be tidy and fresh as the "second best." For the "third best," or ordinary gown, there will always be (if only really good materials be purchased and good styles chosen) plenty of remainders of gowns, which may be refreshed and renovated in various manners. The present method of selling made-up skirts, so long as the fashion of wearing jerseys remains "in," is a most convenient one; and a pretty dress can be obtained without trouble and little thought. Jerseys, though much threatened, seem to me likely to remain in fashion and be as much worn as ever. We women are very slowly growing more sensible, and, I daresay, with each year we shall become more and more capable of disdaining the decrees of the milliner and dressmaker, and of selecting for ourselves the styles that are useful to us, and that we intend to follow.

The other day I was told by a very clever lady-artist that she hoped to see every woman who cared for her personal appearance adopting the "tea-grown style;" that she thought it was the most becoming and artistic style of dress, as well as the one that most conformed to all the hygienic and sanitary rules of dressing. I was much delighted to find that art agreed perfectly with science and good sense; for our American neighbours and cousins have long accepted the "princess" shape as the best garment for a woman's outside gown. For, whether it be made long, in the style of a "tea-gown," with a loose front, as the present fashion demands it should be made, or cut to a short walking length, and draped in the style prevailing at the time—it is equally pretty and becoming. I have had one of the newest, with a "bag-front," illustrated; but it is a little more baggy, perhaps, than I should think useful and satisfactory in wear. It would be better tied in with ribbons at the waist. For more quiet wear it might be

made a plain "princess," with buttons or bows of ribbon down the front. Some of the tea-gowns at the first-class London mourning shops are quite charming in their admixture of black and white, or grey and black. One of black silk, with narrow stripes of white, had a front of white, with black lace draped over it—a black high frill of lace at the neck, and tied with black and white ribbons in front. This was a most poetic style of dress and colouring, and of course might be copied in less expensive materials, such as cashmere and silk.

One very decided benefit of the "princess" robe shape is, that it can be made so easily at home with the aid of a good paper pattern. There are several patterns available; some quite plain, and some more ornate, with fuller gathers at the back, or more completely tight-fitting, but all have the same effect of looking well. For the making of print dresses there is no pattern so good, I think, as they can be ironed very easily. All print dress intended to be worn by our servants in the cold weather should be warmly lined half way down to the knee (if a "princess") with unbleached cotton, or a good "cottonette," as the cotton flannels are now called. I always try to see that this is done, for then there is no risk of taking cold, the cotton dress becoming as warm as the afternoon dress. But there is no more difficult question than this very one of the dress of our female servants. They are, half of them, insufficiently clad, they do not wear flannel, and they are constantly exposed to alternate draughts and to great heat. I think they should always try to wear flannel combinations, and also warm flannel petticoats and thick stockings. I wish I could persuade them to knit their own stockings, as foreigners always manage to do.

This season there are many new makes of woven combinations to be found in every shop, for the English manufacturers have at last adopted the German method of using the natural-coloured wool of which to make women's underclothing, as they have long used it for that of men, and no one need be without it. The first expense is the great trouble, for our habit has been to make from half a dozen to a dozen of underclothing at the same time, and most of us have a certain stock on hand. I am often asked the puzzling question, what to do with this? and I think my answer nearly always is, buy three of the woollen combinations and make the plunge at once, for health's sake, as half the women in England are under-dressed so far as warmth is concerned. Save the needful money to purchase them out of something else less essential. Go without a dress, or a bonnet if necessary, and make old things do. With regard to the cotton underclothing, you will probably be able to wear it out in the summer, over a thin woollen combination. With a paper pattern of a "combination garment" a clever girl may alter chemises and drawers. But it requires some thought, and is rather a difficult job. The drawers are best altered by adding a bodice shape to the top, like the "Emancipation suit" shown in our last article on the subject of dress in the "G.O.P." Chemises must be cut out and

A SIMPLE EVENING GOWN.

A RAINY-DAY VISITOR.

generally added to, so as to lengthen them sufficiently.

And now having completed my little sermon, made with a view to helping my readers to better things in their apparel, I must turn to other matters, and mention the leading ideas of the dress of the present moment. I think next winter will undoubtedly see the restoration of the long and all-covering cloaks, worn as "spencers" and "redingotes" by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and often made of the material of the dress. I think it a good useful style, and if they be lined and wadded, much better to walk in than fur-lined cloaks of any kind. Long sleeves with long pointed ends are now worn, and so are large hoods with these cloaks.

Braiding continues in high favour for the trimming of dresses, panels of it being the most liked, as we have illustrated in our sketch of "A rainy-day visitor." The drapery of all kinds of skirts remains long and full, and shows little or no change in style. Every skirt is draped high to one hip, and the fulness at the back is more like gathering in folds than puffings of material. Bonnets are even made of braid, which is employed as if it were straw.

Fur boas are used as much as ever, and the collarettes do not seem to have taken their place; and many fur capes are seen too, as it is not easy to dispense with so useful an article all at once. Long-haired furs are more liked than short-haired ones.

I have illustrated a simple evening gown, of which the trimming is so easily arranged that it might be done at home, if any of my readers owned a silk dress that could be metamorphosed into something quite different. The laces in the piece, and the beaded nets, are now sold so cheaply, that enough might be found to trim a dress at a very moderate rate.

The children's fashions speak for themselves. We ring the changes on certain things in England—on kilted skirts, jersey bodices, honey-combed bodices, and "Kate Greenaway" costumes, with plain skirts and big sashes. Of late there has been a feeling for long jackets to the bodice, which are cut so as to fall in points over the skirt, as we have illustrated to the right of our picture. Black stockings and shoes are more used than anything for both day and evening wear, and the hat and little long cloak frequently match in colour, and sometimes also in material as well.

For our paper pattern for this month we have selected the "Dress Drawers," which have been recommended and adopted in American hygienic theories, and stand about in the same place as our divided skirt. Both are intended to do away with the weight of petticoats, and their pressure at the waist,

DRESS DRAWERS.

and to provide more warmth for the limbs, while avoiding the fatigue produced by the long skirts flapping against the ankles. They may be always used, or one occasionally for extra warmth, in walking, tricycling, or driving. Many people wearing also warm woollen gowns would find them too warm in the house. They may be made of the material of the dress, lined with coloured flannel, or they may be made of serge or flannel so as to fit the boot, or only coming to the ankle. Very similar garments have long been used by ladies both for riding and mountaineering.

The pattern as *given* consists of two pieces only, the openings are at the sides, and a button and button-hole are needed at each side to fasten them on. The tops should be faced and lined with cotton or linen after the manner of a trouser, or a wide tape may be used to sew along the top. About four yards of 36-inch material would be sufficient to cut them with care, but if the material be narrower it would be better to measure on a newspaper the exact width of material, and lay the pattern on it.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.," price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination); housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, and emancipation suit.

THE MARTYR'S DAUGHTER.

By CLARA THWAITES.

"A FIERY chariot was thine,
My father, to the skies!
But still there shone a Form divine
Before thy steadfast eyes.

"The rack, the torture, and the flame
Moved not thy spirit's faith;
The sound of Christ's beloved name
Lulled all the pains of death.

"O faithful unto death! The crown
Of life to thee is given;
What matters now the tyrant's frown
Amid the smiles of heaven!

"In paradise the martyr sings;
That glory far outweighs
Our light affliction's sufferings
Through fleeting earthly days.

"And while the note of triumph soars
Beyond these silent tombs,
I wreathe with resurrection flowers
The dreary catacombs.

"'A little while,' so Christ has said,
And He will come again;
And we with all the blessed dead
Shall join His glorious train.

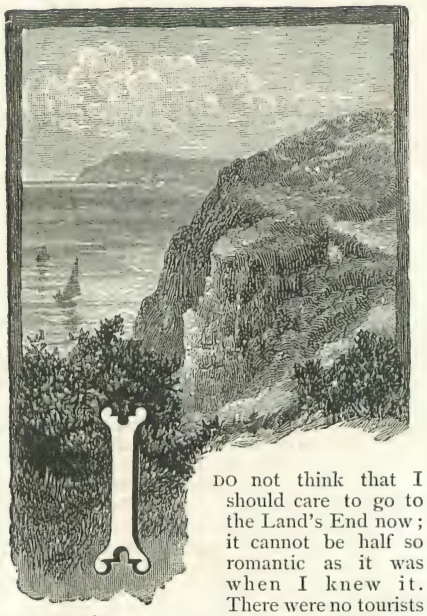
"Come quickly, Lord!" And as she prayed,
Amid the echoing ways,
A band of soldiers sought the maid,
And burst upon her gaze.

Amid the martyred dead, her faith
She owned with fearless breath;
And unto Christ of Nazareth
Was faithful unto death.

THE MARTYR'S DAUGHTER.

See p. 346.

THE CHARIOT OF THE KINGS.



DO not think that I should care to go to the Land's End now; it cannot be half so romantic as it was when I knew it. There were no tourists then, coming every day in brakes from Penzance to profane the sacred solitude with their rude mirth, and leave their nasty chicken-bones and egg-shells all over the place. Only real lovers of Cornish scenery who could stand some discomforts for its sake made their way there, and such a one was I. I spent a whole summer there, lodging in a fishy cottage, and became great friends with the fishermen, and many an adventure have I had with them in their boats. I particularly liked going out by moonlight, and it was owing to this love of nightly excursions that the curious incident happened to me which I am going to relate.

One afternoon, early in September, I had taken out a book and wandered with it along the coast towards Tol Pedn Penwith. I walked till I came to the great pile of rocks in the valley under Bosistow Headland. The top of this pile forms a sort of giant's armchair, and into this I climbed, and sat there reading, till the setting sun spread a glorious red glow over sky and sea, and the delicious fresh chill of an early autumn evening came into the air. I laid down my book and sat looking out upon the hill, settling my plans in my mind. "Saturday will be full moon," I said to myself, "and then, if it is calm enough, I will row out along the coast by the 'Armed Knight,' and——"

"Do not go to the Armed Knight when it is full moon in September," said a voice close to me.

I was much startled, and turned hurriedly round. I saw a man standing in front of the narrow opening by which I had climbed into the chair. He stood there calmly; his pose was firm and grand, like that of a statue. He was wonderfully handsome; tall and well-built, dark-haired and brown-eyed, with a firm-shut mouth, and a proud, melancholy look, like one who had been long without hope, and yet was not cast down by it. His clothes were strange, not like any worn now. I sat staring at him without speaking, for I was both astonished and startled.

"Listen," he said, in a quiet, authoritative voice. "Because you are sitting in the seat of my lord the king, I have power granted to me to warn you."

There was no need to tell me to listen; I think if I had shut my ears I should still have heard that quiet voice, as it told me the following tale:—

A long while ago were the happy days of my life. My father and mother dwelt in Sennen Cove. My father was a fisherman, and throve so well that he was counted rich among the folks in the cove. He had bags of gold buried in the earth; he had two boats, and store of nets, and his cottage and garden plot were the largest in the village. He was a wise man, and all the neighbours honoured him, so that he was a kind of chief among them. Moreover, he had a fair wife and two strong and sturdy sons; the elder was called Nicholas, and the other, who was eight years younger, was called Just; that was I. They gave me that name because my mother came from the town of St. Just, hard by; and as it was the name of a saint, Father Lambert, our priest, said it was a good name.

Next door to us there dwelt a very dear friend of my mother, who also came from St. Just. She and my mother had been like sisters to each other from their youth up. This woman was the wife of a fisherman called Pendean, a brave man, but stern, and easily offended. The couple had one son, named Wilfred, the same age as I; they had also taken in a little orphan boy named Michael, the son of Pendean's brother, to be brought up with their son.

When I was four years of age a little sister was born to me, and on the same day a daughter was born to the Pendeans. I can well remember how my mother and Pendean's wife rejoiced over these infants, and said they should be like sisters to each other, as their mothers were. And my sister was baptised Tryphena, the other babe Tryphosa.

But soon after this my gentle mother fell ill and died, and after her death Mistress Pendean missed her so sorely that she pined away, and after a long illness died also. She had no great love for her husband to keep her back; she was afraid of him, for she was a timid woman.

So we children grew up together with no mothers to care for us, and yet we were very happy. Many a wild thing did we do, and many a time did we run into such perils as I marvel we ever escaped from, for Wilfred and I were daring lads, and feared nothing. We looked down on little Michael, though he learnt of Father Lambert, and was growing quite a scholar, while we could neither write nor read; but he was weakly, and never would come climbing or rowing with us, and his ways were mean and deceitful. Our sisters loved him and thought much of him, for he would often play with them, and made them many curious things. In common he was very kind to them, but there were times when he would lord it over them, and even try to frighten them. At such times I felt that I hated him, and would have struck him gladly but that he was so weak.

When my mother had been dead some few years, my father followed her to the grave. He made my brother Nicholas promise to be a father to me and my sister, and left all his goods to him. At first his death made us very sad, but we were young, and soon forgot our grief playing with those dear neighbours of ours. Nicholas was indeed a father to us. He was a bold young man and somewhat hot-tempered, but he never was angry with us. He let me do just what I would, which was not good for me, for I was wilful and reckless. But he loved Tryphena better than anything else in the world. When she was joyful he was happy, and he could not bear to see her look sad. I loved her, too, and she was the pet and darling of us both. But I loved Tryphosa even better; she was the fairest little maid I ever saw, and the gentlest and the merriest; and she had promised me to be my wife when I was a man. Oh, how happy we were in those old days when we played together as children!

One day in the summer, when I was fourteen years old, I was sitting on the Land's End with Tryphena and Tryphosa, and we were looking towards the south. I made stories for the two children out of the rocks, and said how one was like a horse, and another was like a fish swimming, but when we came to the rock which men call the "Armed Knight," I saw on a sudden that it was like a chariot with horses, carrying four kings to the land. And I showed it to the maidens, how two kings sat in the front of the chariot with crowns, and a queen with a veiled face, and how two sat in the back of the chariot, and one of these, who seemed taller and grander than all the others, looked to the west, out to the setting sun. "See!" I cried, "he is turning his face towards us!" But at this the children screamed for fear, and clung to me, and said the king would get hold of them, and that strange chariot affrighted them sorely. I laughed at their fears, and soothed them, and took them home, little knowing how soon those fears were to come true.

It was not long after this that old Pendean took Michael with him one day to the town of Penzance, and when Michael returned he came in great glee to our cottage, saying he had brought a gift for Tryphena. This was a pure white dove, white as the foam. When our little Tryphena saw it, she was so glad that I think it was the happiest hour of her life. It was a pretty sight to see her thanking Michael and fondling her dove, and Nicholas and I thought we could have watched her forever. But alas! the silly bird felt that the place was strange, and longed, I suppose, for its old home, and in the night it got loose, and when Tryphena came to see it early in the morning, it was gone. We all went forth to seek it, but with small hope of finding it, and Wilfred and I quarrelled as to where we should look, and came to blows over it, and as I got the best of it he went home in a rage, and would look no more. I saw no sign of the dove all day, and late in the evening I got the boat and went along the coast, to see if it had flown to the rocks. It was early in September, and the sea was very calm, so that I could go right among the rocks, for I knew the coast well. By-and-by the sun set, and the bright, full moon shone clear, and the rocks, with their deep shadows, and the glistening water looked so beautiful that I went lazily on, forgetting about the lost dove. So I came to the chariot rock, and, half in a dream, I put out my hand and touched it. Suddenly a loud, deep voice, loud and deep as the sound of a breaking wave, called to me from the height of the rock, "Why dost thou trouble me?" I was a bold lad, but I trembled, and my heart sank within me at the sound of that terrible voice. I knew at once, how I know not, that it was the voice of the great king, who sits with his face towards the setting sun, and the thoughts of my heart seemed to me to be laid bare before him, so that I was constrained to answer, "My lord, I am seeking a white dove that has flown away from my little sister." "Come up," said the king, and stretched down his stony hand to me, and I climbed up the rock and grasped it, and so ascended into the chariot and stood beside him. There sat the four kings, grand and still in the moonlight, and the queen with her veiled face. And the great king said, "Who has seen this white dove?" Then the queen answered, with her head bent down, and said, in a soft and pleading voice, "Oh, my lord, he is so

young, he is but a child; let us not find his love for him, but let him go, or at the least warn him!" But the king answered in a sterner voice than ever, "Peace, sister; he, too, must fulfil his doom." Then one of the kings spoke, and said, "I looked to the east, and I saw a white dove flying." Then said the great king, "Drive on till we reach that white dove." So the horses turned and thundered through the waters swifter than the wind can blow, and we stopped beneath a craggy cliff, and there was the white dove sheltering. So they set me on shore, and I climbed up till I reached it, and took it safely in my hand, and came to the chariot again; and the horses turned and rushed swiftly through the waters. But the queen took the dove, and laid it in her bosom. And when they came to their old place the horses stopped. And the great king seized me, and said, "Now thou art my vassal, and must serve me for ever!" But his grasp was as that of a child, and I shook it off, and took the dove from the queen, and leapt down into my boat, which had not drifted away an inch. So I rowed home as hastily as I could, not daring to look behind. And I resolved by the way that I would tell no one of what I had seen, for fear they should say I dealt in witchcraft. It was late when I reached home, breathless with haste, and waking Tryphena from her sleep told her that I had found her dove. Alas! alas! her joy was short-lived! The very next day Wilfred, who wished to be revenged on me, and knew that he could strike me best through Tryphena, the coward! set the cat at the poor white dove, and the cruel beast killed the harmless creature. Poor little Tryphena's grief was miserable to see; she wept over the white feathers we found as if her heart were broken, and it was all in vain that I tried to comfort her. When Nicholas came in and heard what had happened, and saw her tears, he was beside himself with rage, and went out and caught Wilfred, and beat him till I thought he would have killed him. Michael ran to fetch old Pendean to save Wilfred, and when he came he fell upon Nicholas, and they fought like wild beasts; soon other men joined in the fight, but more fought on Nicholas' side than on Pendean's, and Pendean was utterly defeated. All the children were so frightened at the terrible noises of the fight, that they crept into our cottage for company, and Wilfred begged Tryphena's pardon a thousand times for what he had done. When all was quiet we took Tryphosa home again, and I bade her have no fear, for I would protect her. So we went to sleep, hoping that all was well. But next day Wilfred came in to tell us that old Pendean, who could not abide being beaten, was going to leave the place, and said he cared not where he went, so it was far enough away. This was heavy tidings for us. In a few days Pendean bartered his boat for the horse and cart of one of his friends, and set off, sitting sullen in the cart while the children walked behind weeping. I went after them, and when Tryphosa saw me she lagged behind the others till I came up with her. We walked together for more than a mile, and when we parted we vowed always to love each other, and never to wed any other person as long as we lived. I said that as soon as I was a man I would come and seek her, and we gave each other a lock of hair, and kissed, and so parted.

It was very lonely at home now, and we had no one that we cared to play with. Tryphena grew pale and thin, and she would often say to me, sadly, "Ah, dear Just, I wish you had never found my poor white dove again!" To which I said "Amen" with all my heart. I often cursed the day when I had gone to the chariot of the kings, and yet I felt, too, that it gave me a strange, new power. Would that I had put that evil thought away from my heart for ever! As our little Tryphena grew sadder and weaker, I knew that she was pining after Tryphosa, as Tryphosa's mother had pined after hers. Only too surely she pined away, and in a year she died, and we buried her beside our father and mother. When her gentle presence was gone from our desolate home, Nicholas grew sullen, and I grew more wilful and reckless than ever. Nicholas was never the same again, and ere long he was drowned in a storm at sea, and one of our boats went down with him. So I was left all alone. I grew up to be the bravest fisherman and climber in all the place, and wise in counsel for all but myself, so that young as I was, men looked up to me, and I might have wedded any of the maidens about us if I had chosen. But I never forgot Tryphosa, and my heart was wholly set on her. As soon as I thought myself old enough, I went forth to seek her, taking enough of my father's gold with me. I sought her all through Cornwall and Devon and far along the south coast of England, and never could find her or hear tidings of her at all. And a dreadful thought came creeping into my heart, which I struggled against in vain. Day by day it gained the mastery over me more and more, till at length it drove me home; and I reached Sennen early one September, when the moon was at its full. But when I knelt in our old church once more, that evil thought was so far weakened in me that I went to seek counsel of Father Lambert, the priest. When I had told him of my travels and how I had never found Tryphosa, I said, "Father, what must I do? I am weary of seeking, and I might seek the whole world through till I was old, and never find her!" And he answered me: "My son, go forth once more, and if on this journey thou find her not, then come home in peace, and know that God has willed that she shall not be thy wife." But I cried, despairingly, "I will never give her up! Oh, father, is there no spirit of air or water who can tell me where she is?" Father Lambert crossed himself, and said in horror, "God forbid that thou shouldst traffic with spirits, my son! Wouldst thou sell thyself to the devil?" As I went out the evil thought came back to me with seven-fold power, and I knew that I was doomed.

When it was night and the moon was shining brightly, I took a boat and rowed towards the chariot of the kings. As it came in sight, it seemed to me as if the kings were beckoning me on, and I trembled. It was a calm, still night; I came to the rock, and put out my hand and touched it. "Who is it that troubles me?" said the voice of the great king. "I am seeking a maiden—Tryphosa, the daughter of Pendean the fisherman, who left this coast ten years ago." "Come up," said the king, and reached me down his hand; and I climbed up the rock and grasped it, and so ascended into the chariot and stood beside him. There sat the kings, still and grand, in the moonlight, and the queen with her veiled face. "Who has seen this maiden?" said the great king. The queen answered him pleadingly, "O, my lord, will you not warn him?" But the king said sternly, "Peace, sister." Then she said in a low voice, as if each word were wrung from her, "Ten years ago I looked to the north, and I saw a maiden flying from this coast with her father; and a white dove drove them forth." Then said the king, "Drive on till we reach that maiden." So the horses turned, and thundered through the water swifter than the wind can blow; and we stopped by a strange shore, where they set me down, and I went walking inland by the moonlight. Far off I could see the lights of a village gleaming, and I made for them. As I walked, there passed me a man with a lantern in his hand, to whom I said, "Good sir, can you tell me if one Pendean, a fisherman, dwells here?" He held up his lantern and looked me full in the face. I saw that he was a tall man, but slim and weak-looking; his face was not comely, but scholar-like and somewhat mean withal, and his eyes looked shallow; there was a look in them that I thought I knew of old. When he had looked well at me, he cried suddenly, "Why, Just, hast thou forgotten Michael Pendean?"

"Is it truly Michael?" I answered, "such a puny boy grown up so tall?" Then we both spoke together, and asked each other all manner of questions which neither answered, and at length he said he would take me to old Pendean's. By the way he told me how old Pendean was deaf and blind, and how Wilfred had gone out into the world to seek his fortune, and how Tryphosa was the fairest maiden far and near; this he said laughing to himself. He asked me many questions, too, about myself and all at Sennen, and was sorry to hear of my losses. So we came to the cottage. Old Pendean was sitting asleep in his chair by the fire, and by the window sat Tryphosa, spinning, the fairest maiden that ever mine eyes beheld; dark-haired and dark-eyed, with cheeks like the flush of sunset.

Michael made known to her who I was, and we laughed aud wept together for joy at seeing one another; and I felt that I loved her more than ever. They would not wake up old Pendean to see me, for they said he had never forgiven us for having driven him away from Sennen. We sat and talked of our happy old days, and smiled at memories of the time when we were children, and Tryphosa shed many tears over our little Tryphena and her early death. At last I asked her if she remembered how we were betrothed to each other, and had still got the lock of my hair. "Ah, Just," she answered, smiling, "how we change as we grow older! I still have the lock of your hair, indeed; but——" and here she paused and blushed, and Michael broke in with, "I hope you have not come to make her fulfil her promise, for she is betrothed to me now, and we shall be married at Christmas."

"Betrothed to you!" I cried, starting up in a fury. In a moment I had seized Tryphosa, knocked down Michael, who strove to stop me, and was bearing the maiden in my arms to the chariot as fast as I could go; she had swooned away when I seized her. I gained the shore and the chariot, and climbed up the side, and once more the horses rushed swiftly through the sea. But the queen took Tryphosa in her arms, where she lay swooning. And when the horses came to their old place they stopped. Then said the king, mockingly: "Now thou art my vassal, and must serve me for ever." And he laid his hand upon me, and his grasp was as that of a strong man; but I wrestled with him fiercely, and shook him from me, and seized Tryphosa in my arms, and leapt down into my boat, and pushed off. Then I breathed once more, for I was free.

I did not dare to take the maiden to Sennen, lest they should say I dealt in witchcraft for bringing her so soon. So I went along the coast to a town in the South of England where I had been in my travels. When the maiden recovered from her swoon she wept sorely, and upbraided me heavily for taking her away from her home. My heart smote me, but I told her how dearly I loved her, and how I had never forgotten her for one instant all these years, and had sought her so long. I said, too, she should be glad to be free from Michael, for surely I was braver and stronger than he. "But I loved him," she answered, and turned her face away from me, and would speak to me no more. Fool that I was, I thought she said she loved him only because she was angry with me; I did not believe that she could love such a weakly man better than a strong one! Also I had always despised Michael.

She cared not where I took her, she said, she cared for nothing now; but I thought she would soon get to love me, and then all would be well. And yet the thought of how I had grieved her made me very sad.

We rested often on the way, and I went on shore and brought her food back, which she would hardly taste. In a few days we came to the town I spoke of, and I took her to the house of a good old woman I knew there, and when I had built myself a cottage we were wedded. She did not care what happened to her now, she said; but I thought when she was once my wife it would be different. I watched over her with loving care; for her sake I wrought hard, early and late, and brought her all she wished for. But still that same despair held her, and she was never her old merry self again. Yet in my eyes she was dearer and lovelier than ever. She did half love me, when she saw how great my love was: more than once I have seen her weeping when I went out fishing in rough weather. She went about her household tasks willingly, and she would spin for me and knit for me, and never tire of it. She never said one unkind word to me; alas! I often wished she had, for then the barrier between us might have been broken down. She would never speak to me of her home in the north, nor of the days we were children together; yet often, as we sat by the fire, I have seen her with her knitting in her lap, and her eyes fixed as though she were looking far away; and then I have known that she was thinking of other times and other places. When I saw how pale she was I feared that she, too, would pine away and die. Bitterly did I rue the day that I took her away from her home, and it nearly broke my heart to see her so brave in her quiet despair.

When we had been married a year a daughter was born to us, whom we named Tryphena, after my little dead sister. I hoped now that my wife would be happy in her child, and grow strong once more; but she never grew strong again, and it seemed to me that the touch of the queen was like a blight upon her to bring her to the grave; and so it was. Day by day she grew paler and thinner, and when the child was a year old she died. She told me with her last breath that she forgave me, and that was my only comfort in my sorrow.

When she was buried I set off with my child to go to Sennen again, for I hated that town in the South of England; the sea was never blue like our sea, and the waves came in sadly—never joyful and free like our waves; and in autumn all the land was full of dead leaves from the thick trees.

So we came back to Sennen, and I returned to my old cottage. I told the neighbours that I had been married, and that my wife was dead, but I did not tell them who she was. They dared not ask me many questions, for they feared me. They told me that Michael Pendean had come to the village a year ago, and when he could get no tidings of me he went away angry. I was glad that he had not found me, for I could not bear to face him in his righteous wrath.

I led the same life now that I had led from a boy, with this difference, that I had no hope. I never went near the chariot of the kings after dark, for I thought it had done harm enough to me and mine, and I was afraid of it. Yet a voice within me said that I had not yet fulfilled my doom. But my child was like a ray of bright sunshine on my path, and we loved each other all the better that there was no one else to love. She was a merry little thing, like her mother had been when she was a child; as she grew older I took comfort from her pretty ways, and began to be less miserable; and I only lived for her.

One evening in September, when she was about six years old, I was returning home from fishing, with some sea-shells for her, such as she loved. For we had made an agreement together that morning that she should finish some knitting she had in hand for me, and I should bring her back some fine large shells. As I drew near my cottage an old woman came towards me, a neighbour, who said to me—"Michael Pendean bade me tell thee that he has been here to seek thee this day, and has left thee a token upon thy hearth." At these words a horror of great darkness came upon me, and I rushed into my cottage, to find there my child, my only one, my innocent lamb, struck down dead upon the hearth, with her knitting, hardly finished, clasped in her little hand. O, Michael, coward, villain, hast thou avenged thyself thus? May the curse of the murderer rest upon thee for ever and ever, to drag thee down into hell! Surely he never loved her in the least, or he would not have laid a finger upon her child!

I went raging about the village, and for a night and a day I was like one mad, so that they shut me up, for fear that I should do myself some harm. On the next night I came to myself again, and the full moon was shining in through the window, and I burst my bonds, and hurried to the sea, and launched my boat upon the waters, and made for the chariot of the kings. As it came in sight the kings were all beckoning me, but I feared them now no more; only let me slay the villain, and I care not if they do their worst, for what have I left upon earth? So I came to the chariot, all breathless with my haste, and touched it with my hand. And the voice of the great king said, "Why dost thou trouble me?" And I answered, "I am seeking the murderer of my child." "Come up," said the king, and reached me down his hand, and I climbed up the rock, and grasped it, and so ascended into the chariot, and stood before him. There sat the kings, still and grand in the moonlight, and the queen with her veiled face. And the great king said, "Who has seen this man?" And I heard the queen murmur sadly, "It is now too late to plead." Then the king who sat by the great king answered and said, "I looked to the south, and I saw a man fleeing across the sea, and a child's blood was upon his hands." Then said the great king, "Drive on till we reach that man." So the horses turned, and thundered through the waters, swifter than the wind can blow. And we came to a boat sailing, and I leapt down into it, and stood face to face with Michael Pendean. And we struggled together, but I was stronger than he, and I slew him, and cast his vile body into the sea to be food for the fishes. So I ascended again into the chariot, and the horses returned to their old place. Then the great king said sternly, "Now thou art my vassal, and must serve me for ever;" and he laid his hand upon me, and his grasp was as that of a giant. I struggled with him, but it availed me nought, and a deep pit opened beneath my feet, and he hurled me into it; and now I am his vassal, and serve him until the Judgment Day. Only in the month of September, when the moon is waxing, I may walk these coasts, and when the moon is waning I return to him again.

* * * * *

The quiet voice ceased; I looked up hastily, but the man had vanished.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

London Music Publishing Company.

My Gentle Swallow. Song. For soprano or tenor. By Erskine Allon.—A breezy accompaniment, and a difficult one, is the feature of most interest in this original song. Mr. Allon's rhythmic experience enables him to devise most charming and varied figures.

Alfred Hays.

Impromptu. A delightful little piece for the piano. By Ignace Gibsone.—The first subject is very graceful and winning. On page 3, in the first bar of line 4, we presume that the second bass note ought to be C, not E, and that this is as much a misprint as the one on page 6, third line and first bar, where the bass ought to be D, E flat, E natural.

Gütsch. Valse Caprice for Pianoforte. By E. Champion.—Well written, but so capricious a valse that it is nearly, very nearly, a polka mazurka.

A Wayside Story. Song. By J. E. German.—This song, by the composer of "Fine Feathers," is published in three keys, and is, therefore, within the reach of all.

A. Hammond and Co.

Pensées Musicales. By Ch. Neustedt.—A collection of graceful, pleasant movements for the piano, specially suited to elementary pupils. There are little mottoes attached to each one, but they are only suggestions to the player; there is no word-painting about the music. Notice the curious ten-bar sentence in No. 1.

Album of Pianoforte Pieces. By C. Bohm.—These are more difficult, technically, than the "Pensées" preceding, but less musicianly, and rather showy than artistic.

Souvenir d'Autrefois. Pour piano. Par A. Sergent.—M. Sergent is wise enough not to label his old-world imitation "gavotte," but gavotte it is, and much the same as other gavottes. The constant repetitions of little phrases are happy in effect.

Zephyrs. Rhapsody. By John Cheshire.—Is published as a pianoforte piece, but is really a harpsody. Our eminent harpist, Mr. Cheshire, has given, in this example, an excellent study in arpeggios.

The Huntsman. By Gustav Lange.—Is written with the facility for which this composer of favourite drawing-room music is noted. Like the sermons of some steady-going divines, there is nothing in Lange's music to disturb your peace, and there is little about which you need trouble to think.

Wickins and Co.

Plymouth Sound is the name of a capital sailor's song for baritones. By W. H. Jude.

Gwendoline. Rigadoon. By Allan Macbeth.—After the first two quavers, a bar-line has been omitted. Let us recommend this very good specimen of the dance. But, you say, very naturally, what *is* a rigadoon? It is an old lively dance, performed by a man and woman; the title is derived from the same root as *rig*, which means lively. Henry Purcell wrote several.

Gems from the Classics. Nos. 1—6 consist of movements from well-known works, diluted for infants by Ch. Stephano.

Violin Studies (high school series). We have before us Nos. 2 and 3, "Rondo Perpetuo" and "Gondolied." By Henry Lawson.—The first is rather difficult; the last decidedly easier. Both are useful pieces for young players.

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

THE University at Home—as our three students delighted to call their self-improvement scheme—had its next formal meeting at the end of February; it was on the last day but one of the month.

"Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music," had been set down as the first item in the February programme, and Lucy was full of information as to St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, for whose anniversary this immortal ode was written by Dryden in 1697. Florence contributed the fact that the ode was originally set to music by Jeremiah Clarke, in Dryden's time organist of St. Paul's. Clarke's work, however, it must be added, was a failure, and "Alexander's Feast" has now a musical existence only in the setting by Handel. Handel's music is of about forty years later date than that of Clarke.

In connection with Dryden's verses, Lucy quoted Dr. Johnson, who speaks of the ode as "exhibiting the highest flight of fancy and the exactest nicety of art," and adds that it "is allowed to stand without a rival."

"But critics are not unanimous," remarked Edith. "Hallam, in his 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' gives a much colder opinion. He says "Alexander's Feast" used to pass for the best work of Dryden and the best ode in the language. Many would now agree with me that it is neither the one nor the other, and that it was rather over-rated during a period when criticism was not at a high point. Its beauties, indeed, are undeniable; it has the raciness, the rapidity, the mastery of language which belong to Dryden; the transitions are animated, the contrasts effective. But few lines are highly poetical, and some ink to the level of a common drinking song. It has the defects as well as the merits of that poetry which is written for musical accompaniment.'"

From speaking of Dryden they turned to Robert Burns, "by far the greatest poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in a humble condition." About "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the chief piece of information supplied was the following account by Gilbert Burns, Robert's brother, of the production of this fine poem:—

"Robert," says Gilbert Burns, "had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God!' used by a decent sober head of a family, introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' When Robert had not some pleasure in view, in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together, when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday afternoons—those precious breathing times to the labouring part of the community—and enjoyed such Sundays as would make one regret to see their number abridged. It was in one of these walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' I do not recollect to have read or heard anything by which I was more highly electrified. The fifth and sixth stanzas, and the eighteenth, thrilled with peculiar ecstasy through my soul. The Cotter in the 'Saturday Night' is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotion and exhortation."

In fiction they had read "The Vicar of Wakefield."

"This work of Goldsmith's," said Florence, "seems to have been a success from the time of its first publication."

"I don't wonder at it," exclaimed Lucy; and then she read this criticism by Hazlitt, in his "Lectures on the English Poets"—"'The Vicar of Wakefield' has charmed all Europe. What reader is there in the civilised world who is not the better for the story of the washes, which the worthy Dr. Primrose demolished so deliberately with the poker—for the knowledge of the guinea which the Miss Primroses kept unchanged in their pockets—the adventure of the picture of the Vicar's family, which could not be got into the house—and that of the Flamborough family, all painted with oranges in their hands—or for the story of the case of shagreen spectacles, and the cosmogony?"

"Sir Walter Scott," remarked Edith, "is mentioned as a great admirer of Goldsmith's tale. "We read 'The Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and in age," he says somewhere or other; "we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature."

"Goethe also admired it," Florence observed. "He declared when he was eighty-one years old that it was his delight at the age of twenty, that it had in a way formed part of his education, influencing his taste and feelings throughout life, and that he had recently read it again from beginning to end, with renewed delight, and with a grateful sense of the early benefit derived from it."

"There is an interesting story," said Edith, "told in connection with the publication of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' I copied it into my commonplace book from Boswell's 'Life of Dr. Johnson,' as an illustration of the straits to which improvident authors are sometimes reduced. Dr. Johnson says, 'I received one morning a message from Mr. Goldsmith' that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit: told the landlady I should soon return: and having gone to a bookseller's sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

All three had read Mr. Hueffer's Life of Richard Wagner, but Florence had done more than that: she had read the full and interesting sketch of the great composer, by Mr. Dannreuther, in the last part of Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music." Lucy also, who writes to us that she had been a subscriber to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER ever since it began, mentioned that she had read an account of Wagner in one of our "Evenings with our Great Living Composers," which appeared in January of 1883. That was only a short time before the death of the composer, an event which took place suddenly on the 13th of the following month.

The fall of the Bastille, with its sensational and dramatic incidents, had proved a subject of fascinating interest; so much so, indeed, that Florence declared she had given far too little time to the "Geography" primer of Sir George Grove, which, she said, was so full of facts that she could not remember a tenth of them, whereas of the story of the Bastille she could remember everything. In the "Geography" primer, however, all the three friends had got through the sections dealing with the shape, situation, and character of the dry land of the earth, and the most striking peculiarities of the ocean (pp. 40—79).

Beethoven's Seven Variations on the National Anthem were next talked about; they were not played, for playing these pieces over at their monthly meeting it was found took up too much time. Lucy said she had been specially taken with the bold and vigorous character of the sixth variation, and kept humming it to herself all day.

Of their studies in domestic economy—including this month the arrangement of the dinner table—and of the essay on the "Art of Observing," space forbids our saying anything. Only we must spare a few lines to insert a short poem on "Seeing and Not Seeing," with which Florence concluded her essay. It is by an American writer, and the moral of it every reader may apply to herself.

"The one, with yawning, made reply—
'What have we seen? Not much have I—
Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams,
Blue sky and clouds and sunny gleams.'

"The other, smiling, said the same,
But with face transfigured and eye of flame—
'Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams,
Blue sky and clouds and sunny gleams.'"

The programme for March was next settled, and here it is:—

In poetry two short pieces were set down—Cowper's diverting "John Gilpin" and the old ballad of "Chevy Chase."

In fiction, "The Spy," by Fenimore Cooper, was chosen, the novel which first attracted notice to this great American writer—the American Scott, as he has been called.

Biography had its subject proposed by Florence. "I am tempted," she said, "to

suggest that we should read the 'Life of Mrs. Godolphin,' by John Evelyn, because the other day I came upon a criticism to the effect that 'this little book cannot but be attended with many blessings on account of the purity of its tone and purpose.'" This was at once agreed to, though Edith remarked that she had quite as good a subject to propose whenever she got the chance.

In history the choice fell upon the Spanish Armada, and the events leading up to that unsuccessful scheme for the subjugation of England.

In science, Sir George Grove's Geography was to be continued.

In music, a desire was shown to try something more difficult than what they had played for the last month or two. They decided to turn to Chopin, and chose that composer's fantasia in F minor, op. 30, for the pianoforte.

Domestic study was to be represented by the study of foods in season, and the special subject of ironing.

The essay was to be "On Borrowing and Lending."

Nothing now remains to be done except to give the Thoughts on Conversation, and the Anniversary Days, supplied to us by our two friends who compiled them.

Thoughts on Conversation for the Girls' Own Year.

I. *An essential point.* The soul of conversation is sympathy.—*Hazlitt.*

II. *A time for everything.* There is a time when nothing may be said; a time when some things may be said; but no time when all things may be said.

III. *With great care.* We should be as careful of our words as our actions; and as far from speaking as from doing ill.

IV. *Talking as it should be.* The happiest conversation is that in which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression.—*Dr. Johnson.*

V. *Drawing inferences.* By examining the tongue of a patient physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.—*Justin.*

VI. *Danger in a joke.* Never risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature and the most common, with a person who is not well-bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.—*La Bruyère.*

VII. *Narrow-souled people.* It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

VIII. *A caution.* Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like a sword in the scabbard, thine; if uttered, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles.*

IX. *The happy medium.* In conversation the happy medium is neither silence nor eloquence.

X. *How to meet contradiction.* Silence is the safest response for all contradiction that rises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

XI. *Self-criticism.* There are few occasions in life in which we are more called upon to watch ourselves narrowly, and to resist the assaults of various temptations, than in conversation.—*Hannah More.*

XII. *Talkers and listeners.* People should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.—*Steele.*

XIII. *Suiting ourself to circumstances.* Take rather than give the tone of the company you are in. If you have ability you will show it more or less upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's choosing than upon one of your own.

XIV. *Our noble selves.* Avoid talking about yourself, praising your own works, and proclaiming your own deeds. If they are good they will proclaim themselves; if bad, the less you say of them the better.

XV. *Endless disputes.* All controversies that can never end had better perhaps never begin.—*Sir William Temple.*

XVI. *Exhibitions of vanity.* You will never hear the introductory phrase, "I may say without vanity," but some striking characteristic instance of vanity is sure to follow.

XVII. *Mental improvement.* If we would improve our minds by conversation, it is a great happiness to be acquainted with persons wiser than ourselves.

XVIII. *An answer to evil-speakers.* If anyone tells you that such a one has spoken ill of you, do not refute him in that particular, but answer, "Had he known all my faults, he would not have spoken only of that one."—*Epictetus.*

XIX. *The conversation of age.* One of the surest marks of sobriety and intelligence is having a pleasure in the conversation of age.

XX. *What to expect.* If you utter affronting speeches, you will have to hear them.

XXI. *Things heard before.* Never say that you have heard before what your friend has evidently taken great pleasure in telling you. Her delight at finding you equally well-informed with herself may not be so great as you had imagined.

XXII. *Questions and answers.* Judge of people by their questions, rather than by their answers.

XXIII. *Satirical talk.* Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so few are offended at it.—*Swift.*

XXIV. *Necessary confidence.* In conversation confidence has a greater share than wit.—*Rochefoucald.*

XXV. *Friendly conversation.* Talking with a friend is nothing else than thinking aloud.—*Addison.*

XXVI. *The story-teller advised.* Story-telling is subject to two unavoidable defects: frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that whoever values this gift in herself has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift her company.

XXVII. *A difficult task.* If a girl thinks it a small matter to bridle her tongue she is much mistaken.

XXVIII. *Be sociable.* Avoid reserve in society. Remember that the social elements, like the air we breathe, are purified by motion. Thought illumines thought, and smiles win smiles.

XXIX. *Objectionable talk.* One may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness they are asses that are not lions.—*Fuller.*

XXX. *Saying uncivil things.* We have no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock her down.

XXXI. *Wise reflections.* Think before thou speakest; first, what thou shalt speak; secondly, why thou shouldst speak; thirdly, to whom thou mayest have to speak; fourthly, about whom (or what) thou art to speak; fifthly, what will come from what thou mayest speak; sixthly, what may be the benefit from what thou shalt speak; seventhly, who may be listening to what thou shalt speak.

March Anniversaries of the Girls' Own Year.

1. Anne Hyde, born in 1637. She was the daughter of Edward, Earl of Clarendon; married James, Duke of York, in 1660; and was the mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne.

2. Miss Linwood, artist in needlework, died in 1845. No pictures in needlework, either of ancient or modern times, have ever surpassed the productions of Miss Linwood. For nearly half a century—1798 to 1846—they formed one of the sights of the metropolis. "The pictures," says Dr. Chambers, "were executed with fine crewels, dyed under Miss Linwood's own superintendence, and worked on a thick tammy woven expressly for her use; they were entirely drawn and embroidered by herself, no background or other important parts being put in by a less skilful hand. The only assistance she received, if such it may be called, was in the threading of her needles."

3. Margaret Baxter, born in 1639. She was the wife of the famous Nonconformist divine, Richard Baxter: they were married on the 10th September, 1662, she being then twenty-three and her husband fifty-seven. This difference in age, however, which had not prevented love, proved no barrier to happiness.

4. Flora Macdonald, died in 1790. She is celebrated for her devotion to Prince Charles Edward, during his romantic but uncomfortable wanderings after the collapse of the rebellion of 1745-6. Dr. Johnson visited her during his journey in the West Highlands, and describes her as "a woman of middle stature, soft of features, gentle manners and elegant presence."

5. Johann Gung'l, born at Zsámbék, in Hungary, in 1819. He is a popular composer of dance music, and the nephew of Joseph Gung'l, a composer still better known in the same line of art.

6. Mlle. Louise Legras, died in 1662. She has been called the first Sister of Charity. "And a boundless charity did indeed dwell in the heart of her who was heard to say of the poor whose sister and servant she had chosen to be, 'They are our brothers and our masters!'"

7. Thomas Wilson, the benign and saintly Bishop of Sodor and Man, died in 1755. His episcopal revenue was but small, but the whole income, after providing for the modest needs of his own household, he expended in alms and improvements. It was said that "he kept beggars from every door in Man but his own."

8. Marie Angelique Arnauld, born in 1591. She was sister to the celebrated Arnauld, and from her earliest years was distinguished for her capacity, her endowments, and her virtues.

9. Mrs. Barbauld, died in 1825, at the age of eighty-two. She is one of the most eminent women writers in the language, and takes a high place both in prose and verse. Her prose style is easy and graceful, and calculated to attract the attention, not only of the uneducated, but of the most cultivated understanding.

10. The Princess of Wales married in 1863. The Princess landed in England at the Terrace Pier, Gravesend, on Saturday, the 7th of March, being received there by the Prince. The marriage took place on Tuesday, the 10th, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

11. Hannah Cowley, dramatic writer, died in 1809. She wrote "Who's the Dupe?" "The Belle's Stratagem," and "A Bold Stroke for a Husband." "In her writings nothing was laboured; all was spontaneous effusion: she had nothing of the drudge of literature, and fame was not half so much her object as the pleasure of composition."

12. Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, born in 1776. She was the granddaughter of the first Lord Chatham, whom she resembled in appearance and voice. Like him also she domineered over all with whom she came in contact. [A sketch of the life of this strange woman was given in The Girl's Own Paper a month ago.]

13. Sophia Lee, novelist, died in 1824. She was the sister of the more celebrated Harriet Lee, and with her joint-author of the "Canterbury Tales."

14. Johann Strauss, born at Vienna in 1804. He was a composer of dance music of extraordinary popularity. "As an artist," says Herr Pohl, "he furnished many pleasant hours

to thousands, and high and low combined to do him honour, while great masters like Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Cherubini acknowledged his talent. He raised dance music to a higher level than it had ever reached before, and invested his copious melodies with all the charm of brilliant instrumentation."

15. Charles Dibdin, born in 1745. He is famous both as a song writer and musical composer. His sea-songs had a wonderful influence on the national spirit during the war with France, and greatly stimulated and ennobled the spirit of our navy.

16. Madame Campan, born in 1752. She was first lady of the bedchamber to Queen Marie Antoinette, and continued to be her faithful attendant till they were forcibly separated at the sacking of the Tuileries on the 20th June, 1792. Madame Campan wrote interesting "Mémoires sur la vie privée de Marie Antoinette," a treatise on the education of women, and one or two small didactic works written in a clear and natural style.

17. Mrs. Anna Jameson, writer on art, died in 1860. Her works have long enjoyed an extensive popularity, and few writings of the age have done so much to refine the public taste and diffuse a knowledge of the great masters. According to Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") Mrs. Jameson is "one of the most elegant of our female writers: full of feeling and fancy; a true enthusiast with a glowing soul."

18. Princess Louise, born in 1848. The Princess married the Marquis of Lorne, the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, in 1871.

19. John, Duke of Roxburghe, died in 1804. He was remarkable for the magnificent collection of books which his wealth and taste enabled him to form. When, after his death, it was brought to the hammer, the sale lasted for forty-two successive days, exclusive only of Sundays. For one book—Boccaccio's Decamerone, printed at Venice in 1471—the enormous price was paid of £2,260.

20. Sir Isaac Newton, died 1727. This distinguished man was the perfection of philosophic simplicity. The passions of other men for love, for money, for power, were in him non-existent: all his energies were devoted to pure study. It is needless to say that he never married.

21. The Duchess of Derby, died 1663. She is famous for her heroic defence of Latham House for eighteen weeks during the civil war of Cromwell's time.

22. Rosa Bonheur, the famous animal painter, born at Bordeaux in 1822. Amongst the most remarkable of her works is the "Horse Fair," which created a great sensation in Paris in 1853, and has now its permanent abode in this country.

23. Pedro the Cruel, died 1369. He was King of Castile. It is very doubtful if he was as black as he has been painted. This is certain—that he was one of the first modern kings who possessed the accomplishment of writing.

24. Mrs. Mary Tighe, classic poetess, died 1810. She is better known to many as the subject of Moore's touching lyric, "I saw thy form in youthful prime," and Mrs. Hemans' "Grave of a Poetess," than by her own verses.

25. Anna Seward, miscellaneous writer, died 1809. "She was endowed," says the Rev. Alexander Dyce, "with considerable genius, and with an ample portion of that fine enthusiasm which sometimes may be taken for it: but her taste was far from good, and her numerous productions (a few excepted) are disfigured by florid ornament and elaborate magnificence."

26. Beethoven, the great musical composer, died in 1827. It was a dramatic death-bed scene. "As the evening closed in at a quarter to six there came a sudden storm of hail and snow, covering the ground and roofs, and followed by a flash of lightning and an instant clap of thunder. So great was the crash as to rouse even the dying man. He opened his eyes, clenched his fist, and shook it in the air above him. This lasted a few seconds while the hail rushed down outside, and then the hand fell, and the great composer was no more."

27. Madame de Miramion, the French philanthropist, died 1696. Her boundless charity gives her a high rank among the most eminent Christian women of her age. "Beautiful and wealthy, severe to herself but gentle to others, she was eminently a woman of faith and good works."

28. Wentzel Hollar, the celebrated engraver, born 1607. He was an enthusiast in pursuit of his art. When on a voyage from Tangier to Antwerp, the vessel in which he sailed was attacked by seven Algerine pirates, and only escaped after a most desperate conflict. Hollar, during the engagement, coolly employed himself in sketching the exciting scene, an engraving of which he afterwards published.

29. Raphael, the great Italian artist, born 1483. "An additional glory is thrown round the memory of Raphael by his personal beauty, charm of manner, and deep kindliness of heart, which endeared him to all who knew him. His sincere modesty was not diminished by his admission as an equal by the princes of the church, the distinguished scholars, and the world-famed men of every class who formed the courts of Julius II. and Leo X."

30. Dr. William Hunter, a celebrated physiologist and physician, died in 1783. His last lecture, at the conclusion of which he fainted, was given, contrary to the remonstrances of friends, only a few days before his death.

31. Charlotte Brontë, died in 1853. She and her two sisters Anne and Emily became widely known to fame under the assumed names of Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

AHN DOTTIE had better procure Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," and study it carefully. It is a very reliable instructor, and can be had at our publishing office.

FATHER OF THREE.—We are accustomed to correspond with "our boys" as well as "our girls," and do not make intrusive inquiries as to age or social status. All are welcome to any opinion or information we can give. In the case before us, we recommend that an order be given to any librarian to procure the first instruction book employed in the naval training ships, illustrated; and secondly, that a trip be taken, either to Portsmouth or Woolwich, to have the benefit of ocular demonstration, and of sketching the ships themselves. As to the water, it shows so many varieties of colour, it cannot be represented without study on a fine open coast. We appreciate our "appreciative correspondent's" kind letter.

WINIFRED EARLE.—Much depends on your brother's turn of mind, and health. The life of a clerk in a bank is very trying. There are very few and brief vacations, and when the bank is closed the work goes on, sometimes, till 9 or 10 p.m. If accustomed to a country life, he would suffer from the confinement. We should think the business of a wholesale druggist less trying.

ALONE.—You would not have any fee to pay for entering a hospital as a nurse. Apply personally to the matron of St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, Lambeth, London, S.W.,—Miss Wardroper. Or else write to the secretary, Henry B. Carter, Esq., 5, Hyde Park Square, London, W. Pupils are trained for one year as "Nightingale Probationers," receiving board, lodging, uniform, and £12 salary, to begin with. After that they are bound to take situations as nurses in hospitals for three years, at a salary commencing at £20 per annum. If not taken there, write to the Deaconess Training Hospital, The Green, Tottenham, London, N., or 131, Mildmay Road. They train nurses, and give salaries from £14 to £25. We may suggest a third—St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London, W. Write to the secretary, Thomas Ryan, Esq. Probationers are trained during two years; the first year at a salary of £10, the second at £20, with board, lodging, uniform, and washing. We should apply here first, though we have named it last.

HELIOTROPE.—You might learn by means of an instruction book; but at the commencement you ought to take a few lessons, or you may get into bad methods hard to correct. We advise you to make fresh hairwash, though a drachm of myrrh might do no harm.

ART.

A CONSTANT READER and HEAD OF A FAMILY.—The former's attempt is very creditable to her. We think that both our inquirers cannot do better than join a school of art. There are classes held now nearly everywhere; and drawing can be studied thoroughly.

GRAVESEND, ALETHEIA.—For information on the subject of the Kyrle Society, write to the hon. sec., 14, Nottingham Place, W., London.

SCHOOLMA'AM.—We think your only step now is to write a civil note, and say that the pictures are at her disposal whenever she likes to send for them; as, though you could not afford to lose your time spent in doing them, you of course did not wish to have the pictures and the money too.

DAD, DUCK, and PUG require lessons in drawing, as the little sketch has merit.

MURIEL.—Diaper-work in architecture, in mural painting, and in decorative art generally, is the covering of a flat surface, which might otherwise have a bald appearance, with a repeated floral or arabesque pattern. The diaper is often used in heraldic painting to relieve and vary fields of white and black. But this decoration does not form part of the "Heraldic Bearing." Distemper was a method of painting in use in the middle ages, with pigments ground up with size, weak glue, gum water, or other liquid than oil.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAVID.—The epithet on Keats' tomb was written by himself, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." It is intended to convey an idea of the fleeting nature of his fame, in which he was mistaken, for it is more firmly established to-day, and the poet himself is better known than when he was alive.

LETITIA DOLOROSA.—We should think change of air and great care in keeping the feet dry should do you good. The general health must be in fault.

NEVER GIVE UP.—We do not know the rules of your tennis club, but we should fancy there must be one bearing on the question. Do whatever good breeding commands you, and do not stand too much on supposed "rights."

MARION.—We think Marion's mother must consult a lawyer. We could not answer such a vague question.

THE Editor acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of Christmas and New Year's Cards from Georgie Holiwells (Quebec), two cards, Annie Hope, Emma McShep, Lot's Sister, Alice E. Howe, R.C.R., Ditto, for "Dora Hope," A Grateful Girl, Jessie Young, A Brightonian, Constance Massé, L. A. L., two cards, Oxon, "One who has tried to disguise her writing," Willielma H. Luill, Wild Hyacinth, Ditto, for Mrs. Mayo, Olive, for Medicus, Dickie, Mary Jane, An English Girl in India, Maidenhair, Ditto, for Eglanton Thorne, Evelyn and Ida Kingdon, for Medicus, A. G. W., Alice, S. H. and A., A Reader who lives near Sydney, New South Wales, Florence and Gertrude Farrier (Australia), Two Russian Girls, Emmie Buchanan, and Cissie.

VOL. IX.—No. 427. MARCH 3, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

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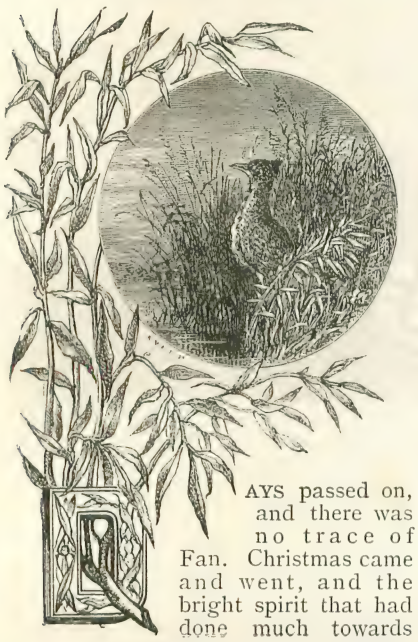
"LADY ASCHAM LOOKED AMAZED."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BALL AT THE PARK.



DAYS passed on, and there was no trace of Fan. Christmas came and went, and the bright spirit that had done much towards making it "happy" in the past was absent from Roselands. Everybody lamented and sought her, but nobody found her. The young people at the Park were especially demonstrative in their regrets, and questioned Tom incessantly about her when he appeared there. Mrs. Aspenel, who was not interested in Fan, declared herself "sick of the subject," and at last it was discontinued in her presence. But not even Twelfth Night, with its festivities, could divert it from the minds of Edith and Janet.

"I wish it was all over; I shall have no pleasure in it," said Janet, on the eve of the eventful day. "Not that poor Fan would have been here, but she would have been sharing our amusement in spirit. She was so unselfish. I feel sure some fancied idea of right took her away."

"It has to do with the gipsies, and Mrs. Lee knows more than she allows," replied Edith. "It seems quite wrong to have this great party, and poor Mr. Harton in so much anxiety about Fan, and dear Miss Lorne just buried."

"She was nearly a hundred, and what else could one expect?" said Janet, philosophically. "Besides, poor old Rebecca will marry now. But the Ladies have written to decline—all but Aunt Clarville, who has promised to come on my account. I tormented her into it."

"I wish it was all over!" sighed Edith. "I dislike gaiety, and papa is in such trouble about the expense that he and Mrs. Aspenel do nothing but quarrel."

"Between ourselves, Edith, my dislike to her has turned into pity. I am sure she is very unhappy, and no one but Tom Harton and Bruce interest her. She is fond of you, in a way, and she and I get on better than I expected; still, she only tolerates us, and I am afraid she hates——"

"Oh! Janet, don't say that. Of course papa and she are ill-suited, but he is her husband!"

"More's the pity, Edith. I never mean to marry. One is better off superannuated at the Cottages; and if papa is eventually ruined, as he threatens, I can paint and teach till I get old, then prevail on some future owner of the Park, or a remote Lord Beechton, to nominate me."

"The dresses have arrived from London, lovies, and Mrs. Aspenel wants you in her room to try them on," here broke in Nurse True. "Remember the text, 'a meek and quiet spirit,' and don't be carried away by fine clothes."

"And I've got a new suit of black velvet and point lace, and black silk stockings, mammy says," shouted Bruce, who had followed Nurse True

The girls found Mrs. Aspenel and her French maid, Pauline, inspecting what appeared to them a wardrobe of smart clothes. They had all come from an expensive and fashionable *modiste's*, and must cost a fortune, if Mr. Aspenel could be prevailed upon to pay the bill. There was a crimson or "crushed strawberry" velvet for Mrs. Aspenel, the black velvet suit for Bruce, and there were two elegant, fluffy, beflowered and beribboned white dresses for Edith and Janet. The wild roses with which they were adorned were chosen as equally becoming to both sisters. Indifference to such costumes was not to be expected, even from a Nurse True, and the genuine pleasure of Janet and shy admiration of Edith gratified Mrs. Aspenel, who had undertaken the arrangement. She had even ordered that Janet's roses should be of the deeper, Edith's of the paler pink, to suit their respective complexions.

"How kind of you, dear Mrs. Aspenel!" exclaimed Janet, involuntarily kissing her stepmother, who smiled rather sadly, for it was the first time the "dear" and the kiss had ever been spontaneous.

"I hope we shall not get you into trouble," said Edith, also involuntarily, for she always looked for results.

"One must risk something, Edith, and you shall, at least, be properly introduced. People shall not say that I keep you back because I am afraid of being eclipsed."

"We could never eclipse you. We could only be satellites moving about our primary, as Mr. Stern, our lecturer, says," laughed Janet. "We will all be gay and set one another off. I wish Madame were here, and Monsieur, and Maximilien. But this dress will do for Paris, and they will see me in it if we go there again."

Janet forgot Fan and all else that day. She and Bruce roamed from room to room, enjoying the unusual stir, while Mrs. Aspenel and Edith superintended the floral sacrifices. Happily, the master of the mansion was away, and only returned in time to dress and receive his guests.

He seemed perfectly satisfied with everything, and looked with unusual satisfaction on his family. He could scarcely have encountered anywhere four people better appointed or handsomer; and he himself was got up with an eye to effect. He did not disdain diamond studs or the very finest of linen and broadcloth. As his wife always thought, he would have been very good-looking but for his eyes. For once, however, they were "a mutual admiration society," and complimented one another on their personal appearance.

The Park was ablaze with light and astir with attendants when carriage after carriage, containing all the county magnates, arrived. We have neither time nor space to chronicle them; suffice it to say that Edith and Janet were duly introduced to all, and were evidently regarded with much admiration, the sparkling younger sister especially. The dinner was all that could be desired by the most fastidious, and Mrs. Aspenel, with Lord Beechton at her side, was in her element. Her husband also forgot his argosies for the space allotted to eating and drinking, and made a good host. But dinners, be they large or small, *recherchés* or prosaic, are unromantic affairs, and Mrs. Aspenel's was no exception.

Still, it was accounted a "success," and she desired nothing more. She was determined not to see any sword of Damocles hanging over the feast. Edith looked shy and perplexed beneath the fire of commonplaces poured upon her by Mr. Launceston, Lord Beechton's eldest son; but Janet was quite at her ease between Sir Thomas Carney and young Preston, the son of the richest banker in England. The Rector was the only member of the village coterie invited to the dinner, and Edith, at least, was longing to take refuge with Mrs. Clarville and Gerard.

Her wish was gratified as soon as the repast was over, for they, Tom Harton, and innumerable other guests, came for the subsequent dance. The large drawing-room had been dismantled for this, and duly prepared with linoleum and proper accessories. Musicians had arrived from town, and nothing was wanting to the introduction into society of the Miss Aspenels. Bruce was permitted to stay up for an hour or so, and was much befooled by ready flatterers. Poor Nurse True was the only one who had time to think or ask herself, "What is the good of all this?"

Naturally, Edith and Janet were the belles of the ballroom, and sought for by all the beaux. Mrs. Aspenel was such an admirable hostess, however, that she contrived that they should not monopolise partners, but that less attractive damsels should have their share.

"Let me introduce you to so-and-so," she said to Tom Harton, who was her obedient slave, shrugged his shoulders, and danced with whomsoever she commanded.

But he managed to secure Edith and Janet during the course of the evening, responding to their questions concerning Fan by a melancholy shake of the head. Mrs. Clarville and her son were amongst the most distinguished-looking people present, and Mrs. Aspenel did not fail to victimise Gerard as well as Harton. But dances, like dinners, are all more or

less alike, and too often leave behind them both, an indigestion and a sense of disappointment. If Janet was disappointed, however, it was not for lack of partners or admiration. Mr. Aspenel was charmed to see that not only the "son of the richest banker in London," but the heir of all the Beechtons was devoted to her. She certainly looked magnificently handsome, and what with her touch of coquetry and irrepressible vivacity, was almost irresistible.

Still, Edith was perhaps the happier, for she fled to Mrs. Clarville whenever she could, and Gerard hovered over her like a brother or some protecting friend.

"Why do you not come more forward, Edith, like your sister? She carries all before her," startled her in her father's voice, words whispered into her ear, but intelligible enough.

Why did he glance suspiciously at Gerard Clarville, who was biding his time for a dance with her?

"Lady Claverton wishes to know you," added Mr. Aspenel aloud, taking her off to a portly dowager with several sons and daughters.

The glance was quite intelligible both to Gerard and his mother, who regretted that they had not adhered to their original resolution of declining the invitation. But Edith did not understand it, and was much distressed when she looked about her for her friends to find they had left the room. They had, indeed, quitted the gay scene for good, and with them flitted off the pleasure of the evening for Edith Aspenel.

It, or more properly the morning, ended all too soon for Janet, who was "the admired of all admirers." Mrs. Aspenel, too, regretted when it was over, for she was delighted to be once more in the vortex of the society to which she was accustomed. She and Janet, lovers of excitement, were drawn together by this brief interlude, while Edith seemed somehow farther away from them than before. She felt that her father's eyes were on her, and that he expected more from her than she could give. Once again he spoke to her, and asked, rather satirically, if she were enjoying her "coming out," since she did nothing but look about her.

"I am wondering what has become of Mrs. Clarville," she replied.

"Oh! she has left with her son. You are too intimate with them, Edith. It is time to give up your intercourse with the poor ladies of the Aspenel Homes."

These words grated sadly upon Edith, and she was glad when her period of probation, or "introduction," was over. Nevertheless, she was interested in watching Janet, even while doing her best to be agreeable to the various partners who presented themselves.

"You have scored a success, at any rate, Janet," said Mr. Aspenel, as the last carriage drove off. "Edith is nowhere beside you."

"Edith was much admired," spoke up Mrs. Aspenel.

"And a pretty penny to pay," concluded the father, glancing round him, as he retired to rest.

"You have made a conquest of Mr. Launceston, Janet," said Mrs. Aspenel, "but the 'richest banker in London' admires Edith most. What made the Clarvilles leave so early?"

This was a question that neither girl could answer, so after a short discussion of the successful party, the ladies followed Mr. Aspenel's example, and retired. Nurse True was waiting for her darlings, having sent their maid to bed, and was prepared to moralise over the uncertainty of human pleasures and pains, which Janet resented by expatiating on the delights of balls and beaux. But Nurse True's view of things was soundest, to judge from what happened that very day.

Mr. Aspenel breakfasted alone. Even he was late, and his womankind had not risen. He looked moody, and even his beloved red tape and documents failed to interest him. He missed Edith's little attentions, and was uttering some uncomplimentary words when she came in, looking paler than usual. She just touched his cheek with her lips, and began to arrange his papers, seeing that he had finished breakfast.

"I meant to be in time," she said.

"Late hours make everything go wrong," he muttered. "Is the carriage there?"

Edith glanced from the window and answered in the affirmative. He prepared to go.

"Remember what I said last night, Edith. You must withdraw from your intercourse with the Homes now you are introduced into the world. It was a mistake my letting the old ladies teach you, and so was my nominating a connection to the charity."

"I cannot give them up, papa," murmured Edith; but her father was gone without hearing the words. "What am I to do? What are we all to do?" she said, half aloud. "Surely Mrs. Clarville and Gerard are as truly gentlefolks as any who were here last night."

Then she sat down to breakfast and pondered over her vexed life, and the lives of those with whom she was associated. She was a woman now, and she would have to play her part in the world. What was it to be? She would strive to do her duty, but how amidst the perplexing elements that surrounded her? Janet, at least, was safe for awhile, for she was to return to school for another twelvemonth, after which she felt sure she would marry. She thought with a sort of awe of the admiration she had excited, and wondered, as girls wonder, as to the future of this beautiful sister. She did not dare to think of her own. She had no desires beyond the limited sphere of the Park, the village, and the Cottages, and she trembled as she recalled her father's commands. She knew that her greatest happiness was in her visits to her old friends, and she could never, never give them up. As to Mrs. Clarville and Gerard—relations as well as friends—it was preposterous. Poor Edith! She had, perhaps, seen overmuch of Gerard Clarville.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOSS OF PLACE.

GERARD CLARVILLE was at his work when Mr. Aspenel reached his office. He was not surprised at receiving a summons from his employer, because he was continually summoning him for one cause or another, and was looked upon by his co-employés as a confidential agent. They were, indeed, slightly jealous of him.

"Morning, Clarville," began Mr. Aspenel, who was distant or familiar as the fit took him. "I find I must send someone on whom I can rely as my agent in Australia. As you know, the American post which you declined is filled up. If you like to accept this and five-hundred a year, you can have it. You must go at once."

Gerard saw through the meaning of this offer, as he had seen through the suspicious look of the previous evening. He was to be banished from the neighbourhood of Edith.

"If I could not go to America, sir, on account of my mother, I could scarcely leave her for a more distant continent; but I am not the less obliged to you for the offer," he returned, cautiously, but with an insensible haughtiness.

"Then, as you decline all my proposals of advancement, perhaps you had better seek employment elsewhere," said Mr. Aspenel, frigidly, avoiding Gerard's look.

"I was not aware that I had offended you," replied Gerard.

"That is not the question. I offer you advancement, and have a person ready to fill your place here, if you accept my offer. You decline, and are therefore superseded."

"That seems arbitrary, sir. I have served you honestly, and, to the best of my knowledge, have done nothing to deserve dismissal."

"You refuse to oblige me and take an influential post; I can no longer oblige you by retaining you in this."

"It would scarcely be an obligation, since I have worked early and late in your service; but of course, if you wish to get rid of me, I have no more to say. The man Loveridge put this letter into my hands this morning, with a request that I would deliver it to you. Am I to consider myself dismissed from your office?"

"You are, unless you consent to go to Australia."

"Mr. Aspenel, I am my mother's only child. I cannot leave her. She is pro-

vided for, thanks to your nomination, though I had hoped soon to be enabled to ask her to live with me, and so to open her present home to another as necessitous as she was."

"And how did you expect to manage this? Not on two hundred a year!"

"No, but on three, which I thought it possible to rise to in your good time."

There was the slightest breath of sarcasm in these last words, and Mr. Aspenel felt it. He was turning over the letter Gerard had given him, and wondering whether the young man contemplated marrying Edith, and so rising from comparative penury to affluence. But the concluding sentence baffled him. Parsimony and suspicion go hand in hand, and he could not comprehend Gerard's unselfish devotion and openness. He put forth another feeler.

"On five hundred a year you could take your mother with you to Australia, since you value her present abode so lightly. I would advance her passage-money, which you could repay at your leisure; yours, of course, I should defray."

"I could not put the bait before her, sir, because I know she would swallow it if she thought it was for my good. Had I only myself to consider, I would not hesitate, for it matters little to me where I live; but I could not uproot my mother."

Mr. Aspenel frowned, and hastily broke open the letter, as if touched by what Gerard said. When he had read it, Gerard asked if he could be of any further service as go-between. He did not use that word, but he added—

"The man Loveridge looks in better condition than when I saw him last, and I mistook him for a gentleman when he spoke to me. He said he had changed his lodgings, but that Wharf Court would still find him any evening between now and to-morrow week. After that date he should probably be out of England, if you consented to his claim."

"I neither can nor will consent to it, and if you see him again you may tell him so."

Mr. Aspenel struck the table with his clenched fist, and appeared much exasperated.

"I am not likely to see him again, unless I can be of service to you as your ambassador. I should be glad to do the poor fellow a good turn, for I think he is more his own enemy than any one else's."

"How have you found that out, Mr. Clarville? Have you been tampering with his secrets?"

"No; I merely have had a talk with the inmates of Wharf Court now and again, and he declared himself anxious to turn over a new leaf if he had the chance. Many a sad reprobate would try to begin a new life if opportunity offered; and, thanks to nineteenth century philanthropy, it does offer now and then. But I am taking up your time, sir. Am I to consider myself dismissed from your service? And if so, how long may I remain?"

"Until you have secured another situation. But I advise you to think over my proposal as regards Australia, and to lay it before your mother."

Gerard withdrew, and it would be difficult to say whether he or Mr. Aspenel were the most perplexed by the result of the interview. Both found their work difficult, but Gerard's brain was clear, for he had slept after his unusual dissipation; whereas Mr. Aspenel's was clouded by wine, sleeplessness, and many of the worries that grow out of riches.

They did not meet again that day. As soon as Gerard's work was done, and he had made himself presentable, he resolved to go at once to Lady Ascham's. He had paid her frequent visits since they met in the train, as recorded in a previous chapter, and she would have overwhelmed him with work had he not assured her that he had already as much as he could manage. He had the rare gift of common-sense, and while wishful to devote his spare time to the good of his fellow-creatures, would not borrow what he could never repay, *i.e.*, hours from the future. He never crammed into one day's work enough for two, and thus contrived to keep brain manageable and temper equable.

Gerard found Lady Ascham alone but for her big Persian cat sleeping on her lap. She had dined, and welcomed him warmly. She had taken a fancy to him, and he had found her ready to sympathise in his plans while she demanded sympathy in her own. He was glad of the strong coffee that came in soon after he did, and which she assured him would keep him awake, if anything would.

"I always dose after dinner till I drink it, and then I am able to resume work," she said. "I suppose you were up all night. I couldn't go to the Aspenel festivities, though my friend Mrs. Aspenel offered me a bed. I am overdone with work, and am looking for a secretary."

"Will you accept me, *pro tem.*, Lady Ascham? I am about to leave Mr. Aspenel's office."

Lady Ascham looked amazed, inquired, and Gerard told her what had happened.

(To be continued.)

ON THE CHOICE OF PIANOFORTE PIECES.

By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal College of Music.

PART II.

SUITES, SONATAS, &c.

AMONG the very oldest pieces extant are decidedly the virginal and harpsichord lessons, which are to be found in "Parthenia," an interesting publication now reprinted in the volume, "Old English Composers."

Strange to say, their effect, when played on a modern piano, is anything but pleasant or great, whilst they are very acceptable on a harpsichord or spinet. For this reason, and because it is but rare to meet with a harpsichord in good order, we may pass over these very old (though quaint, and in their way charming) pieces, and begin our record with Rameau, Couperin, Scarlatti, Bach, and Handel. The pieces by Jean Philippe Rameau (1683—1764), a celebrated French composer, are highly interesting. Some of them are to be found in the collections "Alte Meister" (Old Masters) and "Alte Clavier-musik" (old music for the clavecin), both published at Leipzig; but the most celebrated are included in the volume, "Popular pieces by Rameau" (London: Augener); the prettiest are decidedly "Les Niais de Sologne," "La Poule," and the "Suite de Pièces," in A minor, containing the celebrated gavotte with variations, now often played in concerts. François Couperin (1668—1733), called "le Grand" (the great), in order to distinguish him from a number of other Couperins, all composers of the same family, has written a great quantity of characteristic pieces: "little portraits," as he calls them in the preface to his works. They are not only very pretty, but highly useful in order to acquire an elegant, quiet, and we might say *neat* and *tidy* style of execution. The most popular are: "La Nanette," "L'Enchanteresse," "La Diane," "Les Idées Heureuses" (the happy ideas), "Les Matelotes Provençales," and "La Tendre Fanchon." A much more important, original, and influential composer than Couperin was the Neapolitan Domenico Scarlatti (1683—1760), of whom there are in print about 200 different pieces. Scarlatti possessed wonderful execution; indeed, some of his pieces offer, even in our days and with all our enormous facility and perfection of technique, a great deal of difficulty, and require most careful and attentive study. The best and most interesting of his pieces are included in Augener's Edition of Fifty Harpsichord Lessons by Domenico Scarlatti. Georg Friedrich Handel (1685—1759) has left us a portly volume of Harpsichord Suites and Lessons. Of these, the Suite in E major, containing the (French, *not* Handelian) air with variations, called "The Harmonious Blacksmith," is decidedly the most popular, although by no means the best, in as far as the Suites in D minor, F sharp minor, and A major contain much more interesting music. Handel's Organ Concertos have been well arranged as duets (four hands), and may be strongly recommended. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685—1750) has bequeathed to the pianistic world such a rich legacy of monumental grandeur, that advice about the proper and most useful order in which to practise his many pieces is really desirable. Generally, amateurs begin with the forty-eight preludes and fugues; but this

is a decided mistake—for they ought to be taken last, as the "crowning of the edifice."

According to my long experience as a teacher, the best order seems to me the following one:—six small Preludes, six Duets, fifteen two-part Inventions, fifteen three-part Symphonies (sometimes also called Inventions), six French Suites, six Partitas, six English Suites (particularly Nos. 2 and 3), the Italian Concerto, and some of the Toccatas (of these the one in C minor is the most difficult, but also the finest). Only after such preparation the earnest amateur will be able successfully to perform the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, called "Das wohltemperirte Clavier" (the well-tuned clavecin). This somewhat odd name is stated to be derived from the following fact. Before Bach's time the imperfect way of tuning the instrument permitted the use of a *few* keys only. It is related that Sebastian Bach succeeded in tuning the instrument in such a manner that twelve different keys could be used, although some authorities hold the piano to be a French invention, or rather improvement, and in order to commemorate this important achievement, he wrote the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, being two Preludes and two Fugues for each major and minor key.

Sebastian Bach's sons, Wilhelm Friedemann Bach (1710—1784), and Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714—1788), have written valuable pieces; of the former, the beautiful Polonaises, highly interesting in point of melody and harmony, may be recommended, whilst the selection, "C. P. Emanuel Bach's popular pieces," affords a welcome means of becoming acquainted with the style of this agreeable and once very much admired composer. Joseph Haydn's (1732—1809) pianoforte works are at present very much neglected. Of his Sonatas the Nos. 30, 31, 32, 33, and 34, in Augener's complete edition of Haydn's pianoforte solo works, are decidedly the best; they offer no particular difficulties, contain many fine and interesting movements; besides, they are suffused by a natural healthy expression. Of his smaller pieces the "Andante con Variazioni," in F minor (often heard in concerts), the humorous, somewhat eccentric Fantasia in C, and the charming "Arietta con Variazioni," in E flat, deserve to be in the library of every amateur. Muzio Clementi (1752—1832) has written sixty-four solo sonatas. More or less they are all instructive, and available for educational purposes; but the most artistic, and possessing lasting value, are decidedly the three sonatas dedicated to Cherubini, another in B minor (No. 57 of Breitkopf and Härtel's Edition), furthermore, the sonata dedicated to Kalkbrenner, and the dramatic sonata called "Didone abbandonata." Of W. A. Mozart's (1756—1791) sonatas it may be remarked that most of them were written in great haste for pupils, and consequently lack careful finish, and, above all, beauty and substance in the principal themes, which qualities he understood so well to present in his quartetts and symphonies. Although we recognise in the smallest sonata even the facile pen which smoothly and quickly glides over the paper, we are at the same time disappointed at their comparative shallowness, not to say emptiness—in short, they are devoid of interest. But on the other hand, his celebrated Fantasia and Sonata in C minor, the Sonata in A minor, with the proud first, contemplative slow, and passionate last movement; the bright and cheerful Sonata ("Trumpet" Sonata) in D, 6-8 time; and the beautiful, almost scientific Sonata in F (common time), furnish a striking proof that Mozart could compose splendid sonatas; indeed, these latter works will always remain standard models of good sonata-writing. Of the Bohemian composer, Johann Ludwig Dussek (1761—1812), only the Sonata op. 44, dedicated to Clementi; the (Sonata) Elégie harmonique sur la mort de Prince Louis Ferdinand de Prusse, op. 61; the difficult but very euphonious Sonata, "Le Retour à Paris," op. 70; and the expressive, somewhat melancholy sonata, "L'Invocation," op. 77, remain so-called stock pieces, whilst almost all the remaining twenty-eight (Dussek wrote, like Beethoven, thirty-two sonatas) seem to be well-nigh forgotten. A composer very little known in this country was August Eberhard Müller (1767—1817). His fifteen caprices, each constructed in the form of a sonata movement, offer excellent material for teaching and learning; more particularly those in C, G sharp, and E minor, and those in C minor and G flat major, deserve to be studied earnestly and with great attention. We now come to the celebrated sonatas of the illustrious Louis van Beethoven (1770—1827). We need not speak about their transcendent beauty, but we may divide them into three divisions, according to their graduating difficulty of execution. Such a plan will be useful for the student, as it contains system and order.

The first division embraces the easy, the second the moderately difficult, and the third the difficult sonatas. To the first (easy) division belong Nos. 19, 20, 25, 9, 10, 1, and 6 to the second (moderately difficult), Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, and 24; and to the third (difficult) division, the Nos. 26 to 32; of these again the Sonatas Nos. 31, 32, and 29 are the most complicated, and, with regard to technical execution, the most difficult.

The composers Joseph Woelfl (1772—1812), Wenzel Tomaschek (1774—1850), and Ludwig Berger (1777—1839), may be passed over without further remark; but we will mention Johann Nepomuk Hummel (1778—1837), who has given us in his Sonatas op. 13 (dedicated to Haydn), op. 20 (very Mozartish), op. 30 and 38, op. 81 (F sharp minor, very difficult but exceedingly brilliant), and op. 106, valuable works of solid construction and considerable elegance. It ought to be remarked that his classical Fantasia, op. 18, is still a welcome piece at concerts.

The sonatas of Ferdinand Ries (1784—1838) and Frederic Kalkbrenner (1784—1849) may likewise be passed over, whilst the sonatinas by Frederic Kuhlau (1786—1832), op. 20, 46, 55, and 59, deserve a word of warm praise. Carl Maria von Weber (1786—1826) has written only four sonatas, of which the first in C, op. 24 (containing the famous *Moto continuo*), and the second in A flat, op. 39, are the most popular.

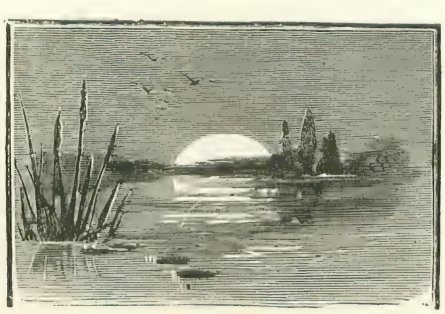
With regard to Franz Schubert's (1797—1828) many sonatas—their number is 21—only the one in A minor, op. 42, the charming and sweet one in A major, op. 120, and those op. 122 and op. 147, have obtained a certain fame; their length is great, they lack contrast, and certain parts are repeated over and over again, besides there is no variety with respect to their rhythmical life.

The general favourite, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809—1847), has written three solo sonatas. The first, op. 6, is a juvenile work, full of beautiful music, and expressive of a somewhat romantic disposition; whilst the Sonatas in G minor, op. 105, and op. 106, in B flat, are posthumous works, and it may be doubted whether the celebrated composer would have sanctioned their publication; for they suffer from a certain unevenness, and lack the plastic perfection of form and structure for which Mendelssohn was so much and so justly admired.

We close our paper with Robert Schumann, (1810—1856) and Frederic Chopin (1809—1849). Robert Schumann's first Sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11, is exceedingly difficult, but its beauty, striking originality, and variety of style are so great, that it fully repays the trouble spent on learning it. His second Sonata (also called "Concerto sans Orchestre"), op. 14, suffers from too great a repetition of rhythmical figures; besides a certain monotony is produced by the four movements being in the same key, whilst the third Sonata in G minor, op. 22, is somewhat fussy and too continually agitated. To any one who has an excitable temperament this sonata may even do harm, in as far as it demands an uncommon degree of quietude and self-possession, in order to keep the figures within bounds, and to retain the indispensable distinctness, accuracy, and correctness. A splendid, highly interesting and fascinating work is Schumann's Fantasia, op. 17. Of Frederic Chopin's three Sonatas, only one, that in B flat minor, op. 35, has become generally known; the reason for the esteem in which it is held may be ascribed to its slow movement, the Funeral March of world-wide renown. His first Sonata in C minor, op. 4, is scarcely known, whilst the third Sonata in B minor, op. 58, is a dangerous rival in beauty and interest of the preceding one, op. 35. Opinions differ as regards to superior value and merit of both works.

In our next we propose to deal with the smaller works of the composers of the classical school, and in our last to review the most celebrated compositions belonging to the class of pianoforte music generally known as "Drawing-room Music."

(To be continued.)



ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

35, High Street,
Longminster, December 6th.

MY DEAREST HERBERT,

I hasten to let you know that I have received back my treasures. You would imagine, though no words of mine could tell, with what reluctance, and after how many tears, I decided, a few days ago, to send them to you. It was dreadfully hard to think of parting with these relics of better days, and for such a purpose. Had the sacrifice been rendered necessary by a season of sickness or want of employment, I should have made it cheerfully, and never given the matter a regretful thought. As it was, I could not help grieving. But what other resource was left to me?

As I looked at the jewels—my dear father's gift in his most prosperous days—it seemed to me that their lustre was gone, for I saw them only through my poor mother's tears. Such tears are sacred things, even when shed for an unworthy object, and will ever be so in my eyes. Apart from her unreasonable indulgence of Edward, my dear mother is kindness itself to me, and tender to all around her. But let him do what he may, she literally lavishes affection upon him, finds excuses for every act, blames everyone else, and seems willing to sacrifice either herself or others for his sake.

It was dreadfully cruel of my brother to try her so sorely as he has done by enlisting. This foolish act was a new and unexpected weapon by which he has wounded yet more deeply her poor, loving heart.

Well, though she may scarcely give a thought to any sacrifice I may be called on to make for Edward, I love my mother too truly to withhold anything, if by giving it I can dry her tears.

I could never make you understand, dearest Herbert, what I suffered that night when I crept into Mr. Street's shop. I had walked up and down outside until I was shivering both from cold and nervousness, watching for an opportunity to speak to him alone. I could not enter so long as any customer was with him, and one after another came and went, leaving no interval for me to speak without interruption. I was ashamed of hanging about the place, and chilled through and through with the raw air of that keen November night, when, just before the door was finally closed, I found the opportunity I wanted.

As I entered the shop I felt almost as much ashamed as if I were going to carry off some of its valuable contents instead of to sacrifice, probably for half their worth, these last costly remains of our prosperous days. Mr. Street's reception of me was even colder and more chilling than the east wind outside. He would not glance at what I brought, but answered me as curtly as if I had been asking charity. Ah! he might have given it to me, though not in the shape of the coin that is generally regarded as its outcome. A refusal kindly spoken, a word of regret that he could not see his way clear to purchase the articles, and I should have been so thankful. Just one pleasant look would have emboldened me to tell him my trouble, and to ask the advice he was so well qualified to give. My path was so dark just then, and he could have made it light and smooth. He might have exercised true Christian charity towards a neighbour in need, without its costing him a fraction to bestow it. Far from doing this, Mr. Street would not bestow upon me even a few moments of his time, when I do not think it could have been so very precious, for business hours were over. His glittering wares were put safely out of sight, and no customer was waiting to select from them. He almost drove me from the shop by letting me see that he was anxious to close the door behind me, and by his cruelly hard way of saying "no" to my trembling request that he would just look at the jewels.

Perhaps it was very foolish of me to weep about such a little thing, but when fairly out of Mr. Street's presence I indulged in a hearty cry. His treatment had seemed so much harder to bear with patience, because it is not so very long since the time when the entrance of my father and myself into a shop of the kind used to bring the principal to the front with obsequious welcome. Assistants would be bidden to place trays of glittering things before us, and all possible pains taken to induce a purchase.

It is childish, I know, to look back on such scenes. They are gone past recall, but memory remains, and we cannot always forget, though we might be glad to do so.

This rebuff from Mr. Street was the second I had experienced, and I had been quite unprepared for both.

You know how good and true a friend Madame Leeson has always been to me. She has rather sought for opportunities to serve me than waited to be told of them. More than once she has offered the loan of small sums of money, which I have been thankful to accept and in due time to repay.

When the news of Edward's enlistment came, my mother, who was nearly distracted with grief, urged me to go to Madame Leeson and ask her for a larger loan in order to buy his discharge. I was very unwilling to do this, for, after all, I cannot help feeling that it is hard for me always to bear the penalty of my brother's wrong-doing. Beside, I have a horror of debt, and we can only keep out of it by the strictest economy in the expenditure of my earnings. If my health should fail, I know not what would become of us.

I at length mustered courage to speak to Madame Leeson. I told her I would forego one-fourth of my salary until the loan was repaid, and I would leave those two cases of jewellery in her keeping, as security in the meanwhile.

For the first time she refused to help me; not unkindly, but, I am convinced, as a matter of duty. She thought it right that I should, if possible, be prevented from sacrificing either my earnings or my property for the sake of "a good-for-nothing like Edward."

I pleaded that I did not ask for his sake; that it was done to dry my mother's tears, and to prevent a separation from my brother, which I believed would break her heart; but I spoke to no purpose. The good friend who had hitherto been the first to offer any kindness continued obdurate. Hence my fruitless visit to Mr. Street and the rebuff of which I have already told you.

Next I began to consider whether you might help me out of this difficulty. Surely, in London, it would be easy to dispose of my little treasures, so I wrote asking your assistance, and then posted the diamonds to you. I never doubted your willingness to execute my commission at any risk to yourself, but after I had registered my little packet at the post office, and I knew that the matter was out of my hands, I began to be miserable on another account. I dreaded, lest by offering these diamonds for sale, you should get into any temporary trouble.

People who try to dispose of property apparently unsuited to their condition in life are regarded with suspicion. You, dear, are the son of noble parents—noble in the highest sense of the word, and are yourself a true gentleman. But in the eyes of your neighbours you are only a poor city clerk.

My ignorance of the world increased my fears, and after lying awake nearly the whole night, I sent the telegram begging you to take no further steps about the jewellery until you should receive instructions by letter. This set my mind at rest on your account, but the old trouble still remained.

Despite Madame Leeson's refusal to help me, I am sure she was full of sympathy. I often caught her watching me, and at length she voluntarily came to my relief.

"Ellen, my child," she said, "you do not eat so much as the sparrow. You grow paler from day to day. You are wearing yourself to death, and for what? For the good-for-nothing, who mourns not for the sorrow he causes and for the mother who alas! prefers him to the daughter who gives her no occasion to weep. I care not for the good-for-nothing; I am angry at the mother whose folly I blame. I would prevent the wrong she would commit, in allowing the good to suffer for the bad. And yet, Ellen, I say to myself, 'Did not the Christ, the All good, suffer and die for the wicked, His enemies? Is it not also for the disciple to be as the Master and to follow His example by taking up the

cross in little things, as He did in the greatest of all?' But then again I say, 'Is it not also the duty and the privilege of us who have the power, to lighten the weight of the cross, to bear each other's burdens?' Ah! Ellen, my child, I have been hard and cold. I have looked stern; I have said 'no' with my lips, when my heart has answered 'yes' to your petition. I care for you. I would save you from what I fear will be a useless sacrifice, but, since I cannot do that, I will make it easier. You shall have the money you want, or twice as much if you will."

The dear impulsive woman threw her arms round my neck and kissed me on each cheek again and again, whilst bidding me between whiles dry my eyes and weep no more for the trouble that was now all past and over.

When I could speak for sobbing—for in my glad thankfulness I wept more than I had done in all this time of trouble—I told her everything. How I had striven in vain to raise the money by selling my jewellery to Mr. Street, and had afterwards sent it to you. "It shall be placed in your hands, dear Madame," I said, "as soon as Herbert returns the cases. These things will at least secure the repayment of the money, though I can never thank you for all your goodness and your generous trust in me."

She asked me many questions, holding me with her kind arm close to her breast, and kissing me and soothing me, as some mothers soothe their sorrowing children. It is a long time since I last experienced such tenderness from my own, and whilst it made me glad and thankful, it also caused my tears to flow faster. The revulsion of feeling, when I knew that the load I had lately been carrying was to be lifted away, was almost too much happiness.

Tears came into Madame Leeson's kind eyes when she heard all I had to tell, and she said, "I am ashamed and grieved when I remember that I too was cold and unkind. I missed the chance of proving that I am your true friend, and of giving myself the happy memory of having served you at the best time and in the best way. Yet all the while I thought I was acting for your good. Forgive me, my child. Send for your treasures and place them with me, if you will, but only for safe keeping. I hold not with deceiving a mother, but it may be well that yours should think I keep the jewels as security. But you shall have a written paper to say that I have no claim on them, only that they are left for safety in my charge. As for the money, bah! we will name it no more. It shall be a gift, not a loan. I have not worked all these years for nothing."

Some day, dear Herbert, I will tell you all that this kind woman said, but you know enough already to understand why I asked you to return the diamonds.

My time is too short to allow of more on this subject, but you who can read my heart will realise my deep thankfulness. I had prayed that I might not lose courage, that I might keep strength to work on, and to believe that the God of the fatherless would not forget His promises. I asked that He would undertake for me in my sorrow and helplessness. And has He not done it?

I know how you will rejoice with me, and though this long letter is all about my own concerns, I cannot help giving you every detail. Judging your heart by my own, I feel that this is what you would wish me to do. And yet of late you have not told me quite so much as usual about yourself. I suppose that as regards your city work one day's duties are so like another's that there is little of special interest to chronicle. If there had been better news of your dear mother's health, you would have been eager to send it. Best love to her, the girls, and, not least, to yourself.

Good-night, dearest Herbert. Courage, faith, patience. We need them all, and yet as I write these words a voice seems to whisper, "Be of good cheer. All shall come right in God's good time."

Ever your own,

ELLEN.

This letter, written by Ellen Martin to Herbert Read, fills up a gap in the story. Yet, lengthy as it was, it contained no mention of that one episode which had perhaps given her more pain than anything else, namely, that which referred to Captain Stokes.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin had been the close friends of Herbert's parents, and had known him all his life. They had seen the attachment which, beginning whilst Ellen and Herbert were girl and boy, had grown with their growth, and had heartily sanctioned it when all were alike prosperous.

The sincerity of this affection had been proved, for adverse circumstances and separation had only made the two more entirely one in heart. Yet, in the face of this, Mrs. Martin could listen to Captain Stokes' ill-timed professions of regard for Ellen, and even urge upon her daughter the propriety of giving up her engagement, and striving to recover her social position by receiving the addresses of such a man.

"Had he been a good man it would have been terrible for my mother to think that a tie such as exists between Herbert and myself could be broken by a mere effort of will," said Ellen to Madame Leeson, who in this matter was her sole confidante. "Is it not dreadful to think of it even? But for my mother to hold talk with Captain Stokes, to receive him as quite an honoured guest, to allow him to leave that money! Do you know, I sometimes think all that happened that night must have been a horrid dream, and that she never could have said those words."

Madame Leeson was a judicious confidante. Impetuous enough at times, but equally wise, kind, and true-hearted in her dealings with the young, she sympathised with Ellen, but did all in her power to soothe the girl and heal this breach between her and her mother.

"You must not think too hardly of the poor mother, my child," she said. "At this time her mind is filled with but one thought, one object. In a little while she will be sorry that she has grieved you. Always bear in mind this, lest you, too, see only one side. It is Edward, Edward's safety, his discharge, his return, her fears for him that make her appear, ah! so selfish in dealing with you, her daughter. My child, the great love of a mother for a son is a holy thing; all the more wonderful that it is given so often where the object deserves it not, and once given it is never recalled. It rather grows with the need for it, as with your mother. I have said hard words both of Edward and Mrs. Martin. I have closed my heart and my hand and cried, 'Let the *vaurien*, the good-for-nothing, go, and there shall be peace in the home for Ellen. The mother is wrong. She weeps for him who deserves not her tears, and she makes to suffer the good for the evil.' But now I have opened my hand, I open my heart also. I say to myself, 'This mother is like the true mother everywhere. She finds excuse for her son. She blames those who have tempted him. She would save him from reaping the fruit of the seeds he has sown.' The love is beautiful, though its object is ugly. Is it not so, my child?"

Ellen assented, but her heart was too sore to admit of a very hearty response at the moment.

"Forgive me if I seem hard, my dear, kind friend," she said, "but it will take me some little time to get over the pain my mother gave me last night. Do you know that when I touched those banknotes in order to enclose them to Captain Stokes, I felt as one feels when we have come in contact with something that defiles. The moment they were on the way to the post, I ran to my room and washed my hands, as if a stain had been left upon them."

Madame Leeson could understand the action. It was what she would have done herself under similar circumstances, but scarcely what she would have expected from Ellen, who was usually so self-contained—hearing so much and complaining so little. She turned the conversation by asking, "Have you written to Herbert and told him that there will be no more trouble?"

"Yes, but I have not mentioned *that*."

"You have done wisely, dear child. It is well to be quite frank and open with those we love, but there is also wisdom in silence, when to tell a thing would cause pain and do no good. And now I want you to put from your mind for a little while all that has troubled you of late. I know it will not be easy, but I ask this as a favour to myself, your friend, Ellen. You will oblige me, will you not? It is for your own sake and your mother's."

"I will try, dear madame."

"That is well. And now I tell you what you must think of instead. The days when you were a child at Wyndholm, and a girl before the troubles came. Think of all the love and care by which you were surrounded. Think who watched over you in sickness; who planned to give you pleasure; who cared not for being weary, if it were on behalf of either son or daughter; who would have kept you from harm at the cost of her life had that been needed. Come nearer to this

present time. Think whether it has been for her own sake or for her children's that the mother has grieved at the loss of fortune and position."

"Oh! madam," exclaimed Ellen, with a piteous look as if begging her to say no more.

"You know what I mean, my child. There must be no breach between you and your mother—no jealousy, even though her too great love for Edward makes her seem, for a little while, selfish towards you. We will say no more. You will keep your promise."

The warm-hearted Frenchwoman clasped the girl in her arms, and prayed that God would bless her. Through her word in season, Ellen's mind became calm, the bitter feelings that had found a place in her heart were driven away, and there was no longer any danger of a prolonged estrangement between her and her mother.

(To be continued.)

LIVINGSTONE'S MOTHER AND WIFE.

By the Author of "How to be Happy, though Married."

LIKE most good and great men, David Livingstone had a good mother. She had been first a good daughter. When only fifteen she had nursed her mother so well through a long illness that the minister of the parish laid his hand on her head and said, "A blessing will follow you, my lassie, for your duty to your mother." This blessing did follow her in her children. Her bright spirit shone through the beautiful dark eyes, so clear and penetrating, which her son David inherited. She made her home a very happy place. It "was ruled by an industry that never lost an hour of the six days; that welcomed and honoured the day of rest; a thrift that made the most of everything, though it never got far beyond the necessaries of life; a self-restraint that admitted no stimulant within the door, and that faced bravely and steadily all the burdens of life; a love of books that showed the presence of a cultivated taste, with a fear of God that dignified the life it moulded and controlled."

Before he was nine years of age little David brought home the first halfcrown he earned and laid it on his mother's lap. He was at this time so fond of study that he would have injured his health by sitting up too late if his watchful mother had not interfered by jumping up and snatching the books out of his hands. Her influence was felt by the lonely, despondent traveller years afterwards, when far beyond the reach of civilisation, making him "attend to his person and dress with scrupulous cleanliness, remembering his mother's lessons in childhood." This had a very civilising influence on the savages who observed him. So, then, a mother, simply by teaching her little child neat, orderly ways, was helping forward civilisation and the kingdom of Christ.

Livingstone was blessed in his mother, but he was also blessed in his wife. She was the eldest daughter of Dr. Moffat, a missionary hero's daughter, well trained to be a missionary hero's wife. In one of his few love-letters before marriage Livingstone anticipates what her help would be. "I, poor mortal, was mute as a fish in regard to singing," but he will translate some of her hymns, and looks forward to her voice leading the singing. During the first years of their married life the devoted couple had to move their home frequently.

Mary Livingstone deserved to be called "queen of the waggon," for she shared all the hardships; but the young wife grew so thin and feeble that the native women said, "Is there no food where she has been? Has he starved her?"

Here is what Livingstone says about their housekeeping expedients, after relating how the difficulty of building the house was overcome: "Having got the meal ground, the wife proceeds to make it into bread; an extempore oven is often constructed by scooping out a large hole on an ant-hill, and using a slab of stone for a door. We made our own butter, a jar serving as a churn; and our candles by means of moulds; and soap was procured from the ashes of the plant salsola, or from wood ashes. There is not much hardship in being almost entirely dependent on ourselves; there is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk on seeing conveniences springing up before him from his own ingenuity; and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty, striving housewife's hands."

He goes on to give an account of an ordinary day's work: "After family worship, between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who could attend, men, women, and children being all invited. School over at eleven o'clock. While the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labour as a smith, carpenter, or gardener, according to whatever was needed for ourselves or our people. After dinner and an hour's rest, the wife attended her infant-school, which the young, who were left by their parents entirely to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied that with a sewing-school, having classes for girls to learn the art. This, too, was equally relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour until the sun declines. He is jack-of-all-trades and she is maid-of-all-work."

Many women can be brave at the call of duty when only their own safety is endangered, but few can suffer and be strong, as Mrs. Livingstone could, when their children are in danger. On one occasion it was necessary for father, mother, and little children, with their generous friend Mr. Oswell, to set off in waggons for Sabituane's country. They cut their way through untrodden forests, where Mr. Oswell had a narrow escape from an infuriated lioness. They had fearful days of drought in crossing the desert beyond the River Tonga. "For three days not an insect nor a bird broke the stillness. Then a bird chirped on a bush, and the dog began to bark. The servants had wasted their precious store of water, and the little children were parched, and grew fevered with thirst. Not a syllable of upbraiding from their mother, though the tearful eyes showed the agony within. On the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, someone returned with water. That peril was passed."

When, after eight years of this sort of life, she was obliged to return to England, she passed four years with her children in solitude and anxiety, "suffering," as Lord Shaftesbury said, "the greatest fears for the welfare of her husband, and yet enduring all with patience and resignation, and even joy, because she had surrendered her own best feelings and sacrificed her own private interests to the advancement of civilisation and the great interests of Christianity. It was this sympathy with his highest purposes that won her from her husband the titles of his "guardian-angel" and "the main-spoke in his wheel."

Moved with an irresistible desire to share her husband's perils, Mrs. Livingstone returned to Africa two more times. The last time the husband and wife were together only two months. After six days' illness she died on a rude bed formed of boxes covered with a soft mattress; unconscious, but with her husband beside her utterly broken down and weeping like a child. "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered," Dr. Livingstone writes in his journal, "all else seeming light to this. It quite takes away my strength. I wept over her, who well deserved them, many tears. I loved her when I married; and the longer I lived with her, I loved her the more. Oh, my Mary, my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home since I and you were cast adrift at Kolobeng!" Among her papers were found the words, "Accept me, Lord, as I am, and make me such as Thou wouldst have me be." He who taught the prayer would not leave His work unfinished. She rests by a large baobab tree at Shypanga. The native men asked to be allowed to mount guard until her grave had been bricked up. And again—"My dear Mary has been for a fortnight absent from the body, present with the Lord. For the first time I feel willing to die." Later he speaks of their merriment and bright times together, and her saying, "'I could not bear to see you not playful, and grave and sober as some I see;' and this, when I know her prayer was always to be spared to help and comfort me in my great work. It made me feel what I have always believed the true way, to let the head grow wise, but keep the heart always young and playful."

To his daughter he writes: "I feel alone in this world now. God grant that I may learn the lesson He means to teach me. All she told you, she now enforces as if beckoning from Heaven. A right straightforward woman was she. No crooked way was ever hers. She could act with energy and decision when required." To his wife's mother: "A good wife and mother was she. She was much respected by all the officers of the *Gorgon*, the ship she came out in. They would do anything for her." To their friend Lady Murchison: "It will somewhat ease my aching heart to tell you of her. At Kolobeng she managed all the household affairs by native servants of her own training; made the bread and butter, and all the clothes of the family; kept also an infant and Sunday school, by far the most popular and best attended we ever had. It was a fine sight to see her by day walking a quarter of a mile to the town, no matter how broiling the sun, to impart instruction to the heathen Bechuanas. Ma-Robert's name is known through all the country, and eighteen hundred miles beyond." A great German poet has told us that whenever he heard of any remarkable work done in the world, he was always inclined to ask what of the woman who was an inspiring, sustaining force behind it. Such a sustaining force under God was his wife to Livingstone, as her mother, Mary Moffat, had been before to another mission hero, Dr. Moffat.

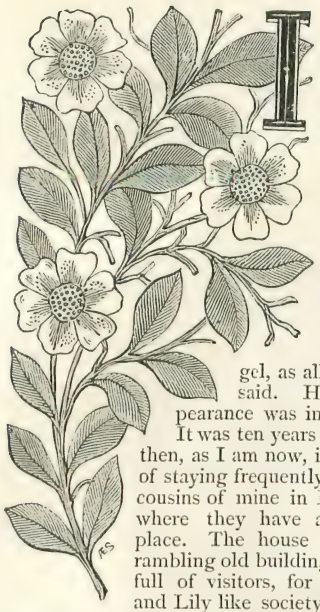
JACK'S ANGEL.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."
Wordsworth.

"'MR. MELVILLE, I PRESUME?'"

CHAPTER I.



I AM Jack. Who or what my angel is these pages will show. It was a mystery to me for many years of my life; by "it" I mean the angel—my angel, as I call her; Jack's angel, as all my friends said. Her first appearance was in this wise. It was ten years ago. I was then, as I am now, in the habit of staying frequently with some cousins of mine in Hampshire, where they have a charming place. The house is a large, rambling old building, generally full of visitors, for both Tom and Lily like society, and there was always a room for me when I was in England, and I was allowed to come and go as it pleased me.

I often arrived late at night, and the first intimation Tom or Lily had of my arrival was my appearance at breakfast next morning. This was the case on the occasion of which I am speaking. I arrived late at night. Philips, the butler, let me in, and told me that his mistress was gone to bed and that his master was in town for a few days. There was a large party staying in the house, and he was sure his mistress would be delighted at my arrival to assist her in entertaining her guests.

I was not quite so sure of Lily's delight as Philips appeared to be, for I had promised her and Tom to bring my sister Muriel with me the next time I came; a promise I had often made and often broken, though it was always Muriel's fault; she was so full of engagements, she never had a day or two to bestow on our cousins in Hampshire, and she had disappointed Lily so often that I was half afraid that most amiable of women might be offended, so I told Philips not to mention my arrival, hoping to surprise Lily into forgiving me and Muriel.

I was up early the next morning, and as there was an hour before breakfast, I went for a walk across the meadows, now golden with buttercups, and returned through some woods, to my mind in the perfection of their beauty, for it was late spring or early summer, and the fresh green leaves were not yet full enough to hide the delicate tracery of the branches and the form of the trees. The garden and grounds were looking very bright and pretty, I thought, as I entered them by a side gate, for the lilacs and laburnums were in full flower, and there was an avenue of horse-chestnut trees leading up to the house, whose branches were laden with their magnificent pink blossoms. I walked across the lawn to the head of the avenue, and there, under the arch formed by the lovely branches which met overhead, stood a being so beautiful that for the moment she held me rooted to the spot. She was rather above the middle height, of slight figure, and dressed in a robe of some soft white material which hung in graceful folds around her. On the back of her head was a large round straw hat, which a very slight effort of the imagination converted into a halo; and certainly, if beauty be an attribute of angels, wiser men than I might have been excused for mistaking this beautiful creature for one, though after the first surprise I concluded she was only a girl staying in the house. She was very fair, with the most exquisite complexion I have ever seen before or since. Her skin was white and smooth as marble, with a delicate pink in her cheeks; large hazel eyes and eyebrows, soft gentle eyes, with a strange light in them that was perhaps the most striking feature of this wonderful face; clouds of golden hair—real golden—not red or yellow or tow-coloured, but fine golden hair, which waved round her white brow and was gathered into a loose knot behind; and a mouth an artist would have raved about, for it was faultless; and, as artists well know, a really perfect mouth is the rarest feature they ever come across. But apart from all these charms, there was a grace about this girl quite foreign to any other girls I have ever seen. Purity and simplicity clung to her like her own spotless white drapery. To approach her was to breathe a purer atmosphere.

She was standing still, examining a bird she held in her hands, and on seeing me at once came forward and said, "Mr. Melville, I presume?"

I bowed, inwardly reviling Philips for having betrayed my arrival, and she continued—

"This poor bird has fallen from its nest and broken its leg; I have had such a chase after it, for it can fly a little. Do you mind holding it for me while I set the bone?"

Now I am an army surgeon, and I confess I was curious to know how this fair creature would set about this surgical operation. However, I did not enlighten her as to my calling, but meekly did as I was bid. She then tore a strip of cambric from her handkerchief, looked about for two suitable twigs, and then very deftly set the leg. All this time I was, unobserved by her, gazing at her lovely face, and wondering who she was, and why Lily had never mentioned her to me, for her beauty was extraordinary, and I considered myself a critic of feminine beauty. Just as she was setting the bird's leg, the gong sounded for breakfast; and thanking me, she took the bird, and said she would put it back where she first found it.

"Come in to breakfast first—I am sure you have earned yours—and then we will try and find its nest. I am the host, so I must not be late," I urged, and, thanking me, she complied.

There were about half-a-dozen people in the breakfast-room when, after putting the bird in a safe place, we entered by the open window; they were all known to me, and I was so occupied in shaking hands with them that I did not notice they none of them spoke to my companion, though they evidently regarded her with admiration. We then sat down to breakfast, I taking Tom's place, and of course taking care to have my new acquaintance next me.

"It is no use waiting for Lily, she is always late," I remarked, as I poured out the coffee, while Philips made tea and waited on us.

More stragglers dropped in as we proceeded with the meal, and then I observed that none of the late comers greeted my beautiful neighbour, who nevertheless seemed to be the centre of attraction, for men and ladies alike all gazed at her rather more than was quite consistent with good-breeding, I thought. She did not talk much, and seemed rather shy, though I did my utmost to amuse her, and kept wishing Lily would come down that I might discover who the beautiful stranger was.

Once I went to the sideboard to get some ham, and as I passed old Lady Winter, she pulled me down and whispered—

"Who is she?"

"Who is who?" I asked.

"Why, your beautiful friend, of course."

"I don't know, I have only just come," I replied, as I moved on, feeling rather mystified.

A minute later and young Wilberforce came up to my elbow with the same question, "Who is she?"

"How on earth should I know? A friend of Lily's I suppose," I answered, crossly, wondering still more that no one seemed to know my new friend; but just then, to my relief, the door opened, and Lily came in, full of apologies for being so late, and expressing her surprise and delight at seeing me.

But instead of helping me to discover who my fair friend was, Lily only added to my mystification by mistaking her for my sister Muriel, whom she had never seen.

"And this is Muriel. My dear, I am charmed to see you," said Lily, greeting my neighbour with a kiss.

"Yes, I am Muriel, but it is very kind of you to be so glad to see me," said the girl, while I looked on in amazement.

"Glad, my dear! if Jack had dared to come without you this time I would never have forgiven him," said Lily.

This was getting more and more extraordinary, for I was now aware that my friend Muriel was not, as I supposed, staying in the house, but was evidently as great a stranger to the others as to me, so I made up my mind as soon as breakfast was over I would tell Lily of her mistake, and see if she could throw some light upon the mysterious stranger.

Presently there was a general rising, and as Muriel was talking to General Davis, I slipped across the room to Lily. "Lily, that is not my Muriel," I whispered.

"Not Muriel! Who is she, then?"

"That is what I want to know. I met her in the avenue, concluded she was staying in the house, and brought her in to breakfast."

"Jack, this is most extraordinary! I have never seen her before. Who can she be? Go and find out, for my curiosity is excited about this girl, she is so beautiful," said Lily.

I looked round, nothing loth to obey Lily's command, but the stranger was gone. There stood General Davis where I had left him, but Muriel had vanished from his side.

"Where is Miss Muriel, General?" said I.

"Here. What? Why, where on earth is she? She was here a moment ago," said the General.

"Did no one see her leave the room?" I asked.

No, no one; no one believed she was gone at first. I did not wait till they had discovered the truth, but dashed out into the garden, and rushed about the grounds wildly in all directions, followed soon by all the gentlemen; but, search as we might, not a trace was to be seen of Muriel.

"Well," said Lily, laughing, when we returned, "I have certainly entertained an angel unawares. Where did you pick her up, Jack? She is your friend; you are responsible for her."

"Oh, yes, she is Jack's angel, Where did you find her, Jack?" cried several voices.

I told the story of my meeting in the avenue, and was thus reminded of the bird which we had left in the greenhouse; but no, it was gone, and not a trace was left of my beautiful guest.

"She must be staying somewhere in the neighbourhood. Think, Lily, whom can she belong to?" I asked.

"No," laughed Lily, "my dear Jack, it was evidently an angel. As you very well know, the only neighbour we have for five miles except the vicar, whose family are away, is old Sir Henry at the Court, and he is much too crazy as well as too mean to have any one staying with him. You'll never see her again, Jack, on this side the grave, make up your mind to that. As I said before, she is evidently an angel."

Lily's words about my not seeing Muriel again seemed to be prophetic, for though I spent a whole week in searching for my angel, not a trace could I find of her. How they all teazed me about her! Did she eat anything?

And they all tried to remember, or rather to invent, breakfasts as angelic and ethereal as possible. I had no peace, so I curtailed my visit and went back to London a sadder man than I arrived at the Grange, for the lovely vision of that sweet, pure girl-face haunted me day and night, and I knew there would be no happiness for me till I found my angel again and possessed her. Weeks rolled into months, and not a trace of her did I find. I went down to the Grange once or twice in the hope of seeing or hearing something of her, but in vain. I found Lily's children were fully possessed of the idea that their mother had had an angel to breakfast one morning, and were unspeakably sorry that they had never seen her. In point of fact, the way in which they persisted in discussing "Jack's Angel" at the Grange annoyed me. It was no use my declaring Muriel was flesh and blood, they all pretended she was nothing of the kind, and though I knew they only talked in this way to tease me, it vexed me more than they imagined. I was so anxious to see her again that any doubt as to her reality drove me to distraction. The great object and hope of my life now was to meet her again. At last this hope was realised.

I received orders to join my regiment, then stationed in South Africa, and a few days before I sailed I went up to London, where I had so much to do just at the last moment that I had scarcely time to think of my angel. I was to sail on a Tuesday, and the previous Sunday I went to church twice—in the morning to Westminster Abbey, and in the evening to a church near my hotel. I was a stranger there, and I don't know what made me choose that church in preference to any other; fate drove me, perhaps. At any rate there I went, and there I saw my angel.

There was no doubt about it. I discovered her before I had been in the church five minutes. I was late, and the church was crowded, and in stretching my head over the little group of people round me to see if there was any chance of getting a seat, I saw in the opposite aisle the face which had haunted me so long. The profile was turned towards me, and it was, I will confess, a relief to my mind to find that although she was dressed in white on this June evening, she had an unmistakable bonnet on her head, and surely no angel ever yet wore a bonnet! Yes, it was she, and I fear I paid very little attention to the sermon that evening. Towards its close I looked round to see if there were any other door besides that by which I had entered, and satisfying myself there was none, I made up my mind to stand just outside the door, and when Muriel came out, make myself known to her.

Accordingly, as soon as the service was over I did so. It was still daylight, and if not, her white dress would easily have enabled me to distinguish her; but for some minutes I waited in vain. The congregation streamed out, first a few stragglers, then with a rush came a crowd which gradually diminished, and still no Muriel was among them. At last the stream of people was so thin that the verger closed one of the double doors, and then, becoming alarmed, I slipped back into the church, and to my surprise and vexation found it was empty. Once again my angel had disappeared. Baffled, enraged, mystified, I asked the verger if there was any other door; he told me no, and seemed anxious for me to be gone, so I went back to my hotel, feeling very savage with myself for not having taken some other means of solving the mystery. I was as certain Muriel was in the church, as I was that she had again disappeared in some mysterious manner. The more I pondered over it the more extraordinary it seemed; and, to relieve my feelings, I wrote a farewell letter to Lily, telling her I had again seen my angel, though I did not add that she had again vanished into space. Two days later I was on my way to South Africa.

(To be continued.)

THIS LITTLE WHILE.

By HARRIET KENDALL.

THIS little while of many wants and needs,
The baby-time that we are calling life.
Oh, as we count our tiny hopes and fears,
We sow few seeds that in the later years
Can bear a blossom where so many weeds
Choke up the undergrowth, and thorns are rife.

This little while to play with flowers and shells.
It is enough for us the swallow sings
And roses are full-blushed. The long, long night
That comes to all, we trow is out of sight.
Why pause to think? Why should we break life's spells
To wander vainly after hidden things?

Our hearts are young—the world is all so fair,
And painted freshly like an infant's toy.
We break not faith with aught that seems so good,
The fuller time shall ripe the bud. Why should
We gather every dismal word of care,
And frame a language but to mar our joy?

We have not reached that time of bitterness
When retrospection wails a sad "too late,"
And clutches wildly at its broken reeds
With all the fever that expectance feeds;
Life eager made from very fruitlessness,
Love hoped for since the hope is desolate.

But in the after-years, when we no more
Shall gather blossoms from the almond bough;
When all the carmine of the rose has died,
And many a hope is trampled or belied,
Shall we have then of faith a golden store
Because we sipped of honey only now?

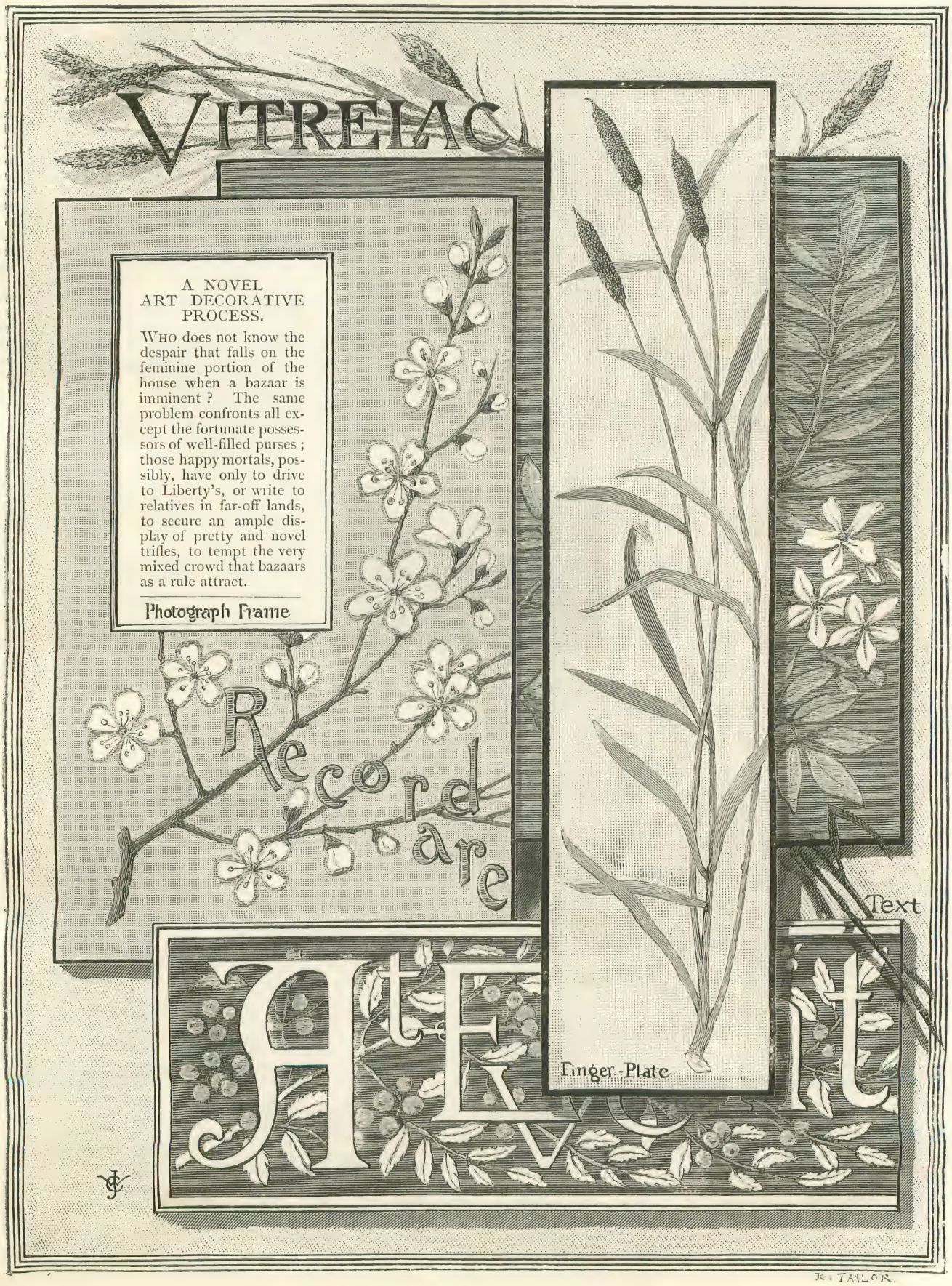
Or will it come to us through many a grief,
That perfect trust in what we cannot see?
Will then some voice speak from the vast unknown,
And tell us that life's aims are oft o'erthrown,
And that so much is false which seems so fair,
And that this life is but our infancy?

It may be that the real tale of life
Starts only when we give this dreaming up;
It may be that our hearts at length may see
A way to God through human sympathy.
To rhythmic make the syllables of strife,
Is grief worth more than richest joys we sup?

* * * * * *

Yes! every grief is but a point from which
To date the calendar of life, and trace
Our years of progress to eternity.
What we are not, that may we strive to be
In all that noble is—and he is rich
Who hath had many sorrows to efface.

Only a little while to work and wait,
And then a long, long time perchance to rest;
A few more tears to dry, and hands to fold,
And hearts to cheer that e'en in youth are old.
Let us be earnest, working on till late;
We need the sorrow's lesson: it is best.


VITREIAC
A NOVEL
ART DECORATIVE
PROCESS.
Who does not know the despair that falls on the feminine portion of the house when a bazaar is imminent? The same problem confronts all except the fortunate possessors of well-filled purses; those happy mortals, possibly, have only to drive to Liberty's, or write to relatives in far-off lands, to secure an ample display of pretty and novel trifles, to tempt the very mixed crowd that bazaars as a rule attract.
Photograph Frame
Record
are
Text
Finger-Plate
Art
K. TAYLOR

But in ordinary families there is an eager search for novelties; the columns of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are scanned for ideas; the more energetic write to the Editor for suggestions, as it is well known that an editor, having more spare time than any other mortal, is so likely to be full of ingenious devices with which, no doubt, he fills up his irksome waste hours. Then the clever people who are always up in the latest art craze are called upon, and the result, as a rule, is as free from novelty as a Queen's Speech. The inevitable terra-cotta plaque, crystoleum-painted photographs, crewel work and its kindred embroideries, fans made into wall pockets, fearful and wonderful devices upon unexpected materials for anti-maccassars, but nothing very unlike what one has seen upon scores of previous stalls at fancy fairs for years past. Having thus shown, like every introducer of a novelty, the pressing need for it that exists, it will no doubt follow, as in similar cases elsewhere, that the novelty brought forward is not so very new nor so very attractive.

Some time since a German friend who was looking at various art handiwork in an English home, furnished in modern artistic style, said, "But you have no glass as we decorate it," and from a few minutes' hasty description the following process for decorating various fancy articles has been evolved, possibly very unlike the actual material that the foreigner described, but still in its way a sufficiently new style of fancy work, or as modern culture phrases it, art-handiwork. The aim is to decorate the back of common glass in black, gold, and silver, the result being not unlike Japanese lacquer, but adaptable to some purposes that the lacquer would not suit, and, it must be said, not suited to many surfaces that the lacquer would adorn. But we cannot make Japanese lacquer ourselves—that is an advantage of vitrelac; neither can we have our own designs on it—this is not an advantage in most cases, I readily admit. The exquisite art which our Eastern friends bestow on their commonest objects, is, alas that it be so! in spite of South Kensington, in spite of our best meant efforts, not for us at present; perhaps it never may be that we of the West shall beautify, simply and truly, all our belongings as those wonderful children of the East succeed in doing.

And here, when the thought of the real fitness and beauty of the best Japanese work comes to one's memory, it seems mockery to suggest anything worthy to be named by the side of their most ordinary decorations. Fortunately for us, however, life is not all "art for art's sake," as a certain school would like it to be thought; and dropping that much-abused word art—let us see if in our own homes new decorative adjuncts may be created, to give some little pleasure to those who made and see them; and perhaps to assist in its way, feeble though it be, in earning a few pence for those who need not art alone, but the dreary necessities of everyday life. If by our work, which is really pastime, some little one of the poor children of the world has a care lightened, or a pain eased, never mind what may be the feebleness of the art displayed, or how small our efforts compared with the unreachable ideal, the end will be sterling good, although the means be paltry and evanescent.

To begin with the description of the process. We require pieces of common window glass, any size, some black varnish, a few sheets of gold and silver paper; these suffice for the first attempt. First cut the glass to be decorated to fit the required space—and here it may be as well to say that glass cutting is not an abstruse art; with a sixpenny American glass-cutter (corkscrew and a dozen other things beside) anybody may in a few minutes acquire the art of diminishing the size of a piece of glass to the *required* dimensions; that is the only thing that stops us. To diminish it to pieces not the required size is only too easy, while cutting one's fingers as well as the glass is also an art acquired without practice. But to drop flippancy, which the mere name of a bazaar unfortunately suggests too readily, the process of cutting glass is very simple. Choose a firm table to operate on; a straight-edge—be it a flat ruler, T square, or, if nothing better be at hand, the edge of a box; take a sheet of light colour paper on which is pencilled the outline of the size wanted, lay the glass on it, place the ruler a small distance inside the line, to allow of the little wheel of cutter tracing the line itself; press firmly, but not too heavily, taking care that the pressure is continuous for the whole cut, which must be from one edge of the glass to the other, in one operation; then, raising the glass, take it firmly at the corner outside the cut, and a quiet bend (here comes the only "knack" that is to be acquired) breaks off the piece—if the foregoing details have been carefully attended to—sharply and with a true edge.

Next coat the back of the glass, which should be thoroughly clean, with common black varnish; let it dry well, but not too long—say a day or two at most. If the varnish is too dry, the flakes chip off in a broken outline—destructive of good effect. Now, the glass being ready, the pattern may be lightly traced, either through perforated holes in the design with powdered chalk, or in any of the ways that an outline is transferred to a flat surface; then, with a penknife, scrape off the varnish from the spaces forming the pattern. If done quietly and carefully it is rapid compared with the effect; if by chance more is removed than required, a touch of the varnish allowed to dry will make it all right for a second attempt. The design being finished, stick gold or silver paper (both blended in the same panel will often produce the better effect) over the scraped away pattern at the back of the glass. Coloured paper or scraps of bright satin will also be very effective, and the work is complete, and will be found, although so simple, yet pleasing in its way, with a certain novelty of effect that will be more or less successful according to the choice of the design and its fitness for the process.

A few words as to the choice of the design. The Japanese lacquer work and the native books of designs, which, although so easily obtainable, are not nearly enough used by amateurs, supply perhaps the best style of patterns for this work; but sprays of leaves and some flower forms, sufficiently conventional in their treatment, will be no less effective. Mottoes in quaint, clear lettering, such as Abbey and the American artists sprinkle on their decorative panels, suit this work admirably, and give it a certain character of its own, distinct from the real lacquer work, the lettering on which being Japanese, at first does not suggest words to an English mind.

The uses to which the panels of vitrelac can be applied may include all those where a tile of earthenware would be adopted; also finger-plates, five o'clock trays set in firm wooden rims with backing of wood, tops of small tables, borders for the glass in photograph frames, doors of cabinets, where the contents are wished hidden; in short, any place where a decorative panel set in wooden framework is available. Especially may mottoes or texts be wrought entirely in this material; for these a piece of cardboard the size of the glass, with rings fixed to it, should hide the back, a narrow border of gold paper binding it firmly to the vitrelac panel.

The advantage of being able to embody a favourite quotation, or a text specially dear to one, in a lasting decorative way, will be at once apparent. If any details that require further instruction should appear in working it out, a letter to the care of the Editor will ensure a reply with the needed information. In conclusion may I, as the sponsor for English use (to the best of my knowledge) of this foreign fancy work, hope that the little German bantling may be received with forbearance, as another trifle to pass away time in its preparation, and in no way a rival of true art work that more skilled brains and hands are able to produce, but an almost mechanical process that less gifted mortals may use with a certain amount of success and pleasure.

GLEESON WHITE.

VARIETIES.

THE COMING WOMAN.—After a woman's rights meeting it was remarked: The coming woman will not marry until she is able to support a husband in the style he has been accustomed to at home.

A TERRIBLE STORM.—In the published tour of a lady who was of some literary note in her day, we came upon the following amusing example of written bathos. Describing a storm to which she was exposed, when crossing in the steamboat from Dover to Calais, her ladyship says: "In spite of the most earnest solicitations to the contrary, in which the captain eagerly joined, I firmly persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had now increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was not without great difficulty I could—hold up my parasol!"

LINES ON LINES.

Curved is the line of Beauty,
Straight is the line of Duty;
Walk by the last, and thou shalt see
The former always follow thee.

"RELIEVED OF HIS WATCH."—"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

FOR EVER AND AFTERWARDS.—A shopkeeper recommending a piece of silk for a gown said to his customer: "Madam, it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat afterwards."

WHAT IS THE BEST RECREATION?—The best recreation is to do good.

A GREAT WANT.—After all, our great want in social life is a deeper and wider sympathy. This it is which enables us to see with another's vision, and to appreciate another's instincts. Without merging a particle of our own individuality, we may so fairly put ourselves in the place of our friend as to feel how natural it is for her to speak and act as she does.

IN DOMESTIC QUARRELS.—No one but Mr. Verdant Green will interfere in a domestic quarrel, for the man, of course, resents it, and the lady, though suffering from many a blow, will say, "You leave my husband alone; he has a right to beat me if he likes."

WORTHY OF COMMAND.—No one is worthy of command who is not better than those who are to obey.—*Cyrus.*

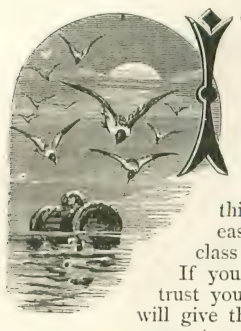
FAIRY TALES OF THE WORLD;

OR,

HITHER AND THITHER ON A BROOMSTICK.

By NIMBUS.

"SOMETHING TO LOVE, IF ONLY A FLOWER."



IF you were not disappointed in your visit to the Black Forest, I will ask you to mount my Broomstick once again. It is elastic, and will waft you hither and thither with greater ease than could a first class Pullman car.

If you are all agreed to trust yourselves with me, I will give the sign, and in a moment we are on a sandy plain in the neighbourhood of the town of Porzellania, in the age known as "once upon a time."

We could not have alighted on a more unlikely spot for a fairy tale; it is a vast sandy plain, desolate beyond expression, and unrelieved by tree, or bush, or flower.

And yet its very desolateness wrought a quaint and pretty picture in the imagination of a young man named Brentano, a native of Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, which picture I will try and paint for you as I have often had it represented to me, both on and near the spot.

Unlovely as was Porzellania and its surroundings, it yet attracted many thither, for then, as now, it was the centre of a great china industry.

I will ask your interest, however, for three only of the inhabitants—the Prince, who lived in a palace within the town, and a young man and wife who lived about a couple of miles from the town in the midst of the sandy plain, and who were occupied from morning till night in the porcelain industry.

This man and wife were honest and industrious, but they found their lives very monotonous and their home sad and lonely, for they loved children and longed for them, but as yet they had not been blessed with one.

They often talked over the Bible story of Hannah and Samuel, and they determined that night and morning when they offered up prayer and thanksgiving, to add a special petition that God would bless them with a child, even as He had bestowed one upon Hannah in answer to her prayer; and this they did for months and months, yet they were still childless.

This intense longing for children showed itself in many ways; the man, for example, would ornament his vases and cups with the heads of baby angels; the wife in her dreams beheld green fields, flowers, and trees, among which her children played.

The husband, wishing to please his wife on her birthday, made her two presents—the one a white china cradle ornamented with roses and angels' heads, the other a large flowerpot of red china on which he painted butterflies and flowers. Both were beautiful specimens of porcelain work, which he had made with his own hands.

The wife made a little bed and placed it in the cradle, and she filled the flower-pot with the best earth she could procure, and which she sought for miles round and brought home in her apron.

This done, she carried her two presents into the bedroom and knelt down by the bed, and with her whole soul offered up her prayer.

"O Lord, I pray thee if it be Thy will give me a child: I will bring it up in the love and fear of Thee. If it be a girl, I will teach her to spin, to sing, and to pray. If in Thy love Thou shouldst give us a boy, we will with Thy help bring him up to be true and honourable in word and deed, to be courageous and brave in war and in council. The cradle is here and ready for Thy gift. Should it not be Thy will, then grant me *something to love, if only a flower*, that we may tend and watch and see grow."

So prayed the woman with tears and longing, and lay her down to rest.

In the night there was a fearful storm of thunder and lightning, one flash lighting up the whole room in which husband and wife were sleeping.

The morning broke fine and cool, the sun's rays came through the open window, and the woman slept on in a sweet dream. She thought herself sitting under a myrtle tree with her husband; she heard the leaves whispering softest music; she felt them touch her cheek.

She awoke suddenly, and there on her pillow close to her face lay a sprig of fresh young myrtle. She woke her husband to show him the wonderful thing that had happened, and with heart full of joy she thanked her Heavenly Father for giving her something living to love and tend day by day.

She planted it in the beautiful flowerpot with the utmost care, and placed it where it could catch the sun's rays; she shielded it from rough winds and frosts, and the myrtle sprig grew under her loving hand in strength and beauty, and brought peace and joy into the desolate home.

It was just about this time that the Prince, in company with a scientific man, was searching the land in order to discover the special earth necessary for the porcelain works, which was gradually becoming scarce near the town.

Being close to the cottage of his workman, the Prince thought he would go in and ask his opinion about the specimens they had collected, but as he stood on the threshold his eye caught the myrtle, and he was so struck with it that the object for which he had come to the cottage went straight out of his mind, and he could only exclaim—"How lovely! how exquisite! this myrtle fills my heart with joy as nothing in this world ever did before. What can it mean? It is as though I could not live without it."

Turning to the man and wife, who were looking at him with astonishment, he said, "I must have that myrtle at any price. What will you take for it?"

"Oh, sir," said the poor woman, "I love my myrtle as though it were my child, and if you offered me a kingdom for it I could not take it in exchange."

The Prince on hearing this left the cottage in great sorrow, forgetting altogether the scientific companion and his search for porcelain material, and returned to his palace.

His grief and longing for the myrtle brought on an illness so severe that the whole land feared he would die, and ambassadors were sent to the porcelain workers desiring them to give up the myrtle and save the life of the Prince.

After reiterated commands and entreaties the woman made answer, "You say that if the Prince does not have our myrtle he will die; and I say that neither can we live if our myrtle be taken from us. If therefore the Prince must have it he must take us with it. On this condition we will take it to him and tend it as heretofore, and will be good and faithful servants in the palace of our Prince."

With this the ambassadors were content, and sent a special messenger on to the palace to tell the Prince the success of their mission. And so it happened that the man and wife placed the beautiful plant on a truck, covered it with a soft silk handkerchief, and, dressed in Sunday clothes, took it towards the town, followed by the ambassadors.

They were met on the way by the Prince, who was driving towards them with a golden water-can in his hand, with which he desired at once to water the myrtle and feast his eyes on it.

Four maidens in white dresses adorned with roses followed the Prince, having a red silk canopy, under which the myrtle was to be conveyed to the palace. Children strewed flowers in the way, and all the people were glad as they formed themselves into procession.

There were, however, nine maidens in the town who would neither join the procession nor take any part in the rejoicings; on the contrary, they desired that the myrtle might die.

Each of these girls had formerly expected to be Princess of Porzellania, but since the Prince had seen the myrtle he had not taken the least notice of them. This explains their bitter feeling towards the innocent plant.

The Prince had the myrtle placed in the window of his own special room, and to the man and wife he gave a cottage in the palace garden, whence they could always see their beloved myrtle, with which arrangement they were content.

The Prince was soon quite well again, and felt intense delight in tending the plant, which he did with the utmost love and devotion, and the myrtle rewarded those who loved it by growing daily in strength and beauty.

One evening the Prince drew his sofa up close to the plant, that while resting he might enjoy its beauty. Hours passed by and stillness and darkness fell upon the palace, and as he slept or dreamed, I know not which, he was startled by a curious rustle in the myrtle, and as he listened he was conscious, too, of a gentle movement and a sweet perfume in the room, and he began to sing quite softly:—

"What means this rustling so sweet, my bright, my beautiful myrtle, my plant that I love so dearly?"

And there came answer in a low, gentle, and musical voice:—

"For friendship I give thee thanks, my good and noble Prince, my lord for whom I blossom."

At these words, spoken in pure music, the listener was so overcome with joy that he lost the power of utterance; but this was not all. He felt that someone was sitting on a cushion at his feet, and as he put forth his hand it was taken in one soft and delicate and carried to lips which spoke.

"My dear lord and Prince, ask not who I am, but permit me now and then, in the stillness of night, to sit at thy feet and thank thee for the tender watchfulness with which thou hast shielded me while knowing me only as a plant; but I inhabit the myrtle, and my thanks to thee for thy love and care have grown to such an extent that the tree could not contain

them, therefore heaven has granted me the privilege of appearing to thee sometimes in human form."

They talked on hour after hour, the Prince more in love than ever with his myrtle. Wise and gentle were the words she spoke, and his desire to see her face to face was almost beyond his control.

But the myrtle maiden said, "Pause till I have sung to you," and in her peculiarly soothing tone she sang, "Rustle, rustle, myrtle mine, and while the world is still and the moon chases the fleecy clouds towards the Fountain of light, do thou, my friend, sleep, sleep."

And the myrtle did rustle, and the fountain splashed softly in the garden, and the song was so soft that the Prince fell into a sweet refreshing sleep, and the maiden rose from the cushion and entered the myrtle.

When the Prince awoke in the morning he saw that the cushion at his feet was unoccupied, and he could not tell whether the myrtle maiden had actually been there or whether it were a dream, and looking up at the myrtle he saw that it was covered with blossoms, all of which had opened in the night, and he believed, therefore, that the vision was real.

With intense longing he waited for the coming night, and as it drew on he moved up his sofa, sat on it, and waited; and when all was still and dark the myrtle rustled again, and the maiden sat at his feet, and related such wise and wonderful stories that he thought he could never tire of them, and he entreated her again and again to permit him to get a light that he might behold her; but for answer she sang him to sleep as before.

For seven nights the same scene was repeated, and so wise and charming was her conversation that the Prince determined in his own mind that he would see with his eyes what manner of person this was that so fascinated him.

Therefore, after the seventh night had passed, he had a fine silk net stretched across the ceiling which he could lower without difficulty, and then with impatience he awaited the night.

As the myrtle maiden sat once again at his feet conversing upon the duties of a good Prince, she thought once more to sing him to sleep, but he prevented her, saying, "This time it is my turn to sing to you." And after much entreaty she yielded.

In a low lullaby tone he sang:—

"Dost hear how the fountains ripple and the grasshoppers chirp? Be still and listen. Happy are they who die in their dreams; happy when the clouds rock them and the moon sings them a lullaby. Sleep, dream on. I will awake thee and bless thee."

So dreamily did he hum these disjointed sentences that the maiden slept at his feet. Quickly he lowered a net over her and lighted a lamp! What did he see? A maiden more beautiful than in his wildest imagination he had pictured—the face gentle and pure, her golden hair crowned with a myrtle wreath; her dress was of soft green material embroidered with silver, and her hands folded on her breast.

He could scarcely breathe for astonishment and rapture, as he stood and looked at the beautiful being who had been both friend and teacher to him, and cried aloud, "O virtue, O wisdom, how beautiful is thy form. Having once seen thee I cannot live without thee."

Gently he raised her hand and placed his signet ring on her finger, saying, "Awake, my love, my friend, share my throne, take my hand, and never leave me more."

The girl awoke, and as she saw the light she blushed intensely, and feeling herself entrapped she uttered a complaint, and said, "Be sure unhappiness to us both will be the result of your action."

But the Prince besought so earnestly for forgiveness that she not only forgave him but promised to be his wife, subject to the approval of her parents.

He was to make arrangements for the marriage and obtain the parents' consent; until these were accomplished she would not see him again.

"But," said he, "how shall I let you know when all is ready?"

"Fasten a little silver bell on the topmost twig of my tree, and as it rings I will be with thee." So saying, the net was removed, the myrtle rustled, and she disappeared.

Scarcely had the day dawned when the Prince in his impatience called his ministers and councillors together, and made known to them that he intended shortly to marry, and that it was his wish that the arrangements for the wedding should be on the grandest scale possible.

All expressed their delight at the news, and begged to know the lady's name, that they might work her initials into the illuminations.

"The first letter of her name is M, and it is my wish that sprigs of myrtle shall form the chief portion of decorations for the festival," was the Prince's answer.

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MURIEL and A DELICATE GIRL had better join a correspondence class. The St. George's Hall Classes in Edinburgh would answer. Write to Miss Walker, secretary, St. George's Hall, 7, Randolph Place; for ascertaining your status, they would be very valuable to you, we think.

AN IRISH GIRL.—We know of no way save to make inquiries at the War Office on the subject.

HISTORICAL ENQUIRER.—"Fifth monarchy men," about 1645, believed the millennium to be just at hand, when Christ should descend from heaven and erect the fifth universal monarchy. They proceeded so far as to elect Christ "king" in London. Cromwell dispersed them in 1653. Another rising was suppressed with great loss of life January, 1661, and Thomas Venner, a cooper, the leader and founder, with sixteen others, were executed soon afterwards.

ONE EAGER FOR WORK is yet too young for a hospital training. There are children's hospitals in Aberdeen and Glasgow. We do not know whether there be one in Edinburgh. The matron at the hospital, or the secretary, is the person to whom application should be made.

A WOULD-BE STOIC.—The velocity of light is about 190,000,000 of miles in sixteen minutes, or nearly 200,000 miles in a second, which is a million times swifter than a cannon ball. The light of the sun takes eight minutes eight seconds for its transmission through the intervening space to the earth. There seems no doubt that there are other systems besides our own in God's universe. Who can set bounds to His Almighty power?

K. MACK.—The Seismometer (from the Greek word for "earthquake") is an apparatus for measuring the force of the shocks. You will find one described in Mallet's work on earthquakes, 1858.

A JERSEY GIRL.—We do not advise you to have anything to do with such advertisements. Home employment is the most difficult to obtain. We believe the London Hospital, E., takes ladies to train for three months. And at the Rhyl Alexandra Hospital in North Wales, they also receive ladies to be trained. Address the matron in both cases.

SORROWFUL PAULINE.—All such appointments are obtained by influence, although, of course, fitness must be considered. We regret we cannot help you further.

OTTILIE VON RADWITZ.—The original composer of "God save the Queen" was Dr. John Bull. The name you mention is from the Latin, and means the eighth born. It is a diminutive for Octavius and Octavia.

HOPE COTTAGE (New Jersey, U.S.A.)—We think that now the education is finished, your children should read with you for an hour or two in the day, history, poetry, and biography. In America, where you are, books are so cheap, you will have no difficulty in procuring them, and then you had better try to get them to study history by periods, and write compositions on the persons and events in them, so as to comprehend what has made history, and what events have led to other events. Take Green's smaller History of the English people to begin with.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRINCESS CATERINA (Marseilles).—Many thanks for your letter, and your kind words about the "G.O.P." 2. In England we should call them "Night Refuges." You will obtain the fullest information on the whole subject by writing to A. J. S. Maddison, Esq., secretary of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, 32, Charing Cross, S.W., London, which is the central agency for all such good works.

A POOR WIDOW.—The only method would be to show the picture to several picture dealers, and try to arrive at some idea of its value by their offers. You will find their addresses in a "London Directory."

A STRANGER has our thanks for her kind letter. The boxes could be got at a good toy-shop, we should imagine. In pressing flowers, it is needful to have a sufficiently heavy pressure on them; and also to change the blotting-paper every day or so. We think you have not done this.

VIOLET.—Amidst a heap of letters we find one thus signed, complaining that, "not being gifted with talkative powers," and "having met with a gentleman, been out three times, and does not seem to give satisfaction in the way of conversing with him, he has written to say that he will discontinue to meet her" until such a date a month later. We confess we have no experience in such circumstances and arrangements. If your parents approve of your engagement to any man, go out for a walk with him. Not otherwise. And if you be dull and uninteresting, read some nice book on natural history, or of missionary travels and adventures; and tell him some stories if you fear his finding you "heavy on hand." Make an effort to be agreeable.

DAISY.—Refer to the index in the volumes you have.

A slight touch in the centre once a day, with a fine camel's hair brush dipped in acetic acid (burning, so be careful not to leave the poison about, and have a label on it), the excrescence will be destroyed. Remember that the acid will spread, so do not wet the whole surface, or you will burn the skin immediately surrounding it.

A LOVER OF BOOKS.—Any clothing for destitute children would be gratefully received at "Dr. Barnardo's Homes." Send to Dr. Barnardo's office, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, E.

A HAPPY GIRL has written a very nice account of her holiday, and we regret we have no room to insert it.

DAWKINS.—Your two poems are religious in tone, and have some merit.

IVY GREEN'S impromptu is very good in ideas, but not correct in the rhymes.

ALLYNE.—There is a Convalescent Home for gentlemen of the clerical and professional classes at Worthing, called the Banting Memorial Home. Address the secretary, Parade Lodge, Marine Parade, for information.

MAJOR GENERAL'S DARLING has an odd idea of her life, its duties and pleasures, if she thinks she ought to "let anyone understand she dislikes them." She actually wants us to instruct her how to do so! The very idea of such ungracious thoughts and unkind and rude manners has set all our grammar astray. Judging from her pseudonym, our correspondent is beloved, and knows the value of love. What a debt of love and kindness then she owes to less fortunate people! If we would lead the "Christ-life," we must follow Him, more in this than in anything, because "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

OSIRIA.—Such monumental figures as one of Death, or female figures bowed down with grief, or torches turned upside down, or "Time" holding an hour-glass, and such like, are emblematic, and considered suitable on such memorials of the dead. We are glad you so much appreciate our articles on "Good Breeding," "Etiquette," and duties in all conditions and relations of life. We do not know whether they will appear in separate form. Possibly.

JAMISEH.—The spots you illustrate as appearing on the surface of your mirror are apparently fly marks, and should be washed off. If dust, the wind or a draught of air blew them on the glass in the way you describe.

F. H. D. C.—You must refer to our series entitled "The Habits of Polite Society," "Good Breeding," or duties, etc., under every circumstance of life.

FAREWELL.

I WILL not, dare not stay
To realise the pain
Of that dread word, but pray
That we may meet again.

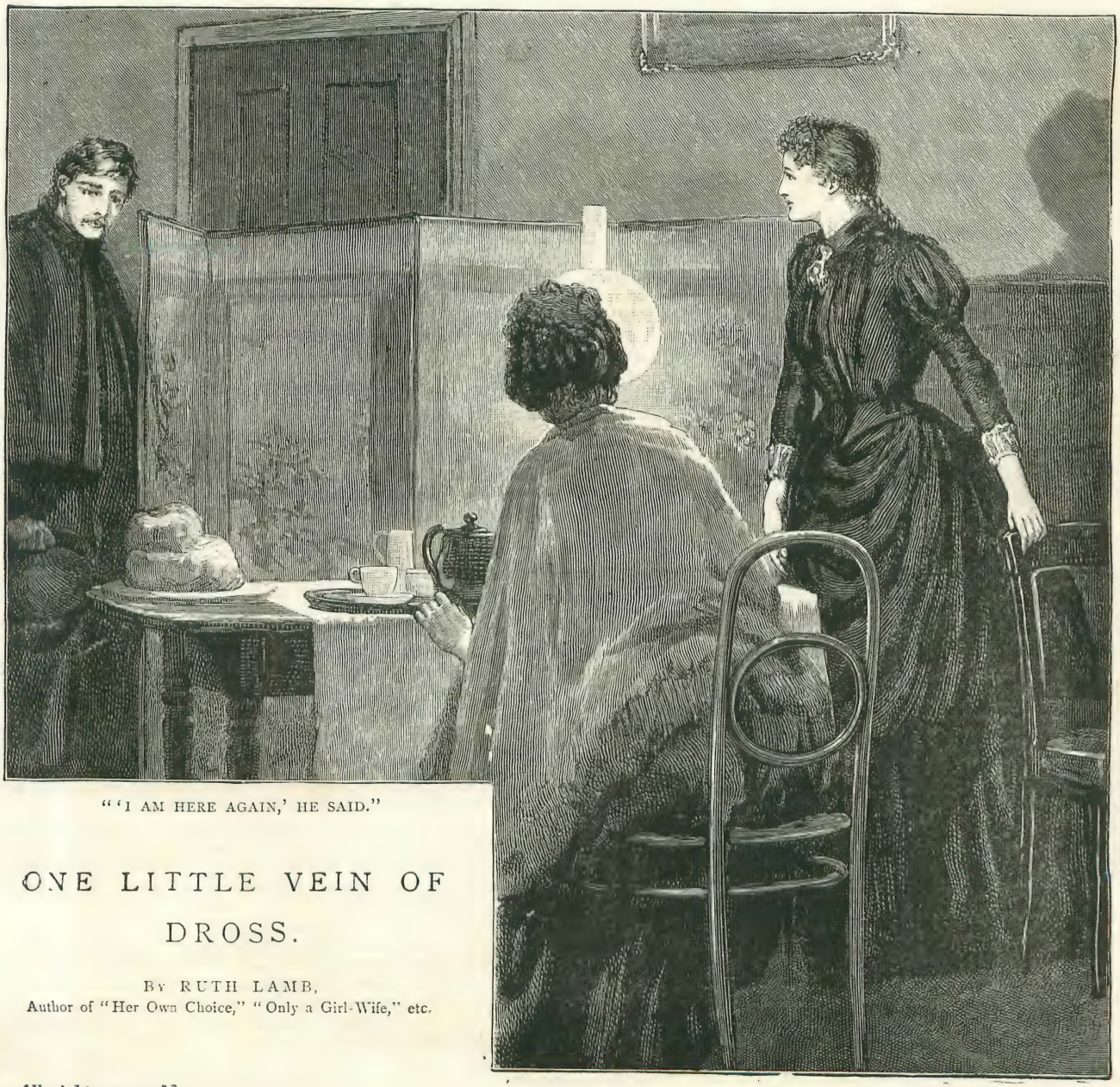
Our lives have been fast bound
Together: 'twas not long;
But still it shall be found
Though short, our love was strong.

And if thou may'st but fare
Through all life's changes well,
Nor suffer grief or care,
I'll try not to rebel.

Love conquers all, my sweet;
None can prevent or tell
The joy of those who meet
Where there is no farewell.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 428. MARCH 10, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



"'I AM HERE AGAIN,' HE SAID."

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

BY RUTH LAMB,
Author of "Her Own Choice," "Only a Girl-Wife," etc.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE receipt of Ellen's long letter brought welcome relief to Herbert Read. It was much to know that the weight of anxiety was lifted from her mind. Poor fellow! He too was in trouble, the news of which he feared to communicate, lest it should add to hers.

Mrs. Read's delicate health was of long standing, but of late she had become more fragile, and needed incessant attention. In order that she might receive this, Kate, the younger of her daughters, a girl of seventeen, had been obliged to remain at home entirely. This meant a little diminution of the family income, with an increase of anxiety; for Kate had already begun to teach at the school in which she had received her education. True, her remuneration was principally in the shape of continued lessons which were to fit her for a better position; but she received a few pounds in addition, and now both instruction and salary must cease for a time.

Herbert's earnings were the staff on which all leaned, though Edith gained about forty pounds a year in addition. The Bankrupt Insurance Company had paid a smaller dividend than was expected, but the little sum from that source had been put aside as a sacred deposit, to be touched only in case of emergency.

Such a case seemed likely to arise. The firm by whom young Read was employed had lately experienced heavy losses. The partners came to business with dejected looks, as if fearing what might yet be hanging over them, and there were rumours of a probable diminution in the number of their employés.

"Some of us will get marching orders before long," said a light-hearted youth whose desk was next to Herbert's. "For myself, I care very little. I am only here because my father wants me to get a little business training elsewhere, before going into our own place. He thinks it a bad thing for a fellow to learn business details amongst a crowd of men who all know that some day he will be "boss" over the whole concern. I would rather carry a hod than stick at a desk the day through, if it were to be a life-long sticking. I only hope that the move will bring my time of probation to an end sooner than I expected, for if I leave I shall not be sent elsewhere. I trust it will make no important difference to you, Read."

"It would make a terrible difference if I were to be any length of time unemployed, though in any case I should have three months to turn round in."

"Be comforted," replied Maberley. "You are worth keeping, and I am not. My being here at all is a species of sham, and my salary is in proportion to my services—not worth considering. You will stay on, whoever has to go."

The speaker's prophecy proved incorrect. He was there, not because his services were required, but in compliance with the wish of his father, the head of a great firm whose goodwill it was important to retain.

Herbert's salary was now large enough to make an appreciable difference, if it could be saved, and in the present position of his employers this must be done, if possible. The partners would have to work a little harder themselves, and there would be a readjustment of duties amongst the senior employés, by means of which young Read and another clerk could be dispensed with.

The morning came when Herbert was summoned to the private office of the principal, and told, with many expressions of regret, that he must leave at the three months' end.

"We will do whatever we can for you in the way of recommendations, and if we hear of an opening for you elsewhere, or you meet with one, you shall be at liberty to take it. We are very sorry, Read, very sorry, but next above you come older men who have served us longer, and have wives and families."

Herbert knew this, and knew, too, that the blow which had fallen so heavily on him would be felt by the speaker also. He could have answered that he too had a family depending upon him to a great extent, but where would have been the use? So he could only echo the regrets of his employer, thank him for his offer of service, and go back to his desk with a heavy heart.

He said nothing of what had happened to those at home, or in writing to Ellen.

His mother was in no fit state to hear bad news, and was already concerned that Kate's studies and work at school must be suspended on her account. Herbert thought he might keep his trying secret for a couple of months, and perhaps by the end of the time he might hear of some other situation. His letter to Ellen was full of love and tender sympathy, but the girl missed from it that hopeful ring which usually ran through Herbert's precious epistles. There was a fine harmony between these two natures, and a note out of tune in the one, was instantly responded to by a like discord in the other. So Ellen's mind was disturbed as she read, but she could not have told why. Only she never for a moment doubted Herbert.

It was a trial for him to bear his secret quite alone. His employers told no one that he was under notice to leave, as they thought it better for him that he should not have to meet the comments, or listen to the regrets of his fellows in the establishment. They made inquiries on his behalf, and really wished to serve him, but there was a difficulty in doing this.

Herbert could not begin at the bottom in another office, and younger clerks look for promotion, and feel a natural jealousy when an outsider is brought in and placed over them and with a higher salary.

Young Maberley noticed his companion's silence and depression, and as they left the office he passed his arm through Herbert's and said, "Let us walk together, Read, as I am going your way and I want to tell you of my disappointment. You remember I said to you a few days ago that my seat in the office would soon be vacant. How I rejoiced at the prospect! Instead of being sent to the right-about, I am to be promoted and my salary advanced. What do you think of that?"

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you?" said Herbert.

"I beseech you not to add insult to the injury I have received at other hands. My dear Read, this promotion simply means that Maberley, senior, my respected father, does not want me in his own place just yet. I am being kept to oblige him, and the advance will really come out of his pocket. I have trusted you with the cause of my depression of spirits; will you not reciprocate my confidence, Read?"

Herbert looked in the youth's face and saw in it an expression which told him that Maberley had guessed his secret, and was full of honest sympathy and goodwill towards him, so he replied—

"I am sure I can trust you, Maberley, though I have told no one else. It is a relief to speak to someone."

The youth soon knew all about the three months' notice, the dread of being unemployed, the ailing mother, the young sisters, the better days the family had known, and how circumstances were changed from no fault of theirs. So great was Maberley's sympathy, so hearty his manner, that Herbert told him of the dear girl at Longminster, to whom he had been engaged for six years past, ever since he was twenty and Ellen eighteen.

"Six years! What a tremendous time! Not that you are either of you old at all, only it seems such a while to wait. She must be a splendid girl, too, and I like to hear you tell about her. There are not so many that would go on waiting, especially when you can only see each other now and then, though you are little more than an hour apart," responded Maberley, and then he lapsed into silence—a most unusual thing for him.

They had to part a few minutes later, and the youth wrung Herbert's hand, saying, "Cheer up, old fellow. There are other firms beside that which you and I have the honour to serve at present. You may trust me, too. No one shall be any wiser for this talk."

"I have no fear on that head," said Herbert, returning the boyish grasp. "It has been a comfort to me to speak

to you. I could not tell the people at home, or Ellen, yet."

"Six years!" thought Maberley, as he seated himself in a hansom and was driven rapidly homewards. He had gone out of his way to get this conversation with Herbert Read, and would be late for dinner unless he made haste. "Six years, and less prospect of getting married than ever. I will keep my eyes and ears open, and use my tongue, too, if needful. There is such a firm as Maberley and Co.; and though it is dreadfully hard to get in there, there are ways of working such an affair which are not known to the general public. When I make up my mind to a thing, I mostly succeed in the long run. That is one of the blessings of being an only son, though the position has many drawbacks; not the least of which is being also the only brother of five worshipping sisters."

This apparently thoughtless youth, the spoiled darling of a luxurious home, was blessed with a kind, true heart, which prosperity could not spoil. Whilst Herbert Read went on his way feeling that his burden had been lightened by sharing it with another, Maberley's whole mind was set on proving his own friendship by solid help, as well as by the sympathy shown in words.

On that very same evening Mrs. Martin and her daughter were surprised by Edward's return. It was dark when he made his appearance at his mother's door, looking so miserably ill and dejected that even Ellen, who had suffered so much through him, could utter no word of reproach as she recognised her brother.

"I am here again," he said; "back on your hands, like the proverbial bad halfpenny. I am not worth making into a mark for bullets."

The words were a poor attempt at a jest, and the laugh which followed them died away with a hollow sound, which had in it anything but mirth, and quite shocked his hearers.

Neither mother nor daughter could understand how Edward had obtained leave to return home. They had been planning for this result, but as yet unsuccessfully, as we know. It was only within the last few hours that Ellen's jewellery had been placed in the safe keeping of Madame Leeson, and a cheque for the required amount placed in the girl's hands, but it was as yet uncashed.

"I did not think you would be back so soon. We were told it would be the end of the week before the arrangements for your discharge could be completed. The money was to be paid to-morrow," said Ellen, wonderingly.

"Did I not tell you I had been sent about my business without being bought off, as not good enough to be shot at?" asked the young man, in an irritable tone. "I do not think I shall trouble you long. I fancy I have come home to die," he added, wearily.

He submitted to the embraces of his mother, to whom the sight of her returned prodigal in any guise was welcome, and subsequently explained that the regimental doctor would not pass him, and consequently, after having spent some days in hospital, he had been set free to go where he listed.

"I had no money," he added, "but some of the fellows who were in the same box as myself, clubbed together and gave me enough to bring me home. I am glad your money is in your pocket instead of having been spent on me, mother. I had always said that whatever folly I might be guilty of I should never be such a fool as to enlist. But it was Stokes who did it. He wanted to come forward as a friend and gain favour with Ellen, by pretending to find the cash to buy me off. He knew well enough all the while that in my state of health it would not be wanted, for I should never pass the doctor. The mean cur!"

Then turning to his sister, Edward continued, in a half-mocking way, "You will have a chance of spending the money upon me, instead of putting it into the national purse, Ellen."

"I have never yet touched it," she replied. "It would have been advanced for that special purpose, but now I shall not require to borrow it."

"What a pity I did not delay my return until you had the cash in hand!" said Edward.

Ellen turned away her head to hide her tears.

Truly the prodigal had come back, but unrepentant. Were all the old scenes to be re-enacted, the old anxious hours of weariness and vain watching and waiting to repeat themselves? Was her mother's heart to be wrung, their poor resources to be utterly exhausted, her own strength taxed in order to supply the never-satisfied demands of this man?

For a moment the girl tried to steel her heart against the brother who had been the bane of her life. She looked again at his wan face and the expression of suffering and weakness imprinted on his whole outer man, and said within herself, "God help me to bear my burden, and to obey the command of my Lord: 'pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'"

Once more in that God-given strength the girl conquered the resentful thoughts that were rising within her, and with womanly tenderness ministered to the poor wayfarer who had stepped out of the night into the light and love of home and mother. Light that his misdoings had done much to extinguish; love that only a mother could still cherish for such as he; and ministry such as God's love in the heart enables pitying human angels to bestow upon the sinful and degraded. This last Ellen Martin gave now without stint to her erring brother.

Aye, and before the young man laid his aching head to rest upon the pillow her trembling hands had smoothed for him, the girl dared to open her Bible in his presence, and read aloud that parable of which in all, save in the spirit of his return, her brother might have been the chief character. She dared to kneel also, and though her lips quivered, and now and then she was compelled to pause in order to force back the sobs that hindered words, she thanked God that her mother had been permitted to see her son once again.

Ellen could thank God for this in all sincerity, for had she not been willing to sacrifice her last treasures to bring it about? And in daring to pray, it was not that she was ashamed to kneel in her brother's presence and plead for him whilst he was within hearing; what she feared was that he might not be ashamed to mock. But he rose from his knees, for he too had bent them, and turning, left the room and went straight to his chamber without a word.

Here was encouragement, for surely silence was better than mockery! But when the mother went, after a little interval, as she might have crept into her boy's room in his early days, to see if there were anything he needed, she found him watching the dancing firelight and looking for her coming. She bent over him, and his arms went round her neck as he whispered, "I am so glad to be at home. Mother, you have always been too good to me, and poor Ellen also. Do you think she will come and say good-night? I am very tired—too weary for anything but just lying still, and trying to rest."

So Ellen went, led by the spirit of love and forgiveness, to her brother's side, and though few words were spoken by either, the firelight was strong enough to show her that the mocking, reckless expression was gone from his face. It needed no self-constraint to enable her to bend over that weary, sin-soiled man who lay there, more thankful for the peaceful shelter of his mother's roof than he had ever been before in his life.

"Can you kiss me, Ellen?" he whispered. "I know I have brought you nothing but trouble—you and poor mother. If you had given me back such measure as I have meted to you, you would have shut the door in my face to-night, though I never needed your kindness so much as I do now."

The firelight flashing out at the moment shone upon a tear which was stealing down the prodigal's wan cheek, and his hollow eyes were turned towards her with a pitiful look of appeal which she was not slow to answer. The kiss she gave was ungrudgingly bestowed. The words, "Dear Edward, I forgive, and you shall help me to forget," came from her heart.

Edward dropped his weary head back upon the pillow with a sigh of infinite content, and Ellen went downstairs with a light step, whilst it seemed that in her gladdened ear a voice was whispering, "Thou hast gained thy brother."

She was met with an outburst of grateful love from her mother.

"My darling, my dear, good Ellen," said Mrs. Martin as she clasped the girl to her breast, "I cannot be thankful enough to you for what you have done this night. What a battle you must have fought with yourself, for your mother's sake! I was so terrified lest you, remembering the suffering and sorrow he has brought upon us during these past years, should be stern, cold, unforgiving. If you had been, I think I should have died, for this would have

taken away my last hope of future good for Edward. I could not have blamed you, dear. You had borne and done so much and for so long, and would have been justified had you turned round to me and said, 'If Edward stays, I go.'"

"Oh, mother! I could never have said that."

"My darling, you did not, and your mother thanks you with all her heart, and prays that God will bless and abundantly reward you. A sister's love and endurance may be tried too sorely, though it seems to me that a mother cannot help forgiving the child she has nurtured."

"But, surely, mother, Christ's servant may have strength to do what would be too hard for the sister! No love but His could have constrained me and enabled me to conquer my indignation against Edward, and to say truly, 'I forgive you,' when he pleaded with me just now. Mother, dear, I had hard thoughts of you too, because I felt that you took my brother's part too much, and against me. And I had tried and worked, as I feared, all in vain. Madame Leeson showed me that I did not understand how a mother clings to the weakest, even the worst amongst her children, it may be, but in order to help and to bless. Forgive my hard thoughts, mother," sobbed Ellen, on her mother's breast.

"Forgive me also, darling. I have grieved too over the memory of——"

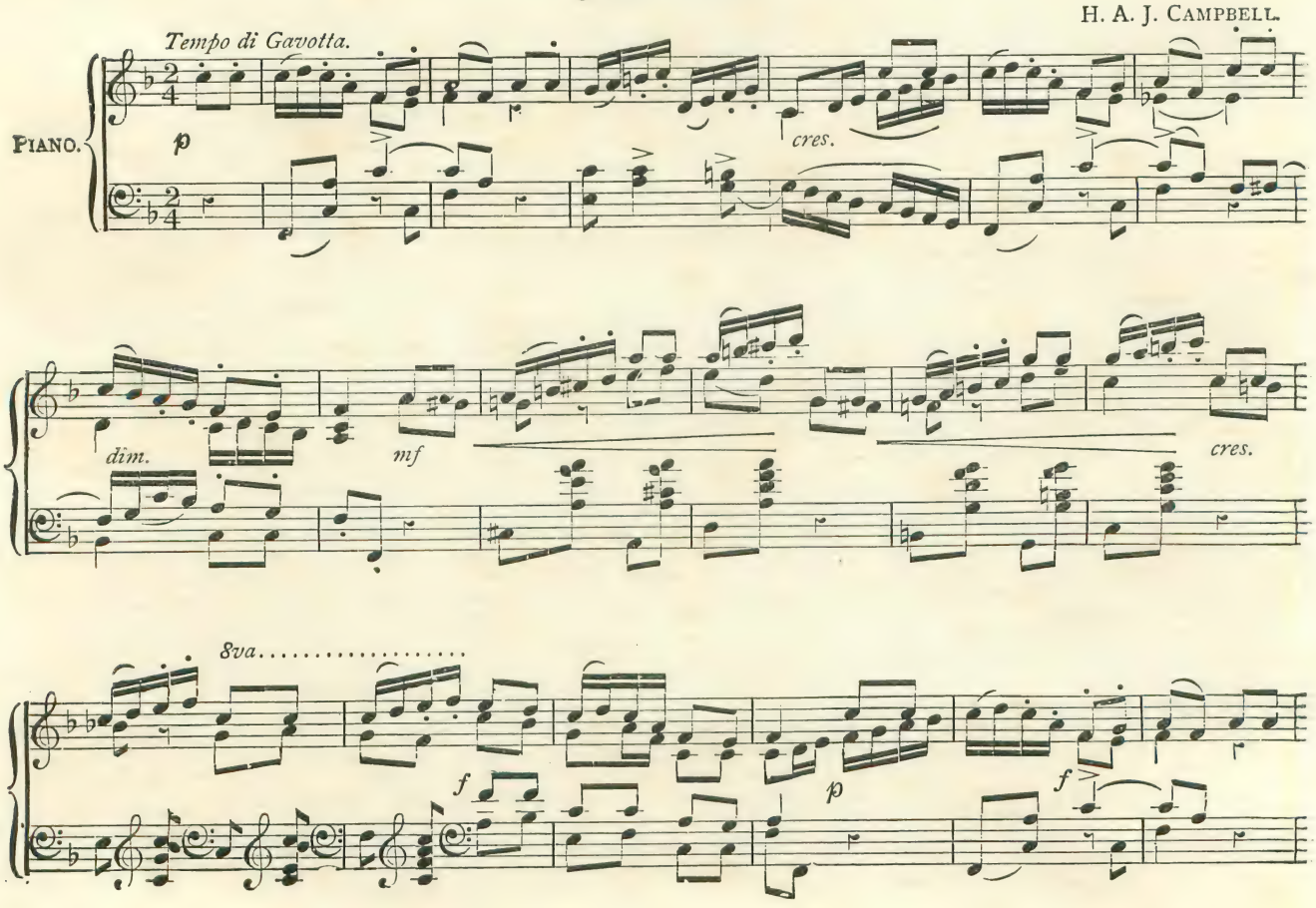
"Do not mention the past, dear; let us try to forget it. Edward looked really happy when he heard me say I forgave him. He knows I would only speak the truth. And," continued the girl, the divine light of love shining from her sweet eyes, "if it makes a wrong-doer happy to hear words of forgiveness, how much happier is the one who, by God's grace, has been enabled to say them from the heart! Is it not wonderful that Edward has been sent back in such a manner! You sigh, dear. You think that but for his bodily weakness he would not be here. You must not, you shall not be downhearted. I am determined to believe that, with careful nursing, he will grow strong, and your son shall be given back to you. Not the Edward who came with words of mockery to the door, but the son you have prayed for and who now lies upstairs, thankful to rest his weary head. I shall have a real brother, you a true son. Faith and prayer and patience for a little while. Then all praise and thanksgiving."

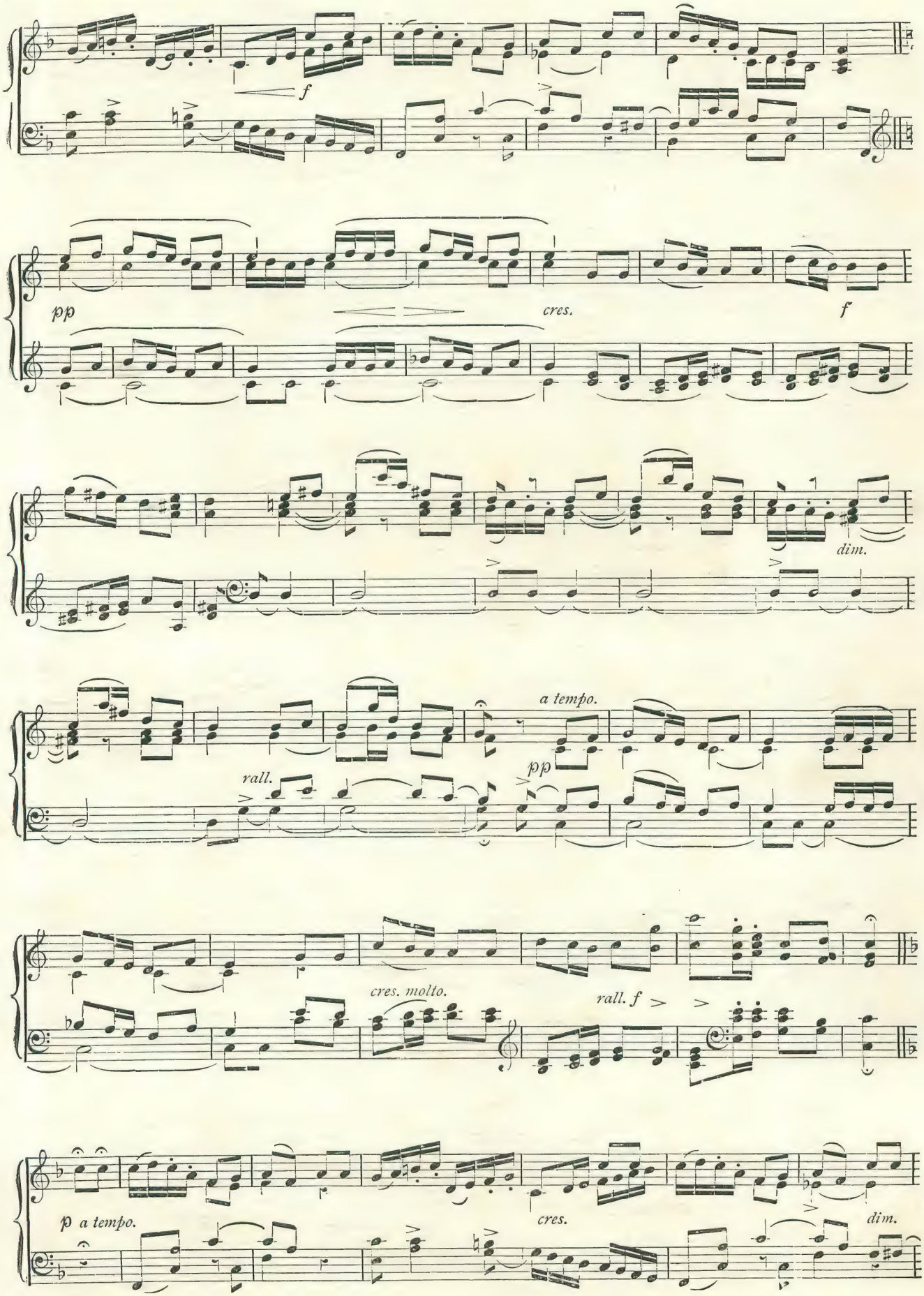
No wonder Ellen's rest was peaceful that night. With the spirit of peace in her heart and of rejoicing in her mother's joy, she slept, as a happy child sleeps. And the mother, if she did not lose consciousness so soon, sang songs of thanksgiving in her heart, and forgot past troubles in present hopes and waking dreams of better days in store for them all.

(*To be continued.*)

GAVOTTE.

H. A. J. CAMPBELL.

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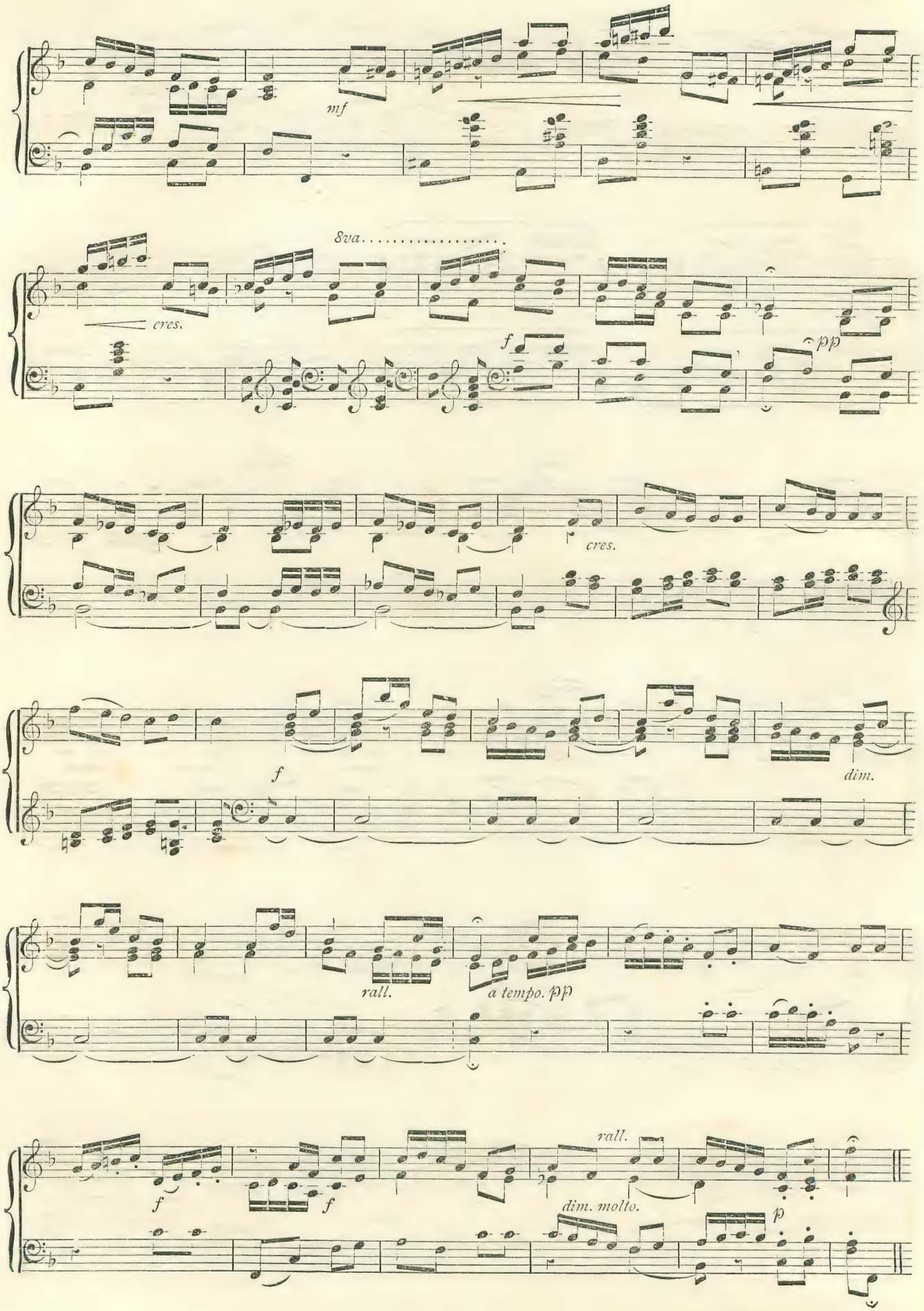
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JACK'S ANGEL.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR years passed away. Meanwhile the Transvaal war had broken out, and for the last few months my duties had been no sinecure. Our losses were very heavy, for the Boers fought like fiends, and I was so occupied in attending to the sick and wounded that I had but little time for rest and reflection. It was a very trying time for us all; we were completely outnumbered by the enemy, and the continuous defeats sustained by our troops were as disheartening as the delay in the arrival of reinforcements from home. We heard that the blood of the English settlers boiled in their veins to hear the way in which the insolent Boers took the English name in vain and boasted of their victories; and yet, in spite of all our demands, week after week elapsed and no troops were sent to our relief. Some of the farmers threw up their enormous farms, and enlisted, knowing that if they did not their cattle would probably be seized by the Boers, their houses stormed, and themselves murdered; others managed to escape, and, leaving their farms, made their way to Natal in search of work there. A few who had more faith in their own countrymen, fortified their houses as well as they could, and determined to resist the Boers to the utmost, and if they must die, die game. But to my story.

One day, early in February, was fought the battle of Ingogo, during which, as I was kneeling by the side of a wounded soldier, examining his wounds, a stray shell exploded near us; then followed a moment of agony, in which heaven and earth appeared to meet and crush me between them, and I remember no more.

When I recovered consciousness I felt a terrible pain in my right arm and side; I tried to lift my arm, but the agony was so great I should have fainted again, but that a voice I recognised as the voice of my angel, said, gently, "Don't move." I opened my eyes, and, yes, there was no mistake, it was she kneeling by my side, looking more like an angel than ever, for there was a divine pity in her sweet eyes that did my soul good to see, for was not I the object of it? But in my weak state the joy of seeing her was too much for me, and it was only for a moment that I beheld the vision, and then I fainted. When I next opened my eyes, I was still lying where I fell; the deep blue African sky was overhead, a dead soldier was lying near me, others I could hear groaning close by, but my angel was gone.

Was it only a vision, after all? Had I been dreaming? The pain in my arm and side was no dream, of that I was quite sure, for I felt it acutely still. I moved my left arm to unfasten my tunic and see what the mischief was, but I found this had already been done; my right arm was bare except for a tourniquet and some bandages to stanch the blood.

Who had been ministering to me?

The other surgeon was, I knew, out of reach, and we had no nurses with us that day; they were all left behind with the waggons. Who, then, had dressed my wounds? It was only a temporary bandage, I knew, and I suspected the splinters were still in the arm, but for all that the bandages were skilfully adjusted. I was pondering over it, and about again to try and raise my arm, when a light step approached me, and the voice I knew so well could belong to no one but Muriel, said—

"Drink this, and please don't touch your arm."

I obeyed, looking, half in awe lest my nurse was indeed supernatural, at that lovely face now bending over me, a large Zulu hat on her head, the golden hair waving over her beautiful forehead, the same look of pity in her hazel eyes as she held a cordial to my lips.

"Thank you," I whispered, startled at the weakness of my own voice.

"Please don't speak; you are not strong enough; and now, Harry, if the litter is ready will you help me to move him?"

This fragile creature attempt to lift me! I was horrified at the idea.

"I can walk," I exclaimed, foolishly trying to rise, but the effort was too much for me, and I sank back again insensible.

It must have been some hours later when I next opened my eyes, for my wounds were dressed and I was now lying on a bed, the first I had occupied for many weeks, an hour or two's rest on the ground, wrapped in a rug, being all I had been able to take during the campaign. I was in a house, the wooden walls of which were unpapered, but someone had roughly painted a dado of wild flowers and grasses all round the room I occupied; the furniture was of the simplest and plainest kind—a table, some chests, and some chairs of common deal, a bath and a looking-glass being all except the bed I occupied. Some photographs in frames, some flowers, and some woman's work testified to a woman's presence, though I was aware who that woman was before I had taken all these details in. A sensation of something cool on my face awoke me, and when I opened my eyes Muriel was bathing my head and face with one hand and fanning me with the other.

Was it only my fancy, or did she really flush with pleasure, and did I imagine only that I heard her mutter "Thank God," under her breath?

"Where am I? Is this heaven?" I asked.

"No," said a voice, not Muriel's, "but I'll tell you what it is; you won't be on earth much longer if you don't keep perfectly quiet, and not attempt to move or speak for the present."

The speaker was a tall, fair man, with golden moustache, whiskers, and beard, decidedly handsome, and not unlike Muriel; he was carelessly dressed, in apparently the oldest and most incongruous garments he could collect together, but for all that he was evidently a gentleman. He stood at the foot of my bed to deliver this speech, and looked at me with an amused expression, half of pity, half of admiration, though I don't know what he saw to admire in my forlorn condition.

"Am I in danger? Have you extracted the ball or whatever it was? Is the bone injured? Has mortification set in? I don't feel any pain. If so you must amputate the arm, and Collins is with the head-quarters, and I won't have Smith touch me, so I must die."

"There! Didn't I tell you? We shall never save him. I never saw such a pig-headed patient in my life; these doctors always are. Look here, Surgeon-Major, whoever you may be—Melville, didn't you say, Mury?—look here, Melville, your wounds have been attended to; the bone is not injured at all, and all you have to do is to lie still, eat and drink all you can, and, above all, hold your tongue," said the fair Saxon.

"It is quite true what Harry says; you must not talk, your very life depends on it; do try and keep quiet, will you, please," said Muriel gently.

"I won't speak again till you give me leave," I answered, quite satisfied; and I kept my word in the spirit, though not in the letter, for I was delirious that night and the next two or three nights, and only conscious at intervals; but whenever I woke either Muriel or the fair Saxon was by my side, and during the day I was never left alone.

The delirium left me very weak, and at first it was better for me to be quiet, I knew; but afterwards there was no reason why I should not talk a little, except my promise to Muriel, from which she didn't seem inclined to release me. She or her brother would read to me as much as I liked, and they always told me the war news of the day, but they never encouraged me to talk, and I religiously kept my promise, though I longed to know who my nurse was, and to whom I was indebted for the hospitality I was receiving. Still it was a blissful time, and I was unwilling to risk any inquiries which might break the spell, and the only drawback to my perfect happiness was the fear that I might wake one day and find it was all a dream, and that my angel had vanished as before.

One thing I had discovered, and only one—namely, that the fair Saxon was her brother, but who they were I hadn't an idea, and I didn't like to take advantage of Muriel's absence to ask him.

One morning, ten days after the battle, I woke to find that neither Muriel nor her brother was in the room, which surprised me, as the fair Saxon had lately slept there. I looked at my watch and found it was already an hour past our usual breakfast hour. Wondering greatly, and already vaguely dreading some sorrow was in store for me, I was still more alarmed when a few minutes later there was a tap at my door and my own servant entered, delighted to see me again.

"Where on earth do you come from, Liddiat?" I asked.

"From headquarters, sir. I and Private Williams were sent for last night, to come and look after you; we are both on the sick list, so we were no good there, and the gentleman has lent us this house till you are quite well again."

"What gentleman? Is there no one in the house?" I asked, savagely.

"No, sir, no one except Williams; the lady and gentleman left last night as soon as we arrived. The lady left full directions about you, sir—one was that you were to have your breakfast as soon as you woke, so I'll go and fetch it."

But not a mouthful of breakfast would I eat till I had questioned Liddiat as to everything that had passed between him and my nurse and her brother, who seemed to possess his sister's power of disappearing suddenly. But not a trace of them could I discover. There was not a clue to her whereabouts nor to her identity, but I vowed I would find her if I spent the rest of my life in looking for her. The first step to this was to get well, for I should certainly not find her lying there. So for her sake I submitted to Liddiat's treatment as patiently as was my nature; for I bear illness as badly as the rest of my sex, and, like all doctors, wanted to treat myself. In less than three weeks from the time Muriel and her brother left me I was well enough to rejoin my regiment, with which I was in duty bound to remain until the campaign was over, and after some months' delay we at last were ordered home.

All through the voyage my thoughts were of Muriel, and I was composing advertisements for the agony column of all the leading papers. Should this fail, I was determined to go to Scotland Yard, and engage the services of a detective; find her I would. Shortly after my return to England, I paid a visit to my cousins Tom and Lily in Hampshire, where for the first day or two I had so much to tell of my adventures in the Transvaal that Lily forgot to ask me if I had been favoured with another appearance of my mysterious friend. However, I was so anxious to talk of her that I volunteered the story of my illness in the settler's hut, and my nursing by Muriel, braving all the teasing I anticipated for the pleasure of discussing her.

"My dear Jack, you were delirious; I don't in the least believe you were really nursed by this mysterious being, who appears suddenly on our lawn one day, in a London church another, and then in the wilds of South Africa, and disappears mysteriously from all three. It was a vision, a creation of your disordered brain."

"But, Lily," I urged, "how can you be so absurd? You yourself can testify it was no apparition at your breakfast table; and I am equally certain it was the same girl who dressed my wound for me in Africa; an apparition could not have held a flask to my lips, and extracted a bullet as I tell you my beautiful friend did."

"Well, then, it was an angel, as I have always told you; anyhow, you will never come across her again, so give up all hope of it."

"I can't, I won't; find her I must and will, if I travel all over the world after her," I exclaimed, rising and pacing the room impatiently.

(*To be concluded.*)

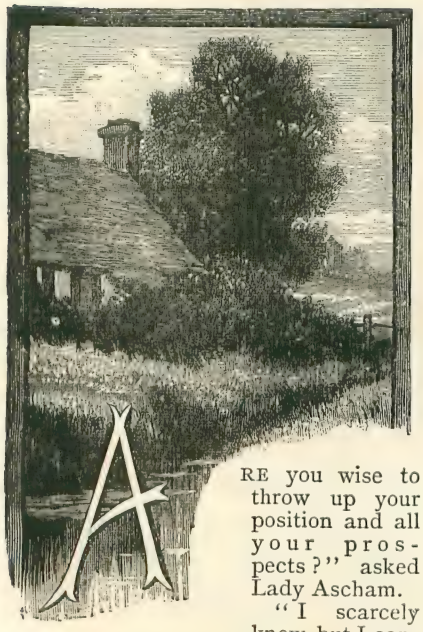
RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXV.—*Continued.*



ARE you wise to throw up your position and all your prospects?" asked Lady Ascham.

"I scarcely know, but I cannot leave my mother. She has sacrificed everything for me, and I would not unsettle her for the world," said Gerard.

"It would be *infra dig.* for such a young man as you to be secretary to a faddy old woman like me; and I should torment you out of your life. I want somebody who will manage my personal affairs as well as my philanthropies, which my friends are kind enough to say will be my ruin. Indeed, they have all got so muddled up that I scarcely know what belongs to me and what to the public."

Lady Ascham laughed the genial laugh that always delighted Gerard.

"Perhaps I could disentangle the web," he said, joining in it.

"In my person, you would have to be honorary secretary to a hundred societies; patroness of all the hospitals; canvasser for elections to homes innumerable; almoner to beggars of every denomination; visitor to all sorts of outcasts."

"I should like it," said Gerard, enthusiastically.

"You would be asked to take my place as platform orator, and speechifier at teas and suppers; for, to the scandal of my relations, I have come before the public in that line. After all, it is more honourable than the line some of them have taken. I have actually a titled cousin on the stage, acting for money under a feigned name, and lots of 'em singing, and writing, and painting for gain. I tell 'em that they take the bread out of the mouths of hundreds of respectable people, who come to me for charity because they are superseded by a crowd of apes. I beg their pardon for strong language."

"I think I could help you, Lady Ascham."

"But my affairs, Mr. Clarville! I haven't looked into them for ages, and I am afraid I have overdrawn my account at my bankers."

"My training at Mr. Aspenel's, and my work among the poor, might help me to be of use to you. At any rate I should be glad to try until you can get a more suitable person, and I another post."

"Agreed. When will you come? What is your present salary?"

"Two hundred a year."

"Is that all? I can manage to continue it, and as you will not, I think, be wanted here all the day, you may find other work elsewhere."

"Oh! Lady Ascham. You have, indeed, taken a weight from my mind. I am truly grateful to you, and so will be my mother."

"I had a son once," said Lady Ascham, holding out her hand to Gerard, "and it was to fill my mind, made vacant by his and my husband's loss, that I undertook more work than I can manage. You will help me in all ways."

Gerard took the offered hand, and inwardly vowed to do his best to aid and comfort one who had so nobly striven.

It was late when Gerard got home to his lodging in the old Close. Nevertheless he was accosted on its doorstep by a man whom he found to be the Loveridge concerning whom Mr. Aspenel appeared to be in so much perplexity.

"Any answer to my missive?" he asked, abruptly.

"Mr. Aspenel says he neither can nor will do what you ask," replied Gerard. "But why do you persecute him? Can I be of any use to you?"

"No one can be of use to me but Aspenel, and he can and shall. And I know no one but you to whom I can apply as mediator," said Loveridge.

"I fear what chance you had with me is gone. I am to leave his service shortly," returned Gerard.

"Not on my account? Not because you have taken my letters to him?" asked the man, with some agitation.

"No. You have nothing to do with it. But I shall at least see him to-morrow, and will take another message if you have anything important to say."

"Tell him that it will be worse for him and his if he does not comply with my request. I wonder that he isn't glad to get rid of me. But to be sure he has been quit of me so often and I have turned up again, that he is tired of the effort. One always 'returns to one's first love,' as the French say; ha, ha!"

"Are you Wandering Will?" asked Gerard, doubtfully.

"I am Wandering Loveridge, if you will; but I am not acquainted with the gentleman you mention," replied Loveridge, whose clean-shaven face and almost gentlemanlike dress proved the truth of his words.

"Had you not better speak to Mr. Aspenel yourself? I dislike working in the dark, and shall find a difficulty now even in delivering your message."

"You see, Mr. Clarville, that we both believe in you, because you are honest. Pity Diogenes hadn't known you; he wouldn't have needed his lanthorn. This is a cool sequestered spot, ha, ha! No chance of bobbies; so I will be here on Monday night at half-past ten, in case you should have anything to say."

Gerard was about to reply, but the man was gone. He was not sorry, for brave as he was naturally and accustomed to strange characters, he did

"SOMEBODY'S SECRET."

From the painting in the Royal Academy.

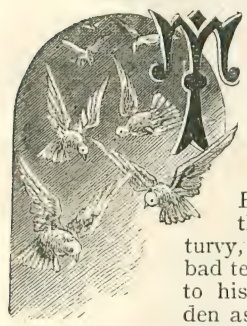
not feel at ease with this nondescript gentleman in that very quiet corner. The Close was well named, and always suggested *clôture* to Gerard; for when the great warehouses were shut up, there was no stir, and save in his lodging, neither light nor life. But he liked it, and was wont to think of the time when it was probably filled with church dignitaries instead of bales of goods, waggons and carts. At the moment, the moon and stars were looking down upon it from a cold, clear sky, and might have wondered at the strange peace of this enclosure, in the great, throbbing tumultuous heart of bustling, noisy, awful London.

He had a latch-key, and let himself into the one inhabited house of the Close. Pottle was a sort of caretaker, and his wife also took care of sundry "young gentlemen," who lodged or boarded with her, in the tall house, once, as she expressed it, "a genteel dwelling."

Among these was Gerard, in whose room a fire was still alight. He stirred it up, put on more coal, and sat over it, meditating on his change of prospects, and unmindful of the diminished contents of his "scuttle." It was bitterly cold; but still he sat on, and on, ruminating. The more he thought, the more certain he became that this change was due to Edith Aspenel. Would she be henceforth as a stranger to him, and should he thus lose sight of one of the lights of his life? Why, oh why, had he allowed himself to think so much of her?

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MESSAGE FOR EDITH.



THE frame of mind in which Mr. Aspenel returned to the bosom of his family was anything but auspicious. He found everything still topsy turvy, and being in a bad temper, he retired to his own particular den as soon as he had swallowed his dinner. He was an inveterate smoker, and while Gerard was ruminating in his Close, he was meditating on him, Loveridge, the expenses of party-giving, Edith, and the manifold responsibilities of money, cigar in mouth, and some mixture stronger than water at his side.

At breakfast the following morning he appeared unusually brisk, and, instead of diving into his papers, he entered into conversation with his wife and daughters. They discussed the party, and he seemed interested in the details and results.

"Everybody said it was a great success," remarked his wife.

"It certainly was, if the flowing of champagne, and the consumption of all the good things you managed to gather together is a proof of it," he replied. "You won't mind getting in the bills at once, as I should like to know how much it all cost."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Aspenel, who was expecting this.

"It was worth anything to see people enjoy themselves so thoroughly," put in Janet. "Lady Beechton said it was the most delightful party she was ever at."

Mr. Aspenel smiled.

"How much longer should Janet remain at school, Mrs. Aspenel?" he asked. "When are the holidays over?"

Some little discussion ensued between Mrs. Aspenel and Janet, which ended in Mr. Aspenel clenching it, by expressing his opinion that one year more would render Janet quite accomplished, and that she had better go back to the day.

"Oh! I am quite ready, papa," said Janet, cheerfully. "Then I can have another season in Paris, and go on with my painting."

"Then that is settled. So, of course, is Edith's education. She has quite finished, and need have no further teaching, Mrs. Aspenel. Now she is introduced, she must give up the village and frequent the neighbourhood. We will accept those invitations to Beechton and Ashley Park, and enter more into society."

"Thank you. We shall all be glad," said the wife, wondering what was the secret of these concessions.

"Oh, papa! I dislike gaiety and new people," said Edith, involuntarily.

"You must overcome your dislike. You must mix with people in your own rank of life. You have been allowed too much liberty."

Poor Edith looked distressed, but said nothing: Mrs Aspenel spoke for her. She said that hitherto she had been restricted to the immediate neighbours, but that she would soon get accustomed to other society. Edith was sure she never should, but she did not venture to say so.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, as her father left the room, and descended the grand staircase.

"That Janet is to be the future Lady Beechton, and that you are to find some other embryo lord as soon as it can be managed," replied her stepmother.

"These 'good intentions' make papa quite agreeable," laughed Janet, watching him as he got into his brougham.

He did not feel as agreeable as he seemed, and soon relapsed into his usual contemplative condition. Inward, not outward, contemplation was his normal state, and in those precincts which he devoted to this abstraction were gathered at the moment Gerard, Loveridge, Wandering Will, and others, to say nothing of the family party he left behind. But the masculine element prevailed over the feminine, and he began to wonder what he should do without Gerard, in more ways than one. He was obliged to confess that he was a most valuable aid to him. His ambition was, however, more important than his clerk, and he had resolved that his girls should make grand matches, and not run the chance of losing their hearts to inferior people. He could not be rid of Loveridge so easily; and his mind darkened when he thought of him.

He did not see Gerard for some hours after he reached town. He was too proud or too weak to summon him, and had a sort of hope that he would see his way to fortune by going to Australia. But he was disabused when Gerard came to his office and began the subject so near both their hearts.

"You were so good as to say, sir, that I might remain in my present position until I was assured of another," he said. "Lady Ascham has been so kind as to offer me the post of secretary, and I have accepted it. I shall be ready to leave you whenever you think fit."

Mr. Aspenel uttered an exclamation not very complimentary to Lady Ascham, and inquired if Gerard hadn't enough old women already, to pet and be petted by, without adding another to the list.

"I have no choice, sir. You fill my place, because I cannot fall in with your wish that I should go to Australia; and Lady Ascham proposes that I should work for her. I look on this as a Divine interposition."

"Nonsense. Are you to live with her?"

"That has not been mooted. I suppose I shall continue my present routine, which is what I most wish."

Aspenel felt utterly circumvented. He would lose Gerard, and still not be rid of him.

"I thought you had higher aspirations than to submit to the whims of a woman. Private secretary to a Lady Ascham means that you will be a drudge to every philanthropic movement—as they call it—in and out of London."

"I shall at least be of some use."

"You will be able to preach and pray to your heart's content. You will have all the vagabonds of London at your feet. What of Loveridge?"

This sudden transition stayed an irritable rejoinder on Gerard's lips, and caused him to deliver the man's message as calmly as he could. It had not so salutary an effect on Aspenel. He used some strong language before he resumed, and was evidently in a passion when he said—

"Tell him to come to me to-morrow at ten. I see I must settle him myself. You say he looks respectable?"

"Yes. I thought him a gentleman. His manner is good, and his language that of a man of education."

"He is a consummate fool—a ne'er-do-weel in whom I was interested years ago, and who won't let me alone. Did he confide in you?"

"No; I know nothing of him."

"You have come in for two of my *bêtes noires*—Wandering Will and this Loveridge. You will, perhaps, keep your interviews with them secret, as one doesn't care to have one's charities talked about, you know."

Gerard restrained an expression of amused surprise, and promised secrecy. Then he inquired when it would suit Mr. Aspenel to let him leave.

"Not at present: certainly not at present; though your successor will begin as you did, at a nominal salary. What does Lady Ascham give you?"

"What I receive from you, sir. Two hundred a year."

"And you might have five, if you had any courage and were not witch-ridden."

Gerard thought of his mother and Edith, and felt that the strong term was not altogether inapplicable, for he was certainly "bewitched."

"I will stay here till Lady Ascham wants me," he said, and, not liking the expression on Aspenel's fnce, devoutly hoped it would be soon.

That evening, being Saturday, he was with his mother. He had not written to her, preferring to keep the events of the last few days for verbal repetition. She was naturally alarmed at first by his disclosures; but when she learnt that she was not to lose him, but that he would probably be more with her under the new than the old *régime*, she was consoled. He told her all, and she tried to urge him to accept the Australian post, but, in doing so, broke down.

"Do not fear that I shall ever leave you, dearest mother," he said. "We have enough for our daily wants; let it suffice."

"*He* has led us hitherto, and will lead us on," said Mrs. Clarville, looking up; "but I fear there is trial before you, Gerard."

"You mean Edith, dear mother. I have never said a word to her that her father might not have heard. Still, there was no mistaking his look and manner. She had only taken refuge with you, mother, like a white mouse, as Janet calls her; and I know not what she will think of my leaving without the dance she promised me. But it is best for her. The man must be a villain indeed who could cause her pain."

Mrs. Clarville looked at her son. They were, as usual, side by side on the small couch, which was drawn up to the fire, and the extreme cold of the outer world was excluded, as much as possible, from the small room by thick curtains, and such contrivances of Gerard's as could protect her from the frosty atmosphere.

"You love her," she said, taking his hand.

"Yes, mother. I have loved her long, and always known it was hopeless," he replied.

They were silent. His secret, if it were one, was the only one that existed between them, and now it was revealed, no cloud obscured their perfect confidence.

"This, like all the events of our lives, is in safer hands than ours," she said, at last.

"I know it, mother, and leave it to God's guidance. I can bear so long as she is happy, and she will not suspect the reason of her father's change, or why I must henceforth be all but a stranger to her. It was apparent on that hateful evening that she and Janet may command the county. How despicable is this craze for wealth! I am glad that I am to be taken from the contemplation of Mr. Aspenel's millions to Lady Ascham's treasury for the poor."

"But not in bitterness of spirit, my son," said Mrs. Clarville, as Gerard's fine face was shadowed.

"I hope not, mother; I will do my very best. Has anything been heard of Fan?"

Mrs. Clarville understood the sudden change of subject. Not even she could entirely share the feelings of one suddenly brought face to face with love, ambition, and avarice. She told him that poor Fan was still a mystery, and that Mr. Harton was in a state of great anger and excitement about her. He attributed her disappearance to his son Tom's animosity, and offered all he possessed to any one who should find her. But Mrs. Clarville was of opinion that there was some romance at the bottom of the girl's flight, though what she could not imagine, since no one gave her credit for caring for any one but her friend Jack.

Mother and son talked on, discussing many things, until it was time for Gerard to go to the rectory, where a room was always kept prepared for him. The embrace and the "God bless you!" were even more emphatic than usual, for an involuntary depression overshadowed them. But Mr. Austen's warm, fatherly welcome roused Gerard to present duties, and he was soon involved in parish gossip. He and the vicar sat up late, but he had not the courage to mention the change in his circumstances.

Sunday dawned brightly on a frost-bound world. His spirits revived in the exhilarating country atmosphere, and when he looked out upon the icicles pendant from eaves and trees, and the glorious sun shining through them and transforming them into jewels, his hopes rose with the changes of nature. The coldest, hardest world revives beneath the sunshine, and the coldest, hardest heart melts beneath God's love. He breakfasted with Mr. Austen, and accompanied him to the school. Edith was there, and Janet was taking Fan's class. He did not himself teach, but waited while the vicar opened the school with the customary prayer, then left it with him and went to his mother. He fancied that Edith smiled at him as he passed her class, but had no opportunity of speaking to her. "So best," he thought, with a sigh of regret and mortification. Janet—beautiful, resolute Janet—nodded, and arrested him a moment to say she wanted to speak to him.

"I will come in after church," she said.

She did so, and poured out a flood of reproaches as rapidly as possible.

"Why did you run away the other evening, Gerard? It was most unkind, and we are all offended. If Aunt Clarville was bored, you might have remained. I am sure Edith was hurt, for she told me you were engaged to dance with her, and left without even an apology."

"Your father carried her off, Janet," broke in Mrs. Clarville, for Gerard said nothing.

"But he ought to have waited, aunt. *I* shouldn't have cared, but Edith did Anyone may neglect me, but it is wicked to be unkind to Edith, for she never asserts herself. When I come home for good I shall be of some use, for I mean to fight her battles as well as my own. May I take her a message from you, Gerard?"

"You may say that it was not my fault that I left so abruptly, and I am sure she will believe me," said Gerard, as if measuring his words.

"You are as cold as the outside frost; and yet you are the most warm-hearted of cousins," cried Janet. "Can't you send a kinder message than that? You, who have known Edith so long, and must love her almost as well as Nurse True and I do. I wonder if all men are as provoking as papa, you, and Mr. Tom Harton! What if Edith were to run away, like Fan? If all the men in the world were to lecture me, I shouldn't mind."

"Bravo, Janet! When you come to these straits, I will be your champion. But has anyone been lecturing you—or—or Miss Aspenel?"

"Papa has been bothering Edith. He tells her that she must make new acquaintances and give up the old, and she is miserable. Why, she would rather potter about here at The Cottages than visit all the lords and ladies from England to the Zenanas. But I must go. Do give me a kind message for Edith! Send her your love, or something."

His love! Poor fellow, he would gladly have sent that, though not through Janet, but he knew that duty forbade all interchange of sentiment. His mother, looking from him to Janet, spoke for him.

"Dear child, there are circumstances in life which forbid heart speaking to heart, or even the free interchange of friendship. I am sure there is no one that Gerard esteems more highly than Edith, and this you may venture to tell her: but your father has his reasons for what he has said to her, and we are in no condition to gainsay them. Take care that the same restrictions are not laid on you."

"I should break through them. What is the good of growing up if we are to throw off all we love, and dress ourselves up in all we hate! I shall give Edith aunt's message verbatim, Gerard: only I shall change that awful word, 'esteem,' into the more natural one 'love.' Mr. Austen has just said in his sermon that we should all 'Love one another,' and I am sure no one listened more profoundly than papa; and I know he wasn't asleep. Good-bye."

"Janet! Janet!" exclaimed Mrs. Clarville and Gerard, but the light-spirited, warm-hearted girl was gone.

(To be continued.)

ROMEO AND JULIET.

From an original drawing by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

ESSAY WRITING ON A GREAT ENGLISH AUTHOR.—MY FAVOURITE HEROINE FROM SHAKESPEARE.

IN writing the reports of these Competitions it has often been our pleasant duty to compliment the girls on the excellence of their work. Still more gratifying it is to record, as we have been able to, that an improvement on the preceding Competition has generally, if not always, been shown. The subjects selected have of course varied in difficulty, and the task set last year, "The Notable Women of the Reign of Queen Victoria," was by no means an easy one; still, the girls rose equal to the occasion, and surpassed in many respects their previous efforts,

To write an essay on My Favourite Heroine from Shakespeare is a most genial and pleasant task, and one that ought to appeal greatly to girls. The competitors evidently considered it as such, and have made their work a labour of love, the result being that their papers show an amount of excellence far exceeding anything the examiners were prepared for. Experience has, no doubt, been gained from the former contests; the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have made a great advance in knowledge and literary ability, and we congratulate the competitors on the industry, grasp of the subject, and in many instances genuine talent which they have displayed. In the previous Competitions there have always been a few very bad papers, quite worthless in every respect, and we have been astonished that the parents or guardians allowed them to be sent. No blots of this kind have disfigured the present Competition, and to every one who has taken part in it we should be justified in saying, "Well done; your work does you credit."

So much for the general character of the papers; and now for the faults. The most noticeable has been a misunderstanding as to the exact nature of the Competition. If our readers will turn to page 32 of the last November part, they will see how extremely simple and easy to understand the announcement is—"Our Prize Competition. Essay Writing on a Great English Author. The subject selected for our first Competition is My Favourite Heroine from Shakespeare." There is nothing about an essay on the life of Shakespeare, nor a description of his work and his influence on English Literature, yet three girls wrote on the former subject and two on the latter. Their papers were good, but quite beside the mark, and, of course, not admissible for certificates.

Then many girls, though they approached nearer to the subject, still failed to grasp what was really required. They wrote paraphrases on the play of Shakespeare in which their favourite heroine appears, thus making the play, not the heroine, their subject. Of course if this had been wanted the title of the Competition would have been "My Favourite Play of Shakespeare." Many of the characteristics of the heroines are displayed in the action of the plot, and it is often necessary to give an outline of the play, or at all events of those portions of it in which the heroine appears; but we must always bear in mind that the heroine and not the play is our subject. Now the moral of all this is, in future *read carefully the announcement of the Competition, and thoroughly realise what is required before putting pen to paper.*

A few of the girls wandered from the subject in a curious manner, and made their essays a vehicle for expressing their ideas on some social problem. The vexed question of "women's rights" was answerable for four of these failures. For instance, one girl commenced her essay in this way:—"My favourite heroine from Shakespeare is the 'Lady Lawyer, Portia.' It is superfluous to describe her action and speeches in the *Merchant of Venice.* Far better will it be for me to transport her to the nineteenth century, and show how deeply she

would have been interested in the great subject of women's rights . . . She is evidently Shakespeare's pet creation, and can we not deduct from this, that the great writer would give to women a more important position than they have hitherto occupied?" Could anything be more inapropos than this, and yet three other competitors wrote in a similar strain! Two girls wrote on the other side, and strongly deprecated "a growing tendency of women to usurp the place of men. No wonder chivalry towards our sex is becoming a thing of the past." These competitors also chose Portia, from the *Merchant of Venice*, as their heroine, "and for the reason that, notwithstanding her vigorous mind, she is always gentle and womanly, and content to be dependent on her husband, although, I think, he must have been her inferior in many respects . . . . My heroine would not support any of those fanciful opinions, advocated by some women of the present day—opinions which, if carried out, would result in our clever girls becoming second-rate men, instead of first-rate women." How foolish girls are to become so exercised about one idea that they must fain "drag it in," when it has nothing to do with the subject they are writing about.

It is curious that both those who approve of and those who disbelieve in what are known as "Women's Rights," should choose the same heroine, Portia, and draw from her character directly opposite conclusions.

The absurd controversy on "Dethroning Shakespeare," which has lately exercised the public mind, seems to have greatly interested two of our competitors. One of these devoted her whole essay to arguments in favour of Bacon having been *the real Shakespeare* (the italics are hers). The essay was not without merit, but as we are not continuing the controversy started by our contemporary, her work was not eligible for our Competition. The other girl "wishes she could persuade herself that the plays were by Shakespeare," but is afraid "there is much to be said in favour of Bacon." Towards the end of her essay she gets into a hopeless state of muddle, and finishes with the following passage: "I think either Shakespeare or Bacon must have written the plays, but the former probably did not, and more's the pity, as we have always so believed in him." The poor little girl, she is but thirteen, would probably be in a far happier state of mind if she had done as she was bid, and not worried her little head about other matters.

We have shown that some of the failures have resulted, not from a want of ability and industry, but from their employment in a wrong direction, and we would say to all girls who take part in our Competition, just as to those who have to work for their own livelihood, strive to do what is wanted, and to employ your talents in doing well what you have in hand.

With regard to the choice of heroines, Portia of Belmont has been long and away the most popular; in fact, more than a third of the papers were devoted to her. This we had expected, as one of the girls puts it, "she is one of those characters who combine so much that is excellent in man, with the gentle charm which is so essential in a woman." Many of those whose choice fell upon Portia have loved to discuss what she would have done had she been placed in some of those difficult situations which proved so fatal to many of Shakespeare's heroines. They argue that her keen wit and vigorous intellect would enable her to triumph over her enemies, and prevail over difficulties which crushed the gentler minds of Ophelia, Desdemona, and others. These ingenious girls have been especially hard on poor Juliet. "Who could imagine Portia being so cowardly as to commit suicide?" says one. "How different is Portia's love from the mad passion of Juliet!" writes another.

The heroines who successfully overcome their troubles have been just six times more popular than those whose end is tragic. Desdemona and Cordelia have, it is true, been chosen by a number of the girls; but Ophelia, one of the most exquisitely drawn of all Shakespeare's creations, has had but little recognition, while Juliet is the favourite of some half dozen girls only.

Many of the competitors have studied the works of our best commentators; and the essays of some of the older girls show an acquaintance with Gervinus and other celebrated foreign writers on Shakespeare. Lady Martin's book has been laid heavily under contribution, and on this subject we must take some of the girls to task for plagiarism. Two or three essays on Portia were far too much like Lady Martin's charming sketch of this character; her quotations, too, have been used in an exactly similar setting.

The youngest age represented in the Competition was twelve and the oldest thirty-nine. There were many more papers sent in by girls between twenty and thirty than there have been in any of our previous competitions, but seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen—the ages that generally contribute quite half the MSS.—were not in such force as hitherto. The essays of the girls of twelve were pretty little efforts, showing careful training. Thirteen and fourteen showed improvement, but girls of the latter age were too fond of employing grand sounding words, without being quite certain what they mean. The competitors of fifteen sent very careful work, and from this age to twenty-five, inclusive, there was continued improvement. The girls between the ages of twenty-one and thirty sent, perhaps, the best work we have received in any of our competitions.

The rule we laid down in the November part—the name and address of the competitor are *to be clearly written upon the back of the MSS.*, together with the certificate—has not been observed in some cases. The certificate or the address, or both, have been sent in a letter. This adds greatly to the labour of the examination. The letter is liable to be lost or to get unhooked from the MS., thus giving us needless trouble. In future no paper will be read that disobeys this simple rule.

We also advise competitors to write their names more legibly; and if they have got into the habit of making "showy" signatures (which only they and their friends can read), to use printed characters, and thus make mistakes impossible.

The prize essay will probably appear in our Christmas part.

FIRST PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be sent by cheque to
Edlmann, Edith, Leamington.

SECOND PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS

will be sent by cheque to
Patterson, Annie Wilson, B.A., Mus. Bac., Dublin.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Specially Commended.

Elsner, Leily Eliza, Maida Hill.
Falconer, Mary Weatherhead Miller, Duns., N.B.
Isbister, J. Mary, Tulse Hill Park, S.W.

OPHELIA.

Phillis, Ella S., Carlisle.
Robinson, Gertrude E., Glasgow.
Shaw, Annie Hampton, West Bromwich.
Shaw, Minnie Jane, West Bromwich.
Young, E., Lydd.
Vivian, Rhoda, Cardiff.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Ashton, Kathleen, Darwen.
Beaman, Violet E. P., Great Barford.
Beastall, Clara Elizabeth, Grimsby.
Bennett, Mary L., Birmingham.
Boone, Beatrice Elizabeth, Ramsgate.
Browning, Emily Anne, Acton, W.
Cadmore, Edith, Oleton, R.S.O.
Cantley, Katherine, Leeds.
Dunlop, Louisa A. L., Richmond, S.W.
Hooke, Dora Edith, Oxford.
Hunt, Edith Maude, Manchester.
Hutchings, Ada E., Dorset Square, N.W.
Láprail, Maggie, Whitehaven.
Leslie, S. H. Penlope, Wimbledon.
Lester, Mary E., Liverpool.
Marsden, Edith L. C., Westminster, S.W.
Mitchell, Jeanie, Glasgow.
Murphy, Anna F., Bristol.
Murry, Ada W., Tollington Park, N.
Newnham, Lætitia, Luton.
Page, Edith E., Norwich.
Page, Emma Mary, Near Malden, Essex.
Passmore, Charlotte S., Regent's Park, N.W.
Paton, Jannet, S., Cambuslang.
Payne, Alice, Barcombe.
Proctor, Florence G., Nottingham.
Robinson, Cecilia, Harrogate.
Sankey, Hannah, Wolverhampton.
Symes, Agnes L., Bridport.
Thompson, Alice Mary, Leeds.
Tindall, Mary A. E., Sheffield.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Baird, Emily A., Kilmarnock.
Baretti, Josephine Mary, Bristol.
Brand, Esther Bessie, Colchester.
Brest, Edith Anne, Bristol.
Burton, Evelyn, Devonshire.
Cansdale, Beatrice Lilian, Forest Hill, London.
Clayton, Blanche G., Chatham.
Compston, Florence Evelyn Baptista, Taunton.
Cook, Annie, Gloucestershire.
Crowther, Edith, Derby.
Dalgliesh, Ella G., Milford.
Davies, Mary E., Aberdare.
Duffett, Elizabeth E., Red Hill.
Elder, Marian, Manchester.
Ellis, Charlotte Julia, Sunderland.
Fitzgerald, Marguerite, Holborn, W.C.
Forbes, Barbara, Harleston.
Fox, Helen Jane, Manchester.
Free, Alice Matilda, Eaton Terrace, S.W.
Frisby, Maud S., Leamington.
German, Elizabeth, West Bromwich.
Griffith, Mabel, Burgess Hill.
Guilbert, Lillie, Hendon, N.W.
Hewitt, Annie, Bath.
Hunt, Isabella Jane, Ashton on Mersey.
Kennedy, Lizzie, Glasgow.
Kirby, Kathleen Helen Bradley, Aberdeen.
Lawley, Edith Mary, Wolverhampton.
Lester, Alice Louisa, Bedford.
Lord, Annie Elizabeth, Northiam.
Maycock, Annie, Coventry.
Moxon, Isabel Julia, Cambridge.
Murray, Rose, Chelsea.
Narbeth, H. M., Fulham.
Osborn, Edith L., Southsea.
Ottaway, Marie E., Rotherham.
Rigby, Lucy Tunstall, Salford.
Russell, M. Gertrude, Ipswich.
Salmond, Annie W. F., Aberdeen.
Sellers, Maude Marian, Finsbury Park, N.
Shelly, Theodora A. M., Liverpool.
Shepherd, Marian, Abingdon.
Smythe, Edith S., London, N.
Somerville, Henrietta, Nantwich.
Swan, S. M., Odessa, South Russia.
Thompson, Eleanor McAdam, Leeds.
Turner, Jessie, Newport.
Van de Veen, Magrieta, Manchester.
Warton, Dorothy Margaret Christian, Clapham Common, S.W.
White, Mary de Lacy, Harleston.
Willder, Lily, Earl's Court Gardens, S.W.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Abbott, Fanny Jane E., Horrabridge.
Adrams, Jane Browning Cranford, Ayrshire.
Badger, Edith Mabel Hinda, Moseley.
Barnes, Mabel, Birkenhead.
Blizard, May, Stow-on-the-Wold.
Bomford, E. May, Drumlargan, Kilcock.
Botheroyd, Ettie M., Great Grimsby.
Bowden, Dora, Manchester.
Boyd, May, Ayrshire.
Brockwell, Ada Mary, Upper Norwood.
Brooke, Gwendolen Margaret, Leighton Buzzard.
Bryant, Mabel, S. Ripton.
Buchanan, Mary Isabella, Elgin.
Cubbon, Minnie Kate, Kingsland, N.
Crowther, Ethel, Derby.
Calder, Agnes England, Chesterfield.
Dowell, Amelia Maria, Stroud, Glos.
Dykes, Winifred, Bayswater, W.
Few, Ruby J., Griqualand, South Africa.
Findlay, Maud, Edinburgh.
Fleming, Isabel Kathleen, "Wellesley," Naini-Tal, India.
Floyd, Jessie S., Bradford.
Foreman, Alice Phillis, Great Yarmouth.
Fowler, Amy L., Brighton.
Freeman, Minnie, Norwich.
French, Rosa Jane, Colchester.
Fruscott, Annie Amelia, Manchester.
Gilson, Olivia Florence, Camberwell.
Groom, Alice Maude, London, S.W.
Guillerville, Marie Thérèse, Seine Inférieure, France.
Hacher, Sophia, Norwich.
Hadley, Helena, Stonehouse.
Hart, Nellie, Glasgow.
Hawkins, Elizabeth Mary, Kilburn, N.W.
Heap, Mary Winifred, Birkenhead.
Hewitt, Ethel May, St. John's Wood.
Hooper, Emma Augusta, Kilburn, N.W.
Hosford, Lena Mary, Stratford, E.
Hudson, Eugénie, Nutfield.
Jayne, Margaret, Newport, Mon.
Johnson, Annie S., Dundalk.
Jowett, Edith B., Bradford.
Keeling, Amy Alice, Nottingham.
Kent, Ellen, St. Pancras.
King, G., Barbadoes, West Indies.
Knight, Bessie, S. Kensington.
Lewis, Alice, Fleet Street, E.C.
Lewis, Catherine, Poplar.
Lomax, Rachel Annie, Bolton.
Lowe, Edith Ann Maria, Wolverhampton.
Lyne, Jessie Lilian, Constantinople, Turkey.
Lysons, Constance E. M., Glasgow.
Manners, Katharine, Grantham.
Marsh, Evelyn, Winchester.
McNalty, Ethel Elizabeth, Chatham.
McNalty, Katherine F. M., Chatham.
Melven, Mona S., Inverness.
Mines, Jessie. Walthamstow.
Morgan, Julia Bathurst, New Cross Road, S.E.
Neal, Amy Ethel, Stoke Newington, N.
Newton, Emily, Morecambe.
Noble, Margaret Elizabeth, Liverpool.
Norman, Annie, Bedford.
Overell, Lillian, Hackney, E.
Palmer, Mary Gertrude, Leeds.
Parker, Amy Shindehutte, Hawick.
Parsons, Bessie Gertrude, Bristol.
Pearson, Susanna Elizabeth, Leeds.
Peglar, Florence Jane, Brockley, S.E.
Peglar, Mary Josephine, Brockley, S.E.
Pemberton, Mabel, St. Peter's Port, Guernsey.
Pentelow, Laura, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Philpott, Alice, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Pollock, Julia Mary, Leeds.
Pugsley, Louisa, Bristol.
Purdie, Florence Ellen, Birkenhead.
Ransome, Ethel M., Near Lancaster.
Russell, Constance E. V., Oxford Street, W.
Rutter, M. Lily, Ipswich.
Saunders, Mabel, Bermondsey.
Siebold, Emily, Bury.
Simpson, Gertrude, Cockermouth.
Simpson, Lucy, Stoke-on-Trent.
Spalding, Mary Howard, Ealing Common, W.
Stalker, Emma, Galashiels.
Stewart, Jessie A., Blairgowrie.
Thomas, Amy, Truro.
Thomas, G. A., Cardiff.
Tomkins, Emma Annie, East Dulwich, S.E.
Wall, Elsie, Hastings.
Warton, Agnes Maria Gardner, Clapham Common, S.W.
Watkins, Emma M., Brighton.
Wells, Rachel Aldridge, Wangford.
Whiting, Ada Mary, Kingston.
Whiting, Mary Bradford, Ramsgate.
Wilkinson, Bertha Ellen, Royston.
Winter, Augusta Mary, Birmingham.
Wright, Susie L. P., Scarborough.
Yates, Mary Brooke, West Virginia, U.S.A.

OUR NEXT PRIZE COMPETITION.

CONFESSIONS.

OUR new Competition is different from anything of the kind that we have previously had, but it will be sure to be interesting to our intelligent readers, and will afford them much opportunity for thought and right judgment, as well as for the exercise of their faculties for amusement and seasonable seriousness.

The following subjects are given in the form of questions, and each must have a clear and definite answer, with a "reason why," not occupying more than a sheet of foolscap, and not more than one hundred words to be given to each subject. It may be supposed that the Editor asks these questions of every reader—

Your object in life?
" " favourite qualities in woman?
" " " man?
" " book?
" " hymn?
Your favourite Bible verse?
" " occupation?
" " writer?
" " painter?
" " musical composer?
" " character in history?
" " " fiction?
" " flower?
" " study?
" " amusement?

The following will show the manner of filling up each sheet of foolscap :—

o

YOUR FAVOURITE BOOK?

Lord Smith's "Precepts and Practices," written in 1870.

Reasons for this preference to come here, not more than one hundred words in all.

SHEET OF FOOLSCAP.

The paper to be written upon one side only, and the set of fifteen sheets to be carefully fastened together on the left-hand top corner, and the name, age, and address of the competitor to be carefully written (in printed characters) upon the back of the MS., together with the following certificate :—

I hereby certify this to be the sole work of (name, age, and address to be repeated).

(Signed by parent, minister, or teacher.)

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____

The last day for sending in the papers is Monday, June 25th (day after Midsummer Day), 1888.

The Prizes will consist of one hundred copies of "A Crown of Flowers," being poems and pictures collected from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, specially reprinted for the occasion on superior paper, and handsomely bound in cloth and gilt. The age of each competitor will be considered at the examination, but will not be published in the list of prize winners, and the Editor will award the prizes to the best hundred girls who shall have been most successful in their work upon the standard demanded by her age. There will, therefore, be four prizes to girls of every age, between ten and thirty years. Each volume will contain the name of the prize winner and the autograph of the Editor. Owing to the large number of Prizes, no certificates will be awarded in connection with this Competition.

VARIETIES.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Amongst the sayings of Chilon, one of the wise men of Greece, we have the following, all of them worth taking note of:—

Speak not ill of thy neighbour.

Go slowly to the house of thy friends, but swiftly to their troubles.

Speak well of the dead.

Shun busybodies.

Prefer loss before covetous gain.

Despise not the miserable.

If powerful, behave thyself mildly, so that thou mayest be loved rather than feared.

Order thy house well; bridle thine anger; grasp not at much; make not haste; neither dote upon anything here below.

SHIFTLESS PEOPLE.

An innocent lad, one evening in the days when candles were more in use than now, went up to the drawing-room on the bell being rung. When he returned to the kitchen he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asked him the cause of his mirth.

"What do you think?" he cried. "There were sixteen of them who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

IN DIFFERENT LIGHTS.

Corinna's quite a fright to me,
While Ned can only beauty see,
With every grace her form adorning.
We both are wrong, and both are right;
Ned sees her still by candle-light,
But I have seen her in the morning!

WASTED ENERGY.—Waste no time in cherishing vain dreams, indulging idle speculations, or in giving way to depressing emotions, but resolutely throw them off, and engage in whatever actual work appears most pressing and important.

THE JACKDAW AND THE MISER.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole. The cat observed this, and asked why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of.

"Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

GREAT AND LITTLE SORROWS.—Griefs are like the beings that endure them—the little ones are the most clamorous and noisy; those of older growth and greater magnitude are generally tranquil and sometimes silent. Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles; when they have little to carry they make a prodigious clatter, but when heavily laden they neither creak nor rumble.

LEADING A GOOD LIFE.—Many people think a life of retirement the most favourable for religion, but true godliness does not necessarily turn people out of the world: it enables them to live better in it, and excites their endeavours to mend it. "Christians," says Penn, "should keep the helm and guide the vessel to its port; not meanly steal out at the stern of the world, and leave those that are in it without a pilot, to be driven by the fury of evil times upon the rock or sand of ruin."

A LESSON FOR THE RICH.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies.
Learn this, ye men of wealth! A heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

VENICE GLASS.

Venice glass used to have the reputed property of miraculously remaining sound under very extraordinary circumstances. Credulous old Aubrey relates, in his "Miranda":—"In Dr. Bolton's sermons is an account of the Lady Honeywood, who despaired of her salvation. Dr. Bolton endeavoured to comfort her. Said she (holding a Venice glass in her hand), 'I shall as certainly be lost as this glass will be broken,' and at that word threw it hard on the ground, and the glass remained sound, which gave her great comfort. The glass is still preserved among the *cimelia* of the family."

GOOD WOMEN.—You talk of the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman who dies unsung and unremembered has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking or a hundred odes simmering in the brains of so many men of genius.

WORN INSCRIPTIONS ON OLD COINS.

To read an inscription on a silver coin which by much wear has become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire; when red-hot place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was practised at the Mint in the beginning of the present century to discover the genuine coin.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mending this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to mend!"

SENSIBLE SAVING.

Many animals lay up stores or other provisions for the winter. Old age is the winter of human life, and should not men and women also try to make suitable provisions for this winter?

A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,
"By pleasure I am beckoned,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second."
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said—
"You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

THE RECLAIMED JEWELS.

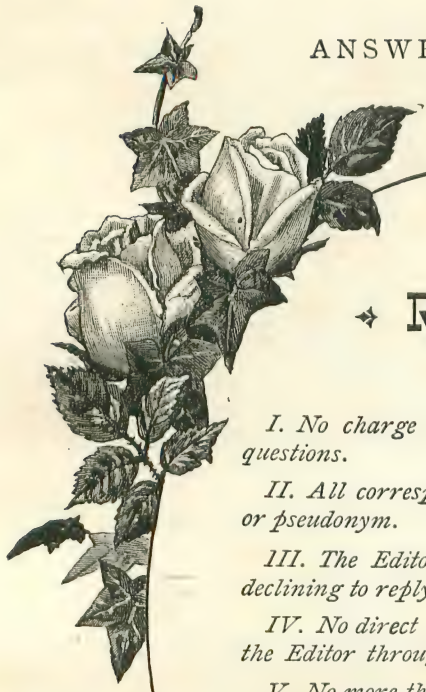
As an instance of heroic faith and resignation, nothing could be more beautiful than the story of the wise-hearted Jewish mother who lost her two sons during the absence of her husband, Rabbi Meir. When the Rabbi returned to his home, ignorant of the calamity which had befallen him, he was met on the threshold by his wife.

"My husband," she said, gravely and calmly, "a great Lord once lent me two precious jewels, begging me to keep them for him until he should reclaim them. In your absence he has sent for them, so I gave them up fearlessly. Will you not say that I did well?"

"Well, in truth," answered the Rabbi, quickly. "What could you have wished to do otherwise?"

Then the mother, full of faith, led her wondering husband into an inner chamber, where her sons lay in the sleep of death, and said, "See our reclaimed jewels! The great Lord has taken them. We cannot murmur, for they are His own."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



RULES.

—:o:—

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

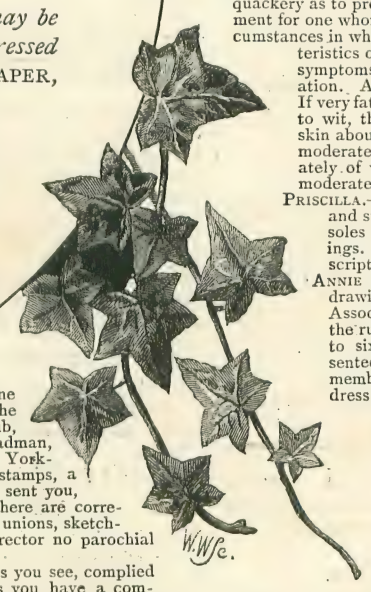
II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.



EDUCATIONAL.

TITIA.—You should write for advice to the English Chaplain of the Embassy Church, Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris; and if you do not know his private address, you might send your letter (written on thin paper), under cover to the care of Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, who keeps a Mission Home for English and American women of all classes. Perhaps she also might give you advice. But it is at best a risky thing to send young girls to foreign schools without personal knowledge of the persons to whom they go, and the mode of living, and whole *entourage*. If your daughter went direct to a friend's house, and were placed in a school under their superintendence and authority, all well. We should consider this essential. We thank you for your very gratifying letter.

IDA LOCKE.—Private masters for teaching shorthand writing are easily to be had; and you might form a class for yourself of the friends who wished to learn. You could unite together to lend a room in turns, and to pay so much each. We are glad that you find our articles so useful to you as a teacher.

PERPLEXED ROSEY.—You need medical advice. Cut your hair; and take the answers given to other girls, who—you say—"asked similar questions."

BERENGARIA.—No. You are not qualified to offer your services as a governess. You do not write good English; and grammar, geography, arithmetic, and history are essential departments of a plain education in which one who professes to be a teacher should be thoroughly versed. Moreover, she should have acquired the art of teaching and imparting all she knows in a clear and agreeable manner, otherwise such studies must prove distasteful to the children committed to her charge. Perhaps you might obtain a place as "Mother's Help," in which your skill in plain-sewing and dressmaking, and ability to play a little on the piano, to amuse the children, would be useful.

LITTLE DOZEN, AUNTIE-MA, and MYRRH.—The 2s. received for the "Girls' Own Order of Merit" and the "Girls' Own Convalescent Home" are acknowledged with thanks, and will be applied as desired. The quotation, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is to be found in Lawrence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

N.M.S.—The squeaking of the pedal on pressure is owing to its too great tightness. But it should not be used by ordinary players. It is a lazy way of obtaining an effect, which ought to be produced by good playing. A little grease might make the pedal work more freely. If the piano were ours, we should forbid the use of either pedal by girls practising upon it, and should leave the squeak to betray them if they did.

PERPLEXED ONE might render the loneliness of her position less monotonous by entering upon a very active life, intellectually and practically. By all means join one or more of the useful girls' clubs and societies, which we have so often named. Some are for personal improvement, some are religious, and others are charitable. We have just received a notice of one for reading. It is called The Kingston Reading Club, secretary, Miss C. M. Tadman, 100, Coltham Street, Hull, Yorkshire. If you send two stamps, a copy of the rules will be sent you, and other information. There are correspondence classes, prayer unions, sketching clubs, &c. Has your rector no parochial societies?

MISS TADMAN.—We have, as you see, complied with your request; and as you have a committee to direct your useful society, and give prizes, doubtless you will obtain members.

RUBY.—The address of the Christian Evidence Society, is 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. You should procure a vinegar plant at your greengrocer's or a herbalist's; and should you fail, go to a nursery gardener about it. The vinegar is pale and delicate, not so strong as that in ordinary use, and quite fit for the table.

KATE CORDING has evidently not seen the little "Directory of Girls' Clubs," or she would know that heaps of societies are in working order and taking different lines. It might prove a great pleasure to her, as well as very profitable, to join two or three of them. They nearly all give prizes, of course the prayer and Scripture reading unions excepted.

INTENDING CLERK.—See page 663, vol. iv., for an article entitled "Female Clerkships in the Post Office."

GRATITUDE will find, under the above heading, lists of hospitals where training is carried on. If past twenty-one years of age, apply at St. Thomas's, to the matron. You might be a "Nightingale Probationer," and instead of paying, be paid. Look at our answers to such inquiries.

E. P.—We thank you for your contribution of 3s. towards the Girls' Home. We publish the "Handbook to the English Tongue" at our office, by Dr. Angus. Write to Mr. Tarn for it.

COOKERY.

EUGENIE.—We thank you for your recipe for making macaroons. Blanch and skin half a pound of sweet almonds, dry, and pound them in a mortar with one and a half pounds of white sugar. Pass the whole through a wire sieve, and place again in the mortar, with the whites of two eggs; mix with the pestle, adding the white of a third egg, and gradually increasing, until you have used that of about eight, and produced a softish paste. Then lay the whole out at equal distances apart, in pieces the size of walnuts, upon wafer-paper. Place some strips of almonds upon their tops, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a slow oven until they have a yellowish brown colour. When quite firm they are done. Ratafias are made in the same way; deducting two ounces of the sweet almonds to substitute them with bitter. The cakes are made of smaller size, laid on ordinary white paper, and baked in a hotter oven. When cold, they may be removed from the paper without difficulty.

COUNTRY.—See our index in vol. iv., 479, for what we suppose you mean by "Stocth short-bread." The first word you need not expect to find. Is it a word in the new Volapük language? Get some friend to instruct you in the use of the pedals. At any music shop they will recommend what a beginner requires.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOTHER OF DAUGHTERS.—We discourage early marriages. Girls have, first, to "show piety at home, and requite their parents" go through a course of education in home duties, in a practical way, on leaving school; and a course of reading likewise. Much has to be acquired; and their own physical development should be completed before any thought of matrimony be entertained.

OUR NELL.—We could not commit ourselves to such quackery as to prescribe a thinning course of treatment for one whom we have never seen. The circumstances in which you live; the general characteristics of your family as well as the special symptoms in yourself, need careful consideration. Attempts to reduce flesh are risky. If very fat, the result might be unbecoming; to wit, the wrinkles, and loosely-hanging skin about the neck and chin. Take regular moderate daily exercise, and eat moderately of wholesome food, and be still more moderate in the amount of liquid you drink.

PRISCILLA.—Wear gloves with the tips cut off, and stuff shoes with lamb's wool extra soles in them, and warm woollen stockings. We thank you for your subscription.

ANNIE PEACOCK.—We have pleasure in drawing attention to your Early Rising Association, and thank you for sending the rules. The entrance fee amounting to sixpence only, no difficulty is presented so far in the way of intending members. Two prizes are given. Address Miss Peacock, 12, Lindum Terrace, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

KLEIN DUMPLING tells us that to curl an ostrich feather she finds it better to hold it over a few red-hot coals for a few moments, than to scrape each filament with a blunt penknife. She says it will curl beautifully by this process. But would not such heat tend to make the filaments very brittle? We think that the person who advised you to try friction to make your eyebrows increase in thickness was joking.

CONNAISSANCE.—You must certainly have a few lessons to teach you the pronunciation of both French and German. But after reading your letter we are much struck with the fact, that, with such deficiencies, you would do better to take a lesson from our tale of "Merle's Crusade," and become a nurse.

G. W.—If you apply at any Post Office, they will give you the annuity tables, and also any explanations you need. A Government annuity is the best to secure, having such a small sum to invest.

P. A. G. sends the answer to the riddle sent in by "Plural Noun," as follows:—

"Through bitter 'cares' soft slumbers rarely meet,
Still by a loved 'caress' they're rendered sweet."

This is a very clever riddle and answer. W. L. thanks Mrs. P. G. for her trouble in finding it.

RENA.—The brown stain on the skin is probably from some liver derangement. Consult a doctor.

LOUIE.—The water will only take up a certain amount of alum.

A GRATEFUL ONE is thanked for her card and letter. We do not know the quotation.

IOLANTHE.—This proverb is originally of Turkish or Eastern origin, viz:—"The mill will never grind with the water that is past." 2. We should think the canary was moulting.

DANDY.—Cutting a nerve need not result in making a finger crooked. You had better show it to a surgeon. If you have no family doctor, go to a dispensary.

VOL. IX.—NO. 429.] MARCH 17, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

JACK'S ANGEL.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

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"WHILE HER RED LIPS MOVED IN PRAYER."

CHAPTER III.

JUST then Tom came into the room, looking somewhat annoyed.

"Look here, Lily, what am I to do? There is a boy come from the Court to know if I will lend him a horse to fetch a doctor for old Sir Henry, who, it seems, is dying. It is a fearful night, blowing and snowing, and bitterly cold; none of my horses have been roughed yet, and this boy is certain to let Turk down, if I lend him; moreover, it is five miles; the old miser will be dead before the boy returns. I suppose I must go myself, and very likely Jones will be out when I get there."

"Most probably," said I; "I will go, not for Jones, but to Sir Henry. I shall rather enjoy the walk. Moreover, I shall be able to gratify Lily's curiosity as to the interior of the Court." And, in spite of their resistance, I carried my point and set off, piloted by the boy.

It was a wild night, blowing fiercely, very dark, and bitterly cold, while the snow, which was half sleet, beat in our faces as we stumbled across the park, each carrying a lantern. All I could make out from my small guide, who was so muffled up that I could with difficulty understand him, was that Sir Henry, he was a-dying, and Miss Mervyn, she had wrapped him up.

The boy appeared more struck by the fact, which he mentioned half-a-dozen times, that Miss Mervyn had wrapped him up with her own hands, than that Sir Henry was dying; and all my efforts at even guessing at the nature of the illness were unavailing. In less than twenty minutes we reached the Court—a large, gloomy, ruinous old mansion, with a light glimmering in one room, which I rightly judged to be the baronet's. An old housekeeper, with a candle in her hand, looking as old as the house itself, let us in, and barely gave me time to divest myself of my dripping macintosh before she hurried me up the wide stone staircase, with its handsome balustrade of dark polished oak. Fine old engravings hung all up the walls, and on the landing we passed several beautiful cabinets laden with magnificent china. The stairs were uncarpeted, and the house cold as a vault, while the wind whistled down the passages and shook the old lattice windows of the half-inhabited house. I looked about me for Lily's benefit, but the solitary candle carried by the old woman, who hobbled quickly on in front of me, gave me but few opportunities of observing the interior of Sir Henry's establishment. We stopped opposite a room in front of the house, where the old woman threw open the door and beckoned me to enter. I did so, and was agreeably surprised to find a fire burning brightly, curtains drawn across the draughty windows, and altogether an air of comfort, strangely in contrast with the rest of the house. The furniture, if old, was very handsome, and in the huge ebony bedstead, with gilt canopy, from which hung some dingy velvet curtains, lay Sir Henry Mervyn, who, as I saw at a glance, was already on his way to that country from which there is no returning. I took out my watch and felt his pulse, and then turning to ask the old woman how long he had been lying in this state, I saw my angel. I started, and I confess for the moment I thought Lily was right, and that she was no flesh and blood, but a creation of my imagination,

My first impulse was to rush forward and seize her hands in mine, and vow she should never leave me till I knew all about her; but her own gentle dignity, as well as my duty to this poor old man on the brink of the grave, prevented me. She was standing at the foot of the bed when I first saw her, with a small lamp in her hand; she looked lovelier than ever, for her cheeks were flushed, and the dark clinging serge dress she wore enhanced the purity of her delicate complexion. There was a yearning look of pitying love in those wonderful hazel eyes, as she gazed on the dying man, which I had never seen even in her eyes before; and her first words to me showed the anxiety she felt for her patient.

"Is there any hope?"

"None," I answered, briefly—brutally, I thought, when I saw the effect my words had on her.

She put down the lamp, and falling on her knees by the bedside, clasped her white hands and raised her streaming eyes to heaven, while her red lips moved in prayer.

Surely she can't love this half-crazy old miser, I thought; for he was known in the neighbourhood as a wicked old man of bad character, and many were the tales I had heard of his evil ways.

I continued to examine my patient, listening to his heart and lungs, though I knew at a glance what was the matter with him.

"He may linger for a day or two," I said, gently.

She rose from her seat, and asked, eagerly—

"Will he recover consciousness?"

"I fear not."

She buried her face in her hands and groaned.

"It is very terrible. Poor Uncle Henry! Yet God is very merciful; we must trust to His love," she said, more to herself than to me.

I began to understand her anxiety now; it was for his soul, and not for himself, that she grieved; and to turn her thoughts I asked how the illness began and what she had done.

She told me, expressing herself very clearly, and talking as though it were the most natural thing in the world for her to know how to treat a stroke of paralysis.

"You have done quite right. But now, what will you do? He may linger for days; you must have a nurse. Can you manage till to-morrow with the housekeeper, and I will stay till the morning?"

"I am a hospital nurse myself; I can manage perfectly well alone; I merely sent for the doctor in case I was mistaken. Please don't think of remaining; tell me what to do, and if the worst comes I am not afraid."

She was so decided about this that I could not insist on remaining, so, with some last instructions, I took my leave, with a wild joy in my heart at having at last found my treasure. She would not evade me this time I felt certain; her duty was by the old man's bedside, and I felt sure there I should find her as long as he lived. I rushed back to the Grange, through the wind and the snow, in half the time I had come, so anxious was I to get there before Lily had retired to tell her the mystery was at last solved.

"I have found her!" I exclaimed as I entered the drawing-room, where Tom and Lily were sitting up for me.

"Found whom?" they asked in a breath.

"My angel, of course—Muriel. She is Sir Henry's niece, and a hospital nurse. I see it all now—nearly all, at least; evidently she was staying with him the morning I first met her in the avenue."

"And on hearing you were Mr. Melville supposed you were me, and so accepted what she considered an invitation to breakfast," said Tom.

"And found out her mistake when I came down, and ran away to avoid an awkward explanation," said Lily.

"As for her other appearances, they are of course the offspring of Jack's fevered brain," said Tom.

"They were nothing of the kind!" I answered indignantly. "She told me she was a hospital nurse, so there is nothing very wonderful in her going to the war; but I will ask her point blank to-morrow," I replied.

I did not do so, however, for Sir Henry died shortly after I reached the Court the next morning, and all the conversation I had with Muriel related to arrangements for the funeral, which I undertook to carry out, under her directions, for she was the only relation he had in England.

"My brother is heir to the title and estates, and he is in South Africa."

There was no longer a shadow of a doubt that it was she who had nursed me. How I longed to throw myself at her feet, and thank her for her care of me; but I would not take advantage of her unprotected position, so I left, inwardly resolving to make Lily fetch her to the Grange before night, instead of leaving her alone with the dead baronet and decrepit old housekeeper.

Lily jumped at the idea, and drove over after luncheon. At first Muriel declined to come, saying she was not afraid, but finally she yielded and came.

The next week was one of the happiest of my life, for at the end of it Muriel promised to be my wife. The more I knew of her, the more I loved and reverenced her. Her way of looking at things was so different from that of other people; she was always on the look out for beauty, her soul ever going forth to meet it. A new light on the landscape was a new joy to her; birds, flowers, trees, the reeds by the riverside, she loved them all, they all were beautified in her eyes. And with people it was the same; she never saw but the best side of their characters; she judged no one by what he was, but by what he wished to be in his best moments. To talk to her was like slaking one's thirst at a fresh clear stream on a dusty road on a broiling hot day. She was not a highly educated woman, as women go nowadays; she knew neither Latin nor Greek, mathematics was a sealed book to her; but she was clever for all that, and, above all, she was intensely womanly.

"I know no joy so pure or so intense as the joy of relieving suffering," she said to me one day.

"Is that why you learnt hospital nursing?" I asked.

"Not altogether; I was obliged to do something, for my brother was a victim to the rapacity of those dreadful Boers, who stole all his horses one year, so that I knew he wanted every penny he possessed. Uncle Henry would not help us, so I learnt nursing, and soon became enthusiastic about it. When the war broke out I persuaded Harry to let me go out to him and help to nurse the wounded."

"And what made you leave that work so suddenly?"

"Harry had another farm offered him far away from the war, so he sent me home."

"Were you at St. Bride's church on a certain Sunday evening in June?" I asked.

"Most likely; I never go anywhere else when I am in London, and I remember once seeing you there," she answered, with a blush.

"And how did you escape me?"

"I went through the vestry; the vicar is my mother's brother."

It was all explained now, and even Lily was convinced that I was right, and Muriel was no apparition, though, like Lily, I am more sure every day that she is angelic, a ministering spirit, sent to bind up the wounds, and heal the sicknesses, and soften the suffering, and soothe the sorrows of all the wounded, the sick, the sorrowful, who cross her path. One promise she made me give her before we married—that if I were ever engaged in active service again, I would take her with me to nurse my patients; and I am sure of this, the next war that occurs mine will be one of the first applications at the War Office to be sent out, and I shall be accompanied by my beautiful wife, the guiding star of my life, ever leading me on to all that is best and noblest.

[THE END.]

SIXTY POUNDS PER ANNUM, AND HOW I LIVE UPON IT.

By A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

SUMMER'S day in London—the precise location, Bloomsbury; *dramatis personæ*, myself—a girl of twenty-one—and my family lawyer, an elderly gentleman, and rather retiring man, of about sixty years of age. The grass plot, shaded by huge trees, on which the two large windows look, and the rather stately ancient style of the houses that surround it, have an almost monastic air, while a dull roar, like waves breaking on a distant shore, alone gives evidence of the proximity of that great London which lies close around us. I think that to the day of my death I shall remember the twitter of the sparrows, the hum of the flies, the shadows lying quietly on the sunny grass without, and the absolute stillness which reigned within the large room. Mr. Greatorex sat in the large chair facing me, and looked out with an expression of vexed and perplexed sorrow on his kindly face, while I mutely gazed at the pile of papers before me, and was silent. Then I found myself saying, "There is nothing left; and there will be nothing in the future, Mr. Greatorex!"

"No, my dear young lady, absolutely nothing. The value of the estate is quite covered by the mortgages on it and the interest on them. I much fear the shock of this recent heavy loss, through that wretched speculation of your poor father's, caused his sudden death; he had hoped so much from it, and had such faith in it and its promoters, that I suppose he had not thought it worth while to tell you of the true state of his affairs, when he hoped, by a lucky *coup*, to repair them all." Mr. Greatorex sighed, and the vexed look deepened on his face. Besides being our legal adviser for many years, he was an old friend, and naturally felt for the girl who found herself almost penniless, when, had matters been unchanged, he would have been treating with her as the heiress of a comfortable estate and fortune.

He broke the silence again by saying, interrogatively—

"You are at your aunt's?"

"No," I answered, "at Mrs. Murray's; my aunt is not in town."

"How is your grand-aunt's money invested?" he continued.

"In colonial stock and a mortgage; just as she left it four years ago. Messrs. Bertram and Kidd were her lawyers."

"Ah, yes," he said, "I remember, you have always had that, I suppose, for your dress. What does it yield?"

"About sixty pounds per annum," I answered. "Oh, if I had only been told, I might have saved something. As it is, I spent it all, though I have yet to draw my last quarter, and there are some bills to pay for mourning."

"Have you a bank account?" Mr. Greatorex asks, quietly.

"No," I answer; "you forget, I have been abroad; Mr. Bertram sent me the money."

"Who are the trustees?" is the next query.

"Mr. Bertram is one, and Uncle Tom the other."

"Where are the securities?" Mr. Greatorex continues.

"Mr. Bertram has them, I believe. He is Uncle Tom's lawyer, you know."

"It would be better for you to have a bank account. Write to Mr. Bertram, and ask him to open one for you, now you have returned to England. Do you know all the mysteries of cheques and bank books?" he asks with a kind smile.

"Oh, yes," I answer readily. "My father was very particular in showing me how to do all kinds of business. It amused him, I thought, when he was ill and lonely."

Mr. Greatorex rose from his chair, and as he shook my hand, he laid the other kindly on my shoulder.

"You must think over your future," he said, "where and how to live. When you have grasped all your troubles, write me a line, and fix a day to see me again. You may rely on me, for your father's sake, to help you with advice and counsel. Do not be cast down. Sixty pounds is not a fortune, but with forethought and care it may be a competence. It is, at least, certain that both Mr. Bertram and your uncle may be relied on, for both are excellent men of business."

I know he is trying to comfort me, to give me a safe point of rejoicing, and to brace me up to meet my future cheerfully and bravely, and I feel grateful from the depths of my soul. Even the very form this conversation has taken has cheered me, and has proved that Mr. Greatorex thinks me neither an idiot nor a careless fool. But still, as I retain the kind grasp of his hands, the sudden tears rise to my eyes; I feel forlorn and lost. My father's sudden death, added to this new trouble, is a good deal for the shoulders of twenty-one to carry. I go out into the sunlight, and find my way to Holborn, where I take an omnibus, and as Mrs. Murray lives near the Marble Arch, I make up my mind to go into the park before going home. Mrs. Murray is the kindest and most thoughtful of friends. She has been more to me than any relations, and I know will be a wise adviser; but I shrink just now from companionship, and even from sympathy; and I want to "commune with my own heart, and be still" a while, before I take any other step forwards.

In the park, under the green trees, the sun and the summer breeze comfort me. Healing seems to come with every breath I draw, and before I have been there half an hour I begin to regain my mental equipoise; my mind rights itself, and is fit for active work. I am even conscious of a feeling of elation—as of one who sees a battle before him, and longs to be a victor on the field. I have always been a passionate lover of nature, and in my greatest troubles and griefs I feel nearer to the Father in Heaven under green trees and in His sunshine than within four walls.

Then I think how thankful I am that it is summer, and not winter; sorrow's difficulties are so much less troublesome when the sun is shining; and it seems as if I have been purposely brought here to see the sparrows, so busy are they on the gravel in front of me. "I too, am one of His sparrows,"—so runs the priceless message—and though I have fallen to the ground, it has not, nor shall not, be "without my Father's" knowledge and consent.

With this peace and comfort stealing over and settling on my heart, I begin once more to think of myself and my future, and I go bravely forward. I can bear anything now—I am refreshed with the holy dew of His promises, and nothing can hurt me—all committed to Him.

Money seems always to be the first thing thought about; and that naturally comes to my mind first. As I said to Mr. Greatorex, I have not drawn my last quarter, and I have about ten pounds in my pocket. My father having died at Bonn, I did not expend much money there, and expected to get my needful mourning in town; fortunately I have only ordered one dress and a bonnet; but even that, though inexpensive, will make a hole in my ten pounds. I must have some boots and shoes, too, I think, and a few other really necessary articles; but, whatever happens, I must not touch my quarter—my precious £15—save for my actual needs of living.

The thought of living recalls me to the requirements of the moment—"how shall I live, and where? Ought I to look for some employment, or shall I be able to live on my means? Like the majority of girls of my age, I have not been brought up to do anything. I had a maid, who was half maid, half nurse, and who latterly waited much on my poor father. But I have left her at her home in Paris, and she is not going to service again. Fortunately she was a clever, notable Frenchwoman, with the thrift and ability peculiar to her nation. I know already how to make the most of everything in the household; for during the last days of my father's life, money seemed scarce, and he appeared angry when asked for it. I could make many little dishes and good coffee; and I manufactured my own bonnets and hats, not to speak of my dresses—thanks to the fact that Stephanie had always made me help her. Indeed, since my poor mother's death, ten years ago, Stephanie had been my great companion. I could speak French well, and I played fairly, and I spoke German still better than French. Of Italian I knew enough to read with facility and to speak a little.

While thus taking stock of myself and my acquirements, I felt quite determined that I would live on my income if possible, and, above all, that I would not be dependent on any one for help, if I could not live on it; neither, if possible, should my aunt have to say that I was forgetting my position as my father's daughter, *i.e.*, as a Winnington, of Winnington Moat—that dear, well-remembered old Elizabethan house in the North Countrie. I must try to live as a gentlewoman, and I felt quite sure that the people I cared for were too sensible, and loved me too well, to mind whether I lived in an ancient moated house or in a single room in London. I was mistaken in some of them, but, I am thankful to say, not in all. The majority gave me greeting for myself alone.

In these days, when one must needs appraise oneself, if they wish to be earners of money, how generally humiliating is the result of the process! Mine was no exception to the general rule, but I came speedily to the one conclusion that is forced on many a woman beside myself, *i.e.*, that all my powers towards money-saving had been cultivated. I knew how to make a pound go to its furthest extent of spreading, and I had no expensive tastes so far as I knew. During the last years of my father's life we had lived mostly on the Continent, probably for the benefit of cheap living; our life had been quiet and uneventful, and I had only occasionally come to England to pay visits to friends and relations.

But as regards making money, I was quite conscious that I should find it difficult, if not

impossible. My French, German, and music were good; but I doubted that I could teach them to others, or whether I were well enough grounded myself in their elementary parts. Italian came under the same category; and though I was well read in English and foreign literature, my reading had not been directed in such a manner as to enable me to impart my knowledge to others; and as for my other arts, they were of no use to anyone but myself. I might do something in literature, but one does not begin authorship at once, and that idea was of no use either. No, I must live on my sixty pounds a year, and be happy and contented on that.

Meanwhile I am still sitting on my chair in the park, and though my meditations take some time to put on paper, they were not so slow in passing through my mind. I look back now with some wonder at myself, and the quiet way in which I took my misfortune. Perhaps, as I sometimes fancy, my experiences of the last few years of my father's life, and the knowledge that he was anxious about money matters, may have been unconsciously accepted by me as a warning for the future; and so the news was more like the confirmation of a dreaded fact than a shock wholly unexpected. I had not been conscious of any feeling of helplessness or despair, so far; and as I sat there, in the sweet pure air, I began to feel that buoyant sensation of cheerfulness that, thank God, has never deserted me since, through much trouble and anxiety. After all, when the struggle is only for one's self, it is far easier and far less anxious. One can go without things one's self, but the misery and fear of seeing those we love reduced to want, and being unable to supply their needs, would indeed be a heart-breaking trouble.

My problem now was—how to live on what I had, as a gentlewoman, and without quite losing my position in society. As I walked towards Mrs. Murray's, I began dimly to see the plan I afterwards carried out; but I also began to feel the pangs of hunger, for it was almost two o'clock, and I had been in the park nearly two hours, as I found out on passing the clock at the Marble Arch.

The door opened just as I knocked, and the kindly anxious face of my old friend appeared in the opening. With the tact born of love and pity, she only commiserated my hungry state; and with a tender kiss, she led me into the dining-room, where I found the luncheon still waiting; and, better than all food, the silver kettle boiling, ready to make me a cup of tea. I am almost ashamed to confess I enjoyed my luncheon, and felt the better for it; and when, a few minutes afterwards, we were safely ensconced in Mrs. Murray's tiny "snuggery"—as it was called in the house—before she had to time to ask a question, I said—"My journey has not been a very successful one, dear. Mr. Greatorex says there is nothing left from my father's property."

The gravity on Mrs. Murray's face deepened perceptibly as she answered: "Margaret, dear, my husband feared there was something very wrong, but as it was only a guess on his part, I did not dare to say more this morning than I did. Will the estate have to be sold?"

"Yes," I said, sorrowfully. "Everything is gone; it was all through that company of which you know my father thought so highly. There is some of my poor great-aunt's furniture left to me, with the sixty pounds a year, when she died, and that is positively all I have to live upon. Don't," I said hastily, "don't say to me anything about living with Aunt Kate, or going out a 'governessing'—like a darling, Mrs. Murray, for I will not do either. Try to help me to see how I can live as a gentlewoman in independence, and honestly, on what small means I have."

Mrs. Murray shook her head. "You are very young, Margaret."

"Yes, dear; in years, perhaps, but I feel at least fifty; and I am neither pretty nor untrustworthy, but as steady as old Time! Besides," I continued, earnestly, "I want to make some arrangement before Aunt Kate returns. You know her even better than I do, dear, and how much real assistance I shall have from her. So I want the question settled as soon as possible."

Mrs. Murray nodded. "I know," she said. "Your aunt will do nothing but discuss the 'ought to have been dones'—as Charles says—and not the 'what can be dones.'"

"That is just it," I answered, and I added quickly, "I do not feel as if I could hear my poor father discussed and blamed just yet; even though, I daresay, things might have been better arranged for me."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Murray; "I have the same feeling, and I know my husband will share it, about his old friend. Have you thought of any plan, Margaret?"

"Yes," I answered; "I want to take one or two unfurnished rooms. I think there is more than enough furniture, and I shall manage if I can get them for six or seven shillings a week. Will you mind coming to look for them to-morrow morning? I must have what service I need included in that sum, I think."

"You must not be further away from us than Paddington, or perhaps Westbourne Park," said Mrs. Murray, decidedly; "and you must have a respectable street, and a respectable landlady, who will answer the door and do the service you may need herself. How about the cooking of your food, dear? Will the landlady do that? I do not quite understand how you will manage."

"I think most of my cooking must be my own doing, dear Mrs. Murray. In this way alone shall I manage to afford two rooms, with £15 per annum."

"I think," said Mrs. Murray, "the best method of obtaining what we want will be to advertise for them, and insist on references. To-night we will talk over our plans with Charles, and get him to write an advertisement, and advise us where to insert it."

"What will Mr. Murray say?" I asked doubtfully.

"Mr. Murray is like Mrs. Murray—a mountain of sense," she answered, with a smile. "You may depend on him, Margaret. He will never discourage you, but rather aid and assist in any well-considered idea."

(To be continued.)

POVERTY OF BLOOD: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

By MEDICUS.

It is at this time of the year, more perhaps than any other, that many of my girl readers, whatever be their age or condition in life, require a little solid and useful advice, not unmixed with comfort. In the dark gloomy weather of this month in early spring, while, according to Burns,

"The moaning west extends his blast,
And hail and rain do blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw,"

anyone if chronically ill, or in that unblissful condition called "only middling," is exceedingly apt to despond. The weather has a wondrous effect on the nerves and minds of delicate girls who are not over strong. Probably snow itself, casting its pure white mantle over all the outdoor world, is less apt to cause gloom and depression than the rain, the pelting rain rattling on the window panes, dripping from the roofs, falling from the leafless trees, and soddening all the brown leaves, that autumn left, beneath them.

A few there may be who, sitting by the window in the gloaming, and gazing out into the cheerless coming night, take a strange delight in hugging their very melancholy. Such may sometimes say with the poet—

"The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine."

I have touched a chord in some heart, I know, and now I am going to break it, ruthlessly break it—the chord, not the heart.

I am not going to have my girls hugging their melancholy, I can assure them. Gloom sits but uneasily on that fair brow, and I would banish it. I do so by plainly telling you that romantic, even poetic as such feelings may be, they are nevertheless the result of a little dyspepsia or indigestion. I can imagine you seated by the window, the blinds not yet drawn down, the lamp not yet lit, and saying to yourself—

"I see the lights of the village,
Gleam through the rain and the mist;
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain."

And I steal up behind you and whisper these words: "Take a Gregory's powder before breakfast to-morrow morning." Terribly unromantic of me, I confess. I can have no poetry in my soul, you say. O yes, I have; I am full of it, but I keep it diluted with a little common sense.

Now, joking apart, pleasant melancholy, delightful depression of spirits, or a feeling that the world is all wrapt in gloom, and that you prefer it like that, is one of the very first symptoms, not of dyspepsia only, but of a species of hypochondria that may end in a condition of mind and body the very reverse of pleasant; in utter wretchedness, mayhap, in weary days and sleepless nights, till life itself becomes a burden the bearer would fain lay down. I do not say that young girls are prone to this ailment, which is but a species of exaggerated *ennui* and nervousness, but I do tell them that giving way to melancholy of a causeless nature, is permitting the thin end of the wedge to find a place in the heart and brain. The ailment—for ailment it is—may take years to fully develop, but encouragement hastens it, and none of us, I should think, would like to feel like Hamlet when he says: "I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and

indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air—this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire—why, it seems to me nothing else save a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours."

Now, when I state that the girls likely to fall victims to a state of hypochondria similar to Shakespeare's great hero, are those who have not much to employ their time, it will not surprise anyone to be told that the best cure for it is to take to some work or duty which shall bring them up out of themselves, and give them an interest in life and their surroundings. What a deal of good could be done by idle and "well-to-do" girls if they would only set themselves to work, and persuade themselves to put a shoulder to the wheel of life!

But is my only advice to those who suffer from melancholy and *ennui* to be summed up in the simple word "work"? Not quite all, because such people often suffer from a delicateness of constitution, from nervousness caused by debility and anæmia.

I am now going to say a few words about these complaints, and they may be of use to all my readers, for nearly every girl suffers at times—and often for months at a time—with symptoms akin to those I shall describe.

Of course my heart goes out more to the working lassie than to the girl who has little else to do than brood over her sorrow, hunt doctors up or hunt them down, and try—with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause—every quack remedy advertised in the papers.

The word anæmia is derived from the Greek, and literally means want of blood. In reality, however, it is not lack of blood, but poverty of it, which causes all the trouble—although, if one were severely wounded and bled very freely, the same kind of symptoms would be present for weeks thereafter. Great loss of blood from any cause would also bring on anæmia, and it would continue as long as the drain went on. But in most of the class of readers I have more especially in view today the symptoms are due to causes which interfere with the just balance of nature. I will be better understood if I say that work of all kinds, whether bodily or mental or mixed, necessitates a corresponding amount of waste of tissue, and that if this waste is not supplied by blood-making food, or if for some cause or another, such as want of sufficient exercise or fresh air, the food is not properly digested, poverty of blood—anæmia—is the certain result.

Insufficient food is another cause, and so, of course, is improper or non-nourishing diet.

The very first feeling of illness—if illness the sufferer dares to call it—is weariness. Duties must be performed, but they are not gone into with heart and will, and, if she be a conscientious girl—as all my readers are—she will often be troubled with the thought that perhaps she is not doing all she ought to for her employer. Work should be a blessing—it should be done *con spiritu* and *con amore*, as the music books say; if work cannot be so performed, it feels as if it were a curse instead of a blessing.

Well, there is this weariness to begin with, and there is often a weariness of mind as well, amounting sometimes almost to despondency. If a critical examination of the face is made now in front of the glass, paleness of skin will be apparent, but more so on the gums and inside of eyelids and lips. This is a sure sign of poverty of blood. There may be, and often is, slight headache in the morning, which passes off as the day goes on, frequent flushing of the face, and a wearying backache. There may or may not be noises in the ears, but there is generally loss of appetite and an unrested feeling on getting up in the morning. Girls who so suffer, whatever be their condition in life, are apt to think the very worst of their state of health; they are, moreover, often cross and peevish without a cause, and this makes mental matters worse.

There is, however, no suspicious cough and no great loss of flesh, so that others who notice that they are pale cannot truthfully add that they must be "taking consumption."

Well now, this state of anæmia or poorness of blood is, worse luck, most common at this season of the year. It would be more easily got rid of if the bright summer were around us, and sunshine shimmering through the leafy trees, or, in the absence of trees, among the chimney-pots. But now all is gloom and murkiness, and though you feel that walking would do you good, you cannot take it. But I say you can, and must. You have no time in the morning, and it is night before you get home, and perhaps raining. But despite the rain, despite the darkness, half-an-hour of the fresh air, with a mind free and untrammelled, will do you a world of good. You will not get well without such exercise and air. I shall speak of medicine for you presently; let me tell you how to live first. I sincerely hope that you are not so far sunk in lethargy as to be careless whether you get well or not. Because, remember, it is not in your case ultimate death that is to be feared, but a life bereft of everything that can make it pleasant, for the simple and only reason that you will be unable to appreciate its joys and pleasures. But if you really wish to be well, and can make a bit of an effort, here am I ready to guide you to health, with the cure in my hand.

I insist upon exercise and fresh air, then, and a well-ventilated bedroom, and the Girls' Own Bath, as it has come to be called in England, namely, ablution—very rapid but complete—of the whole body with warm or hot water, and mild, transparent soap, and a subsequent rapid sponge all over with cold or tepid water—cold to be preferred, because more bracing.

I also insist on good food being taken. Those who have read my last article will know what I mean. And I also insist upon recreation. Choose the sort to suit you; I only bargain that it shall be pleasing enough to make the time fly. Spend every holiday or half-holiday in the open air. Let nothing interfere with this. It is a duty you owe yourself; rain or shine, it should be religiously performed. Many indoor games also help to make the evenings fly fast and pleasantly away. But what medicine are you to take? That must be simple in the extreme. Half in joke, at the commencement of this paper I mentioned Gregory's powder; it is a capital medicine, and a large teaspoonful, more or less according to its action, may be taken in a little water every morning. Do not begin iron till you have taken the powders for four or five days. Then get an ounce of steel drops from the chemist, and take ten to fifteen drops three times a day in water after meals. If the appetite is bad, get also from the druggist some mixed root and bark bitters. Ask him how to infuse it, and having obeyed instructions take some before breakfast and dinner. I cannot give the exact dose of Gregory's powder, it must be according to age; only remember this, it must be sufficient.

Sometimes, instead of the iron drops, quinine and iron may do most good, but the former is always the safest medicine.

Simple though this treatment may be, it will be found more effective than all the trumpery advertised pills that ever were invented to clear people's pockets of honestly earned money.

Now about debility; it always exists with anæmia, but may be present without it. The symptoms are much the same, only there may be more nervousness, and often biliousness, with so much prostration that to work is almost impossible.

The cure of debility must of course depend on the cause. That must first be found and removed. Then everything that is calculated to strengthen the body must be had recourse to. Perfect action of the skin must be secured by the use of an occasional warm bath at night, and a cold salt water sponge bath every morning. This last is made by putting two or three handfuls of the sea salt sold in grocers' shops into the bath the night before, so that it shall be dissolved by morning. The towels used should be rough, and a good rubbing is essential. Few girls have nerve enough to stand the shower bath. Happy are they who can. Walk every day, increasing the distance as the strength can bear it. Diet must be generous, though I do not counsel the use of too much meat. Take time at meals; and if the appetite is poor, take twice a day—before breakfast and dinner—a mixture containing ten to fifteen drops, according to age, of dilute phosphoric acid, to half an ounce of infusion of gentian or quassia. The system must be kept free and regular by the use of the mildest pills—occasionally will do.

If there be sallowness of skin, and an unclear look about the eyes, an occasional dose of Pullna water, or Friedrichshall—a claret glassful diluted with warm water—may be taken half an hour before breakfast, and about ten drops of dilute hydrochloric acid in a little bitter water twice a day before meals. This has an excellent effect if the liver be at all sluggish.

Cod liver oil in debility often works wonders, but see that you get it good and pure.

Amusement and recreation must not be left out of count, nor the reading of cheerful books.

In conclusion, I wish you to bear in mind that though neither anæmia nor debility is a fatal disease, it may tend to other troubles that had best be avoided by timely aid.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A QUARREL

"THIS is absolute ruin! What fortune could stand this? Hundreds and thousands squandered to no purpose. A hundred and fifty pounds for a milliner's bill; *chef*, band, champagne, claret, waiters, carpenters, red cloth, linoleum, incandescent lights, flowers, ice, travelling expenses, fish, poultry, every kind of kickshaw, French and English, butcher's bill, baker's, enormous expenditure of cream and butter, and all to introduce two daughters! Then, servants' wages, and general household expenses, school bill, horses—new riding horse for Edith—tutor, repair of Homes—Lord B. shall do that—glasshouses, gardens, lodges, etc., etc., etc., all on the shoulders of one man! I can't pay, and I won't."

Thus soliloquised Mr. Aspenel, seated in his private room, with a shower of bills covering the table before him. He got up, paced the room, ran his fingers through his hair, and resumed—

"These enormous losses, too, will ruin me! All the clerks to be paid in town, and no one to be depended upon since Clarville left. All the farce of charity, just to seem well with the world. Anxieties at home and abroad; everything depreciating; Funds low, trade ruined, the mercantile world going to destruction; earthquakes here, explosions there, collisions of vessels everywhere. Turn where I will, I am attacked. The forces of nature are against me, and I have no one who cares whether I am ruined or not—not even my wife—no one but, perhaps, Edith. Yet I am reckoned one of the richest men in the world. A mistake, that; I am far behind some of those Americans; but I shall be farther still if this goes on."

He rang the bell violently, and when it was answered, told the man to ask Mrs. Aspenel if she would be so good as to spare him a few minutes' conversation. He was always particular not to let his domestics into his secrets, public or private. He sat down again, and suddenly remembered that he had left Tom Harton with his wife and Edith, and wished he had not summoned Mrs. Aspenel. But she came, almost before the wish had expired. He rose and placed a chair for her. He was, or tried to be, scrupulously polite.

"I have been looking over these accounts, Mrs. Aspenel," he began in his driest manner, "and I find them preposterous. There are many—the milliners' bills especially—that I positively decline to pay."

"Then I fear they must remain unpaid," replied the wife, "for neither I nor your daughters have the money. I merely ordered such things as were necessary for the occasion, and I believe you requested that no expense should be spared."

"In moderation, Mrs. Aspenel. This is immoderate, and you will not understand that I am on the verge of ruin." He spoke impressively.

"You have been on the verge ever since I knew you; I wonder you haven't lost your equilibrium," she said, with her most provoking manner.

And she could be provoking. She had been bracing up her mind for this discussion, which she expected, and had resolved neither to be frightened nor yielding. It had taken some time to get in all the bills, but she had not submitted them piecemeal to her husband, lest she should have to go through multiplied reproaches. During the interim winter was vanishing beneath the green skirts of spring, and Janet had again left home for school.

"If you will kindly draw nearer me, and give me your attention, I can show you what I mean by impending ruin," he said, mastering temper.

She obeyed, and they sat side by side, the bills outspread before them. She knew very well that she had far exceeded the absolute necessities of an entertainment, but she had been so long kept down that she had rebelled, and ignored consequences. As he went through item after item of the complicated accounts with iron will and steel cold voice, she acknowledged to herself that had he been an ordinary mortal she should have considered them rather excessive; but as he was a millionaire, a few hundreds more or less could not matter. Besides, she had felt a naughty pleasure in heaping up the items. Not only before but since the party she had taken *carte blanche*, and filled in the "white sheet" according to her fancy. Edith and Nurse True had looked on in terror; Janet had rejoiced. Indeed, Janet's high spirits and the effect she had produced in the neighbourhood encouraged her stepmother in her efforts at emancipation. Without being absolutely in collusion, they worked together to enjoy the passing moment.

"One cannot introduce two singularly attractive girls into society and keep up the ball without flagging, as we have done, and not pay for it, Mr. Aspenel," she said, as he pointed to the milliners' bills. "The same dresses cannot reappear at different places, and, as you know, we have been inundated with invitations. I never saw a girl make such a success as Janet, and if she is to finish up by a grand match, one cannot consider pounds, shillings, and pence."

"One must, Mrs. Aspenel," he rejoined, but he smiled with a sort of grim satisfaction at the mention of Janet's successes.

He knew very well that all her fascinations and Edith's gentler charms would have been displayed in vain but for the probable golden accompaniments; that is to say, would have made no effect upon the multitude.

"Everyone remarks upon the good looks of the children," she said, presuming on the smile. "As to Bruce, people think him like you; but I cannot see it. He resembles my family."

"Married people are said to grow alike," he rejoined, with a sarcastic inflection of voice.

"I hope not," was on her lips, but she restrained it.

Time would be lost were we to recapitulate all that passed between this ill-assorted pair; but Mrs. Aspenel's determination to hold her own only incensed her husband, and they quarrelled as they had never done before. His temper was violent, hers was also hot; recrimination succeeded to anger, abuse to recrimination. Such scenes are awful in themselves, and best unchronicled. When men and women lose self-control and become indifferent to results, humanity is degraded to brutality; and this not only in the uneducated and unrefined, but in the cultured and outwardly polished. That root of all evil, money, is, in one way or another, frequently the cause of such degradation, and those who worship it must not complain if the relish of life is tainted by metallic flavour.

The lesson was effectually learnt in that oak-ceiled room, near the paper-strewn table. The clenched fist and set features of the gold worshipper frightened his wife, who got up in terror and went to the door. He followed her, infuriated, and what the demon within him might have done had she not succeeded in opening the door and escaping, neither he nor she ever knew.

While this domestic drama was being played, Edith and Tom Harton were left alone. He did his best to amuse and interest her, as he had the gift of doing, but as time sped on, Edith grew alarmed.

"Something must be wrong," she said.

"Probably only a little money difference," he suggested. "When I left Mr. Aspenel this afternoon his table was covered with bills."

"Papa always looks into his accounts on Saturday, when he comes home early," she replied, not liking the allusion which had escaped him.

A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Aspenel came in. She had paused a moment to recover herself, and had so far mastered her terror as to enable her to apologise for her lengthened absence. But she looked so pale, stern, and angry, that it was evident the words "money difference" were not far wrong. Edith was frightened; Tom Harton wished good-night.

"If I can be of any use, you will command me," he said to Mrs. Aspenel, in a low, confidential tone; and to Edith—"I shall not fail to bring you that song." To himself he muttered in the hall, "Climax at last."

"What is the matter? What has happened?" asked Edith, when they were left alone.

"Come to my room and I will tell you. Your father!" was all Mrs. Aspenel could say.

She ran upstairs, Edith after her. When they reached her room, she locked the door, and fell, half-fainting, on a couch. She went into hysterics.

Edith calmed her by degrees. Then she broke out in passionate exclamations.

"It is this odious money. He would have knocked me down had I not escaped. He will kill me. I will not see him again. Sacrificed to Moloch. My prospects and life have been ruined; and for what? For an idea—the fancy that money could buy happiness. Edith, don't let him sacrifice you. I have not done my duty by you and Janet, but I warn you now; take example by me. I am the most miserable woman in the world."

"Can you not look beyond this world, dear Mrs. Aspenel?" said Edith. "We shall be surely guided if we ask for guidance."

"I am past that, Edith. But leave me now, and send Pauline. If your father asks for me, say I am gone to bed; say, if you will, that I will never see him again; say that he may keep his own house, pay his own bills, receive his own guests; say——"

"That you are his wife, dear, and will talk over these worries to-morrow, or, at least, Monday," put in Edith, soothingly. "A quiet Sunday will soften papa, and perhaps let you see things differently."

"His wife! impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Aspenel, breaking out into a strange laugh, followed by a burst of tears.

Edith put her arms round her, but failed to soothe her. There was a tap at the door.

"Admit no one but Pauline," she said.

It was Nurse True, who came to say that Mr. Aspenel was inquiring for Edith.

"Let Nurse True come in while I go," pleaded Edith. "She will know exactly what to say and do."

Without waiting for permission, she beckoned Mrs. Trueman in and slipped away. She found her father awaiting her in the drawing-room.

"Where is Mrs. Aspenel?" he asked, and his look was fierce, his voice harsh.

"She has gone to bed, papa. She is not well," was the gentle reply.

"Not well! She is well enough to be my ruin. Tell her I must see her at once."

"She has been hysterical, and perhaps you had better not disturb her to-night. To-morrow she will be better."

Edith was much alarmed, for she knew not whether her father or stepmother were the more excited. But she knew that they should not meet in their present frame of mind. She did what she had advised Mrs. Aspenel to do, inwardly asked for guidance, and then laid her small hand on her father's arm and said, very quietly—

"It was a pity that so much should have been spent to so little purpose, but if you will overlook it, and consider that it was done with the intention of introducing me and Janet into what is called society, it need never occur again. Dear papa, after all, riches are not everything. Love is better."

"Love!" almost hissed the millionaire. "Who loves me?"

"I do—we all should, if—if it were not for money. Is not that what is meant by 'the god of this world'?"

For a moment his face relaxed, and he met the sweet eyes of his child with a sort of shame; but it was only for a moment. The next he hardened his heart, and told her she spoke of a subject of which she was quite ignorant.

"I only know my own feelings," she said, humbly. "I would far rather have your love than all the wealth of the world; and so, I think, would Mrs. Aspenel."

"The first Mrs. Aspenel, your mother, might; but not her you mean," he said.

Father and daughter stood in the centre of the sumptuous apartment, the small hand of the one still resting on the arm of the other. Her face was upturned to his, and its expression was so pure, truthful, and even heavenly, that he was touched by it. He had long ceased to believe in love apart from money, but here was the precious gift offered to him, that most unselfish of all love, the filial. Why did the words "without money and without price" come into his mind? Such phrases were but abstractions to him; still, looking downin to those eyes, he realised that there were affections and self-sacrifices not to be bought with gold. Again his face softened, and Edith's heart rejoiced with a new joy, for she had never before seen a like look on his usually resolute countenance.

"Thank you, Edith," he said, turned from her, and left the room.

She stood a moment bewildered. What was she to do next? She followed him at a distance, till she heard him shut his study door after him, then she ran upstairs. Nurse True met her, telling her that her stepmother was gone quietly to bed. She had remained with her until Pauline arrived, but nothing had passed beyond the usual routine. They went to Edith's room, and Nurse True gave out her opinions, which were usually practical and sound. There were no secrets between her and Edith.

"You must be wise as the serpent, my lovey, if you are to do good between man and wife. I've oftentimes tried it, in our homely way, but may say I reaped the whirlwind. It must be harder work still in high places. Mrs. Aspenel's a proud, high-spirited lady, and won't bear a go-between. As to your papa—well, you must pray for God's grace to enter into his soul, and then, maybe, you may follow. Even your dear mother, my honoured mistress, could never go beyond a certain point with him; and I believe she was fond of him, and he of her in a way. That is your best chance, deary. You are the pattern of her, and if you can bring yourself to obey him, and never seem to go contrary to him, you may bring him round. There's more men caught by soft words than hard. If you could find out his weak point and work your way into it, you might have a chance."

"He has none," sighed Edith. "But to-morrow is Sunday, and perhaps a quiet day of reflection may open both their hearts."

"Let us pray for it, lovey," said Nurse True.

(To be continued.)

THE ANNUNCIATION.
By Fra Angelico, born 1387.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

BY JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

IT is difficult to be in a more unpleasant position than that of a laughing stock to a street crowd in a Continental town. It is bad enough at home. More than one of our satirists have alluded to the misery one feels in losing one's hat in a high wind; everybody laughs, and each unsuccessful attempt to grasp the refractory headgear brings forth more merriment on the part of the bystanders. A much more annoying thing is it to be followed by a man in the position of a cabdriver, who considers himself aggrieved, and follows us down street after street calling us unpleasant names, and shouting boisterous jokes at our expense. Somehow, in such cases, a crowd always sympathises with the cabby, more especially if he is funny—even the very policeman, to whom one at last appeals, chuckles, and would, if he dare, join the enemy.

But imagine an equally trying situation in a foreign town, and above all in an Italian town, where the touts have much more experience in the art of annoying than is possessed by the most ingenious London cabby. Only let an Italian idler consider himself badly used, and he will follow you half over the town, and keep up an incessant volley of abuse; the worst of the case being that one does not understand the jargon, except that it is levelled against us—this one can tell from the laughter of the crowds, who are certain to be following. If we know nothing of his *patois*, and there are more than one hundred different kinds in Italy, the matter is of course much worse, for one cannot then appeal for help—in fact, the only thing to do is to take to flight.

We found ourselves in such a predicament while at Florence, and it happened in this wise:—We had arrived at the church of S. Lorenzo, in order to see the New Sacristy, containing the famous marble monuments by Michael Angelo, and while we were admiring Brunelleschi's symmetrical and beautiful interior, a tout came up to us and adopted the rôle of guide without permission, which is one of the tricks of the trade, and is such a nuisance to travellers in Italy. My friend at last asked him to take us to the "Sagrestia Nuova," and he answered, "Si si," so we followed him into a building (we afterwards discovered it to be the "Old Sacristy") containing reliefs by Donatello and a monument to one of the Medici family. It was fairly interesting, but we saw at a glance that Michael Angelo's great works were not there, and we kept on repeating to the man, "Sagrestia Nuova, Sagrestia Nuova"; but he paid no attention, and went on with his description of Donatello's reliefs.

We were not going to be put off in this fashion, so we went back to the church and then into the open air again, followed by the tout. We went round the church, and found on the north side of it a quadrangular building, with an entrance from the road. The man pointed to this building and said it was the "Sagrestia Nuova," and then went and tried the door, which was locked. Seeing that we were going away, he asked for payment; but my friend, who certainly does not err on the side of meanness, refused to give him anything, and said to me, "Don't you see the man has done this for the purpose? He knew the building was closed, and therefore tried to cheat us into the belief that the old sacristy was the one we wanted."

We walked on quickly, thinking thereby to get rid of our persecutor, who was begging and cringing for payment. But as it was a matter of principle, my friend would not give in. After a time the tout began to realise that it was a hopeless business, and he determined to pay us out for it. Some very grandiloquent words, rapidly pronounced, told us that the tone of cringing was changed to one of abuse, but we paid no attention, and pretended not to notice him. His abuse waxed louder and louder, and what was more serious, some idlers and brother touts joined him and urged him on. It was very annoying; a burst of laughter every now and then told us we were being ridiculed, and the worry of not being sufficiently acquainted with the language to ask for protection quite unmanned us—we determined to run away. Seeing a church

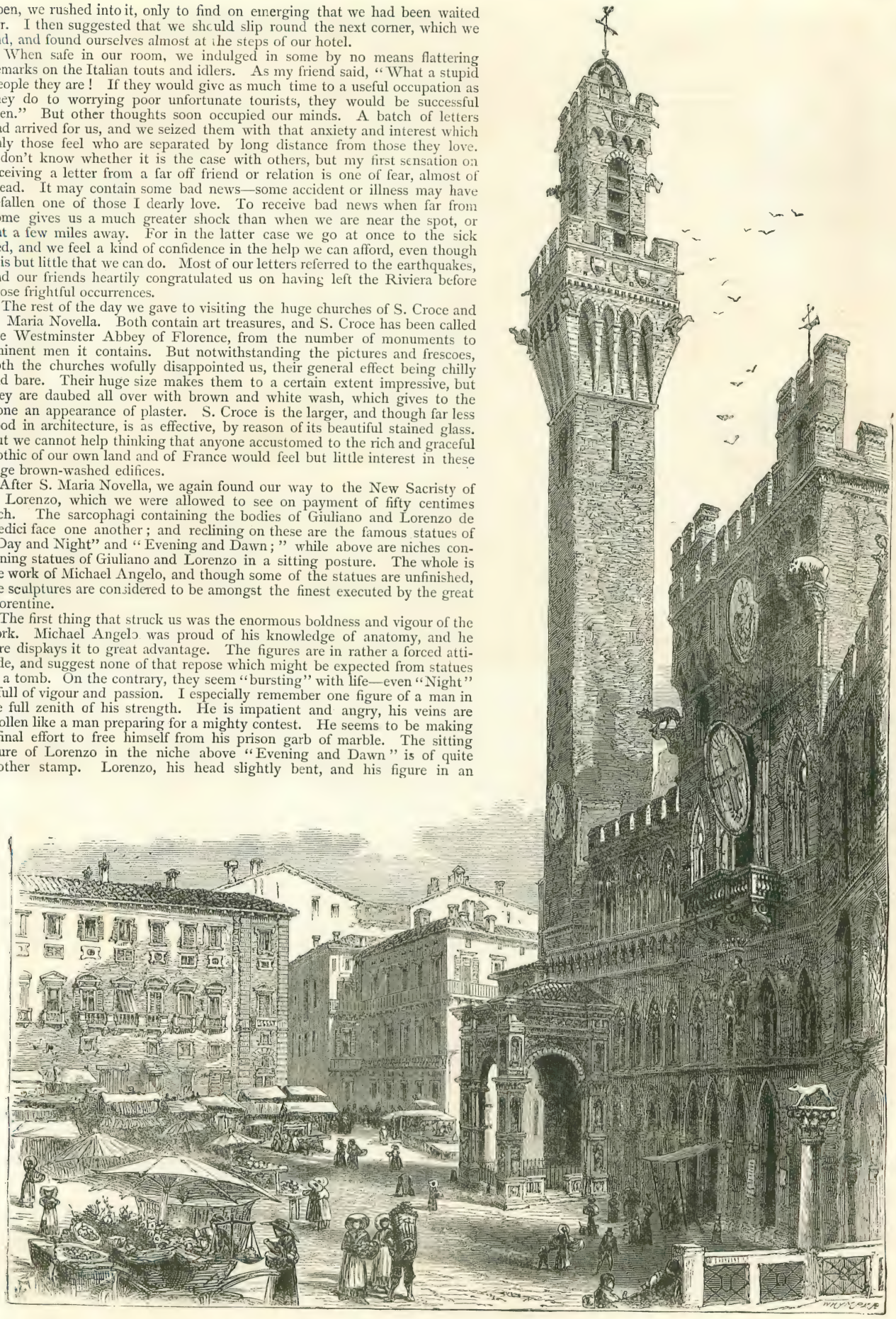
open, we rushed into it, only to find on emerging that we had been waited for. I then suggested that we should slip round the next corner, which we did, and found ourselves almost at the steps of our hotel.

When safe in our room, we indulged in some by no means flattering remarks on the Italian touts and idlers. As my friend said, "What a stupid people they are! If they would give as much time to a useful occupation as they do to worrying poor unfortunate tourists, they would be successful men." But other thoughts soon occupied our minds. A batch of letters had arrived for us, and we seized them with that anxiety and interest which only those feel who are separated by long distance from those they love. I don't know whether it is the case with others, but my first sensation on receiving a letter from a far off friend or relation is one of fear, almost of dread. It may contain some bad news—some accident or illness may have befallen one of those I dearly love. To receive bad news when far from home gives us a much greater shock than when we are near the spot, or but a few miles away. For in the latter case we go at once to the sick bed, and we feel a kind of confidence in the help we can afford, even though it is but little that we can do. Most of our letters referred to the earthquakes, and our friends heartily congratulated us on having left the Riviera before those frightful occurrences.

The rest of the day we gave to visiting the huge churches of S. Croce and S. Maria Novella. Both contain art treasures, and S. Croce has been called the Westminster Abbey of Florence, from the number of monuments to eminent men it contains. But notwithstanding the pictures and frescoes, both the churches wofully disappointed us, their general effect being chilly and bare. Their huge size makes them to a certain extent impressive, but they are daubed all over with brown and white wash, which gives to the stone an appearance of plaster. S. Croce is the larger, and though far less good in architecture, is as effective, by reason of its beautiful stained glass. But we cannot help thinking that anyone accustomed to the rich and graceful Gothic of our own land and of France would feel but little interest in these huge brown-washed edifices.

After S. Maria Novella, we again found our way to the New Sacristy of S. Lorenzo, which we were allowed to see on payment of fifty centimes each. The sarcophagi containing the bodies of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici face one another; and reclining on these are the famous statues of "Day and Night" and "Evening and Dawn;" while above are niches containing statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo in a sitting posture. The whole is the work of Michael Angelo, and though some of the statues are unfinished, the sculptures are considered to be amongst the finest executed by the great Florentine.

The first thing that struck us was the enormous boldness and vigour of the work. Michael Angelo was proud of his knowledge of anatomy, and he here displays it to great advantage. The figures are in rather a forced attitude, and suggest none of that repose which might be expected from statues on a tomb. On the contrary, they seem "bursting" with life—even "Night" is full of vigour and passion. I especially remember one figure of a man in the full zenith of his strength. He is impatient and angry, his veins are swollen like a man preparing for a mighty contest. He seems to be making a final effort to free himself from his prison garb of marble. The sitting figure of Lorenzo in the niche above "Evening and Dawn" is of quite another stamp. Lorenzo, his head slightly bent, and his figure in an



THE MARKET PLACE, SIENA.

easy attitude, seems meditating on some mighty problem. We are greatly fascinated by that deep and profoundly thoughtful expression which has gained for this statue the epithet of "il pensiero."

The chapel of the princess, which is close to the New Sacristy, is a lasting memorial to the wealth and luxury of the Medici family. Covered with a dome, and octagonal in form, this chapel is sumptuous as only an Italian building can be. It was built in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, a period when all the great artists of Florence had disappeared and given place to men whose chief idea was costliness and splendour. The walls are a glittering mass of marbles, and so gorgeous is the chapel that criticism is silenced, and we can only wonder at a building which would be an impossibility north of the Alps.

Our stay in Florence was now drawing to a close, but before leaving the city we went to the convent of S. Marco, which is so intimately connected with those two great men, Fra Angelico and Savonarola. We had seen many pictures of the former, who, perhaps more than any painter, strove after the religious ideal in art, but his work can be studied nowhere so well as in the convent. In execution and knowledge of form, Fra Angelico was inferior to his successors, and even to one or two of his contemporaries, but none have ever surpassed him in that ability to impart to his pictures the mystical beauty of religion. Many of his angels and saints are not handsome or pretty, but they are beautiful, with an ideal beauty scarcely of this world. To say that there is no voluptuousness about them is not nearly sufficient—they seem to breathe the sacred truths of the Gospel, and we give an example of his work, the first fresco in the convent of S. Mark, which has received such praise from our great art critic—Ruskin. Palestrina, the great composer of the sixteenth century, has been compared to Angelico, and the comparison is perhaps good, for the heavenly harmonies of the musician, like the pictures of Fra Angelico, appeal to our highest sentiments, and kindle within us a love of the holy and pure.

The great painter seems to have led a simple and beautiful life, and ever to have used his genius for the benefit of religion, and a tradition relates that he always painted on his knees. How different his career from that of the fiery orator Savonarola, whose triumphs and tragic end constitute one of the most exciting episodes in the history of Florence! And yet we can see in the convent of S. Marco the little cells of both, and their style of living was precisely the same. The great orator did not, however, confine his preaching to the convent, which was far too small to contain the vast crowds who went to hear the mediæval Chrysostom, but transferred his pulpit to the Cathedral, and soon became the most famous orator in Italy. His home, however, was the convent of St. Mark, where half a century before the saintly Angelico had lived and worked.

We took our last look at Florence from the hill of Bellosguardo, and then bade farewell to the queenly city. The approaching night was casting her shadows on the noble buildings, and blotting them from our sight, but they continued to dwell in our remembrance, and will do for many a long day. How often we now think of those histories in stone, and of the great minds that originated them; of all the art, the genius, and the great influence exercised by this mediæval Athens—this fountain-head of art, science, and literature! Though now, alas, it is politically unimportant and economically in a bad way, its dower of beauty remains, and to the educated and refined the word Florence brings a host of recollections, both of its present and its past, such as few cities in Europe can recall. Thus those master minds, the makers of Florence, have immortalised their city, and made her name a synonym of beauty throughout the whole civilised world.

We were favoured with beautiful weather, and the morning that saw our departure from Florence was balmy and bright, a perfect spring morning, in fact—such a one as we occasionally get in May. In weather like this we are bound to be happy, and those melancholy thoughts at the idea of leaving Florence which we had felt on the previous night, gave way to pleasant anticipations as to what was in store for us at our next stopping place. The first part of our journey to Empoli we had seen before when travelling from Pisa to Florence. After Empoli, the train goes south to Siena, which was the next city on our list.

At Empoli we were joined by an Englishman, who entered into conversation with us, and was our companion the whole way. This man, dressed in a cassock and broad-brimmed hat, was an excellent example of that class which I can perhaps best describe as "pampered ecclesiastics." He was gentle and exceedingly refined, but with that kind of refinement which is charming in a woman but effeminate in a man. Vulgarity was evidently quite antagonistic to him, but he probably could never rise to any pinnacle of virtue. His two objects in life seem to have been to administer a comfortable amount of religion to people, especially ladies, in a high class of life, and to devise all manners of means to make himself snug, and avoid the petty troubles of existence. He was exiled from Mentone by reason of the earthquake, and told us that he remembered when he found his bed reeling by the oscillation, that the best thing to do to save himself was to stand under the doorway of his room. This he did immediately, and thus saved his life, for the ceiling of his room and of the landing outside fell down, and he was protected as though under an umbrella. This all may take as a valuable hint.

Then he told us of his driving over to the Casino of Monte Carlo with Lady ——, but was refused admission on account of his calling.

All his little weaknesses came out so funnily in his conversation, and we were not sorry to have him as far as Siena, but after that we vowed we would bid him "good-bye," and it was quite funny to hear my friend strongly recommend an hotel in Siena, which I fear he knew little about, except that it was *not* the one we were going to. The reverend gentleman was rather mean, and very "sauney;" and he much amused my friend by saying, "I have been most fortunate in my choice of hotels. The waiters have looked after my little comforts, and quite nursed me (for you know I have very weak health); but what has touched me more than anything, is the kind way they all have, even the *femme de chambre*, of gathering together to see me off." My friend smiled, and ventured to suggest a remark on the subject of tips. The poor man was quite shocked. "Oh, dear no; I will not for a moment think so badly of them, for it is quite wrong to give tips. They came to see me off, and wished me good-bye, only their small knowledge of English prevented their expressing themselves." After all there is some advantage in being an "innocent," and I asked my friend if he did not think such simplicity worthy of imitation.

As we drew near Siena the character of the scenery changed. The bold hills telling us of our propinquity to a great mountain chain gave place to a quite tender landscape—not un-English—except for the villas and castles which crowned so many of the hills. The soil was of a beautiful rich colour, and there were evidences of increased fertility and wealth. A characteristic of the scenery near Siena is that the hills appear to run in the same direction and parallel to one another, and their long undulating lines, together with the rich auburn effect of the country, make quite a change from the grandly mountainous districts and the dead level plains which one comes across in other parts of Italy.

Siena appeared to crown a high hill, but as it was getting dark we could see little of it. We got into an omnibus at the station, and rattled over some most uneven streets, first up-hill then down-hill, while from the windows we caught glimpses of most picturesque bits, and as we passed the market-place (see illustration) I called my friend's attention to the mast-like town, which has so great a resemblance to that of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. We deposited our travelling companion at the hotel we had recommended, and right glad we were to see the last of him. The omnibus then took us to our own destination, a most comfortable and quiet hotel.

(*To be continued.*)

PAIN.

By RUTH MITCHELL.

In the white heat of pain, an angel stands
With gaze serene and outstretched beckoning hands,
Summons my shrinking soul to gain his side,
That there it may be strengthened—purified.

The flames writhe tow'rd me with their scorching breath;
"Spare me," I groan. "Not this! give rather death."
With loving sternness still he calls me on
Through fiercest fires; and lo! the pain is gone.

Yes, when submissive to that call we strive,
Desp'rate to reach his feet; we then revive,
To learn, when once the fiercest heats are known,
The rest—the peace which they can win alone,

Who, through the cleansing fires of pain, have passed,
Who, freed from dross of will and self, at last
Shine out as purest gold, which has been tried
In fiery furnace, and is purified.

VARIETIES.

BE CHEERFUL.—You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

A GOOD REASON.

"Why do you draw all your ladies in Greek and Roman costume?" asked a sweet young thing recently of a well-known R.A.

"Because," said he, "modern fashions change too rapidly for me to meddle with them. One year it is bangs, and the next year bustles. As the father of a family, I cannot afford to have my works dependent on the caprices of woman's taste."

SHERBET IN ARABIA.

The Arabs have various kinds of sherbets or sweet drinks, the most common of which is merely sugar and water, made very sweet. The most esteemed kind is prepared from a hard conserve of violets, made by pounding violet flowers and then boiling them with sugar. Other kinds are prepared from conserves of fruit, &c.

The sherbet is served in covered glass cups containing from two-thirds to three-quarters of an English pint. These are placed on a round tray and covered with a circular piece of embroidered silk or cloth of gold; and on the right arm of the person who presents the sherbet is hung a long napkin with a deep embroidered border of gold and coloured silks at each end, which is ostensibly offered for the purpose of wiping the lips after drinking, though the lips are scarcely touched with it. —*Lane.*

COLD COMFORT.

The coldest comfort we ever read of is that which is said to have been given by a Highlander who saw an Englishman sinking in a bog on Ben Nevis.

"I am sinking!" cried the traveller. "Can you tell me how to get out?"

"I think it is likely you never will get out," the Highlander calmly replied, and walked away.

TRAINING FOR KING'S DAUGHTERS.

—In the laws of Spain, written by Alphonso "the Wise," about the year 1260, there occurs the following passage. It is in a law respecting the duties of the governesses of the king's daughters:—

"They are to endeavour, as much as may be, that the king's daughters be moderate and seemly in eating and drinking, and also in their carriage and dress, and of good manners in all things, and especially that they be not given to anger; for besides the wickedness that lieth in it, it is the thing in the world that most easily leadeth women to do ill. And they ought to teach them to be handy in performing those works that belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that becometh them much, since they obtain by it cheerfulness and a quiet spirit; and besides, it taketh away bad thoughts, which it is not convenient they should know."

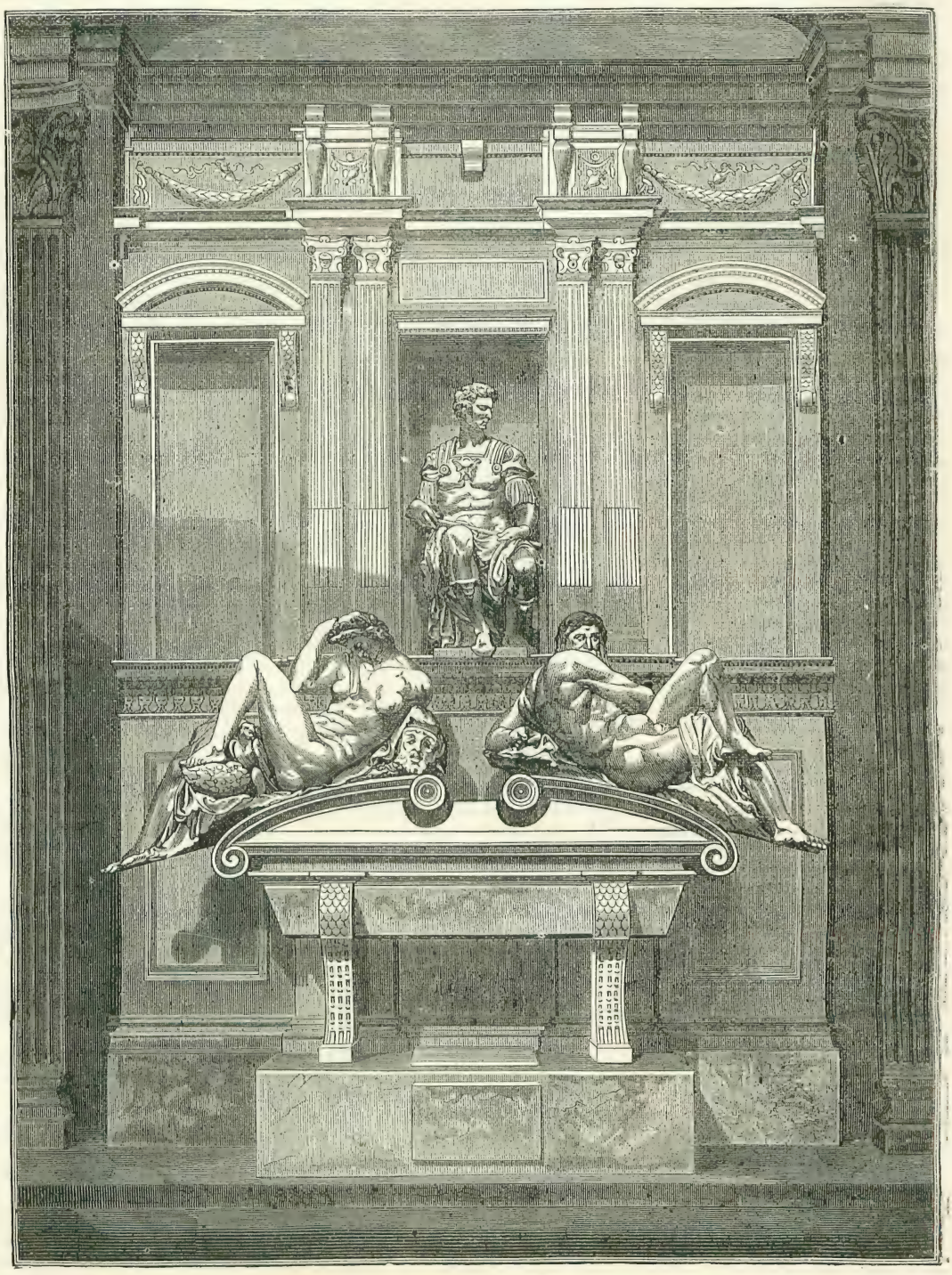
THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

There is no writer that shall not perish; but what his hand hath written endureth ever.
Write, therefore, nothing but what will please thee when thou shalt see it upon the day of resurrection.

Arab Saying.

SEEKING FOR WISDOM.

Consult the ancients, listen to the aged. She is little wise who has only her own wisdom, and little learned is she who has only her own learning.

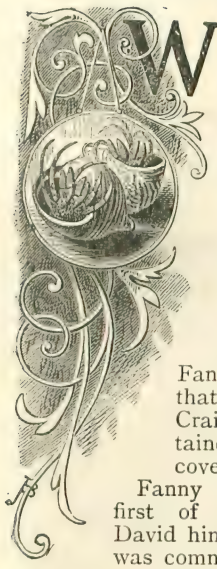


MICHAEL ANGELO'S MONUMENT IN THE NEW SACRISTY, SAN LORENZO. (*See page* 393.)

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XX.



"WHAT will aunty say? What will Miss Bedson say? What will they all think in the work-room when they know? I wonder will Madame Leeson be sorry to part with me when the time comes, for I shall stay no longer than I can help."

All these questions occurred to Fanny Gregg's mind on that morning when Mr. Craik asked for and obtained a promise of his coveted "flower."

Fanny only addressed the first of these questions to David himself, and his answer was commendably prompt.

"Never trouble yourself about that, Fanny, my dear. I will speak to your aunt, as it is right I should, and you need not fear that I shall lose any time about it," he replied.

The girl was quite contented that he should make known their engagement at Castlemount, and felt sure that so prudent and sensible a man as David Craik would say the right thing in the right way. Beside, gentlemen always had to speak to the fathers of young ladies, and ask their consent to engagements. She knew all about it, for she had read plenty of love stories, and could have repeated the very words used by many of the heroes on such occasions.

It would be quite the proper thing for Mr. Craik to speak to aunty and ask her consent, seeing that there was no other relative near at hand.

Fanny's father, stepmother, and the rest of the family had left England years and years ago, and she only heard from them about once in six months. She had been left in Aunt Motley's charge, and aunty had been very good—quite a mother to her. Fanny felt that she should like her to be pleased about her engagement to David. But if she were not, and should object? If she were to say that Fanny ought to have consulted her before giving a decided answer? The girl, at the bottom of her heart, rejoiced that she could do as she liked, and nobody could hinder her, for, after all, aunty was neither father nor mother.

She, too, had a vein of dross in her nature—a shallow, selfish, and self-willed spirit, hidden deep down, though on the surface she was a pretty, winsome, coaxing little thing, by whose charming ways and bonny face Mr. Craik's heart had been carried by storm, and poor Bedson's nose unceremoniously put out.

The gardener went home in a very happy frame of mind. It mattered not to him that it was winter, and that the trees were leafless, and the ground bare and hard with frost. One flower, the fairest in the world to David's eyes, was blooming especially for him. He was going to speak of his prize, to assert his ownership, and, by-and-by, to carry his rose to blossom by his side and fill his home with beauty and fragrance. He could hardly believe in his good fortune, for true love so increases the value of its object that it is difficult for it to realise that anything so precious may be called its very own. Not that the gardener felt any anxiety as to the result of his interview with Mrs. Motley. He knew his own worth in the eyes of most of his neighbours, whilst he exaggerated the value of the prize he had won. Having been successful in pleading his cause with Fanny, he stood on sure ground.

As Craik entered his pretty, well-furnished home, and thought of the nice little sum safely invested and the fruit of years of thrift and self-denial, he knew that in a worldly sense he might have done better. Still, there was a chance that Fanny might yet bring him more than her pretty self, for no doubt her aunt had saved money, and who so near to her as the girl? The father, too, was doing well, and adding field to field where land was cheap and abundant, and putting labour into his possessions which would increase their value many fold. When these came to be divided, the little girl left behind—his first wife's only child—would not be forgotten.

"And if I never get a penny, I shall not grumble," was Mr. Craik's decision, for Fanny's image filled his thoughts, and she had taken possession of his whole heart.

As he anticipated, the housekeeper placed no difficulties in his way, though when he told his tale she could scarcely believe her ears.

"I never dreamed that you were thinking of Fanny," she said. "I thought you would make a different choice."

"I never spoke a word about love or marriage to anyone but your niece," replied Mr. Craik, and Mrs. Motley could but believe him, though in her heart she said, "We all put him down for Bedson. I hope she will not be disappointed, for she was very kind to Fanny. There are ways of giving people an idea that you care for them more than others without saying it in so many words. Mr. Craik has always been staid and discreet in his ways, but I did think he had his eye on Bedson."

The housekeeper was right. Craik had been very careful not to commit himself, though, being urged to matrimony by his deaf relative, he was on the look-out for a wife.

Bedson was by far the most likely person within his limited circle to fill that position creditably, but he had only known her for a short time—in fact, since her arrival at Castlemount as my maid. He was not in love with her, but he thought she was good-looking, clever, neat, and pleasant mannered; "a young woman who did her duty faithfully, and gave herself no airs."

This was all. And Craik had been very agreeable, and had been found in the housekeeper's room at most seasons when his presence would cause no inconvenience, everybody putting down Bedson as the magnet which attracted him. So when my maid heard from Mrs. Motley's own lips that Craik and her niece were going to make a match of it, she felt that she had been ill-used by both the contracting parties.

Bedson did not say this outside her own heart. On the contrary, she congratulated the housekeeper on her niece's behalf and Craik on the success of his suit, quoting, with a smiling face, the old saying, "Happy is the wooing that is not long a doing."

Deceived by her manner, Craik rejoiced that no harm had been done in that quarter. Yet he was inwardly conscious that he should most probably have married Bedson, and been a good husband to her, if only Fanny, whom he had known long ago, had not come under his eye again, "just," to use his own simile, "as she was bursting from bud to blossom."

Bedson in her own room put on a different face as she communed with herself. She was angry, both with Fanny and the gardener; though when she came to think of all that had passed, she could not recall any single word or act of his that she could fairly construe into a mark of special preference. It had been taken for granted that Craik came so often for her sake. She had been joked about his liking for her society; even that little deceitful Fanny, with her smooth flattering tongue, had talked of taking her place when she got married, and begged her not to be in a hurry.

Bedson knew that these little insinuations had not been displeasing to herself, though she had professed to rebuke the speaker for talking such nonsense.

She could understand how the change had been brought about. That little sly thing, who pretended to be so simple and childish, had thrown herself in Mr. Craik's way. It was really astonishing how foolish sensible men could be when a pretty face came between them and their wits! Bedson knew now why Fanny was so eager to take a last look at the hothouses, and to run through the grounds before she left Castlemount. She wanted none of her company, though she professed to like it.

These and many other thoughts passed through my attendant's mind, and she ended, as so many of our sex unfortunately do, by blaming the girl and acquitting the man.

She judged Fanny unfairly. The girl was a chattering, childish thing, but not

deliberately untruthful. Craik's bold wooing came upon her as a great surprise, and actually frightened her by its suddenness, and Bedson knew this in after days.

From the contemplation of Fanny's imaginary double dealing in the one instance, my maid was led to think of her own unwise confidence. What if Fanny should mention the loss of the diamonds! If she did, this breach of faith would only be of a piece with the rest. Bedson turned cold at the bare possibility.

If, however, Fanny's treachery deserved the censure she had mentally given it, what about her own conduct? She felt certain that Mr. Beauchamp would never forgive her if the story should get out through her inability to hold her tongue. Conscience said, "And serve you rightly too."

Poor Bedson! Her feelings just then were not of an enviable kind.

As to Fanny Gregg, no one at Madame Leeson's could help noticing that a change had come over the girl. Her independence of manner, an assumption of importance, and just a shade of indifference in the performance of her duties, attracted the attention and wonder of her companions, who could not guess at the cause.

Fanny had resolved not to tell her secret, at any rate for some little time, but it became public property in spite of herself. As soon as Mrs. Motley knew of her niece's engagement and had given it her sanction, she felt it right to inform Madame Leeson of the change in Fanny's prospects.

I have already shown how kindly a nature was that of the Frenchwoman, and she again manifested it towards her pretty apprentice, to whom she spoke with such manifest sympathy in her happiness, that the girl felt she had not deserved it, and inwardly resolved to render more faithful service during the remainder of her stay.

Thus the news was spread through the establishment. Then came a shower of congratulations and reproaches from the other girls, who crowded round Fanny, called her "a sly little thing," and insisted on being told "all about it."

Pleased at being the centre of so much interest, and nothing loth to increase it, Fanny, though not without much pressing, described her intended and his home, and alluded, though more guardedly, to his prospects.

Then Madame Leeson, who in dealing with the young never forgot the days of her own youth, and who still had a spice of romance running through her character, was very indulgent at first to Fanny's shortcomings in the quantity and quality of her work.

"See," said Madame, "Fanny is but a child. She has the head turned. We must not be too severe in these early days of her engagement. There are but three more months and she will leave us. It is hard to think of bodice and seam at present, little one, is it not?" she asked, as she patted Fanny's blushing cheek with her plump hand.

"But you will try, nevertheless; and as you have done well until now, I will think of a wedding robe—oh, so pretty—for you to wear when the time comes. I, too, have been young and a bride, though there are many years since."

Madame's kind words and the interest she manifested in her new position stirred all that was best in the girl's nature. Scolding might have intensified whatever was tending in the wrong direction.

As it was, Fanny's bright eyes were turned towards her employer's face with a look of grateful love, which Madame Leeson read through the repentant tears which were already gathering in them. The girl kissed the hand that was placed on her cheek with its caressing touch, and held it for a moment in her own trembling grasp, while feeling equally happy and ashamed.

From that moment until the day arrived on which her labours in the workroom came to an end, Fanny's zeal in the service of Madame Leeson never flagged, and the little airs in which she had begun to indulge were seen no more.

Truly, love and kindness are the best teachers, and win the best and most hearty service.

If, however, Fanny's needle flew fast, her tongue kept pace with it, and just at that time she had so much to talk about. Her stay at Castlemount had given her importance in the eyes of her companions, independently of the excitement and glory of the engagement which had resulted from it, and marriage in early perspective.

Then my own illness furnished food for conversation.

As a customer of Madame Leeson's, and a wife of only a few months standing, I was naturally an object of some interest to these young people, and Fanny had to answer many questions about my state.

She described the alternate hopes and fears she had witnessed, and the change which, when she left, was expected to end the long season of suspense.

The very day after the crisis of my illness, my dear husband and Aunt Hesketh sent the news to Madame Leeson. They were brimming over with glad thankfulness themselves, and anxious to give pleasure to everyone else if possible. My aunt made the remark that she should like to send a message to that kind-hearted woman at Longminster.

"We might please two other people at the same time," suggested Tom, who was becoming wonderfully thoughtful for his neighbours. I do not mean only those who associated with him on equal terms.

"There is that little girl to whom Craik is engaged, and who has just gone back to her work again. Let us send him to Madame Leeson's."

My aunt laughed, and said it would no doubt be a pleasure to Craik, so the gardener was dispatched to Longminster to execute sundry commissions. First of all, he was to carry two fine bouquets; one for Madame Leeson herself, with a little note from Aunt Hesketh; the second was to gladden the eyes of her young workers, but it was to pass to the workroom through Fanny Gregg's hands. Further, my aunt asked Madame Leeson to permit Fanny to go out for an hour with her intended, if the girl could be conveniently spared.

There was quite a flutter amongst the young workers when Fanny proudly placed in their midst the lovely mass of flowers brought by Craik. Then there was a rush to the window and a craning of necks in order to catch a glimpse of the bouquet bringer, about whose good looks and their companion's good fortune the girls agreed there could be no two opinions.

Madame was charmed with her own bouquet, and rejoiced at the good news which accompanied it.

"See, little one," she said, addressing Fanny, "how this good Madame Hesketh and Mr. Beauchamp have thought of you also. You shall have the permission they ask on your behalf. Go. Keep not your *fiancé* waiting. Take an hour of happiness, and when you return I will give to him a letter in reply to the one he has brought."

When Fanny reappeared, blushing and smiling under Craik's convoy, her engaged finger was encircled by a pretty turquoise ring, in the centre of which sparkled a small, but very bright, diamond.

"Pretty things match with pretty people," Craik had said, when he made the purchase. He was not given to lavish expenditure, but nothing seemed too good for Fanny's adornment, and very proud was she of this new mark of his affection.

Mr. Craik carried back with him Madame Leeson's letter of thanks and effusive congratulations on the favourable turn my illness had taken.

She also informed Aunt Hesketh of Edward Martin's return and the manner of it. "Nevertheless," she added, "the trouble on his account is by no means at an end. The young man is confined to bed by serious illness, and one doubts if ever he will leave it again. The mother rejoices that her son is at home once more. As to Ellen, she is, as ever, an angel of goodness. She forgets the wrong to herself, and desires only to console her mother and to provide the good-for-nothing with every comfort. There is a consolation in the fact of his illness. He may cause trouble of one kind, but that is not of the worst. In his room, and unable to leave it, he is safe from evil companions, and cannot break the hearts of his mother and Ellen by a continuance in wrong-doing."

My aunt and Tom quite agreed with Madame Leeson, that Edward Martin's illness was a less evil than the uncertainty connected with his absence, and were well assured that she would act the part of a true friend to mother and daughter during its continuance.

In the workroom at Madame Leeson's, so long as she or Miss Martin was present, the young people's tongues were fairly quiet. When they were absent these ran riot.

As a matter of course the sight of Fanny's ring excited much admiring comment. Then the news of my having taken a turn for the better was listened to with satisfaction, for naturally the girl had spoken gratefully of the friend

who had procured a holiday for her, and given her a home whilst it lasted.

"You must have been sorry you could not wait on young Mrs. Beauchamp at the hotel that time, Fanny," said one.

"I was at first, but not after, when I knew all."

These words and Fanny's look of mystery excited curiosity.

"Why? What happened? Do tell us, Fanny," broke from one after another.

"Miss Martin said nothing, and we all thought it was very good of her to go, a lady as she is, that used to have a maid of her own," remarked the girl who had spoken first.

"Well, she has not a maid now," replied Fanny, rather loftily, pursing her pretty lips together, as if nothing would induce her to utter a word more. Yet the little gossip was burning to tell her secret, and after a time it escaped, in spite of her compressed lips. Then all the girls present knew that young Mrs. Beauchamp's diamonds—any way, those she wore at Longminster—had disappeared from the hotel, and never been seen since.

Of course, every one of them promised not to say a word, and, equally of course, there were ceaseless whisperings, and whenever Ellen Martin entered the room, furtive glances in her direction. The result of "putting two and two together" was this. Before many days were over it was currently reported that Mrs. Beauchamp's diamonds had been stolen. That nobody but Miss Martin could have had access to them, and most likely they had been cleverly got rid of, and the proceeds applied to buying off her brother, for she had no money to do it.

There was one amongst the workers who was under deep obligations to Ellen Martin; one who had been sorely tempted, and who might have been too weak to stand alone. Miss Martin had been her prop during her time of trial, her good angel to whisper messages of warning against evil, of encouragement to do right. This girl looked back now with a clearer spiritual vision, shuddered at the thought of what might have been, and thanked God for help sent in time of need.

If a winged angel had whispered a slanderous tale about Ellen, she would have turned a deaf ear, and felt assured that it was one of Satan's emissaries who had assumed a robe of light.

The whisper of idle human tongues did reach her. Promptly she decided, "Miss Martin shall know," and told her tale.

With blanched face and look of deep distress, Ellen led the girl to Madame Leeson's presence and bade her repeat the story.

She did so without varying it in the least, but she had scarcely finished speaking, when the subject of the slander dropped senseless to the floor.

No wonder that this last straw proved too heavy to be borne.

Ellen had gone through so much of late, and she was now weary with her share of night nursing. Edward's illness was hourly assuming a more alarming character, and he could not be left for any length of time.

Yet all these trials would not have broken the girl's brave spirit. She sank beneath the weight of unmerited slander.

It had been terrible for Ellen to carry about the constant dread that by some act of her brother's, the good name which had survived amid toil and poverty might be sullied. That she should be supposed capable of deliberate theft was too horrible a thought, and the unconsciousness which stole over her was a blessed relief from the misery it occasioned.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.

NELL'S work for her brothers did not consist only in mending their garments, making them dressing gowns, or doctoring chilblains. She soon found there were other things to be done and difficulties to be met. Among a group of five boys who had grown up almost strangers to each other, and had not enjoyed the softening influences of home, there were sure to be many rubs and jars. Nell herself felt the loss of the family life in which most girls grow up; the acts of self-denial and patience unconsciously learnt among many brothers and sisters were each a source of thought and care to her. On the whole the six agreed very well together, but still there were sometimes cross-tempers to be smoothed and impending quarrels to be averted; Roger's over-particular and critical spirit to be remembered and soothed; Will and George to be trained out of their rough, rude manners and boisterous practical jokes; Frank to be coaxed out of his sullen moods and protected from the young ones' mischief; and last, but not least, Mark to be thought and planned for, to be made happy and content at home, and to be kept in remembrance of that home when at college.

Mr. Lawrence could not rest idle after so many years of active work in the mission field. What time he could spare from his study and books he devoted to the neighbouring villages of the country district, where, he declared, he found the people almost as ignorant and benighted as the heathen among whom he had spent so much of his life.

Mrs. Lawrence's health continued so poor that her family fell into the way of sparing her as much as possible, and it was to Nell that the boys began to turn in all their troubles and difficulties. It was hard for her always to be impartial and patient, but long quiet talks with her mother helped her.

One day Will opened the door of the room in which Nell was sitting; putting his head cautiously in first, he saw that she was alone, when he came in altogether, closing the door behind him. His usually rosy face was quite pale and drawn into a woeful expression.

"Oh, I say, Nell, what am I to do? I'm in such an awful fright," he said, in a shaking voice. "You know how awfully particular Roger is about his books. He lent me this at Christmas to learn my holiday task, and I forgot all about it, and yesterday he asked me for it, and I've been hunting everywhere and only just found it; and just look at the state it's in."

He held out the battered volume. Nell took it with a gasp.

"Oh, Will! Of all people in the world, for this to happen to Roger's book!"

"It must have been that beastly puppy of George's. I'll punch his head well."

But examination showed that the greater part of the mischief could not be laid to the puppy's charge.

"Come to the workroom," said Nell at last, "and we will see what can be done. I've got a little book, that one of the teachers gave me when I left school, on the care of books. I never thought of it being any use, but it may help us."

The little book gave remedies for almost all the injuries a book could suffer—a large share of which had befallen this unfortunate volume. The ink-spots on its pages were treated with spirits of salt, diluted with five times the quantity of water. This was applied with a camel's hair brush, and washed off with clean water after two or three minutes. Someone had apparently been eating bread and butter while studying, for various grease spots disfigured both pages and cover. These were removed by sprinkling pipeclay over the spots, and holding a hot iron above it, but not touching; this drew the grease up into the powder. In some cases this process had to be repeated several times, and more than once Nell narrowly missed scorching the paper. When the powder was finally brushed away, the place was painted over with spirits of wine. The crumpled pages were spread out and smoothed with the warm—not hot—iron. Some pages were too much crushed to be restored by this simple remedy. These Nell, by direction of her book, spread carefully out and brushed over with very weak gum-tragacanth and alum. When nearly dry the book was pressed with sheets of clean writing paper between the gummed pages. Where th margin was torn, paper stained in weak coffee, to match the leaves, was pasted on. In some places the rent extended across the page, and here Nell used yellowish tracing paper, through which the print showed clearly; the tracing paper had to be pasted on both sides of the page. A strip of leather had been torn up half across the back, and for this Nell borrowed Frank's little glue-pot, as neither gum nor paste was strong enough to hold it. Frank came with the glue-pot himself, saying he was sure she could not manage it, and would put on too much glue. She agreed that she would have done when she saw how very little he used.

After all it was the most satisfactory of all the restorations.

It all took time, however, and Nell could not help a pang or two as the whole afternoon, which she meant to have devoted to her embroidery, slipped past. But Will's heart grew lighter as the repairs went on, and when all was done he was almost cheerful.

"But, Will, of course you must tell Roger just the same. Indeed, it would be no use even if you wished to deceive him, for everyone can see it's mended."

"He's so fearfully down on us always," said Will, dolefully; "even when we haven't done anything he always seems to be trying to find something to row us for. It's worse than having your schoolmaster living with you."

Nell secretly half agreed with Will, for she found Roger's masterful ways and continuous criticism hard to bear patiently, and the younger boys were often driven into mischievous tricks, untidyness, and roughness that a little tact on his part would have stopped.

But with a mighty sigh, Will concluded—"I'll tell him directly he comes in; it's no use putting it off," and ran off with a hearty hug of thanks to Nell.

She returned to the embroidery in which she had been interrupted, and to some rather serious thoughts on human, especially boy, nature. She resolved to be present when Will made his confession, knowing that Roger would not be quite so hard on the boy while she was there.

Her work was embroidering initials for velvet slippers, two pairs of which she was doing for her two elder brothers. She had drawn the monogram on a stiff card, and cut it out carefully with a sharp penknife. Laying this on brown holland, she traced round it with a finely pointed lead pencil. As she had not an embroidery frame, she used the best substitute she could find, and strained the holland tightly on the empty frame of an old slate. She next threaded a large-eyed chenille needle with a long smooth piece of string, and passing it through the holland from behind, laid it in straight lines from one end to the other, in rows close together. She treated all the principal strokes of the monogram in this way. On this she laid cross lines of gold thread, sewing each couple of gold threads with silk over every other line of string, taking care that in each line the silken stitches were not under each other, but made a diagonal pattern across the letter, giving the effect of basket work. The less important wide strokes were left without the padding, and the fine ones simply single or double threads of gold sewn on with the same silk; but these latter were added when the monogram was transferred to the velvet. The edges were outlined with gold thread. When done, the back was brushed over with gum-tragacanth and left to dry. When dry, the monogram was cut out and the edges turned in neatly. After sewing it in place on the velvet, she added a few flourishes in silk and gold thread to lighten the general effect and to hide the junction of the two materials.

One long morning about this time, Nell spent marking the boys' new underclothing. She was met at the outset by the unexpected difficulty of knowing what part of the garment should bear the mark. The clothes to be marked had all been collected and brought down; the ink, quill pens, and stretcher ready, and Mrs. Lawrence in her lounge chair ready to heat and blacken the writing as it dried, when this difficulty occurred to Nell. Her mother, however, proved equal to the emergency.

"Begin with the white shirts," she advised. "The old way was to mark them near the bottom hem, but now it is generally done on the little flap in front. You will see it at the bottom of the stiffened part; it has a button-hole in it to keep the shirt-front down."

Nell worked steadily till the white shirts were done, and then carried them to her mother, who held them to the hot "tally" iron till the ink turned black. In the meantime Nell attacked the heap of flannel shirts. Some of these had the front lined with calico, and these she marked inside between the button-holes; for those that had not this lining she wrote the name on tape, which was afterwards sewn inside the front at the bottom of the opening. The collars she marked on the inside of the back where the linen was double, and cuffs on the band that crosses the middle.

The night shirts had the name written inside the front between the button-holes. On the merino underclothing, Nell generally found linen or silk bands or lining, on which the name might be written; failing these, she sewed on tape already marked.

"It is much safer to have the name written actually on the garment itself," said Mrs. Lawrence, "for then it cannot be picked off. I also like the surname in full. Of course it does not matter where we have the washing done at home, but when you are away initials are not always sufficient."

"What a number of stories it would spoil if the lost heir had his linen marked with his full name," suggested Nell, pausing to change the heater for her mother, "but it would not be so romantic."

"No," said her mother, laughing; "but we do not wish to lose either our boys or their clothes."

"By-the-bye," went on Nell, "what am I to do to keep the boys' socks and stockings in pairs? They are always getting odd, and they—the boys, not the socks—declare they don't know which are pairs."

"I was going to speak about that. I have found it a good plan to add some distinguishing letter or number after the name for each pair."

"Like this?" asked Nell, writing rapidly. She held up a long piece of tape, displaying on it in her bold handwriting, "M. Lawrence, A., M. Lawrence, A.; M. Lawrence, B., M. Lawrence, B.

"That will do. Then you can tell at a glance whether the pairs are right. If you sew the name on the inside at the top, you will find it outside when the socks come back from the wash. But you will find that Roger does not like these marks."

"Troublesome fellow! What am I to do, then?"

"You must work the initials in cross stitch on the outside of the sock. And on those very fine ones you could do the letters in back stitching. That is what he likes best."

"'Speak of an angel,'" quoted Nell, merrily. "Why, Roger, what brings you home so early?"

But he only answered by a rebuke to Nell for letting her mother tire herself, and bore her off to rest, in spite of protests, returning himself to help Nell finish her work.

There was not much to be done, but a large heap of pocket-handkerchiefs, which Nell had already begun. But he took the pen from her hand, and she was obliged to admit that his neat small writing looked better than hers, besides being, as he pointed out to her, in the right place—the top left hand corner, where hers was not.

It soon appeared, however, that Roger had an object in his unusually early return home. Their father was away, but had charged Roger with an important message for a gentleman living some miles away. Roger proposed driving over there during the afternoon, and on his way back paying sundry calls that had been long owing, and, in spite of her groans and excuses, insisted on Nell's accompanying him.

"We will come by 'The Grange,'" he concluded, "it is hardly out of our way." And Nell felt a sudden conviction that to a certain charming young lady at "The Grange" she owed the loss of her afternoon, and the unpleasant duty (to her) of paying calls, especially trying in company with her particular brother.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

MARION CLARKE and ETHEL WINIFRED.—Why not attend classes for singing at one of our London Colleges of Music? Perhaps the Guildhall School of Music would suit you. Entrance fee 5s. Fees for a year of three terms (twelve weeks each) from £4 10s., to £33 1s. 6d., according to subjects and number of lessons taken. A number of prizes and exhibitions given. Secretary, Mr. Charles P. Smith 16, Aldermanbury, E.C. It is not *comme il faut* to omit the prefix "Miss" on your visiting card in England; it seems to be common in America; but we have our own rules to guide us.

LOBSTER and CRAB.—The musical term "Glissando" means gliding smoothly; the reverse of "Staccato." Handwriting not formed.

PRETTY FLOSS.—Handel, though German born, was a naturalised Englishman; at any rate, so far as having made this his adopted country. He was born in February, 1685, and settled in London in 1713, and died in 1759. Some sixty and more years of his life were spent in this country, and all his great works were produced here, likewise. The telephone was invented by more than one man, that is to say, it was a gradually perfected discovery. In 1860 Reise was the original inventor; in 1876 Graham Bell (professor at Boston), a Scotchman, invented the Articulating Telephone, and Edison completed it.

ERMINIE.—How could we possibly tell whether you be sufficiently advanced as a pianist for your age, without hearing you play? The pieces you name are suitable for a good performer of any age, but whether you pound and tramp over the notes, like a mob in hobnailed brogues—or "scumble" over them in a flimsy, "touch or miss" style,—we are not *clairvoyant* enough to say. We know—it may be—more of Canada than you imagine. Our young colonists have an idea that we are what the Yankees call "know nothings" in the "old country."

OUR PIANO.—The original piano should be seen to be prescribed for. The keys appear to be too tight. It should be shown to some experienced person. We are sorry your geranium should have such a length of bare stem. If blossoming so well above, we recommend you to borrow a little light petticoat from one of your dolls—a muslin one would do—and dress it up with it. You can take it off when giving its daily shower-bath, and then dress it again. It will become as amusing as a new doll.

ART.

JESSIE.—Your sketch of the wagon is very well done; it is your best; and if done from nature (not copied) shows much natural talent. Of course the Greek figures are doubtless copied from a picture, not sketched from marbles or casts. The little steam tug is good, too, for a beginner. You deserve some lessons from a master in landscape.

"SOLDIER OF THE CROSS."—There are many things that an invalid could do in the way of helping Christian missions, somewhat after your own suggestion. Do you think that you could make little wooden frames in perforated carving, and put your illuminated texts into them? They would be very acceptable in hospitals, homes, nurseries, school and mission rooms, and poor cottages and lodgings. You can buy the little frames ready marked for the sawing out, very cheaply; the chief expense being the little saw and its collection of delicate blades. But that does not amount to much.

"Here, Miss Jane! put this on the drawing-room table; it will do our visitors good to look at it. Isn't it a wonderful book for six shillings? Perhaps as eyes glance over the drawings and the verse, some holy thought may fix itself on the mind; at any rate, the tone of it is as charming as the girls for whose special behoof it is intended."—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in *Sword and Trowel*.

"Mr. Peters has done his work well, and his arrangement of his materials is highly commendable on the score of taste and judgment."—*The Queen*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PORTOBELLO.—We do not see that it is a matter of any consequence to the reader, whether the writer of an article be a married, widowed, or single woman; nor a man married or widowed; or an "honest gander" hoping to find a "grey goose" some day to be his mate. Your proposition to underline names, so as to distinguish these several conditions, and to bring into publicity what the writers intentionally conceal, for reasons of their own, does not appear to be a "departure" that would be expedient.

TEMPERANCE.—The society called the "Band of Hope" had its origin at Saratoga, State of New York, in 1808, the members pledging themselves to abstain from alcoholic drinks "excepting under medical advice, or disease, and public dinners."

A YORKSHIRE WIFE.—We read your letter with interest, and rejoice to hear that the reading of any book has been, through God's grace, the means of bringing you "nearer to your Saviour." We regret that you have a doctor to consult who charges such a price as "ten pounds" for attending you for "a sore throat!" Surely he is some unlicensed quack! And as you expect a great deal more of extortion from the same quarter, on account of a complaint which you name, we the more regret that we could not prescribe for you, knowing no more about you than the mere name of your present complaint. Could you not go to a neighbouring town, and obtain a fresh opinion, at some dispensary, where you could also get any medicines required? We thank you for your good wishes, which we return kindly.

HILDA.—To "clean a cream-coloured flannel dress without wetting it," we can suggest nothing but the French process. There are many dyers and cleaners in town who adopt this method.

TWENTY-FIVE.—Read Heb. xiii. 17; 1 St. Peter ii. 13, 14, 15; and then consider what—with the consent and approval of the church also—is the law of the land. Also bear in mind the terrible and certain results to the unfortunate children of illegal unions; their illegitimacy, and therefore deprivation of all legal rights and claims on what would naturally be theirs. The wife, also, would have no claim on a man to whom she was not really married; he might leave her when he pleased; and thus no man having a spark of honour (if he reflected on this shocking fact) would place any woman in such a cruel and shameful position, even if he had no care for his own reputation, nor for the miserable condition of any children of such a connection.

S. G.—Do not feel nervous. No blood was drawn. Why feel troubled about a mere scratch? Banish the thought, and commit yourself to His protecting care "who careth for you." Pray, believing in the stupendous, illimitable power of that plea which He Himself has given us to urge, in all time of our need—His all-prevailing name. He will fain relieve those who accept His promises, and diligently seek Him.

INQUIRING ONE.—1. Lying on the floor is not credited with the power of lengthening the bones; although, when recumbent, the vertebræ of the spine are not pressed together so closely as when supporting the weight of the body. That is why in advancing age people are shorter than when young, for the bones sink down and rest one on the other. So if you be a little dump now, you must resign yourself to the fate of being still dumpier should you live to be elderly. Lying on the floor is likely to give you cold, as draughts blow under the doors. 2. Cards left to bid farewell, have "P.P.C.," *pour prendre congé*; "T.T.L.," to take leave; or "P.D.A.," *pour dire des adieux*, written on them.

STUDENT.—There are quotations from the ancient classic authors to be found in the New Testament, and the proverb employed by St. Paul, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," used as a heading in copy-books, to which you refer, is from a comedy called *Thais*. It was by Menander, of Athens, a distinguished writer; born 342 B.C., and drowned B.C. 291, while swimming in the harbour of Piræus. Another quotation (viz., Titus i. 12) respecting Cretians is said by Parkhurst and Bishop Hall to be from Epimenides.

KITTY and BELL inquire why "St. Winifred's Well" was included amongst the "Seven Wonders of the World," and who she was? She was a Christian martyr, who was beheaded by order of Caradoc, the Welsh King. It is said that where the bleeding head fell a miraculous fountain sprang up and formed a well so buoyant that nothing would sink in its waters, which latter were endowed with curative properties, efficacious in the cure of every kind of disease.

BERRIES and LEAVES.—Certainly the bride should drive to the church with her mother as her chaperon. The bridesmaids are at present wearing dark yet brightish colours, such as dark crimson velvets and other hues suitable for associating with trimmings of fur.

VANDYKE BROWN.—Your verses are good, and give promise. You should have had them witnessed as being your own. In "winter," verse 4, omit the word "frozen," as it makes two superfluous feet.

M. P.—Photographs should be covered with a glass, if only to preserve them from dust and fly-marks, and should not be exposed to a continuous glare of light, for even those that are well finished fade to a certain extent. Your writing is too angular and crabbed; it wants more freedom and artistic grace. We thank you for your kind and gratifying letter.

A Fantasy of Spring.

VOL. IX.—No. 430. MARCH 24, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

APRIL SHOWERS.

BY MARY ROWLES.

IN the changeful April weather,
Playing hide and seek together,
Rain and sunshine, light and shadow, through the woodlands come and go;
Now athwart the tree-tops glancing,
Now amid the violets dancing
In the quiet glades below.

Flitting through the tasselled larches,
In and out the greenwood arches,
Now the vivid sunlight lingers, and its fitful broidery weaves
On the starry wind-flowers bending,
And the feathery mosses blending
With the red-brown ivy leaves.

Now the azure skies are clouded,
In a mist the hills are shrouded,
With the chill of vanished winter hurriedly the raindrops fall,
And the buds look out in wonder
At the muttering of the thunder
And the darkness over all!

But the storm sweeps down the valley,
And again the sunbeams rally,
Flashing out their gay defiance in the rainbow's arch of light;
To the flowers new brightness bringing,
To the throstle, bravely singing,
Surer faith that all is right.

From the cowslips pearls are shaken,
And the daisies re-awaken,
Sending off a shower of jewels from their closed and crumpled frills;
All the freshened air is clearer,
And the bending skies seem nearer,
And new light is on the hills.

So, for those who walk in sadness
Waits an afterward of gladness;
When the storm hath wrought its purpose, peace shall surely follow strife;
Souls have need of April weather,
Showers and sunbeams work together
In the husbandry of life!

"PEACE SHALL SURELY FOLLOW STRIFE."

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ODD CHARACTERS.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

By NANETTE MASON.

V.—THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

It is a romantic story—indeed, there is as much of romance about it as of eccentricity.

Rather more than a century ago there were two young ladies living in Ireland, named Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby. They were both of good family.

The branch of the Butler family to which Eleanor belonged was lineally descended from the noble house of Ormonde. The Irish titles of the family had been forfeited, but her brother John claimed them, and in 1791 was acknowledged 17th Earl of Ormonde, by the Irish House of Lords. The rank of an Earl's daughter was at the same time conferred on Eleanor and her sisters. Miss Ponsonby's father was nephew to the first Earl of Bessborough.

These two young ladies were fast friends. There was considerable difference between their ages, some say it was over ten years, but this point is rather obscure, and all we can venture upon asserting is that Miss Butler was by a good deal the elder. They were unlike, too, in character. Miss Butler was strong-minded: Miss Ponsonby quiet and gentle.

According to some, Miss Butler had been crossed in love, but this is another doubtful matter. What is certain is that she set herself resolutely against matrimony, and that her example was followed by her friend. Their relatives planned for them one advantageous settlement in life after another, but every suggestion on the subject was treated with scorn.

The two had planned a future for themselves. Their resolution was to fly from the world, and seek some secluded spot where they could live entirely for each other. A cottage on a hillside was the height of their ambition.

All interested in them they knew would be against such a project, so they set off one morning without taking leave of anybody. They did not, however, take precautions enough, and were soon missed and followed. They were found in disguise on board a merchant vessel, about to sail from the harbour of Waterford.

Argument and entreaty prevailed upon them to return, and their friends contrived to separate them for a time, thinking that the presence of the one only encouraged the other in romantic nonsense. Miss Butler and Miss Ponsonby, however, found means to correspond, and they arranged a new scheme of elopement, which was successfully carried out about 1778. They escaped to a seaport, embarked on board a Welsh trader, and landed amidst the wild scenery of North Wales.

It was a curious proceeding, but no one can deny that they were old enough to regulate their own actions. By this time Miss Butler was certainly on the shady side of thirty.

To prevent their course from being readily traced, and also to give a show of protection, Miss Ponsonby appeared on this occasion dressed as a smart footman in waiting on Miss Butler. They were accompanied by a faithful Irish servant, Mary Carrol, a person more advanced in life than either of themselves.

In Wales they hoped to find the cottage which fancy had painted, but at first their search was fruitless. They looked everywhere; they asked all the Joneses, Hugheses, Morgans, and Williamses who crossed their path. No cottage at all suitable could they either see or hear of. In despair they approached the borders of England, and at the Vale of Llangollen it seemed they must bid farewell to the beauties of wild Wales.

"We turned round," said Miss Ponsonby to a friend long afterwards, "to take a last look at this land of our promise; the setting sun was then shining on the romantic ruins of Dinas Bran, and its sloping beams gave to the wooded sides of the glen so lovely an aspect, that it seemed to invite our return; so we determined to go back and again search for a residence in the shadow of the mountains."

Fortune just then began to smile upon them. They met with a cottage on a rising ground to the south of the village. It was a mean-looking residence, but they took it at once, and became tenants besides of some two and a half acres of land around their habitation. They could hardly have settled down in a more charming neighbourhood. Llangollen is the centre of numberless delightful walks and excursions, and, in the language of the guide books, "the more you know of it the better you like it."

It was long before the place of their retreat was discovered by their friends, and as they had brought away only a small sum of money they had some difficulty in making both ends meet. In fact, the two ladies experienced, what to them, whose up-bringing had been delicate and refined, were positive privations. Their garden and cow supplied them with food, but they themselves, aided by the faithful Mary, had to work hard that they might have enough to eat.

After they had stayed a considerable time in the vale, they were alarmed by an intimation from the proprietor of the ground that they must remove. "While very disconsolate at this," we are told, "the 'ladies of the vale,' as they were called in the neighbourhood, were further grieved by the abrupt disappearance of Mary Carrol. They supposed she had become wearied at length of solitude, and had gone to her friends; but Mary returned after a few days' absence, and, laying a paper on the table, exclaimed—

"Now, my dear children, you are settled for life!"

"She had visited the proprietor in London, and, by means of all her earnings in service, had procured a lease of the cottage and grounds around it."

About the time when Mary did this good turn the friends of the ladies found out their whereabouts. To all requests to return they replied that they had found happiness in retirement, and meant to stay where they were. This was said with so much determination that their friends resigned themselves to the inevitable, and settled such an annuity upon them as made their future comfort a matter of certainty.

Flourishing finances soon made a change in the cottage. As it stood it was far from a comfortable dwelling, but workmen were called in, and the result of their labours was something decidedly original. "It and the two and a half acres of turnip ground were converted into a fairy palace amid the bowers of Calypso." So says Miss Seward, who, when everything was completed and in fine going order, visited their retreat, which, she adds, "breathed all the witchery of genius, taste, and refinement."

The gushing description of Miss Seward is a curiosity in itself. One sees from it what can be made out of a mean little house surrounded by a turnip field, especially when the improvements fall under the pen of a poetess. "It consists," says Miss Seward, "of four small apartments; the exquisite cleanness of the kitchen, its utensils, and its auxiliary offices, vieing with the lightsome elegance of the gay little dining room, as that contrasts with the gloomy yet superior grace of the library, into which it opens. This room is fitted up in the Gothic style, the doors and windows being of that form, and the window of painted glass, 'shedding a dim religious light.' Candles are seldom admitted into this apartment. The ingenious friends have invented a kind of prismatic lantern, which occupies the whole elliptic arch of the Gothic door. This lantern is of cut-glass, variously coloured, enclosing two lamps with their reflectors. The light it imparts resembles that of a volcano, sanguine and solemn. It is assisted by two glow-worm lamps, that, in little marble reservoirs, stand on the opposite chimney-piece, and these supply the place of the here always softened daylight, when the dusk of evening sables, or when night wholly involves, the thrice lovely solitude."

After describing the contents of the library, a collection of the best authors in the best bindings, Miss Seward steps out of doors, and goes on thus:—"The kitchen garden is neatness itself. Neither there nor in the whole precincts can a single weed be discovered. The fruit trees are of the rarest and finest sort, and luxuriant in their produce; the garden-house and its implements are arranged in the exactest order." The little dairy with its diminutive churn, at which Miss Butler might be seen of a morning turning out half-a-pound of butter for a late breakfast, is next described as perfect, and then we have an account of the surrounding grounds:—

"The wavy shaded gravel walk which encircles this elysium is enriched with curious shrubs and flowers. It is nothing in extent, and everything in grace and beauty and in variety of foliage; its gravel smooth as marble. In one part of it we turn upon a small knoll, which overhangs a deep hollow glen. In its tangled bottom a frothing brook leaps and clamours over the rough stones in its channel. A large spreading beech canopies this knoll, and a semi-lunar seat beneath its boughs admits four people. Cypress, yew, laurel, and lilac, growing luxuriantly in the shrubberies, complete the embowered and tranquil beauty of the scene."

A carriage drive crossed the lawn immediately in front of the cottage, and a guardian lion of stucco—but it looked a little like a bear—kept an eye on all who knocked at the front door.

The appearance of the two ladies of the cottage was original enough, their rule being to wear a sort of half masculine attire. Their hats were always men's hats: their dresses riding habits. Their neckties were stiffly starched. They exhibited a feminine love, however, for jewellery, and were rich in brooches and rings. In the matter of shoes, they chose the thickest and most substantial that were to be had for money—ploughboy shoes, indeed.

Lady Eleanor, to give Miss Butler the title which after 1791 was her due, was of middle height and rather inclined to be stout. Her face was round and fair and had the glow of health. The features were not handsome, but she was agreeable looking, which was almost

as good. When she gave expression to her feelings, she sometimes did so in such energetic terms as to make sober-sided people open their eyes.

Miss Ponsonby was somewhat taller than Lady Eleanor, and in figure very graceful and ladylike. Her face is described as rather long than round, the complexion clear but without bloom, and her look, from its soft melancholy, had a peculiar interest. "Though the pensive spirit within," says Miss Seward, "permits not her lovely dimples to give mirth to her smile, they increase its sweetness, and consequently her power of engaging the affections. We see through her veil of shading reserve that all the talents and accomplishments which enrich the mind of Lady Eleanor exist, with equal powers, in this her charming friend."

The difference in character and appearance between the two was taken special note of by another visitor, the well-known Madame de Genlis. "Lady Eleanor," she remarks, "has a charming face, embellished with the glow of health; her whole appearance and manner announce vivacity and the most unaffected gaiety. Miss Ponsonby has a fine countenance, but pale and melancholy. One seems to have been born in this solitude, so perfectly is she at her ease in it, for her easy carriage shows that she has not retained the slightest recollection of the world and its vain pleasures; the other, silent and pensive, has too much candour and innocence for you to imagine that repentance has conducted her into solitude, but you would suppose that she still cherishes some painful regrets."

The life they led is refreshing to read about. They did exactly as they pleased, followed their own fashions, conformed to their own etiquette, and busied themselves with books and flowers. They were never dull, and seem never—for Madame de Genlis was quite wrong in her supposition regarding Miss Ponsonby—to have regretted the life they had chosen. It was solitude, and yet not solitary. Their experience just tallied with that of the poet who sings:—

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude:
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet."

For many years after their settling at Llangollen they lived strictly retired. The romantic story of their friendship and seclusion was much talked of all through the country, and many people even of the highest rank would gladly have called upon them, but Lady Eleanor and Miss Ponsonby remained firm to their purpose, and received no stranger within their gates. They were content to peep at the world through the loopholes of retreat, and in a peeping fashion took, as was afterwards discovered, an extraordinary interest in everything and everybody, but all active intercourse was declined.

As they grew older, this stern rule was relaxed. It was first broken through in favour of some distinguished foreigners, amongst them Madame de Genlis, who in 1791 visited them, accompanied by her pupil, the young Mlle d'Orleans. Madame de Genlis long remembered both the cottage and its inmates. They seemed to be surrounded by a sort of enchantment. She had been awakened during the night by a mysterious sound of music. It was blowing hard, and, curiously enough, the winds on approaching this abode of friendship ceased their howling and melted into the most delicious strains. This appropriate music she afterwards learned was produced by an Æolian harp, which the ladies had rigged out in one of the windows. Madame de Genlis had never heard anything of the kind before.

Not long after this Miss Anna Seward came to see the ladies, and went into raptures over them. We have already quoted what she says as to the cottage and its surroundings. De Quincey was another visitor worth mentioning. In his "Confessions" he speaks of calling upon them as often as he passed through Llangollen, but the opium eater was not much drawn to them or they to him, apparently. The Duke of Wellington was at the cottage in 1814, the year before his famous victory of Waterloo.

The more visitors came the more the ladies seemed to rejoice in hearing the news they brought with them. They developed an extraordinary taste for gossip about people, books, and things in general. With this ran a taste for collecting curiosities of every sort, so that in time the cottage became a perfect museum. As collectors, however, they showed no discrimination, and had rare and curious things jumbled together with the saddest trash. Their leading fancy seems to have been for carved oak, and in this they made their friends pay tribute. If a visitor came back a second time, he or she was expected to bring a present of carved oak as a sign of goodwill.

Their friendship for each other, which had led them to renounce society, never flagged for a moment. But whilst loving each other so sincerely, they had affection to spare for their fellow-creatures. "In the neighbouring hamlet," says a writer near their own day, "and in all the cots round Llangollen, the 'ladies of the vale' were almost idolised for their kindness and attention in ministering to the wants of the poor. Their extraordinary career was, therefore, no useless one. In the district which they adorned their memory will long be held in reverence."

Amongst other praiseworthy deeds they seem to have conferred a boon on travellers by founding what is now the Royal Hotel at Llangollen. In the visitors' book there we read these lines by Dan O'Connell:—

"I remember this village with very bad cheer,
Ere the ladies, God bless them, set this inn here."

The two looked always so fresh and vigorous that it was a tradition in the neighbourhood that they would live for ever. But time laid its unceremonious hand on them at last; they lost their usual vigour, and Lady Eleanor found her sight gradually growing dim. Both began to be taken up with parrots, dogs, and cats. Lady Eleanor owned a dog, "Trust." Miss Ponsonby had a white poodle, and there was a joint interest in a tortoiseshell cat. Their original enthusiasm of character wore off considerably, and they came to be more like old maids of the world.

Sometimes they spent an evening at the play. When Mathews the elder played in the Oswestry Theatre, he caught sight of them, and could hardly proceed for laughing. "Oh, such curiosities!" he says. "I was nearly convulsed. I could scarcely get on for the first ten minutes after my eye caught them. . . . . As they are seated there is not one point to distinguish them from men; the dressing and powdering of the hair, their well-starched neck-cloths; the upper part of their habits, which they always wear even at a dinner party, made precisely like men's coats; and regular black beaver hats. They look exactly like two respectable superannuated old clergymen."

This was in 1820. The ladies had come twelve miles to the play, and they drove home the same night, for they never slept from home—they had not done so for more than forty years.

Mathews afterwards met them at dinner at Porkington, about a mile from Oswestry. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the first burst yesterday upon entering the drawing-room, to find the dear antediluvian darlings attired for dinner in the same manified dress, with the Cross of St. Louis and other orders, and myriads of large brooches, with stones large enough for snuff-boxes, stuck in their starched neckcloths." He would fain have put Lady Eleanor under a glass case and brought her away to Highgate for his friends to see.

The poet Wordsworth visited Plâs Newydd, as the ladies' cottage was called, in 1824. He composed a sonnet in the grounds, but the ladies were not pleased, because he called their house a "low-roofed cot," and declared that they could have written better poetry themselves. Here is the sonnet:—

"A stream to mingle with your favourite Dee,
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION (*Glyn Myrvr*) flows;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose;
Or haply there some pious hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
At this late day, its sanctifying name.
GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot
Be named: where, faithful to a low-roofed cot,
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long:
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of time."

In the autumn of 1825 Llangollen was visited by Sir Walter Scott. The ladies had received some hint that he meant to pass their way, and on his stopping at the inn the great novelist received "an invitation so pressing to add one more to the list of illustrious visitors of their retreat, that it was impossible for him not to comply." Scott was accompanied by his son-in-law, Lockhart, and Lockhart writing to his wife gave an account of what they saw. From all they had read and heard of the romantic spinsters they were prepared to be well amused, but the reality surpassed expectation.

"We proceeded up the hill," says Lockhart, "and found everything about them and their habitation odd and extravagant beyond report. Imagine two women—one apparently seventy the other sixty-five—dressed in heavy blue riding-habits, enormous shoes, and men's hats, with their petticoats so tucked up that at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors.

"On nearer inspection they both wear a world of brooches, rings, etc., and Lady Eleanor positively *orders*—several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K.C.B. To crown all, they have cropt heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other in good preservation.

"But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nodding mandarines, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house, outside and in (for we must see everything, to the dressing-closets) *covered* with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it; and the illustrated copies of Sir Walter's poems, and the joking, simpering compliments about Waverley and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal *butter* dug up in a Milesian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog.

"Great romance (*i.e.*, absurd innocence of character) one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this mixed up with such eager curiosity and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the kingdom,

and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII. and George IV. down to magazine poets and quack doctors, are a museum. I shall never see the spirit of blue stockingism again in such perfect incarnation.

"Peveril" (a family name for Sir Walter) "won't get over their final kissing match for a week. Yet it is too bad to laugh at these good old girls; they have long been the guardian angels of the village, and are worshipped by every man, woman, and child about them."

Three years after Scott's visit Prince Pückler-Muskau of Prussia called upon the ladies, and wrote an elaborate account of them; a sympathetic account, too, which is more than we can say of the foregoing extract from Lockhart. It will be noticed that there is a considerable difference between Lockhart's and the Prince's statements regarding the age of the ladies.

"I alighted," says the Prince, "and was received at the door by the two ladies. Fortunately I was already prepared by hearsay for their peculiarities: I might otherwise have found it very difficult to repress some expressions of astonishment.

"Imagine two ladies, the eldest of whom, Lady Eleanor, a short robust woman, begins to feel her years a little, being now eighty-eight; the other, a tall and imposing person, esteems herself still youthful, being only seventy-four. Both wore their still abundant hair combed straight back and powdered; a man's round hat, a man's cravat and waistcoat; but in place of 'inexpressibles,' a short petticoat and boots; the whole covered by a coat of blue cloth, of a cut quite peculiar—a sort of middle term between a man's coat and a lady's riding habit. Over this Lady Eleanor wore, first the grand cordon of the Order of St. Louis across her shoulders; secondly, the same order around her neck; thirdly, the small cross of the same in her button-hole; and *pour comble de gloire*, a golden lily of nearly the natural size—all, as she said, presents of the Bourbon family.

"So far the whole effect was somewhat ludicrous. But now you must imagine both ladies with that agreable *aisance*, that air of the world of the *ancien régime*—courteous and entertaining, without the slightest affectation; speaking French as well as any Englishwoman of my acquaintance; and, above all, with that essentially polite, unconstrained, and simply cheerful manner of the good society of that day, which, in our serious hard-working age of business, appears to be going to utter decay.

"I was really affected with a melancholy sort of pleasure in contemplating it in the persons of the amiable old ladies, who are among the last of its living representatives; nor could I witness without lively sympathy the unremitting natural and affectionate attention with which the younger treated her somewhat infirmer friend and anticipated all her wants. The charm of such actions lies chiefly in the manner in which they are performed—in things which appear small and insignificant, but which are never lost upon a susceptible heart."

As we have mentioned, the eyesight of Lady Eleanor became weaker and weaker as she grew old; at last it failed utterly. There is something very touching in the affection with which Miss Ponsonby now aided and cheered her companion. "It was now," says a visitor of this period, "that the friend of her youth and age, whose faculties God had spared, exerted them for the use of both, and performed all the offices of love and duty for her blind companion. She watched over her with maternal tenderness, read for her, worked for her, and did everything which would not be so grateful from any other's service. When I paid my visit, I found Miss Ponsonby leading her friend round the lawn, as a fond mother leads a child; and it would have stopped an angel on his errand of mercy to have seen them walking hand in hand through the shrubs and trees, while the friend who could see was explaining to the friend who could not see all the budding beauties of the spring in which they were both wont to take such pure delight."

The faithful servant, Mary Carrol, lived to an advanced age, when she died, and was buried in Llangollen churchyard. A monument was erected there by the ladies; it had three sides, and on one of these they placed an inscription in honour of Mary. The remaining two sides were left blank, with the intention that in time they should bear their own names.

The life-long union of the friends came to an end on the 2nd of June, 1829, when Lady Eleanor died. Miss Ponsonby was not long of following her to the grave; she lived for only eighteen months afterwards, during which time she was seldom seen except by her domestics. The three-sided monument was now completed, and the cottage, with its wealth of carved oak and curiosities, passed into other hands.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED).

Sonata in C major, for pianoforte. By Erskine Allon.—This is a really interesting work, and quite equal to any of the recent publications of this important class. We think an artistic mistake (if a mistake can be artistic) is committed in using a device in every movement alike, which is quite effective in the first instance, but which, upon its reappearance in other parts of the sonata seems not only trite and commonplace, but positively disagreeable. The case in point is the repetition of the principal subject in the bass in octaves. The rather *prononcée* character of a melody in octaves at all times demands care and judgment. But the work is immensely interesting, and the subjects are national and homely in character, and, in short, we advise all fairly advanced pianists to make a study of it. It is a great pity, considering that this is one of the finest English sonatas ever produced, that it should be so full of misprints; for instance, all the last line of page 11 and part of page 12 should be in E flat, with the D made natural. This is one of many bad mistakes.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Five Romances for violin and pianoforte. By Sir George Macfarren.—The tendency of the late Principal of the Royal Academy towards Balfe-like melodies is seen at its culminating point in these romances. No. 3, perhaps, is more like a Scotch ballad, but in Nos. 1 and 5 especially, commonplace tunes are the subjects employed. The piano player's share is mostly the subordinate part of accompanist.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Six Vocal Duets. Composed by Wilfred Bendall.—Will be welcomed by youthful sopranos, and enjoyed for their graceful imitation and pleasant part-writing.

No. 11 of the Operatic Fantasias for violin. By E. Davidson Palmer.—Does not deal with *Tannhäuser* as successfully as other numbers have dealt with easier and older operas. It is uncomfortable for the musician, and unaccountable for the adapter, to *alter* Wagner's phrases, a fault most noticeable on page 7, where a rise of a 6th is made to do duty for that of an octave in the original overture. If beyond the violin compass, then the passage has no business in a violin Fantasia at all.

Pavane Romantique, for the piano. Composed by Henri Roubier.—A rather pompous piece, with a pleasant cantabile episode by way of contrast. It is supposed to depict "le dernier tournoi d'Henri II."

Les Cloches de Corneville. Fantaisie brillante pour le piano. Par Sydney Smith.—This is no firework display, but really, of its kind, the best possible arrangement of favourite extracts from the well-known operetta above named; a most effective piece for admirers of this sparkling light music.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Eternal Rest. (*Requiem æternam.*) Composed by M. Piccolomini.—This song is published in every possible key to suit vocalists high and low. The system of dragging old and consumptive people into cathedrals in all the semi-sacred songs of the day, in order to drag after them a refrain, built upon portions of church prayers, is very far fetched, and painfully overworked.

Sea Rovers is the name of a brisk, hearty sailor-song, by Arthur Briscoe. We recommend this as a present to your bass and baritone brothers. It is as bright and moving as the sea itself.

The Student's Répertoire of easy pieces for the Piano. By Carl Malemberg.—No. 1, "Scherzino" is before us, and, excepting its title (for it has not the ghost of a *scherzo*, or laugh, about it), it is admirable for the purpose intended. It resembles a little minuetto.

Vesper Voluntaries, Book 19.—Contains some simple, pretty pieces, in the form of march, offertoire, minuet, and gavotte, better fitted for harmonium than church organ.

WEEKES AND CO.

Elinore; or, The Border Bride. A pastoral operetta in three acts, written by Edward Oxenford, composed by Edmund Rogers.—Full of good, straightforward, unoriginal phrases, over which choirs cannot easily go wrong. A feature in the second act is the instrumental piece described as "a furious fight takes place." Throughout, the vocal material is of the simplest.

Fantasias, by W. H. Birch, for violin and piano, on the national airs of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales (four books).—Are in reality a simple stringing-together of the national melodies, with very little that is fantastic in the arrangement.

Dance of Mummers, and *Polonaise.* Two piano pieces by Dr. Joseph C. Bridge.—Capital teaching pieces. The first is what few piano pieces with comic titles are ever likely to be, and that is, really funny.

REID BROTHERS.

O that the dove's light wings were mine. Song by Claude Melville.—A pretty, plaintive song and subject. Excepting one F sharp, the compass is not at all high.

La Reine. Par Claude Melville. Ancienne Danse de la Cour.—This, of course, turns out to be a gavotte, but a very taking gavotte it is, and easy to learn. Notwithstanding the mixture of French and English, these pieces are by the same composer.

BEARE AND SON.

As I laye a thynkynge. Song for soprano or tenor.—A fairly good setting of the beautiful last lines of Thomas Ingoldsby; lines very hard to do justice to in music.

THE RESULT OF THE COMPETITION IN MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

THE BEST SETTINGS OF LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "THE RAINY DAY."

ADJUDICATOR: JOHN STAINER, M.A., Mus.D., Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THIS is the first Musical Competition in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and we have looked forward to it with much interest. On the whole the result has been very satisfactory. Two hundred and forty-eight songs were sent, and though this would appear a small number by the side of our other competitions, yet bearing in mind the nature of the work, and also that it is the first competition we have had of the kind, the number exceeded what we had expected.

Musical composition is a very high art, in some respects the highest of all the arts, and the ability to write original music is given only to a few. A great number of musical people, even professionals, aim only at being good executants, and the vast majority of musical girls do not attempt to compose. Thus this competition, unlike all the others we have had, was to a large extent one for specialists.

The advantages of entering such a competition are manifest. To those of our readers who are in the habit of practising the very difficult art of composition, this contest was certain to appeal. And if it has been some inducement to girls, who have hitherto been executants only, to try their hand at originating music, one of our chief objects in proposing the competition has been gained.

Natural talent is of course necessary for success in this art, and perhaps it requires more originality than does any other. The painter and sculptor have nature to fall back upon, and their work is to a certain extent guided by what they see; but the musician has only the science of acoustics, and what is technically called form. Nevertheless, no girl can be a composer unless she has tried, and practice in this, as in all the arts, is necessary for success, and we cannot but think that many are not composers for the simple reason that they have never tried to be, or if they have tried, abandon the work in despair after one or two unsuccessful efforts.

Too many girls study music merely in order to please their friends, or to gain praise for themselves, and such as these aim only at being showy executants. There are others who commence to learn harmony, but after a month's study abandon it as dry and uninteresting. But in addition to these there are girls who do really love music, who have studied harmony and counterpoint, and when they have a fair knowledge of the theory of music, attempt a musical composition. Their judgment tells them that what they have written is not of much value. This discourages them; they conclude that with all their love of music they have no originality, and they never attempt to compose again. This is very foolish. Nothing in this world that is worth doing can be done without practice, and if we are to be composers we must study the works of the great masters, and be content to frequently fail in our attempts; we must not be discouraged, but continue to work just as we should were we struggling to be painters or sculptors.

Our girls must remember that if they have persevered, but through lack of genius have failed to be good composers, yet their work and their time have not been wasted. The knowledge of harmony they have acquired, the study they have given to the works of the great masters, the attempts they have made to write music, may not have made them successful composers, but they will find that they have become intelligent players instead of machines, their critical knowledge will have greatly increased, and with it of course a true love for really good music—they will have, in fact, become musicians; and unlike those whose only claim to be musicians is that they have a certain amount of dexterity, and who abandon the art altogether when by reason of their household duties they are unable to practise exercises—unlike these, their love of music and their interest in the art will never cease, because they have understood what they have played. They will enjoy hearing music, and the beautiful art will always be a comfort to them, and will exercise a refining influence on their lives, and will gain for them recognition as artistic people, and lift them above the common ruck of mankind.

We have said that we were pleased with the result of this competition, for many of the efforts were of high musical value, and others were sent by girls who had never previously put pen to paper in order to write down a musical idea.

Some very good songs were sent, and at the end of the report we append the names of a few of the competitors who sent the best work.

Several gentlemen, professional as well as amateur, asked to be allowed to contribute songs, and after some consideration we decided to allow them to do so. Many of the mothers sent letters to tell us that the songs sent by their daughters were not only their unaided work, but that they had received no instruction in the art of composition. Of course we were glad to receive these, but we advise those mothers who have daughters with talent to get them instruction in harmony and composition, for until then their writing will not be of any value. So many people have an idea that the great composers received little or no instruction in their art, that their music came spontaneously out of their head, and that they had no scientific rules to fetter them.

This is a great mistake. The great musicians, like the great artists, had deeply studied the works of their predecessors, and their earlier works show the influence of the master under whom they had studied.

The two prize-winners will be greatly encouraged by the following report of Dr. Stainer:—

"I have great pleasure in finding that there are two excellent songs among those sent in for competition; I award the first prize to—

ETHEL HARRADEN;

and the second to

AMELIA CORPER.

Miss Harraden's setting is melodious and graceful; it will require a good executant as accompanist, but will be found quite worth the trouble of mastering; the arpeggio passages will be especially effective in good hands. I congratulate Miss Harraden on her musicianly work, most 'singable' and 'playable.'

"Miss Corper's setting is so meritorious that it falls very little below the first prize; there is much freshness in the opening phrase of the accompaniment, and it pleases more and more at each recurrence. She has also been most happy in representing the 'dark and dreary day' on a monotone.

"Both songs are above the average, and I hope all future competitions may produce equally good results."

FIRST PRIZE (Ten Guineas).
Ethel Harraden.

SECOND PRIZE (Five Guineas),
Amelia Corper.

SPECIALLY COMMENDED.

Jessie M. Barker.
Elizabeth Brown.
E. Davenport Adams.
Florence L. Fricker.
T. R. G. Jozé, Mus. Doc.
The Countess of Munster.
Anne W. Patterson, B.A., Mus. Bac.
Eleanor Rix.
Walter Wadham.
Maud M. Whitmore.

OUR NEXT MUSICAL COMPETITION.

Dr. Stainer suggests that our musical readers shall write a short pianoforte piece in two movements, descriptive of

SORROW
and
JOY,

and the Editor has great pleasure in offering two prizes of ten and five guineas respectively for the best compositions sent to him on these subjects. There will be no certificates granted in connection with this competition, and the work will be judged irrespective of age, sex, or creed. The last day for receiving the work is the first Monday in August, 1888. The name and address of each competitor must be written in printed characters on the back of each MS., together with a certificate of a clergyman, parent, or teacher, proving the work to be that of the competitor only. The two prize *suites* will be published in this magazine for the benefit of other readers, and six months after their publication by us the compositions may be republished in sheet form in the ordinary way, as the copyright will remain the property of the composer. In no case can any music be returned, and the writers are therefore advised to keep copies.

FAIRY TALES OF THE WORLD;

OR,

HITHER AND THITHER ON A BROOMSTICK.

By NIMBUS.

CHAPTER II.

THE gentlemen were about to take their leave when a messenger arrived with the news that a wild and savage pig had broken into the palace garden and smashed the glass house and the beautiful Chinese porcelain that was in it, and that unless the creature were killed there was no knowing what mischief it might do.

The Prince saw the necessity of this, and having dismissed his ministers, summoned the huntsmen, and they were soon in pursuit of the wild creature.

It so happened that as he started the nine maidens who had refused to join in the gladness on the occasion of the myrtle being brought to the palace were all at their window dressed in their best, in the hope that the Prince would notice them; but, alas! he saw them not, or at all events he acted as though he had not seen them.

They were very angry, and the whole nine determined upon some scheme of revenge, for, strange though it may seem, the story of the wild pig was an invention of theirs in order to bring the Prince down their particular street. They themselves had broken the glass and the china, and while consulting what the further revenge should be one of the ministers (father of the eldest girl of the nine) came in and made known to them the approaching marriage of the Prince, and that they were all invited to it.

In answer to their inquiries, he told them that the lady was a Princess M., and that sprigs of myrtle were to be used wherever possible in the decorations.

Scarcely were they alone again when their anger broke out, for each of the nine had made up her mind to be the Princess of Porzellania.

They sent for a workman, whom they bound to secrecy, to make an underground way from their house to the Prince's chamber in which he kept his myrtle, that they might discover whom he had hidden there.

When the way was finished the nine took a tenth girl into their confidence, who joined them not at all out of ill-will, but from sheer curiosity. Her duty was to keep watch at the door while they searched the chamber. And in the middle of the night, each carrying a lantern under her cloak, they reached the Prince's chamber. They knew he had not returned, for they had sent him on a wild goose chase after the imaginary animal.

They looked into every corner, but could not, to their surprise, find anything or anyone extraordinary save the myrtle.

Upon this they expended their wrath, tearing off the branches and leaves, and using it so roughly that the little silver bell at the top of the myrtle began to ring. The myrtle maiden, believing it to be the Prince's sign that he was awaiting her, stepped out of the tree in an exquisite wedding dress.

This, then, was the Princess who had taken captive their Prince! Their anger knew no bounds; they fell upon her and murdered her in the cruellest way, cutting and hacking her to pieces. Each took away one of the poor myrtle maiden's fingers, except the tenth girl whom they had drawn into the service; she wept bitterly, and hid herself when the others returned the way they had come.

As the Prince's chamberlain entered in the morning as usual, to arrange the room and water the myrtle, what was his horror to see the hacked body of a girl lying in blood on the floor, and the myrtle broken and withered.

He could not understand, for he knew nothing of the maiden who lived in the myrtle. Then the girl who had hidden herself came forward and told him all that had occurred.

With bitter tears they collected the pieces of the unhappy Princess and buried them in the china flowerpot under the myrtle, which assumed the appearance of a grave. Together they washed the floor as clean as it was possible to make it, and watered the myrtle with the blood-stained water. Then they locked the door, and in great sorrow and anxiety they went their way, the girl taking with her a lock of the Princess's hair in memory of her.

The preparations for the wedding were proceeding rapidly, and the Prince came back from the chase without of course coming upon the wild pig.

The first thing he did on his return was to pay a visit to the parents of his myrtle, and ask for the hand of their daughter.

The two honest people nearly went mad for joy when they heard that a daughter had grown up in their beautiful plant. This, then, explained the intense love they had for it.

Certainly they would give their daughter to the Prince, and accompanied him to the palace that they might be gladdened by a sight of her.

As they entered the room a sorrowful sight indeed met their eyes—blood spots on the floor, the tree broken and faded, and close to it a grave. All three broke out into weeping, the one crying, "My love, my bride!" the others, "Oh my beloved daughter, show thyself to thine unhappy parents." But nothing stirred, neither were their cries answered.

The chamberlain had fled, and no explanation was forthcoming.

The three watched and watered it the whole day with their tears, and the land was disturbed and sorrowful.

In suffering too great for words the three who loved the myrtle tended and watched by the sick plant, looking for some sign of returning life, but for some time in vain.

At length, to their great joy, it commenced to send out fresh shoots and gradually to return to health and beauty, except that it was quite bare of leaves on the top of the tree, and two of the principal branches lacked their points, five on one and four on the other.

The Prince bestowed much attention on these branches, and, to his great delight, he saw one morning that one of the twigs had appeared, and the ring which he had given to the myrtle maiden was firmly fixed round it as though on a finger.

His joy knew no bounds, for he believed that the Princess must still be alive.

The next night, as he was sitting with the porcelain workman and his wife by the tree, he prayed the myrtle so earnestly and tenderly to give him some sign that she lived, and as if in answer the myrtle began to rustle and to sing the following words:—

"Be merciful, dear Prince, and give me back my nine fingers. Let me not appear maimed in thy presence. There are nine myrtle plants growing near the palace; these are my flesh and bone. I pray thee, Prince, be merciful."

The three listeners were greatly moved by this sorrowful appeal, and it was made known throughout the kingdom that whoever should bring the nine myrtle twigs to the Prince he would reward them with his own hand.

This appeal reached the ears of the nine murderous maidens who had so cruelly treated the poor myrtle maiden, and they rejoiced; for they had the nine fingers, each having buried one in a flowerpot which had grown into a beautiful plant. They dressed themselves in their best, and one after another carried her plant into the palace, believing that it was the Prince's intention to marry the most beautiful of those who should bring the myrtles.

He received from each one her plant, promising to send in his own time his reward for the gift; in the meantime he begged them to prepare for the coming festival.

As the Prince placed all the nine plants close to the tree a voice spoke from out the myrtle, "Welcome, welcome, my nine little fingers; welcome, welcome, my flesh and my bone; welcome, welcome to thy old home."

But now came the youngest, or the tenth maiden, who had taken the lock of hair, and threw herself at the Prince's feet and said—"Oh, Prince, I have no myrtle, but I bring thee back this lock of hair and beg for thy forgiveness."

Her prayer was granted, and from her lips the Prince heard the whole story of the murderous deed. She besought him at the end not to let the chamberlain suffer from his displeasure, but to call him back and grant his consent to her marriage with him.

The Prince entrusting her with a letter to the chamberlain, she ran off with it to the forest, where he lay hidden in a hollow tree, and to whom she had daily carried food since that unlucky night when he had fled for fright.

The chamberlain was glad indeed to be restored to favour, and returned with the lady to the town.

As soon as the Prince had buried the lock of hair under the myrtle the voice was heard to say, "Now I am whole even as before; bring me a wreath, and lead me to the altar."

The Prince ordered a grand festival for his people in the palace gardens, and when all were assembled the myrtle was placed under a canopy, and a lovely wreath of flowers, bound

about with gold, was placed on the tree by the porcelain workers who were its parents.

Scarcely was this accomplished when the myrtle maiden stepped forth from the tree dressed in bridal attire, and appeared to the assembled multitude as the most beautiful lady their eyes had ever seen.

The parents, who had never seen her before, received her with tears of joy, and the happy Prince embraced her as his bride.

There stood the nine wicked maidens as on hot coals. The Prince addressing all assembled, asked, "What would they deserve who wilfully grievously harmed this my myrtle maiden?"

One answer after another came, each bearing a severer punishment than the last; and as the question was put definitely concerning the nine women, the answer came, with one accord —"Let the earth open and swallow them up, and let their hands grow out of the ground."

Scarcely were the words spoken than the earth opened and took them in, and on that spot a weed has grown ever since, called by the people five-fingered grass.

And now came the wedding, not only between the Prince and the myrtle maiden, but between the chamberlain and the tenth maiden.

In time a Princess was born and laid in that little china cradle which the man had presented to his wife in that cottage on the sandy plain, and the whole land rejoiced and was happy.

The myrtle tree after the Princess had left it grew so big and strong that it had to be placed in the open air near to the cottage where it was first planted. In obedience to the Princess's wish the cottage was made into a pretty country house, and in time the myrtle became a forest, in which the grandchildren of the porcelain workers played.

The Prince and Princess will be laid to rest here when their wise and beneficent rule shall have ended. May that be far distant.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.

By the Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.

THE custom of celebrating the anniversary of the wedding-day has existed in most countries from an early period, and is one which is not likely to lose its popularity. Indeed, all anniversaries are important, in so far as they keep fresh in the memory the events which they record; and in our social and domestic life, any observance which helps to perpetuate the love and sacred associations of the wedding-day should be honoured with every mark of respect. That this is the popular feeling may be gathered from the fact that special titles of honour have been conferred on certain of our wedding-anniversaries, an illustrious instance of which is familiar to our readers in the occurrence this year of the "silver-wedding" of the Prince and Princess of Wales. This distinction, applied to the twenty-fifth anniversary of married life, has now become a recognised institution in this country, although, as far as its antecedent history is concerned, it would appear to be of German origin; at any rate, it is worthy of ranking amongst our red-letter days; for they who, like our Prince and Princess, can after twenty-five years of married life set forth the enviable example of maintaining a bright and happy home, most deservedly have earned the congratulations which their silver-wedding brings them. The importance attached to this eventful anniversary in Germany was very great in days gone by, and is still so. Thus, a couple who had been married as long as five and twenty years, re-celebrated their nuptial ceremonies with all the external forms, gaieties, and amusements which had been celebrated at their marriage-day. In addition to these festivities, too, occasionally they were presented with a silver gift of some kind, whilst medals were distributed to the friends on this joyful occasion. But at the present day, in Germany, the prettiest and most delicate attention shown at this season is the silver wreath which is given to the wife. Although it is true this may lack the much-prized sweet charm of the wreath of orange blossoms which adorns the youthful bride, yet its very *raison d'être* crowns it with a dignity which the other cannot possibly possess. But a more coveted anniversary still is the "golden-wedding," and one which it is earnestly to be hoped our Prince and Princess may be permitted to celebrate—the completion of fifty years of married life. This is a privilege, indeed, which although granted to some married couples on account of their having entered the nuptial state at an early period in life, is denied to the majority; thence from occurring more rarely than the "silver-wedding" its honour is enhanced; for it is unquestionably a distinction of which anyone may be rightly proud. It is celebrated in Germany in much the same fashion as the silver-wedding, golden gifts, of course, being substituted for the silver ones; while the golden wreath holds the prominent place in the honours of the occasion.

But more unusual even than this anniversary is the "diamond-wedding," being still far more difficult of attainment. There seems to be some uncertainty, however, as to what really constitutes a diamond-wedding. According to some authorities, sixty years of married life forms the term required; and some years ago the newspapers noticed the occurrence of "a diamond-wedding which was celebrated with great festivity at Shene, Kent, on July 29th, 1875, on the sixtieth anniversary of the wedding-day of Mr. and Mrs. Tickner, aged respectively eighty-three and eighty-five." Another instance was that of the eminent and well-known ironfounder and coal proprietor of Rakrort, in Rhenish Prussia—Herr Franz Haniel—who with his wife celebrated his diamond-wedding with every kind of rejoicing about the year 1867. Herr Haniel, however, died a year or two afterwards, far advanced towards his ninetieth year, while the widowed companion of this long matrimonial pilgrimage survived her husband yet a short period. According to other authorities, seventy years of married life constitutes a diamond-wedding; while Her Majesty the Queen, it would seem, holds it to be seventy-five years. The following communication, sent by Mr. Edwin de Lisle, M.P., to *Notes and Queries* last year, is worthy of notice:—"About two years ago an aged couple of the name of Wortley, in the village of Sheepshed, in the Mid-Loughborough Division of Leicestershire, celebrated their seventieth wedding-day. A Roman newspaper fell into my hands commenting upon this most unusual occurrence, and I ventured to send it to Sir Henry Ponsonby, asking him to lay it before Her Majesty, and praying the Queen to send the humble couple, who were very poor, some slight token of Her Majesty's regard and interest in so unusual an anniversary as a diamond wedding-day. The Roman newspaper affirmed that seventy years constituted a diamond-wedding, and that in Italy the Sovereign was wont to testify his interest in the happiness of any couple who had dwelt together for seventy years in wedlock by some token of royal favour. I was informed that the Queen would not comply with my wish, since Her Majesty considered seventy-five years the diamond period." Mr. Lisle further adds that he did not contest the point, and ascertained that the threescore years and ten allotted by the Psalmist as the age of man upon earth is held to be the period of a true diamond wedlock. Once more, in the *Guardian* of February 23rd, 1887, we find another notice of a diamond-wedding:—"Yesterday week the Rev. T. C. Cane died at Brackenhurst, Southwell, aged eighty-six Last year he celebrated his diamond-wedding."

In America we are informed that among other anniversaries of this kind is the "crystal-wedding," which is kept after fifteen years of married life with more or less ceremony. Then, too, there is the "china-wedding," which is observed five years later, twenty years after the marriage-day, and is the occasion of more or less rejoicing and merrymaking.

In America, too, the fifth anniversary of the marriage ceremony is known as the "wooden-wedding." The following abridged account of such an anniversary appeared some years ago, and is too amusing to be overlooked. It appears that on the day in question a certain Mrs. Hughes was disturbed by a sharp ring of the door-bell, and the entrance of the servant with the card of an intimate friend. "Show the gentleman into the parlour," said Mrs. Hughes. "But there ain't no gentleman there, mum; it's a load of wood that's come with the card, mum, and the man is throwing the wood into the cellar, mum," replied the servant. Mrs. Hughes wondered what it all meant, and meantime the door-bell pealed again and again, and the servant for over an hour was kept running backward and forward in response to the summons. Each messenger brought one or more articles of wooden ware, and the cards of well-known friends with little congratulatory notes. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Hughes returned home, and was asked by his wife into the dining-room, which by this time was nearly half filled with wooden ware of every description—from nests of washing-tubs to salad forks and spoons. In the evening the friends and relatives thronged the house, when renewed congratulations were offered, and wishes expressed that their lives might be spared far beyond the diamond anniversary of their wedding."

Lastly, we must not omit to notice the "tin-wedding," which is the tenth anniversary of the happy day. Thus in the *Times* newspaper of September 27, 1876: "Among the birth notices occurs one of a child born on her parent's "tin-wedding-day." A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, writing from the United States, informs us that cards are sent out, made of tin, on which is printed a suitable inscription, giving the year of the marriage and the current year. Each guest is expected to bring a present, which must be partly or wholly of tin, and "maybe a tin drinking-cup worth twopence, or a costly piece of lace in an old tin mustard-box." Dealers in tin ware prepare articles of all descriptions to cause merriment. The same correspondent further adds that at a tin-wedding which he recently attended, a guest brought a tin pail filled with lemonade, and a silver ladle to serve the beverage. Another brought a fog-horn, such as fishing schooners use on the high seas in thick weather, to give warning of their presence. In short, the tin-wedding, apart from its ludicrous character, affords an excellent opportunity for renewing the kitchen tins, and so is not without some utilitarian value.

THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

A SADNESS clings about her lips,
A shadow ever haunts her eyes;
Like dusky pools are they on which
The mystery of the moonlight lies.

Her voice is sweet, but grave in tone,
No ring hath it of joyous mirth;
Yet somehow when she speaks, methinks
A benediction falls on earth.

A sense of rest her presence brings,
She moves with such a quiet grace;
And 'tis the pitying soul within
Makes tender twilight of her face.

Methinks the virgin-mother must
Have looked like this when to her breast
The Babe who was to save a world,
With mingled joy and pain she pressed.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATA IN E FLAT, OP. 7.

ANALYSIS OF ITS DESIGN AND HARMONY.

By OLIVERIA PRESCOTT, Author of "Form or Design in Music."

WHEN our dear old friend and master, G. A. Macfarren, was writing his oratorio, *King David*, he doubted, when he came to the parable of Nathan, in what way it should be set to music. A pupil who had been looking out texts for him to choose from for the meditative passages of the book, thought to help him. She set the words after her own feeling, and presented her music to him. "Now I have a new difficulty before me," he told her, "for I have not only to make something that shall be good, but something that shall be different to yours." The tables are turned now upon the pupil; she wishes to write an analysis of a certain sonata, and there lie on the desk before her her own notes of a lecture given by her master on the very same sonata. Yes, there is the groundwork of what I must say in those notes, but how am I to say that which shall be my own? Shall I make it my own by saying that I have proved the truth of all the analysis by experiment, and that I have added much that was not said by him?

The first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, op. 7, was the music set for analysis in the Senior Harmony division of the Royal Academy of Music local examinations this spring; and I purpose to make some analysis of its design and harmonies.

Two facts were put forth in the lecture I have named, which must be quoted for you.

One was that in the two years before this sonata was composed, Beethoven wrote a great number of his most noted works; and also, about the same period, wrote 120 elaborate exercises in counterpoint under his master Albrechtsberger. Most of us would think that if we could write finished compositions we need not trouble ourselves any more about exercises. Beethoven evidently did not think so; but went about the work of cultivating his skill in the mechanism of composition with the same energy that he put into the work of using his genius. Gardeners do the same, do they not? They are continually watering the ground while the plant is growing, digging and feeding it between the several crops which they plant and gather. They are not satisfied to "make" their ground, as it is called, once in fifty years in the youth of the garden, and crop it the remaining forty-nine.

The other fact noticed by Professor Macfarren was connected with the dedication of this sonata to Countess Babette von Keglevics. She was a good and noble lady, for whom Beethoven had a great admiration. It was supposed by his friends at the time that this music represented his thoughts of her; and therefore they called the sonata "the Beloved." You may follow up this hint as much as you like, for there is no rule as to what music means. It means a feeling, doubtless, but what causes that feeling may be one thing in one person, and another thing in another person. A tender phrase in the music may mean that the composer was thinking of the beautiful curve of the lady's lip as she smiled upon him one day; or it may mean that as he wrote it he remembered the tender thought that was in his mind when he gave her the first primrose of the year. A fiercer phrase may have been suggested by the only unkind word his friend ever said to him, or by the rough answer he once gave her, and regretted ever after.

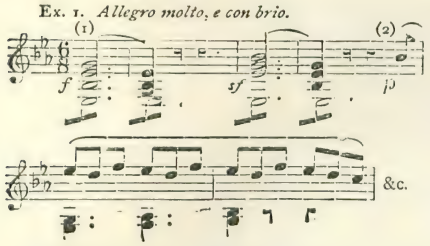
A rough division of the sonata form will be of use to remind you, before we attack the analysis of the movement. Divide it in half; the half-way in this movement is at the double bar. A double-bar is not necessary to the form, but is of use here to mark the repetition of the first part. Subdivide each of these halves—the first into tonic or first subject, and dominant or second subject; the second half into free fantasia and recapitulation of first part.

The first subdivision of the first part puts

THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

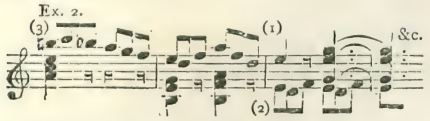
forward ideas which are in the main key of the piece. The idea which begins this movement consists of two 2-bar phrases (1), which are balanced by two of greater length (2), the latter of which is repeated with the parts for the two hands reversed.

Ex. 1. *Allegro molto, e con brio.*



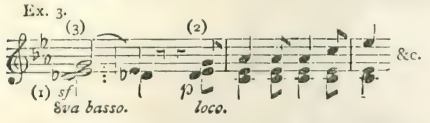
The first pair of phrases, with its loud sustained chord, repeated a position higher in the second phrase (1), and with its throbbing bass, makes a contrast against the more lengthy companion (2), which is soft and flowing. Notice in the latter the repetition of two bars higher and yet higher before it descends into a full close. Notice again that this full close is completed on the fifth bar of the phrase (Ex. 2) (1), making it apparently irregular with the previous four bars. The balance is restored by the beginning of the repeated phrase (2) in the same bar as this end.

Ex. 2.



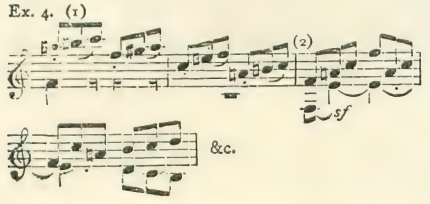
The fifth bar of this repeated phrase is again smoothed off by the beginning of a new phrase in the same bar. The new idea which grows out of the second close consists of smooth scale passages, first softly rising in the left hand, and reinforced by the right hand for the descent; this is answered by the right hand rising alone, reinforced in the descent by the left. All this music, from the beginning of the movement, is in the main key, E flat, with the exception of one transient modulation to A flat, scarcely to be called a modulation. But from the end of the scale passages the suggestion of a new key comes forward, E flat is quitted, and we move by degrees towards the key chosen for the second subject. This moving by degrees is sometimes called the bridge or connecting link of the two subjects; and the music is not entirely different to what went before, but grows out of it. Here are the first two notes that we had at the beginning (see Ex. 1), but there is a different bass (Ex. 3.) (1), which puts it into the key of A flat, and, instead of the chord occurring again a position higher, there is a new thought (2). The phrase occurs again, but on different chords, and in B flat minor.

Ex. 3.



The two first notes (3) come for the third time with a new chord, and now with a new continuation; this is extended, and makes a resting-place upon the dominant of the new key. During this resting-time the key is in the minor form, but the music falls into the major without a break at the beginning of the second subject (2) in the next example.

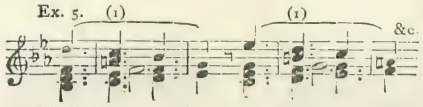
Ex. 4. (1)



From this point (2) we are in the key of the dominant (B flat) of the main key of the movement; we are in the second subdivision of the first part—the second or dominant subject—and must think of our keys as they are related to B flat. The long phrase beginning as above (2) is repeated, and the music of the two hands reversed. The phrasing is unusual, as the latter half of the phrase is extended to five bars. The first time a sixth bar is added as a kind of interlude before the repetition, and this gives the 2-bar accent, which seems to be required in music of such short bars as this.

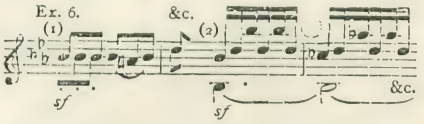
A second idea has a peaceful character, which is partly produced by the effect of simple time; for it is without the triplet quavers which make the compound form of time. It begins with two short phrases, followed by a long one, which makes a half-close.

Ex. 5. (1) (1) &c.



This is begun again, somewhat ornamented, and before the half-close on F it is turned off, and extended upon a long pedal. At the end of the pedal the music is again averted from a close, and taken into the key of C. Musicians say that the relationship of this key with B flat is a very distant one, and that it is rarely good to use this major key of the super-tonic, save when the composer wishes to introduce the key of which it is the dominant. It is sometimes called the dominant of transition, because it suggests that other real dominant of the main key. Thus it is often found in sonatas in the connecting link between the first and second subjects. However, Beethoven was a great master of his resources, and by the beautiful degrees of his modulation, through F, B flat, and G minor, worked the music round to the right key. Here then is a third new idea (Ex. 6) (1), which is repeated with ornaments and extended.

Ex. 6.



A fourth idea (2) is of full arpeggios on a pedal bass. If you will compress the arpeggios and play them as sustained chords, you will feel the long phrase-rhythm and the melody which is hidden under them. The phrases each modulate to E flat, the sub-dominant, and back again; the pedal note changing its character from tonic pedal to dominant pedal and back, twice during the passage. We must not be entrapped into thinking this E flat a return to the main key; it is but a parenthesis, and the key is there by its right as sub-dominant of B flat, just as in the latter part of the movement it is A flat, the sub-dominant of E flat.

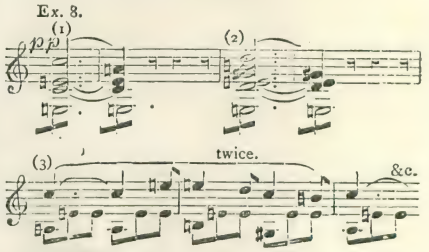
A fifth idea in short emphatic phrases brings the first part to its close—the full close in the dominant key, which is equivalent to the typical half-close of the sonata form.

Ex. 7.

All these five ideas, then, beginning from Ex. 4 (2), are included in the second or dominant subject. During that subject the main key of E flat is put away for the time, and its dominant, B flat, reigns. Short changes of key are made, but all are thought of as connected with B flat. Thus, G minor, which occurs after Ex. 4, is the sub-mediant of B flat; E flat comes soon, which is its sub-dominant, and C minor its super-tonic. By-and-by comes F, its dominant, and the C major already described.

After the double bar and close of the first part, is the free fantasia, the beginning of the second part; this is composed of fragments of former ideas, but in new keys with all manner of new treatments. It sets out with the first thought (Ex. 1), but so transmuted, by the change from a concord to a discord requiring resolution, that it becomes fierce instead of calm. This thought, in place of its former answering phrase, has a part of the scale passage of the second idea following it. All this is in C minor. The scale passage on its repetition is in another key, A flat, and begins yet again in F minor. This is turned off into the last idea of the second subject (Ex. 7), which is played first in F minor with the same emphasis as before, and then in G minor. The latter is extended, and, resting from its fierce chords, drops quietly into single notes, and thus into a soft repetition of the first idea of the movement.

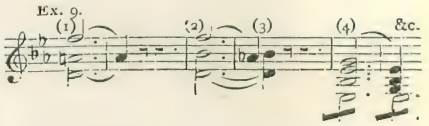
Ex. 8.



Besides being in a new key, A minor, this is further changed by the chord (1), and by the repetition being on a second chord (2). From this a new melody grows (3). It has not appeared in the first part, and therefore is of the nature of *episode;* yet it is much akin in accent to some fragments of the first part.

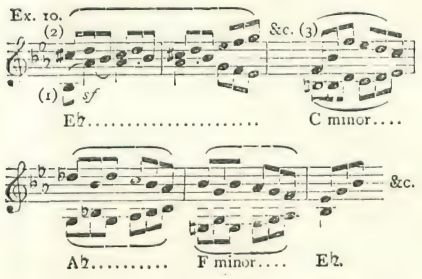
This example is repeated immediately in D minor. It ends with the first thought again, but for the first time without its throbbing accompaniment (Ex. 9) (1). The last change seems to call us to expect something, and we are not disappointed; for it occurs again, softer than before, but on a new chord, an inversion of B flat (2), which is a chord of both past and coming keys, the upper part softly falling to A flat (3) instead of A natural, makes B flat the dominant of what is now coming, the key of E flat—the main key—in which we are now to hear the recapitulation of the whole first part (4). We are home again after long wanderings, and the old familiar story is to be told again.

Ex. 9.

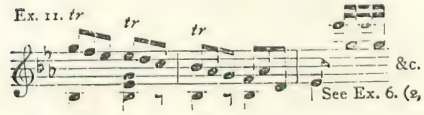


The keys of the free fantasia now ended, must be thought of in their relation to the main key, E flat. The first which occurs in it is C minor, the sub-mediant of E flat. F minor is the super-tonic, G minor the mediant. After this occur two keys remote from E flat. The free fantasia is the only place where an unrelated key may be used with good effect. A minor and D minor have no relationship with E flat; neither have they with the key, G minor, which was immediately before. But a connecting link is established by the chord between G minor and A minor (a diminished seventh), which, by enharmonic change of one note may be traced either to a root in G minor or to another in A minor. This, with the long hovering upon that chord, which prepares the ear for a change, makes the distant modulation good in this place. D minor follows naturally upon A minor, being its sub-dominant. D minor has its connection with the next key—E flat—in the mutual chord of B flat; it has also a reverse relationship in the tonic chord of E flat, which is the Neapolitan sixth of D in its uninverted form.

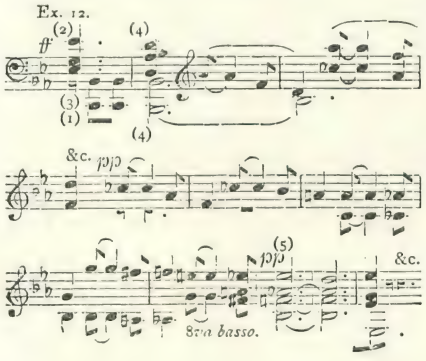
The return of the main key brings with it the return of the ideas as they were in the first part. It has been said elsewhere that when a story is retold, its minor points may well be changed, but the outline of events should be the same. So, in the recapitulation or retelling of the first part, the main events are the same, but slight changes are made. The first idea (Ex. 1) is the same through its first pair of phrases and companion pair; but at this point it is as though Beethoven said, "There, I have told you all this before; it is getting dull; I will cut it short, and change it!" Thus the repetition of the phrase (from Ex. 2) (2) does not come into the scale passages nor to the third idea (Ex. 3); but it changes into the key of A flat, and with a newly-put scale passage glides into the former pedal point. This, which was in B flat minor, is now in E flat minor, and introduces the second subject (Ex. 4) (2), now in E flat. A slight change is made in the arpeggios in this pedal by the rise of the latter part to a different place on the key-board. This is one of the pretty results of the transposition of the music to a different key; some of the thoughts of the second subject are placed in the higher position (Ex. 10) (1), and gain a brightness which lightens up the whole, and contrasts well with the comparative richness of those which are placed in the lower position. A slight variety is in the accompanying right hand part (2), which makes a pretty relief from sameness (compare the right hand part in Ex. 4 (2). Towards the end of the repetition of this phrase the little groups of triplets are turned in new directions (3), making a pleasant variety out of almost nothing.



The second idea (Ex. 5) comes again with its quiet effect of simple time, but the turn at the half-close is in a different position; and just before the pedal extension, a passage which was in eighths and sixths is now, by reason of its greater height, made simply sixths with good effect. Very kind was Beethoven when he left out a semiquaver in the first bar of the fourth idea (Ex. 6) (2); but that forethought was one of skill more than kindness. There is this time to be a leap of two octaves, from the closing note of the last thought to the highest note of this coming arpeggio. To have put a semiquaver between these two notes, as there was in the first part when there was but one octave, would have made a confused effect from its difficulty.



Save these little alterations and others of like kind, there is no change in the music of the second subject till we come to the end of the last idea (Ex. 7). Here, instead of coming to the former full close, the music is turned off into new phrases and some new interpretations of the former ideas; ever suggesting a full close and avoiding it, or drawing on to another. This is the coda of the movement. It is an outgrowth of the original plan of a sonata, and, by its continual tempting to an end, seems to make the close more final when it does come. Listen to the imitation of the accent of the first idea (Ex. 1), first in C minor, next in F minor. Then an extension of the same, which, being always on the dominant chord of E flat, makes us expect the end. But no; the close is avoided, and we have only an inversion of the tonic chord, which is not an end. Directly upon this the calm thought of the second subject appears (Ex. 5), but it is changed, for the two short phrases are repeated, with a new upper part, and the continuation is newly set. The pedal is represented by a long continuance of the dominant discord, which has a beautiful effect. The feeling of the B flat root lasts long after the cessation of the actual note in the bass, for rests do not stop the sound of a note in our minds' ears. Not till after many clear arpeggios in form of the last idea of the second subject (Ex. 7), not till after a single part has entered alone, and been joined by another, and they two have gently sunk through chromatic passing notes, and through two quiet chords, do we lose the sensation of the dominant, in its resolution on the tonic.



Upon the resolution here the first idea begins again (Ex. 1), and is extended by many repetitions of the tonic chord in quicker notes. The long time of the tonic chord coming after the long rest upon the dominant, has the effect of a great full close. Two sharp repetitions of a full close bring the movement to an end.

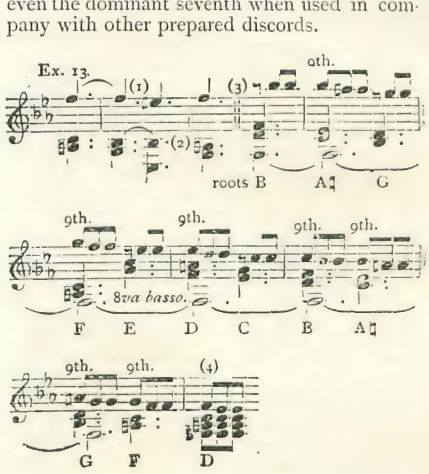
The whole of this recapitulation and coda, which makes the latter subdivision of the second half of the movement, has been in the main key of the piece. Modulations have occurred, but they have been more or less transient, and have been so nearly related that they have not put away the feeling of the main key. That part which in the earlier place had been in the dominant B flat and its satellite keys, has in this been transposed to the main E flat and its satellite keys. The one modulation which was not in the first part, viz., the A flat at the end of the first subject, is closely related to E flat, being its sub-dominant. It was placed there to refresh the E flat of the second subject by its own freshness; that it might, as it were, throw a veil of novelty over the old key by the new way of approaching it.

Some of the harmonies should be noticed. The second section of Ex. 1 is a chord of the tonic for two bars; the A and F of the left hand are passing notes of the simple diatonic kind in two parts, while the quavers D and F in the right hand are "changing notes." A similar description may be given of the companion phrase, which is built upon the dominant chord; G and B being changing notes resolved upon A flat the seventh. The B natural in the course of this companion strain (see Ex. 2) (3) is a chromatic passing note of the kind required in modern music, when it is approached either downwards or by leap, and resolved upwards. It has another modern characteristic, being sounded on a stronger accent than the note which resolves it. The A natural in the repeated section of this phrase is a passing note of the same nature, adapted to the old form of "changing notes," A natural and C both being resolved upon B *flat*. *In the last two* bars of the passage connecting the first subject with the second there is another use of these chromatic passing notes (see Ex. 4) (1). The chord about which they are built is that of F; the staccato mark on the first of each group of three separates those notes of the chord from the passing notes which follow. This makes them seem as if they were approached by leap, and the semitone is required; B natural and G sharp are, therefore, used instead of the notes of the diatonic scale, B flat and G natural. Other examples of these passing notes are to be found in the rest of the movement.

The chords of the first subject are very simple till we move towards the second subject. Here, on the repetition of the first thought in its new shape, after Ex. 3, there is a diminished seventh with E flat in the bass. It is the minor ninth of F with the root left out, the dominant chord of the new key B flat, and is resolved after its 2-bars length on the tonic chord of B flat minor. The next imitation of the thought is on a chord of the augmented sixth, built upon the dominant and super-tonic roots in the key of B flat. All these three new shapes of the first thought, beginning with Ex. 3, are made of dominant discords, instead of the simple common chord of the first time (Ex. 1); and the more and more elaborate form of chord intensifies the expression of the music. After these the pedal F, with dominant, tonic, and super-tonic chords moving upon it, brings that note prominently before our ears, and makes us feel satisfied when the key settles into B flat, of which F is dominant.

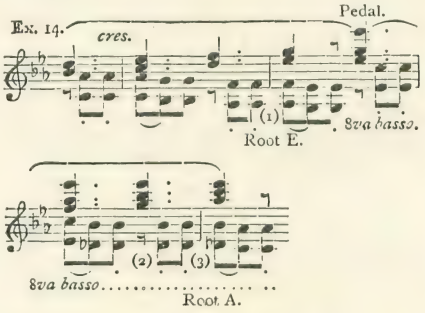
In the course of the first thought of the B flat subject (after Ex. 4), there is a pretty chain of fragmentary dominant sevenths, with their tonic chords. These little groups move downwards by thirds as to their key—B flat down to G minor, G minor to E flat, E flat to C minor. In the recapitulation, where the same passage is transposed, the course of keys is the same—E flat to C minor, to A flat, to F minor (see Ex. 10) (3). It is said that descent by thirds, whether in successions of keys or only of common chords, is far more smooth than ascent by the same interval.

In the second idea of this subject (Ex. 5) there is an example of the resolution of the dominant seventh upwards. It is in the second inversion (1), viz., with C in the bass, which rises to the bass of the next chord. In this case the seventh, instead of its usual fall to the next chord, may rise; and it does so here with very pleasant effect. A few bars further there is a diatonic prepared seventh of G (G in bass) (Ex. 13) (1), resolved on the chord of C. This C chord is the dominant, with its seventh (2), of F, and makes a transient modulation into that key. The seventh is strictly prepared, as befits even the dominant seventh when used in company with other prepared discords.



In the repetition of Ex. 5, the ornament of the dominant chord may be considered a thirteenth resolved upon the fifth, while that of the next bar is a passing note on the accent, *i.e.*, an appoggiatura. But in the extension of this on the pedal bass (Ex. 13) (3), these ornaments (of the same figure as those before) are all suspensions. The pedal note, F, is independent of the chords, save the last one; and the upper parts are a chain of first inversions, most of which bear a suspended ninth in that inverted form. The F natural and F sharp of the last chord of the example (4) are to be explained as a similar pair of notes in the slow movement in D minor of Beethoven's Sonata in D, op. 28. The chord is the chromatic super-tonic of the coming key of C. F sharp is the third, a chromatic note, while F natural is the note of the diatonic scale, and the proper passing note to be used as an appoggiatura over the note E flat. The latter note is the minor ninth of the chord whose absent root is D. A pupil said to me once, "What is that frightful F natural against the F sharp?" But Beethoven did not think it so, and he had a very good musical "ear," though he was deaf. I do not think we shall deem it frightful if we look at it and think of it well. All discords are technically called *unsatisfactory* till they are resolved. This combination would certainly be unsatisfactory in an untechnical sense, if not followed by the satisfaction, or resolution, that should come; and in this case it does come, when the F natural sinks into the E flat, and the whole chord into the next one with G bass. It is like the rest that comes after a good day's work or play. If we did not come to the end of the day, we should indeed be tired of it; but each, work and rest, makes the other more enjoyable, or, as the harmonic student says, *satisfactory*.

There are some difficult passages in the coda, where the common time subject (from Ex. 5) is extended. One of these is that in which the right hand ascends in thirds, while the left descends in sixths (Ex. 14). These are passing notes in contrary motion, when dissonant combinations are good which are not otherwise accountable. The ascending parts are concordant together, while those descending are also concordant together. The group ends with a double suspension of the ninth and fourth of E, the fourth being in the bass (1). The next group begins with the same kind of double passing notes in contrary motion, with an inverted pedal at the top; but it soon goes into a dominant seventh (2) in the key of A flat, followed by another double suspension (3).



The persistent reiteration of the same figure of triplets justifies the unusual repetition of passing notes in this series of groups; just as, in the succession of chords called a sequence, the persistent reiteration of the same group of chords will justify the use of harsh combinations not elsewhere good.

This passage of quavers continues up to the dominant pedal, and here (see Ex. 12) is an example of the ninth (1) and eleventh (2) of the dominant, the root, B flat (3), being in the upper parts. These two dissonant notes are resolved on the next bar (4), while the rest of the chord with the seventh remains. The dissonance of the ninth occurs again, but in its minor form (C flat). The last chord but one of this long and beautiful dominant passage might be a suspended fourth of B flat (5), but for the old rule which provided that a note to prepare a discord must be at least as long as the discord itself. We must therefore retreat upon Dr. Day's system of fundamental harmonies, and say that this beautiful dissonance is an example of the eleventh of the dominant, like that of the beginning of the series (but without the ninth), a discord which needs no preparation, though redundant genius gives it the semblance of such a thing in the quaver before it—that quaver which is a part of such a truly chromatic chord as the diminished seventh, traced from the super-tonic F.

Further, if any readers wish to see for themselves what the old professor really said on this sonata, let them refer to the *Musical World* for December 31st, 1887, where they will find gems of his thought, set by these clumsy but affectionate hands.

HOW TO AMUSE CHILDREN.

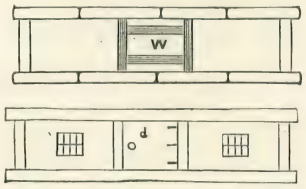
"ADA! look after baby!" But Ada has little idea how to do it; not that all Adas are alike. We wish, then, to show a few ways of doing so:—

1. To make a sailor doll. Get your brother to cut a stick of firewood. Get a fine wire staple; with the pincers break off part of the wire, drive it into one end; through the loop insert a couple of hairpins; about half an inch from the other end make two cuts in the wood, and tie very tightly round a piece of twine, or better still, an old violin string; at the sides, insert through the catgut loop two hairpins, one either side; mark a champagne cork with eyes, &c., insert a staple in the top, bend a piece of fine wire and make a loop, insert loop through staple and carry ends of wire right through cork, twist ends at top, and make taut; cut two pieces of cork like feet, and fix, and cut pieces for hands. Dress to fancy. Tie double thread round waist, fix one end to leg of chair and hold the other; he will dance and cause great amusement.

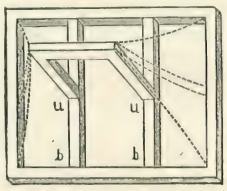
2. Take a bundle of firewood, place two parallel to each other; on the top of these place two more at right angles to the first pair. Go on building, and you will have a tower. Fix a flag on the top. We have made a model gymnasium by means of a large deal box, a box of matches, some glue, a penknife, a fine bradawl, string, tacks, and sweet boxes; while a kind sister dressed a class of little dolls with an instructor.

3. To build a house. Get a bundle of wood, make a cut with a saw half an inch from end, and half way through; repeat same on as many as required. Cut down from end to meet transverse cut, with a penknife. Tie together three or four, end to end; you have now the foundation of one side. Glue four sticks perfectly upright, and of equal length. If you place them as in the first figure, you will have them much stronger. Fasten four more together and glue on top; you have a side. If you wish for higher

walls, get cane, or cut elder to desired length. Glue or tie two cross pieces to centre uprights.



Paste a piece of paper over "w" marked in squares to represent panes. Do the same at "d," making ink lines on paper, which can be pasted on your foundations. Any number of stories can be built up in this way. For roof lay two beams across top; from these erect two uprights in centre. The lines show

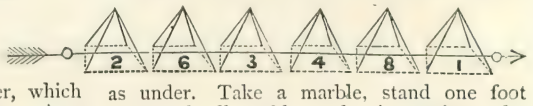


the position of the other beams; then cover these with paper marked with slates. Put a chimney stack or two, and your house is complete. After this, try and erect a model farmyard.

4. Place the ends of four sloped pieces of

wood together so that the opposite ends stand apart similar to rifles when stacked or piled.

Place six in line so that the open parts face each other; make a chalk mark on the table under each, as in diagram, and place number



as under. Take a marble, stand one foot away and roll marble so that it remains under 1. Then take another, so that it rests within 8; the next one under 4; and so on. If successful in each case, count $1 + 8 + 4 + 3 + 6 + 2 = 24$. Should, however, the first marble rest in 8, the next one must not go farther than 4, and so on; the player then loses one marble, only having the use of five. If the first marble only reaches 4, he will lose nine points, &c. In any case only one marble in each square can count, and when a square is once occupied—say, for instance, the first marble rested in 2, the player would have two points only, and would thus lose his turn. Any marble knocked out of a square by a later one is lost.

5. For little children. Try and see how many pairs of sticks can be balanced, placing some as pairs of compasses.

Many other ways might be found of using sticks.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TOO ILL TO APPEAR.

THE quiet Sunday from which Edith hoped so much brought only disappointment. Mrs. Aspenel remained in her room the whole day, and refused to see any one but Pauline. She sent word that she was too ill to appear at breakfast, and Mr. Aspenel and Edith would have passed it *tête-à-tête* but for Bruce, who breakfasted with his parents on Sunday, when his father set aside his accounts, and became outwardly religious. His presence prevented any reference to the previous evening, though it did not add much to the cheerfulness of the meal. Once only Mr. Aspenel inquired what was the matter with his wife, to which Edith replied that she had not seen her.

The trio went to church as usual, but everything seemed changed to Edith. The very sermon, she thought, was unlike Mr. Austen's usually homely and practical discourses: and the singing grated upon her. She was thinking continually of the quarrel of the night before, and her sky was entirely clouded. Mr. Harton looked moody, for he had no Fan to cheer him up; Tom glanced at her inquisitively, as if to ask for results; and Mrs. Clarville and Gerard, instead of waiting for her as they once did, evidently avoided her. Miss Vigors and Miss Lucy, however, remained behind to inquire for Mrs. Aspenel, and were much concerned to hear of her indisposition. So was Tom, who also waited. But Mr. Aspenel's manner was not encouraging, so the inquirers did not tarry.

After three o'clock service, at Bruce's earnest request Edith took him for a walk to one of their favourite haunts on the skirts of the park. This was a tree backed, moss-carpeted spot, where all the spring flowers grew. It was a slope from the actual parkland, and Bruce loved to climb the hillock and roll down it, as boys will. The view from it was extensive, and stretched away even to the sea, a distant blue strip of which was visible. It was a bright spring day, and the sun shone down upon the young green of the trees, the flower-dotted meadows, the white swans in the glassy lake, and above all, on the brother and sister, just as if he loved them all. A garden of primroses grew all over the slope—huge roots, each a bed in itself, with blossoms enough to fill a basket; and as the roots climbed up, one after another, they were met by a phalanx of blue hyacinths, nodding their fairy bells among the grasses. This encounter of the flowers looked almost premeditated, and it was curious to see that here and there members of one floral army had penetrated the ranks of the other, and isolated roots of bluebells grew among the primrose-garden, and pale primroses flourished meekly among the hosts of bluebells.

Edith and Bruce were seated on a felled tree which divided these rival parterres, and were listening to the unequalled harmonies of the myriad choristers above and around them. Edith was trying to convince Bruce that the birds knew it was Sunday, and that they were singing hymns to the great Creator. She had some strange fancies bred of solitude, and soul-life and religion were to her what it should be to us all, as real as the visible world. Indeed, the seen and the unseen blended and harmonised so entirely in her mind, that she scarcely knew where the one ended and the other began. Yet hers was no dreamy or mystical faith, but palpable and practical as the two flower worlds beneath her feet.

"Do you think the angels call to one another up in heaven, as the birds do down here?" asked Bruce, who had been trying to separate the linked choruses that echoed jubilant from wood to wood, till all nature was alive with song.

"I daresay they do. It is a pleasant thought," she replied.

"You and Nurse True will go to heaven, but I don't think mammy, or Janet, or I shall; and I'm sure papa won't, nor that old Tom Harton."

"You mustn't say those things, Bruce. God only knows who are His, and all may go to Him who have faith in His dear Son."

"That's just what Cousin Gerard told the gipsies. We aren't gipsies, you know, Edith; I s'pose we shan't go the same way."

"There is only one way for rich and poor——" began Edith, but Bruce tumbled down the slope while she was speaking, at sight of Mrs. Clarville and Gerard, who appeared at the moment in a side path.

Edith recognised them, and followed, but before she reached them Bruce was dragging them up the slope. They all met in slight confusion, for, in spite of their best efforts, a constraint had arisen; indeed, Edith and Gerard had not met face to face since the night of the dance. Mrs. Clarville kissed Edith affectionately, and a natural handshake between the young people set them at their ease.

"Come and rest; there is room for all," said Edith, and her voice was so glad that Gerard's resolution faltered.

She was soon seated between mother and son, while Bruce climbed on the knees of Gerard, and at once resumed the abstruse question he had so lately propounded.

"I say, Cousin Gerard, shall we go to heaven the same way as the gipsies? Edith says we shall, and I shouldn't like that."

"You know who says, 'I am the Way.' There is no other, Bruce. We must all tread it together."

Bruce looked disappointed, but consoled himself by pouring out inquiries concerning "that gipsy man" who beat him, Fan, and the Tigress. Edith joined in them, and Gerard had as much as he could do to ward them off, for he was himself uncertain as to their state and identity. Of Fan he knew nothing, but of Mrs. Lee and Wandering Will he had heard from time to time.

"Do you go amongst them as you used to do?" asked Edith, timidly, for she had heard of his leaving her father, but did not know the reason, or whether he had changed his abode with his position.

He told her briefly that he had continued in his old lodging, in order to work among the people who were accustomed to him. That he went easily by rail from London or Blackfriars Bridge to Victoria, and that, as Lady Ascham did not live far from the latter station, the transit was speedy. Indeed, he walked more frequently than not along the Thames Embankment and down Victoria Street to Grosvenor Gardens, where Lady Ascham lived. He said that he had got attached to his landlady and the quiet Close, and, above all, to certain outcasts of the locality, and that he could not make up his mind to leave it. He liked his new work, but found it much more intricate and difficult than the more straightforward labours of Mr. Aspenel's office. He did not say that Lady Ascham was a great fidget, and, like all women in power, would have her own way; neither did he hint at his having become such a favourite with her ladyship that she would fain have him always with her. Indeed, she had proposed his taking up his abode with her.

The quartette were heart and soul in Gerard's history when there was a sound as of someone approaching from behind. They turned involuntarily, and perceived Mr. Aspenel. Gerard was the first to rise and advance to meet him, treading down bluebells and primroses as he did so. He felt intuitively that Mr. Aspenel would fancy that he had waylaid Edith, and therefore took the initiative while that gentleman and Mrs. Clarville were going through a ceremonious greeting.

"Our meeting Miss Aspenel and Bruce was an unexpected pleasure," he said. "Bruce espied us down below, and dragged us up here."

"That I did. And Cousin Gerard was telling us all about the gipsies and Lady Ascham, and lots of things. But he thinks the fellow that beat me has run quite away. He says we must go to Heaven by the same road as the gipsies. Do you think he is right, papa?"

Bruce made this rapid speech while Mr. Aspenel was shaking hands frigidly with Gerard.

"*Apropos* of the gipsies, Mr. Clarville," said Aspenel, "I should be glad to ask you one or two questions about them. Edith, you had better return to the house."

"We can walk as far as the drive together," said Mrs. Clarville, who did not choose Mr. Aspenel to suppose she either feared or suspected him.

Accordingly the ladies and Bruce went quickly on, and the gentlemen followed slowly.

"Have you seen anything of Wandering Will—or—or of Loveridge?" asked Mr. Aspenel. "You and I have not met since you left me, after declining my offer of a post abroad."

"I have seen Loveridge once or twice, and I think I once caught sight of Wandering Will on the Common," replied Gerard.

"Did Loveridge speak to you? Did he name me? What did he say?"

"He said he still wanted the money to emigrate, and must have it by hook or by crook. He asked me to tell you; but I gave him to understand I was no longer in your employ."

"Were you preaching to the set of scoundrels that congregate in Wharf Court and thereabouts?"

"I was at London Bridge, waiting for a train. He also seemed to be waiting."

"At what hour?"

"Between five and six. I think you usually travel by that train, at least you did until lately."

"I sometimes drive to Charing Cross. How did the man look?"

"Very much like a gentleman; that is to say, his dress was shabby-genteel, but his manners good."

"And Wandering Will?"

"I did not get near enough to him to accost him."

Mr. Aspenel stood still a few minutes, his finger on his lip, his eyes cast down, as if in deep reflection. He was, indeed, thinking how best he could convey to Gerard his intentions concerning Edith. He little thought that both Gerard and his mother fully understood him.

"Has Lady Ascham told you that there is every probability of a match between the Hon. Mr. Launceston and my daughter?" he said at last, very abruptly. "She is on such intimate terms with Lady Beechton that she is pretty sure to have heard. After all, it is Miss Aspenel, not Janet, that he admires."

"Lady Ascham has not mentioned the subject to me," said Gerard, with admirable self-command.

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Aspenel, giving a furtive glance at Gerard.

He was composed and apparently indifferent, so the rich man was satisfied. He bade Gerard a hasty good-day, and hastened after his children, who had just parted from Mrs. Clarville. They returned to the house together, Bruce running on in front. Mr. Aspenel put several questions to Edith about his wife, mainly concerning her extravagance, but she could not answer them. He was still in great wrath, and this real or imaginary nightmare, ruin, had hold of him.

"She has run me up enormous bills everywhere," he said; then abruptly turning the conversation, added, "I suppose Bruce told the truth just now, and you did not know you were to meet the Clarvilles?"

"Certainly the truth. Our meeting was accidental," she replied, a slight flush colouring her white face.

"Let me know how Mrs. Aspenel is, and whether she means to honour us with her company at dinner," he said, when they reached the house.

But neither Edith nor any one save Pauline gained admission to Mrs. Aspenel. She sent word that she was too ill to see any one. Even Bruce was sent away, when he persistently hammered at her door and called "Let me in," at the top of his voice. Returning to Nurse True and his tea, he announced his opinion that his mammy was not in bed at all, for there was a noise in her room, and he heard like drawers and boxes being opened and shut. There was much speculation in the household about this sudden indisposition, but its cause did not transpire. Edith and Nurse True talked it over, but even they could not tell whether the hysteria of the previous night could possibly leave serious illness behind.

Dinner passed in solemn silence, and poor Edith thought she had never spent so miserable a Sunday. At dessert, however, Bruce again broke the spell, and informed his father that "mammy wouldn't let even him into her room. He thought she must be very cross indeed, and wondered whether Tom Harton had made her angry." Tom was certainly his *bête noire*.

The following morning Mr. Aspenel and Edith again breakfasted alone. Mrs. Aspenel sent word that she was too ill to appear, but her husband sat grimly silent. He guessed the cause of her malady, and said within himself, "Temper. Let it have its course," and turned to his accounts and his newspapers.

Edith arranged his papers and watched him off as usual. He made her a stiff little nod from his brougham, and her heart sank as she thought of Mrs. Aspenel. Pauline came at the moment, and said her mistress would be glad to see her, and she went at once.

(*To be continued.*)

ON IMPULSIVENESS.

"'SENSIBLE and cold-hearted,'" exclaims Molly Gibson's stepmother, the former Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in Mrs. Gaskell's delightful story of "Wives and Daughters." "'Now, that's a kind of character which may be very valuable, but which revolts me. Give me warmth of heart, even with a little of that extravagance of feeling which misleads the judgment and conducts into romance. Poor Mr. Kirkpatrick! That was just his character. I used to tell him that his love for me was quite romantic. I think I have told you about his walking five miles in the rain to get me a muffin once when I was ill?'

"'Yes,' said Molly. 'It was very kind of him.'

"'So imprudent too! Just what one of your sensible, cold-hearted, common-place people would never have thought of doing. With his cough and all.'

"'I hope he didn't suffer for it?' replied Molly.

"'Yes, indeed he did. I don't think he ever got over the cold he caught that day.'"

Men that share the amiable weakness of the late Mr. Kirkpatrick, who would risk making his wife a widow to gratify her passing whim, are not very numerous! But Mrs. Gibson does not stand alone in her impression that to act upon impulse rather than judgment, is a very charming and delightful thing. And girls especially, whose emotional nature is vehement, and whose reason, for one cause or another, is not fully disciplined, are apt to fall into the snare of regarding the feeling of the moment, and that alone, as a sufficient motive for action. They have a horror, and rightly, of cold calculating motives, and therefore fly to the opposite extreme of not having any reasonable motives at all.

These impulsive girls have, generally speaking, many delightful qualities. They are frank, affectionate, and generous, and one is apt to contrast them with the cold, selfish, and undemonstrative, very much to their own advantage. Then comes the deduction, "It is better to be impulsive than to act on judgment." A moment's thought would of course show that this comparison is by no means fair. The impulsive girl with her good qualities should be placed side by side with one who is also frank, affectionate, and generous, but who has a sufficient share of judgment to guide her behaviour. Then the infinite advantage would be seen to lie with the latter.

Just because this "impulsiveness," which is a real danger, presents a charming aspect when vaguely and indefinitely considered, it is worth while to look at it closely and see if its various manifestations are really to be admired. Since illustration is much more interesting than abstract lecturing, we will picture the "impulsive girl" in two or three characters; and if some of my readers have not met her in real life, I shall be very much surprised.

The Impulsive Girl as a friend.

In this character she is—there is no denying it—very attractive at first. There is none of the repellent English reserve and stiffness on a first acquaintance; no balancing as to whether she likes you or whether she does not. You are surprised and charmed by the bright greeting of her eye, the cordial grasp of her hand, the warmth of her opening remarks. A day or two after this first introduction she calls on you, kisses you, and rushes at once into the midst of her subject. She feels drawn to you *so* much; there is no one at home who can understand her (impulsive girls usually belong to the ranks of the misunderstood); may she, oh *may* she, have you for a friend? No one could resist such an appeal; you feel inly flattered by her preference, and sit in pleasure mingled with surprise while she pours forth the most private details of her home life, the lack of sympathy of her father and mother, brothers and sisters, as the case may be, together with particulars of any little romance of her own, or her interests in life generally. You feel slightly surprised that she should confide all this to so recent an acquaintance, but it is easy and agreeable to account for it by the fact of your own superior attractiveness

and sympathetic nature. So you try to respond to her gushing outbursts in a suitable manner, and see her depart, after repeated embraces, with the pleased conviction that you have won a friend.

Day by day her friendship increases—nay, it is scarcely friendship, it is homage. She comes to see you constantly, writes letters to you with the most ardent headings, and lavishes presents on you out of her store of pocket-money—for, to do her justice, the Impulsive Girl is invariably generous. It is all most delightful, and the occasional fits of jealousy she shows of your liking for other people only add to your conviction of the reality of her friendship.

Can it be? you ask yourself, when after a period, long or short, as circumstances decree, the impulsive one seems to slacken in her adoration. You have done nothing to alter her feeling; but certainly there is a change. Letters begin "My dear—" instead of "My own darling—" and she signs her name in full instead of putting some pet abbreviation. You do not like to recognise the truth, patent to all observers, that she is getting tired of you. You are at your wits' end to know what you can have done. Perhaps you ask her, and then there is a "scene," and an "explanation," for these are things in which the Impulsive Girl delights, and if you give her a chance she will drag one in, to your own pain and distress. You are very fortunate if the hot, brief friendship does not end like a tropical day, in thunder and lightning; for, once the adoration has cooled, she will be very ready to pick a quarrel with you. Perhaps she feels the need, without accounting for it to herself, of showing some sort of cause for her desertion.

When it is all over, and you are *plantée là* after a long course of neglect or a terrible quarrel, you are informed by other friends that it is Miss ——'s way, and they always knew how it would be! Meanwhile you suffer much pain, in which wounded affection, as well as wounded vanity, has its part; for the Impulsive Girl is really a lovable creature. For your consolation you can watch her attaching herself to someone else, and mark the rapid progress of another friendship, which doubtless will have, in due time, its decline and fall. You ruefully think of the savage, first worshipping a wooden fetish, then thumping it on the head if it fails to answer his expectations. But the wooden deity cannot feel, and unfortunately you can! Friends of the Impulsive Girl ought to make themselves as much like the wooden deity as possible.

The Impulsive Girl in her domestic relations.

People who meet Miss Impulse only in congenial society are tempted to think she must make her home a very happy one. She is generally entertaining, for she says whatever first comes into her head; she is naïve, bright, and sparkling. They do not know that, even supposing her to be in the main a good girl, she is dreadfully trying to live with. Swayed by the feeling of the moment, she is either up in the clouds or down in the depths: chattering gaily on some absorbing topic, or dull and gloomy because she happens to feel dull and gloomy, and has never acquired the habit of considering anything beyond her momentary feeling. She is so very charming, when she *is* charming, that her friends feel it the more. When the Impulsive Girl comes down with a dismal face to breakfast, a chill falls upon the family circle. Inquiry "what is the matter?" or expostulation will only make things worse. She does not know that anything is the matter; she is not in the least offended, or sullen, or desirous of making other people uncomfortable, but she just feels "flat" and has no idea of controlling or hiding the impulse of the moment. So there she sits like the mummy at the Egyptian feast.

When she wants to do anything it must be done "straight away," for she will give nobody any rest till her wishes are carried out. She will rush home some day full of a new plan of arranging the furniture, the garden, the greenhouse; she has seen it at So-and-so's, and it is such an improvement! After about a week of commotion and confusion the fancy subsides, and the work is left half done. Or it is some new "fad" of benevolent work that is taken up; she zealously joins a society for district visiting, and the poor people are charmed with her: she is so sympathetic, so ready with generous and indiscriminate help, so thoroughly like a friend to them, with no pride nor stiffness, that they think there never was such a district visitor. In many of these ways the Impulsive Girl is to be loved and imitated. But alas, alas! she cannot persevere at any one thing. Her visits become less frequent; at last her poor friends find to their dismay Miss Impulse is not coming any more. "She cannot find time; home claims are foremost," or some such excuse presents itself.

Excuses of all kinds are in great use and favour with the Impulsive Girl. She has never laid to heart the benediction pronounced on "him that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." After accepting an invitation, for instance, she will be seized at the eleventh hour with the conviction that she does not want to, and will not, go. Of course in describing these vagaries it is taken for granted that Miss Impulse has no competent authority to control her. But it is not so easy to control an impulsive person past the age of childhood as it might seem to the uninitiated. If she does not want, for instance, to go out for an evening and you compel her, she will wear such a look of gloom and martyrdom that you will wish you had left her at home. She has no wilful intention of making herself disagreeable; she is not exactly sulking; but she feels bored, and has no conception of any reason why she should not show it.

If the Impulsive Girl gets safely past the shoals and quicksands that lie especially in wait for her, into the smooth waters of a happy marriage, it may seem that her matronly position will steady her at once. Not in the least! Supposing that she has a child of her own, she is a passionately loving mother, but she will be at one time in the nursery nearly all day long, at another time off and away for unreasonable periods. Perhaps, as the result of excessive devotion alternating with unintentional neglect, her first baby falls ill. Then no words can describe her anguish; she wildly tends it day and night, and if she is not forced to take rest and food, she very quickly breaks down. Let us hope that when the baby recovers she will have learnt wisdom; for maternal love is the most effectual of teachers, and as her friends say (those, at least, she has not discarded), "after all, her heart is in the right place."

Apropos of invalid nursing, which is sure at one time or another to fall to every woman's lot, it is as well to understand that impulsiveness is absolutely out of place in the sick-room. All must be done by method and order, with patience and with gentleness. No giving of medicine in doses of rapid succession, and then forgetting it for hours; no letting the thermometer frisk up and down; no sudden bursts of emotion; no whims and vagaries can possibly be tolerated here. The Impulsive Girl, being very affectionate, is usually intensely anxious about her relations, and determined to nurse them herself. She insists on being present during some slight operation, and then creates a disturbance by fainting away, or going into hysterics in the middle. She wants to nurse night and day without cessation, and if not checked, wears herself out in three days. Then she adds to the discomfort of the household by falling ill, and making a great fuss about it; for the Impulsive Girl is as bad a patient as she is an incompetent nurse. When illness enters a house, the best and kindest thing to all concerned is to send Miss Impulse straight out of the way.

The Impulsive Girl as a fellow-traveller

is at first sight alluring, but is to be avoided by all who value their peace of mind. A friend of mine was once going on a Swiss tour with two girls, A. and B. A. was a bright, ardent, impulsive creature; B. was quiet, undemonstrative, and usually considered rather cold.

"My only regret," said my friend, "is that B. is going with us. I am afraid she will act as a wet blanket. I don't think the most glorious prospect would rouse her to enthusiasm. While as for A., it is positively refreshing to see her delight. If she and I were only going alone together, it would be perfect."

"Do not be too sure," I replied oracularly.

"Well, of course, we must make the best of B.'s society," replied my friend; and we parted.

Two months afterwards we met again.

"Oh, it has been delightful," she told me. "But if it had not been for B. I really don't know what I should have done."

"And yet you did not want her," I suggested.

"Did I not really? Well, she was the very greatest comfort, always helpful, kind, sensible, ready in any little emergency; while it was quite surprising, in glorious scenery, what depths of feeling showed themselves in her quiet nature."

"And A.?" I hazarded.

"Oh, I was sadly disappointed in her. She was always restless, wanting to go somewhere or do something different from what we had planned. Of course she kept losing her keys and getting into small difficulties; that I did not mind so much; but it *was* a little trying when, for instance, we were in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, for her to want to drag us there and then to Zermatt, all because she chanced to hear some stray tourist say Zermatt was finer. She was really most provoking and unreasonable, and even now I believe she feels our tour has only been half a success. She always wanted to act on the impulse of the moment."

"Did she not enjoy the scenery as much as you expected?"

"She had only one set of adjectives for everything. A dress that took her fancy, a good table d'hôte, the Jungfrau; all were "too lovely," pronounced in just the same tone. B. showed far more appreciation, though she is so quiet. I made up my mind," concluded my friend, with emphasis, "never to travel with a thoroughly impulsive person any more."

In the foregoing instances, which are by no means exaggerated, the points raised may seem to be trivial. But nothing that affects the comfort and happiness of other people is of slight account. As Keble says:

"We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more:
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

"The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last:
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet."

The Self-Control that will save the naturally impulsive from being driven about hither and thither at the mercy of their own inclinations and whims, and that will be a priceless boon to every woman, no matter what her disposition, shall form the subject of a future essay.

LILY WATSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

ADA MARY.—Many people have an elastic band, sewn on the edge of the habit, to put the foot through, so as to keep it down in its place.

EDELWEISS.—The white satin may be cleaned with bread or with flour. Benzine-colas is also useful for some stains.

TINY TIM.—All the useful stitches used in needlework, including button holes, and feather stitch, if flannel be chosen, herringbone stitch also.

AN EARNEST WORKER is auxious to recall the Bible Flower Mission to our girls' remembrance. She says that painted texts are needed, and now, when flowers are scarce, woollen scarves and cuffs are acceptable. The address of the Bible Flower Mission is 110, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

NAN.—Coloured flannels are best washed in tepid water, with a little alum to set the colour. The first thing to be done, in order to alter the shapes of your present underclothing into combination garments, is to procure a good shape, or even two different shapes, and try from which you can cut out the combinations with least trouble and least waste of material. The tops of the chemises and the drawers would remain unaltered. You should wear flannel next the skin, and should procure the woven woollen combinations, which we so often recommend to wear under the cotton ones, or you will not be warm enough in winter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. D. wishes to adopt a literary life; but says she "knows the market is overcrowded with writers of all sexes and kinds!" Chimpanzees, for example; (perhaps the young lady is a Darwinite). She adds that she is "the eldest daughter of a barrister-at-law's large family." We should be glad to help her, but fear we cannot.

HARRI.—We were greatly interested in your letter and verses; though the latter need a good deal of revision, as regards the composition only. The first two verses in "Come and See" run the best. Ask your clergyman to do you the honour to accept a small offering as an acknowledgment of much benefit derived from his ministry and personal advice. We wish you God-speed, and shall like to hear from you again.

MATER BESSIE.—We are obliged to you for your recipe for cleaning brushes so as to preserve the ivory backs. Dissolve a teaspoonful of Hassall's brush powder in cold water, and wash them in that. We think our own method still better, as it preserves the stiffness of the bristles; *i.e.*, clean with dry flour, well rubbed in.

UNHAPPY ONE.—In such an urgent case, and one of so great danger to two persons and of misery to many, there is no safety but in flight. He should take an engagement far away, and henceforth avoid any interview with the lady you name. If there be at present a difficulty in keeping them apart, take care that you or your parents (one or other) be always present. But insist on his leaving the place. It is your duty under such shocking circumstances.

ROTHBURY LASSIE.—Your bright, pleasant, healthy-minded letter was welcomed, arriving in company with several others, from girls apparently diseased in heart, mind, and body! It is a comfort to see that happiness and contentment go hand in hand with your religious sentiments, as they should, and to hear that you "desire benefit from our magazine, both spiritually and physically." Also that you have the honourable and truly respectable honesty to volunteer the statement, "We do not move in what is known as 'Society.'" This proves you to be fit for any society with very little training. Accept our best wishes.

IGNORAMUS.—A crossed cheque must go through a bank; draw two lines across it, and write "and Co." between them. You should read the very careful articles by James Mason, "Every Girl a Business Woman," in vol. viii.

CORKS.—The "horns" with which Moses is represented are emblems of the power, honour, and glory with which he was endowed when he came down from the mount, and was obliged to veil his face, as the people could not look upon it. For this signification of "horns" in the Old and New Testament, see Deut. xxxiii. 17, Job xvi. 15, Luke 1. 69; also see 1 Sam. ii. 1. The idea is derived from the horns being the chief strength and defence of many beasts; so to break or cut it off is to destroy power and prosperity. A hollow horn of silver, four or five inches round at the root, and rising obliquely from the forehead, was also worn as an ornament by Oriental women, warriors, and distinguished men. They are still used in the East, amongst the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and by other Easterns as well. You seem to forget that the poet Pope was a Roman Catholic by birth, and remained so till his death. His elegance as a writer is unsurpassed, and the most lovely trait in his somewhat faulty character was the tender devotion he showed to his parents.

ONE OF THE JONES'S.—The reason why the leek is the chosen national badge of the Welsh is derived from a legend of 1640. When King Cadwallader gained a great victory over the Saxons, the success of the Britons was attributed to the good auspices of St. David, their patron saint; and that they might distinguish themselves from their enemies, in hand-to-hand encounters, he ordered them to wear the distinguishing cognisance of a leek in their headgear.

MARIE BASTIEN.—The story of the institution of the Order of the "Knights of the Garter" is that the Countess of Salisbury dropped hers at a court ball, and it was picked up by her royal partner, Edward III., who seeing a smile on a courtier's face, bound it round his own leg, and said, reprovingly, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Brides used to wear a number of brightly-coloured ribbons round their legs, to be distributed among the bridegroom's friends. It may have been a ribbon of such a kind binding on the leg coverings, such as worn in those days.

E. L.—We acknowledge having received your acrostic with thanks. Pronounce Mikado, Me-ka-do. We do not see any difficulty in such a word. In Japanese it may be pronounced otherwise; not in English. Toboggan, just as written.

KATIEN.—A sentence "for life," means "for life;" but a remission of some part of the sentence is possible, in consequence of specially good conduct through a considerable course of years. Your father's or mother's first cousin (or "cousin german") is your "first cousin once removed;" because you are not of the same generation, but are "removed" a generation lower down.

SANITAS, SANITATIS inquires whether she should consent to a child of twelve years sleeping with a person of seventy-six. Certainly not. The child would soon show signs of failure in various ways; and would lose nervous power. Her strength and energy would be gradually sapped away. On the contrary, a delicate, weakly child would thrive greatly if allowed to sleep with a strong healthy woman in the prime of life. This is a subject too little understood by parents. A nurse should be exceptionally healthy and robust; or the infant, continually in her arms, will suffer from it. People forget that there is a powerful natural agent called "animal magnetism."

HARRIETT SORRILL.—The religious sentiments expressed in your verses are thoroughly good, and we are glad you feel as you do. But as the composition is defective, we regret that we could not use them for the G.O.P.

CLARISSA.—To save worm-eaten furniture from further injury from the small beetle erroneously called a "worm," apply a solution of hot size with a brush, which will fill the holes already made. If the wood be oak, a paste of turpentine and beeswax well brushed on will prove a good preservative.

NORA.—The two most ancient churches in England which are still in use, and have been kept in perpetual repair, are those of St. Martin, Canterbury, and St. Mary, Dover; the latter standing in the castle. These are very ancient indeed, having stood, with more or less reparation, for upwards of 1,400 years. It would seem that when the Romans retired, Christian churches were made out of their halls of justice, of which fact an instance may be seen in the arches and walls of that at Brixworth.

CURIOUS.—The locality called "Blackfriars" commemorates the establishment of Dominican Monks, the first company of which order arrived in England A.D. 1219. They were commonly designated "Black" in reference to the colour of their dress. The "Grey Friars" were Franciscans; Pope Honorius III. having permitted Francis of Assisi, an Italian, to found an order to be called by his name; five years after the Dominican "Black Friars" were founded by Dominic, a Spaniard. The "Grey Friars" wore a very rough dress of grey wool; and they established themselves in London A.D. 1224. Both were preaching orders. The "White Friars" were Carmelite Brothers; and there were also the "Austin Friars," a contraction of "Augustinian."

VIOLET.—Your two friends show grave symptoms of the existence of disease. To eat any substance not designed for food is very dangerous, especially minerals, and must produce many forms of disease. As to "eating suet," excepting as an ingredient, sparingly added, to puddings and stuffing, it is simply disgusting in anyone who is not an Esquimo, Greenlander, or Lapp. This temperate climate does not entail on its inhabitants the necessity of eating blubber and tallow-candles, and drinking train-oil. When your friend feels tempted by a kitchen "dipt," at least warn her of swallowing the wick, or she may never survive to enjoy another!

HEAVY-LADEN ONE.—What does our blessed Lord say to those who are "heavy-laden"? "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." One would suppose from your state of mind that He was a hard, stern, unforgiving, unapproachable Being; not One who has "borne our sins, and carried our sorrows," one who tells you He is "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." He only requires repentance, and that you should cast yourself on His free mercy, trusting in His all-sufficient atonement; and praying for His grace to enable you to do better in the future. Think of your Divine Redeemer as "Waiting to be gracious," and believe in His ineffable love and compassion. There is nothing in your case to cause you despondency.

ANNIE MILLOR.—We acknowledge your subscriptions, and promise of more, with our best thanks, on behalf of The Girls' Home. Thank your fellow-servant for us.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—We could not undertake to forward notes from one unknown correspondent to another equally unknown to us; and above all, in reference to the placement of a person of weak intellect in a strange home, with possibly persons unqualified for taking so grave a charge. Your letter is that of a very uneducated person, which of itself would justify our declining to be a party in the matter.

MYSTERY.—We strongly advise you to desist from the unnatural practice of eating chalk to remove phlegm in the throat, or you will produce a far graver disease. The trouble in the mucous membrane is the result of chronic cold, or of some derangement or weakness of the digestive organs and stomach. A doctor could decide which, on seeing you, as well as give suitable advice.

PORTIA.—Certainly you should pray against covetousness and discontent with the comforts you enjoy. Nevertheless, were it in your power to improve your circumstances by honest labour, mental or manual, you would be quite justified in so doing; and could ask God's blessing on your work. "It is He that giveth power to get wealth;" and a certain portion of it should be returned to Him as a thank-offering.

LOVER OF NATURE.—Such a letter as you describe, being of a purely business character, might be written by a girl to a man with perfect propriety. If a mere acquaintance or stranger, you might either address him in the third person, and say, "Miss —— presents her compliments to Mr. ——, and begs to send her subscription," etc. Or, if better acquainted, "Dear Sir, I," etc. Or if intimate, "Dear Mr. So-and-so."

E. MOREAU.—Write to the publisher (Mr. Tarn), Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. The price of a six months' *abonnement* of the G.O.P., including the extra number, either for Christmas or Midsummer, is 4s. 8d.

"SANS CHANGER."—You should write to the Heralds' Office (Heralds' College, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.), and they will tell you whether your family has a right to "bear arms," or what expense would be entailed in getting them legally conferred. Some families having that right have no crest. No woman can use either crest or shield; but if she have a right to "bear arms," she must have them emblazoned on a lozenge. All who use armorial bearings must pay tax for so doing. Anyone may choose and use a device without legal permission and without tax, *i.e.*, a fancy emblematic sign or subject, having no pretence to hereditary armorial bearings.

LADY MARGARET.—The 2nd April, 1873, was a Wednesday. The prescription for the cure of chilblains which you send is simply the hydropathic system, which we have given more than once already. We thank you all the same for it. Your writing is not yet formed.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 431.] MARCH 31, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

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"'THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE DIAMONDS WHICH I HOLD IN MY HAND.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

MADAME LEESON'S tenderness and firmness were on a par with each other. Never had the latter quality been more fully tested than it was when Ellen Martin sank senseless at her feet. She was prompt to use means for her recovery, then in speaking cheering words and lavishing marks of affection on the unhappy girl, and lastly in tracing the source of the slanderous tale which had wrought the mischief. This was not a difficult matter.

Fanny Gregg was proved to have originated the story, but when accused, she stoutly and truthfully denied that she had said a single word which could connect Miss Martin with the disappearance of the diamonds.

"Then who did name her?" demanded madame.

"I cannot say," replied Fanny. "They must have put a great deal more to what I said, and they every one promised not to say a word again."

Fanny looked reproachfully round, and then lapsed into tears.

"It is wrong to break a promise. I hold not with that," said madame. "But why speak of such a matter at all? You must have said something, and I must know what gave rise to this wicked falsehood."

"I only said that I was very glad I had been prevented from going to the hotel to attend young Mrs. Beauchamp," whispered Fanny. "I should have been miserable if I had known that ever so many valuable things were missing, and no one but me within reach of them at the time."

"What things are missing?" demanded Madame Leeson, determined to test the extent of Fanny's knowledge.

"Some diamonds," replied the girl. "They are very beautiful, and they belong to the old lady—I mean Mr. Beauchamp's mother. I have seen her wear them often enough, before he was married, and when I was with my aunt at Castlemount. I do not mean lately, but a long time ago, when I lived there with Aunt Motley."

"How can you tell that any valuables are really missing?" inquired madame.

But this Fanny refused to tell. She would only say that she had heard it from good authority, but not from whom. Thus far she was loyal to Bedson.

Madame's next step was to ascertain whether the slander had spread beyond the workroom. So far as she could discover, fear of consequences or compassion for Ellen had confined the whisper within its four walls.

"I go now to Castlemount," said madame, stamping her little foot on the floor, with an air of determination which struck terror into the hearts of her hearers. "The one of you who shall speak again those false, wicked words shall return here no more. She shall also answer before the judge, and be punished. Prepare, Fanny. You go with me."

The girl obeyed in no comfortable frame of mind. It was morning; there was a train within the hour, and, prompt of speech and action in time of need, madame was quickly on her way to vindicate Ellen Martin's character. She carried with her the cases containing the jewellery which Ellen had left in her safe keeping.

Truly the tongue is a little member, but a fire also. A great fire had been kindled by it, because one trusted with a secret had not kept the door of her lips.

It was on Friday, December 17th, when Madame Leeson arrived at Castlemount, accompanied by Fanny. I had then gained strength enough to be wheeled on a couch from my own room to the adjoining one, and to enjoy the change.

Food had once more become pleasant to my taste, and I had begun to reckon on my meal times. I was growing hourly more conscious that I was travelling, surely if slowly, on the road to renewed health. I felt certain that if the restraints laid upon me were only removed, I could do and bear many things which the doctors at present prohibited.

And, with this growing strength, I trust came also an increased sense of the preciousness of the life and health, God-given and God-restored, and a greater desire to use them in His service and for the good of my neighbours.

My own parents and the rest of the family had gone home, and Tom's mother, though backwards and forwards daily, had returned to the Hurst. We were hoping that I should be able to join them all by Christmas Day, and that the members of the two families would keep the sacred season together, in a quiet, happy fashion, without any other guests.

When Madame Leeson arrived, she asked for my aunt and Mr. Beauchamp. They were in the library at the moment, and at once bade the servant show her into the room.

The sight of Fanny Gregg looking frightened and ill at ease surprised them both, but they greeted Madame Leeson cordially, and said a few words of congratulation to the girl which brought the roses to her pale cheeks. Then they waited to know the cause of this unexpected visit.

Madame Leeson did not try their patience. She began her story at once, referring to her former conversations with and letter to my aunt respecting Miss Martin and her home troubles. She blamed herself for having at first rather increased these by refusing a little kindness which it would have cost her nothing to render.

Then madame related the other portion of the story, which, indeed, her hearers already knew. How Ellen had tried to dispose of certain articles of jewellery, but in vain, and how she herself, repenting of her former refusal, offered the required sum as a gift to her young friend. Lastly, she added, what was also no news to them, the particulars of Edward Martin's return, forgetting, in her excitement, that she had already written as much.

"Now," added madame, "I tell you the true history of the diamonds which I hold in my hand.

"They were the gift of Miss Martin's father on her eighteenth birthday, when the young lady—for she is a true lady—was introduced to society. When losses came and poverty followed, Ellen would have restored these to her father. But there was no shame, no debt left unpaid, only poverty where riches had been. So the father begged his daughter to guard always these diamonds, both as a souvenir of his love and of the days of prosperity which might yet return to his wife and children, when he should be no longer with them.

"Ellen obeyed. She kept the jewels hidden out of sight, as unsuited to her changed position; but very precious as the gift of the dear father who had so loved his child. Precious, truly, were they, but not so precious as a daughter's love. When Ellen saw her mother's tears, though they were shed for one unworthy, she was willing to sacrifice her last treasures to dry them. That was why she tried to sell them. Ah! Can you imagine what all this must have cost her? You wonder—you, madame, and Mr. Beauchamp—what you have to do with my young friend's troubles that are now past and over. You, perhaps, say to yourselves: Why comes this *modiste* from Longminster to intrude upon us with what concerns us not?"

My aunt and Tom both hastened to assure Madame Leeson of their interest in Miss Martin's story, and their anxiety to hear all that she had to tell.

Indeed, she could not judge with what eagerness they listened, hoping that something might be said which would throw light on the mysterious disappearance of those other diamonds which were still unrecovered.

"You are good and kind. I believed this before. Your sympathy, madame, was so manifest when I first conversed with you, that it made me bold even to write to you about Miss Martin. And I forget not the flowers, so beautiful, which came to me more lately through the hand of your chief gardener," and madame made a graceful movement in Tom's direction. "Yet you might say, with reason, Miss Martin has her jewels, the son is restored to the arms of his mother; why come here to-day? I will tell you."

Then madame, without further waste of words, related how the workroom gossip had culminated in an attack on Miss Martin's honesty. As she concluded, she cried: "See, Monsieur Beauchamp! See, madame! Examine for yourselves the contents of these cases, the property of Ellen Martin. The instant that wicked falsehood came to my ears I saw danger for Ellen. I said, 'Let it be known that she has tried to dispose of diamonds.' At once *vraisemblance*, probability is given to what is but a cruel slander. I go to Castlemount to render this impossible."

At this instant Madame Leeson opened

the cases and displayed a suite of diamonds, consisting of bracelets, earrings, and pendant, the latter attached to a necklet of graceful design. The articles were both beautiful and valuable, but the cost would be small when compared with the lost parure belonging to Mrs. Beauchamp.

The effect of this revelation may be imagined. It cleared up the one mystery in connection with Ellen Martin's movements, and reflected new lustre on her self-devoting conduct towards her mother and brother. But it threw no light on the whereabouts of the lost diamonds, though it made my husband feel doubly thankful that he had not acted on Mr. Fielden's advice. He and my aunt warmly thanked Madame Leeson for the trouble she had taken and the confidence placed in them.

"As to the way in which this young girl became aware of our loss, there can be little question. Only one member of the household knew of it beside ourselves. This was Bedson, my wife's maid. Fanny and she were much together during the girl's stay here, and I suppose Bedson was induced to trust her young companion with our secret. If she who was so much the elder could not hold her tongue, little wonder is it that this child let the story slip. I hardly know," continued poor Tom, in a desponding tone, "what will be the outcome of all this. My mother values her diamonds far beyond their intrinsic worth. I have concealed the fact of their disappearance from her, whilst using every effort to trace and restore them. I am now waiting until my wife is a little stronger, to ascertain if she can give us a clue to what puzzles us all. I suppose the tale must come out now, and my mother will be doubly annoyed at having been so long left in the dark."

"I will undertake to silence my assistants," said Madame Leeson, in her determined way. "I can tell them, in confidence, enough about these to prevent further allusion to any other. My *employées* value their places."

She tapped the cases as she said "these," and at the instant she ceased Fanny Gregg sobbed out, "Please, sir, I will never say another word. I told very little, only the others put ever so much more to it."

"Your promise is of great value, no doubt," remarked madame, with grave irony.

This speech provoked a fresh burst of tears, and, displeased as my aunt and Tom naturally felt at Fanny's gossip, they knew that Bedson had been the chief offender, and they would not be very hard on one so young.

A few kind words of warning and counsel from my aunt, an assurance of forgiveness from Tom, whose own conscience told him that if this young girl had erred by her words, he had sinned by keeping silence, and Fanny was relegated to the care of her aunt.

Mrs. Motley wondered at seeing her, and still more at her tearful appearance. But she never knew the cause of this, for Fanny only told her that she had seen Mr. Beauchamp and Mrs. Hesketh, who had spoken to her "so kindly."

Even Bedson forgave her, because, having been interviewed by Tom, she, too, after ample confession of her breach of trust, had been forgiven.

"I hope," said Bedson to Fanny, "we have both got a lesson that will last us our lives. If I had not done wrong you could not have done. So there, we will say no more about it."

Fanny did a little more sobbing in the privacy of my maid's bedroom, to which she had retired to take off her things, and where she solemnly assured Bedson that she had never mentioned her name in the matter. Then, moved to greatest confidence, she told her the story of Mr. Craik's wooing, with the time, place, and manner thereof, as if by her present frankness to make some amends for her late breach of trust.

Bedson had also a funny story to tell. Mr. Craik's deaf housekeeper had persisted in taking her through his dwelling, and showing it and its contents to the person who was, she believed, to be its mistress in the near future, and could hardly be convinced that she was mistaken.

As my maid told her story in an amusing way, and described the good stores of linen and other treasures that Fanny would find ready to her hand when she became Mrs. Craik, the girl gladly dismissed from her mind that one thought which had alloyed her happiness. She decided that Bedson had never really cared for the gardener, "except as aunty might like him, just in a friendly way."

Madame Leeson having been courteously received and invited to partake of lunch by Tom and my aunt, was in high good humour, and thoroughly satisfied with the result of her visit to Castlemount. Of her own accord she offered to leave Fanny behind, on condition that she returned to her duties by the earliest morning train.

And Fanny, the traces of her recent distress all but gone, and her face overspread with smiles, began to think that she had "got uncommonly well out of her scrape."

Girls like Fanny Gregg always do get out of such troubles better than many of their more deserving but less good-looking neighbours.

If only one of these little offenders is young, and round, and kitten-like in her ways; if she can command an ever ready fountain of tears, and let them flow abundantly, without at the same time making an object of herself, she is certain to win a large amount of sympathy from the beholders. Let her only look pretty and pitiful at the same time, and the chances are that no one will be found of a sufficiently flinty temperament to visit the offences of her heart and tongue on such a charming head.

Fanny's reception at Longminster illustrates the truth of this. Mrs. Motley was naturally delighted to welcome her niece, and receive in a motherly way her confidences respecting her sudden engagement to Craik.

She could not blame Fanny in any way for this suddenness, and was able to tell her that nothing could have been more straightforward and honourable than the gardener's conduct towards herself.

"He told me all about it that same evening, my dear," she said, "and I was surprised. I never dreamed that Craik was thinking of a young thing like you. Anyway, he is a good steady man, and has a nice home to take you to, only I am afraid he is in too great a hurry to have you there."

"His aunt wants to go back to Scotland, but she would not mind staying with him until I am out of my time at Madame Leeson's."

"That will be in three months. Why, it will be here directly!" said Mrs. Motley.

"David thinks it a good long time to wait," said Fanny, preferring not to express any opinion of her own.

"That is the way with young people, though Craik is a good sixteen years older than you are, my dear."

"Yes, aunty, he was mentioning that," replied Fanny. "And he said having remained unmarried until an age like that, he thought he had waited long enough. Beside, his aunt has quite made up her mind not to stay beyond the three months, and he would not like to have to engage a strange housekeeper when he is looking forward to being married soon. David does not think it would be right."

The conversation between Mrs. Motley and her niece was interrupted by the entrance of David Craik, who had been summoned to the house by a message from my husband. He came to the door of the housekeeper's room, little guessing who was within it, and his delight when it was opened by Fanny's hand may be imagined.

The young guest had a very "good time," during her one day and night at Castlemount. All her surroundings were so much brighter than even during that recent happy visit, for the cloud of anxiety no longer hung over the house, and so voices need not be dropped to a whisper, or the sound of laughter hushed on my account.

Bedson and Fanny were friends, and neither carried an uneasy conscience on account of confidence betrayed, but were each blessed with a sense of a fault forgiven; let us hope, strengthened too, by the memory of past failure, to resist more bravely in the time of temptation, and to seek for help from above to come off conquerors.

To Mr. Craik the sight of the good understanding between Bedson and Fanny was most gratifying, and added greatly to the unexpected pleasure he was enjoying.

This meeting was an excellent opportunity for settling about the wedding, since all the parties specially concerned were together.

First, David pleaded with Fanny during a walk through the "houses," to which he had invited her after dinner. Successful with her, he next succeeded in obtaining Mrs. Motley's consent, and that evening declared himself to be the happiest man in the three kingdoms. Here I may as well dismiss Fanny from my story, by completing hers, so far as it has gone. That, when her wedding-day

came round, as it did whilst the spring was yet early, she had the "robe so pretty," and many other nice things to increase her attractions, goes without saying. Madame Leeson was not one to forget a promise, or Ellen Martin one to withhold forgiveness, so the simple dress worn by the bride was a triumph of good taste, having been planned by the two in concert.

It is pleasant to add that Craik was not only proud of his bonny bride, but that he was kind, loving, and thoughtful for her comfort. Better still; the girl, blessed with a sensible and judicious husband, as well as an affectionate one, grew in wisdom and became a true helpmeet to David.

In time, when the solemn duties of motherhood came upon her, the husband and wife together felt their responsibilities, and assisted each other to train their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

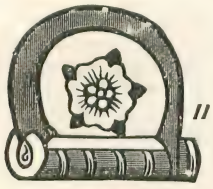
In the eyes of most of her friends, Mrs. Craik, the comely, still-young matron, is fairer than even pretty Fanny Gregg was deemed to be in her girlish days.

(To be continued.)

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

PART III.

As knots and twists were hereditary cognisances, so likewise were fetterlocks and buckles. The fetterlock (a shackle, or padlock) is to be seen on the brass of Sir S. de Felbrigge, Knight, in Felbrigge Church, Norfolk. (See the illustration example of this peculiar badge, combined with the white rose, which constituted the Essex badge.) This may be seen in a window of Woodhouse Chapel, Leicestershire, from which our artist (Mr. G. A. Lee) has made the illustration given, No. 11. The fetterlock and rose or falcon was the Yorkist cognisance.



The substitution of a falcon, standing on and within the fetterlock, instead of a rose, was due to Edmund Langley, Duke of York, son of Edward III., on the occasion of the gift to him of Fotheringay Castle, which he rebuilt, and formed it and the keep in the shape of a fetterlock, indicating that he, like the falcon, was locked up from all hope of the kingdom.

The Lockharts, of Lee (Lanarkshire), bear the fetterlock and a human heart within it, the origin of which was the commemoration of a curious and notable commission and act of public trust. Sir Simon de Locard was appointed, with Sir James Douglas, to carry the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land. In memory of this, however, Sir Simon changed the spelling of his name to "Lockhart," as having had the guardianship of one of the two keys of the padlock affixed to the casket containing the sacred relic.

Buckles are formed like open brooches, somewhat after the style of the Irish and Scotch brooches. The Pelham buckle is shaped rather like a horseshoe, with elongated points drawn together, the point of the pin directed towards them. The family had long borne it as an hereditary badge and as a crest, before it became an augmentation. It was granted to them in the seventeenth century, in commemoration of the capture of John, King of France, effected by Sir John de Pelham and Sir Roger la Warr, at Poictiers. It was afterwards used as a seal manual. Throughout Sussex it may be seen on cast-iron chimney-backs, on ecclesiastical and other buildings, and on signboards of inns. It is likewise borne by the Duke of Newcastle.

Sir John de Willoughby, hero of the battle of Cressy, bore a buckle which he derived from his wife, Dame Joan, co-heiress of Sir Thomas Rocelyn.

With reference to the subject of seals and signets, it will be necessary to condense what has to be said as much as may be possible, for it is one which carries back investigation to a very remote period. The Assyrians appear to have initiated the idea; to them real gem-engraving can be traced, in examples dating to about the seventh century B.C.; and from them the beautiful art passed successively onwards to the Phœnicians and the Greeks. By the latter for the first time these intaglios were set in gold rings for wear.

The Assyrians engraved on serpentine for the most part, and upon cylinders; and the Egyptians chiefly on soap-stone and glazed terra cotta; nevertheless, one jasper, at least, so engraved, of Egyptian origin, is still extant, which is believed to date back as far as to the fifteenth century B.C. As a rule, they continued to employ soft materials and gold for their signets, down to the time of the Ptolemies. The famous ring of Polycrates was made by a Samian engraver about 600 years B.C., at which period gem-engraving was a well-known art amongst the Greeks. About the same time it was cultivated by the Etruscans, who evidently derived their inspiration from the East and from Egypt. The most ancient example of their art is called "The five heroes before Thebes," and is, so Professor Winckelmann declares, not only so as regards Etruscan art, but of gem-engraving in general.

The use of seals was known to the Medes and Persians, a fact patent to any student of the Holy Scriptures, for a reference to the sixth chapter of the Book of Daniel will prove that both Darius the king and his lords sealed the stone with their signets, which was "laid upon the mouth of the den" of lions, into which the faithful prophet was thrown. Ahab's signet was used by Jezebel, 899 B.C.; but whether set in a ring does not appear. The Romans, we know, thus set engraved gems in the time of the Tarquins, with which they sealed money-bags, rooms, and granaries.

They learned it from the Greeks, and in their hands it attained its highest eminence in perfection during the period of Augustus, and for some centuries after that. But the rapid decline of the art commenced after the reign of Severus, and became (in the fifth century) degraded into the careless inartistic engraving of amulets and charms. But this declension was not to be of perpetual continuance. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, that of the "Renaissance," it not only revived, but it flourished till it attained a higher state of perfection than that by which it was distinguished a thousand years previously in the same country.

As before observed, seals were anciently set in rings, by which commands—royal or legal—were signed; and the giving of such a ring endowed the receiver with all the authority possessed by the giver. Thus we can understand why a ring was given in marriage, when two persons were united in one.

In Genesis xxxviii. and Esther iii. we find historical evidence of the use made of such rings. Another allusion to them is found in the Song of Solomon, iv. 12—"My spouse is a fountain sealed;" and tradition carries out the idea, for travellers (so Maundrell says, in his "Travels") in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem are shown certain springs which the natives affirm were shut up and sealed with Solomon's signet, to preserve them for his private use. In the Song of Solomon we find another mention of these seals, chapter viii. 6—"Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm," by which it would, I think, appear that seals were sometimes inserted in bracelets as well as in finger rings. The following list of references mentioning signets in Holy Scriptures may be interesting: Genesis xxxviii. 18, 25; Exodus xxviii. 11, xxi. 36; xxxix. 6, 14, 30; Daniel vi. 17; Hag. ii. 23; Jeremiah xxii. 24, 28, xxxvii. i.

While on the subject of signet rings named in Scripture, I must give a brief notice of one which seems to me of greater interest than any which has been or could be discovered. Perhaps but few of my young readers are aware of the fact that in 1824 a tomb was opened in the course of some excavations made by the Swedish Consul, in the necropolis of Sakkara, near Memphis. In this tomb—evidently that of one of the Pharaohs, from the decorations in gold, or at least of some great grandee of the Egyptian Court—a mummy of the time of Thothmes III. was found, every limb of which was encased in gold. Nay, more, every finger was wrapped round with a covering bearing an inscription in hieroglyphics, viz.: "So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old, and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." A signet ring was found in his coffin, a gold chain round his neck, to which a scarabæus was attached, and other articles of value. The gold bracelets included amongst his decorations bore the same name as the signet ring, and are in the Leyden Museum; while the latter is in the possession of Lord Ashburnham. It is a large round one, having a square tablet, turning on a swivel, showing inscriptions on both sides. The cartouch of Pharaoh is upon it, and the name Paaneah: "a Revealer of Secrets," or "Preserver of the World." An illustration of this wonderful relic will be given in Part IV., which gives special attention to the subject of rings.

I would now refer the reader to the elevation, and the naming of the Patriarch Joseph by the king; and the double cause for which he was so exalted, as related in the whole of Gensis xli. verses 42—45 inclusive, specially to be noticed. For confirmation of the discovery of these wonderful relics, read Wilkinson's "Manners of the Egyptians," III., 374; Pote's "Inquiry into the Phonetic Reading of the Ashburnham Signet" (Pickering, 1841); and Edwards' "History of Finger Rings" (Redfield, New York).

Here a difficulty will present itself to the student of Holy Scriptures, in view of the dying charge given by Joseph to his people—Genesis iv. 25, 26—and the actual fulfilment of that sacred trust, recorded in Exodus xiii. 19. That the children of Israel were placed

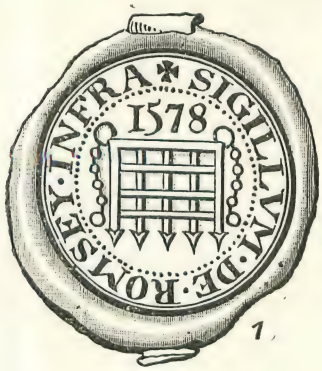


FIG. I.

in a position of great difficulty is obvious, considering that the patriarch had become a naturalised Egyptian, and was an exceptionally honoured ruler amongst them, married to a princess, the daughter of the High Priest of On; and, moreover, that to violate the tombs of their dead and disturb them in their resting-place was regarded with great horror, and such feelings of reprobation that a breach of their national laws would be both powerfully resisted and resented. Under such circumstances the children of Israel must have had to resort to private stratagem in order to carry out the last will of their great kinsman and deliverer. Thus while they dared not steal away the royal signet and the gold chain of office, which Pharaoh presented him as governor of the land second only to himself, they contrived to take possession of the embalmed remains, and substituted those of another man. This supposition would clear up the whole difficulty, and the solution would be a very natural and wholly satisfactory one.

The Early Christians have left many signet rings which are interesting memorials of their faith, held steadfastly through fearfully troublous times. Sometimes the gems themselves alone remain, possibly because their rapacious persecutors kept the gold, but threw away the emblematic memorials of their victims' Christianity and the words of Christian faith inscribed indelibly upon them. But now and then a relic has been found in its original

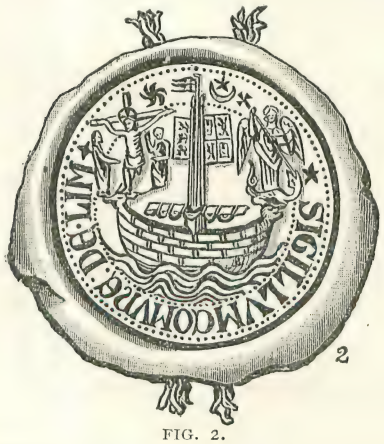


FIG. 2.

entirety; and one of the third century (between the reigns of Severus and Constantine) was found at Sessa, kingdom of Naples, in 1845. A full account of this signet ring may be read in No. 32 of the *Archæological Journal*, as well as in a work on "Finger Rings," by Charles Edwards, an American writer (1855). The stone is said to be a species of agate. I am inclined to think, from its deep-red colour, it is a jasper. Surmounting two clasped hands are the letters "CCPS," and beneath them "IPD," while

FIG. 3.

on the outer side of the thirteenth century gold hoop are two more inscriptions, viz., "+XPS-VINCIT - XPS - REGNAT - XPS-IMPERA," *i.e.*, "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands." The second inscription was, "+ET-VERBU-CARO-FACTU-E-ET-ABITAUIT-INOB," *i.e.*, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt in us." Round the stone in the gold setting appears the name of the owner, "Thomas de Rogeriis de Suessa," in Latin and in capital letters like the rest of the inscriptions. The ring belongs now to George Borrett, Esq., of Southampton.

From the records of far remote and of later classic times we pass down to those with which these articles have chiefly to do, the ring-signets and seals of our own land. It is scarcely possible to disunite the two within such restricted limits as those at my disposal.

In the olden times, when the art of writing was not so commonly practised as it now is, those who possessed armorial bearings in our own country employed them to attest the "mark" which served as their signature. A

FIG. 4.

charter was found at St. Denis, near Paris, bearing the seal of Offa, King of Mercia, 755—794, and another bearing that of Ethelwulph, King of Wessex, 837—858.

In Scotland the use of a "Privy Seal" or signet accompanying the Royal "sign manual" was first employed by King Duncan, A.D. 1094, and likewise in the twelfth century in Ireland. Maximilian introduced it in Germany in 1486; and when Henry VIII. was unable to write from the swelling of his hands, he empowered some of his council to seal with

FIG. 5.

his signet, and put his stamp to all acts to which his hand was required (1546). Again, during the illness of James I. his stamp was placed in the safe keeping of the Earl of Annandale (1624); and during that of George IV., his signet was employed in the same way (1830). We have impressions of the seals of our Saxon kings, including the English Great Seal, attributed to Edward the Confessor (1041—66). The most ancient English seal with arms upon it is said to have been that of Cœur de Lion, or else of John, his brother.

Seals of three English towns, respectively, are given in the first instance. Fig. 1 is that of Romsey, Hants; one of the most ancient in this country. It shows the Tudor badge. Fig. 2 is the corporate seal of Lyme Regis, Dorset, temp. Edward I., who granted it. The arms of Edward and his wife—badge and devices—are shown on it. Fig. 3 is of the town of Buckingham. The badge is a chained swan, that of the Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham.

The next illustrations of seals represent those of the following historical personages:—

Fig. 4 is a copy from the original in the South Kensington Museum, and is that of Margaret, Queen of Edward I. (appearing on the obverse). She was the second wife of the king, and daughter of "Philip le Harde," King of France. The three lions of her husband are emblazoned on her tunic or "kirtle," the shield of France on her dexter side, and on the sinister one bearing a lion rampant.

Fig. 5.—Anne Courtenay (née Talbot), Countess of Devon, temp. Henry VII., taken from the original, belonging to a private individual.

As special mention was made of the O'Neils in our second part, in reference to the "Badge of Ulster," I may observe that the signet ring of Turlough Lynnoch was found at Charlemont, co. Antrim. It is of silver, and bears the "bloody hand" of the O'Neils.

Before closing the subject of seals and signet rings, we must give two illustrations of those

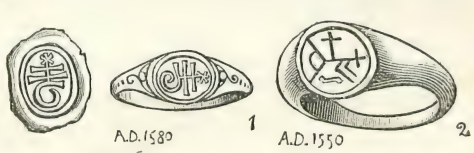


FIG. 6. FIG. 7.

employed by our merchant citizens. The first is taken from one of gold, engraved in the bezel; the date 1580. The second is of bronze, engraved in like manner; the date 1550; both to be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

(*To be continued.*)

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

VI.—OBSERVATION OF THE PATIENT.

ONE of the most important duties of a nurse, and to an enthusiastic nurse one of the most interesting, is the continued intelligent observation of the patient. A nurse has the advantage over the medical attendant of being associated with the invalid for many hours at a time, and has the opportunity of observing changes which may occur from hour to hour, and temporary symptoms the presence of which might escape attention altogether if the patient were not under the care of a watchful and intelligent nurse. It is the duty of the nurse to report conscientiously to the doctor in attendance everything she may have noticed since his previous visit regarding the invalid; even small circumstances which may seem unimportant to the nurse may be of very great value in guiding a medical man to the correct diagnoses and treatment. Such a small matter apparently as occasional squinting in a child may direct the attention to important and serious disease of the brain; and the slight gestures of young children, and of patients who may be unconscious or delirious, may often throw considerable light upon symptoms otherwise obscure.

The amount and the character of the observation required in a nurse vary to some extent in accordance with the age and the intelligence of the invalid. Young children, of course, under all circumstances are unable to describe their own symptoms and sensations, so that all information has to be obtained from observation and examination; older people, on the other hand, unless enfeebled in mind or rendered more or less unconscious by disease, are able to call attention themselves to matters calling for notice, and to describe intelligently and locate accurately sensations of discomfort or pain. But even in the case of the latter there are many facts to be observed by the nurse to which a patient would not think of drawing attention; and such matters as the position and attitude of the invalid during rest and sleep, the expression of the face, or the presence or absence of pallor or flushing, may be important, and ought always to be noted by an observant and painstaking nurse. I propose in this article to give a somewhat general outline of the symptoms of which a nurse is specially expected to take cognisance, and the manner in which some of these observations are to be made and described.

In the first place, then, the nurse ought to be able to give an intelligent description of the general demeanour of the patient, whether he (or she) is irritable, restless, placid, wakeful, drowsy, comfortable or uncomfortable. The expression of the face should be noticed, and especial attention given to any temporary flushing or pallor, the exact position of the flushing being noted if it occurs only on one part of the face. It is not uncommon in inflammation of the lungs to see a circular spot of redness on one cheek and not on the other, the side usually corresponding to the lung which is inflamed. Flushing of the forehead, on the other hand, is more usually associated with diseases of the stomach; while wrinkling of the forehead, in children at least, is very often connected with diseases of the brain. Examples such as these illustrate the value and interest of apparently unimportant details. In children the nurse will sometimes observe that during sleep the eyelids remain half open, showing the white of the eye behind them; and this is generally an indication of considerable weakness. Mention has been made of the interest attached to occasional squinting; of course the value of such a symptom depends on the knowledge that it has never occurred in health.

The nurse during the daily ablutions of the invalid has an early opportunity of detecting the presence of any eruptions. Not a few diseases, both of childhood and adult life, are characterised or accompanied by unusual appearances of the skin; and the attention of the medical attendant should always be directed to these at once. Nurses who have had some experience of disease must guard against the temptation to diagnose the characters of such eruptions for themselves, and to omit mentioning them on the plea that they are quite unimportant; every departure from the normal character of the skin may be important; and in some cases the slighter the eruption is the more valuable may be the significance of its presence.

Another class of symptoms which the nurse has to observe is that connected with the function of respiration or breathing. The rapidity or slowness of the breathing, its regularity or the reverse, any sounds associated with it, such as snoring, wheezing, or coughing; the particular character of the cough, if there is any, whether short, or in long fits, accompanied or not by whoop or expectoration, have all to be noted. The frequency of the breathing, by which is meant the number of breaths taken in a minute, is of considerable importance in many serious illnesses, and ought always to be counted carefully with a watch furnished with a seconds' hand. It is best to count them without allowing the invalid to know that it is being done, as the consciousness of being observed occasionally disturbs the rhythm of the breathing. The movement of the chest can quite easily be observed without any disturbance of the patient, and, standing or sitting beside him with a watch in the hand, the number of respirations can be counted without difficulty for one or two minutes. It is generally best to count two minutes successively, comparing the two, so as to obtain as accurate a result as possible. In some cases where the movement is not very obvious and the breathing very shallow, a hand laid gently on the chest will appreciate the movement better than the eye. Not unfrequently the breathing is so audible that the number of breaths in a minute can be counted simply by listening attentively. In other cases, and more especially with children, the act of breathing is accompanied by slight movements of the nostrils, by which alone the rapidity can be estimated.

The rapidity of breathing is subject to greater variation in children than in adults. Normally in a young child the respirations number from 20 to 25 per minute; in disease as many as 80 per minute may sometimes be counted. In adults the usual rate in health is from 16 to 18 respirations a minute, and in illness the rate may rise to 40 or 45 a minute; or may fall, especially in some forms of brain disease, to 8 or 10 per minute. In all cases where daily observation of the rate of respiration is required, the nurse should make a point of noting the rapidity in writing at the time she counts it; such facts should never be simply retained in the memory. It is customary now with many doctors to supply their nurses with papers specially prepared for the notification of the rate of respiration, along with the observations of the pulse and the temperature, which we are about to describe.

Feeling the pulse has been for many centuries the conventional method by which physicians are supposed to gain an insight into the general condition of their patient's health. It is certainly the oldest of all the physical methods of examining an invalid, and was employed long before the researches of Harvey had made clear the explanation of its occurrence, and its primary cause in the rhythmical beating of the heart. Most of my readers will be aware that the circulation of the blood is carried through the body by a number of blood-vessels which start in one large artery from the left side of the heart. This large artery, by sub-division and by sending off what are called branches from it, which gradually become smaller the further they are from the heart, supplies the whole of the body with blood, which circulates from the end of the small arteries through minute channels, called capillaries, into small veins; and the veins joining with each other and growing larger as they approach the heart, enter the right side reduced to two in number.

The heart, the arteries, and the veins are always full of blood, and this is kept in movement, or, as it is called, in circulation, by the pump-like action of the heart, which contracts and expands alternately, in its contraction sending the blood into the artery, and in its expansion receiving it from the veins. To prevent the blood going the wrong way when the heart contracts, there are valves in it which only open in one direction, exactly similar in action to the valves of a pump. The contraction of the heart sending more blood into arteries already full causes a temporary and limited dilatation of the arteries, which run along them like a wave from the heart to the extremities, where they join the capillaries; and it is to this temporary dilatation and wave-movement that the name pulse is given. My readers will perhaps have already associated the term pulse with a small part of the wrist where it is usual to observe it; but they will learn from the description given that there is really a pulse in every artery throughout the whole body. In explaining the origin of it, I have only described so much of the mechanism of the heart as is necessary to render the pulse intelligible; there are other parts connected with the circulation through the lungs which I think it is better to omit, as not having an immediate bearing on the subject.

Although, however, a pulse exists in every artery throughout the body, it is only in certain places and under certain conditions that it can be conveniently felt and counted. The arteries themselves are soft, and when lying among soft tissues, such as the muscles of the body, it is very difficult to distinguish the pulsation of even an artery of moderate size; so that it is found necessary generally to feel the pulse at some part when an artery passes directly over a bony surface, against which it can be pressed. This condition is found most conveniently on the outside of the front surface of the wrist, where an artery of fair size lies close to the skin upon the flattened surface of one of the bones of the forearm. In most people it is exactly the same both in the right and left wrist; but sometimes the artery will vary a little on one side; and in others, occasionally no artery will be found there at all, and then the pulse must be felt somewhere else.

Occasionally, when it cannot be felt on the outside of the wrist, it may be observed satisfactorily on the inside. Another not inconvenient position where the pulse can usually be counted well is on either temple; in people over middle age the pulsation there is often very apparent to the eye as well as appreciable by the sense of touch. It can be counted also by feeling the beating of the heart against the walls of the chest.

Like the breathing, the frequency of pulse is described by the number of beats or successive impulses occurring in one minute. To be able to judge of the regularity of the beat, it is often desirable to count it for four quarters of a minute successively, noting whether every quarter gives the same number of beats, and then adding the four together to represent the number in one minute. This number, even in health, varies very greatly in different people and with different ages. In babies it sometimes is as much as 160 in a minute, and may be so low as 80 in a minute; while in grown up people one sometimes finds it normally as rapid as 100 in a minute, and as slow as 35 or 40.

These are, however, exceptional extremes, and the average adult's pulse in health is about 75 in men and 80 in women.

In disease the limits are wider still. In extreme illness a pulse may be felt as rapid as 180 in a minute, beyond which, frequently, it becomes very difficult to count; and it may fall as low as 15 per minute. The pulse should always be counted and recorded by a nurse with considerable care; and she should be on her guard against being misled by accidental and unimportant variations. Excitement in people of nervous temperament will often increase temporarily the rapidity of the pulse; the effect of exertion, also, is very marked in causing similar increase; while in invalids suffering from what is known as palpitation of the heart, the character and frequency of the pulse alter entirely during the attack, and are quite valueless as regards any information about the usual state of the patient.

But a nurse of some experience and commonsense will soon learn to recognise and allow for these accidental and temporary conditions.

The most valuable of all the observations which an intelligent nurse is able to record for the information of the physician, is the variation of the temperature of the patient. For this purpose every nurse should be provided with a thermometer of rather peculiar construction, called a clinical thermometer. While ordinary thermometers, such as we described in the article referring to the temperature of the sick-room, rise with an increasing temperature and fall with a decreasing one, the clinical thermometers are so constructed that, while they rise as the temperature increases, they remain stationary when the temperature falls. They thus indicate the highest temperature to which they have been exposed, and remain at that point until, by shaking, or by striking the hand holding them against the other hand, they have been replaced to a lower index.

The temperature of the body is remarkably constant, in health varying scarcely more than one degree Fahrenheit, to whatever vicissitude of external heat or cold it may be exposed. The position in which the thermometer is most frequently placed for the purpose of registering the temperature is in the armpit, the thermometer being held between the arm and the side, and in this position the temperature of health in all human beings old or young is from 98° F. to 99° F.; generally the lower number in the morning and the higher in the afternoon. Sometimes it is taken in the mouth, the thermometer being held between the lips like a cigarette; and in that position the temperature is about one degree higher, varying from 99° F. to 100° F. In ordinary cases of illness the temperature is rarely found higher than 106° F. or lower than 96° F.; but in some extreme and exceptional forms of disease temperatures as high as 115° F. have been registered, and as low as 95° F. These are apparently the extreme limits compatible with the existence of life. Clinical thermometers are accordingly made so as to register only this range, the lowest point being usually 95° F. and the highest 110° F. to 115° F. For convenience of use and portability they are generally made without any background of wood or metal, the degrees being marked directly on the glass tubes containing the mercury which indicates the temperature. They vary in length from 3 to 8 or 10 inches, and in price from about three shillings and sixpence upwards. Very good ones can be obtained for about five shillings, in boxwood or metal cases, from which they are removed when in use.

Before "taking" the temperature of the patient, as it is technically called, the nurse must ascertain that the thermometer has been made ready for use, by having had the mercury shaken downwards until the index is not higher than 95° F.

The end of the thermometer which contains the mercury, and which is known as the "bulb," is then placed under the arm or in the mouth of the patient, and left there for four or five minutes. Thermometers vary in sensitiveness, but most thermometers will register the temperature accurately in five minutes when placed in the arm-pit, and in rather shorter time when in the mouth. The thermometer is then removed, and the height to which the mercury has risen read on the scale imprinted on the thermometer. Almost all clinical thermometers have each degree divided into five sub-divisions, to admit of greater accuracy; and by distinguishing the half of each of these sub-divisions, one is enabled to read the height of the temperature to the exactness of one-tenth of a degree Fahrenheit. In recording the temperature with this amount of accuracy, the decimal notation is used; for example, a temperature of ninety-eight and three-tenths degrees is written 98·3° F., and ninety-eight and a half degrees is written 98·5° F. The height of the temperature, as well as the hour at which it is taken, should always be recorded in writing at once.

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

THE Editor is most thankful to those whose answers to his appeal have been given with such promptitude and cheerfulness.

In order, however, that his project may become a reality, and the money already given begin to bear fruit, he again calls upon all who desire to join in this good work to send in their subscriptions at once; little or much, no time should be lost.

In his desire to come to the aid of the overworked and weary among his readers, the Editor feels it his bounden duty not to commence the Home until sufficient money has been subscribed to place it upon a firm basis, and to ensure its success in the time to come: and the very least for such a purpose will be a thousand pounds.

The Girls' Own Convalescent Home must be one of which the girls themselves may be proud—one which will do good work now and in the days to come, when those who founded it shall have passed away.

The Editor believes that he has the sympathy and goodwill of all his readers in the work on which he has set his heart, and that their lack of promptitude in sending help arises from the thought that any time will do. This is a mistake. Money given now will be doubly valuable, as it will enable him to commence the work at once.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

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(*See page* 426.)

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

HAIRDRESSING OF TO-DAY.

THERE are few indications of spring visible as yet, so far as dresses are concerned, and everyone seems in great fear about the health of the Crown Prince of Germany, for, of course, the death of our Queen's son-in-law would spoil the season, put a stop to the projected Drawing-Rooms, and be the cause of the loss of much money in trade and some branches of industry. One thing is certain, that a royal mourning in England makes black even more popular than it usually is; and we already know that, irrespective of any mourning, black and white mixed are to be very much worn in the spring. Nothing can be prettier, or in better taste, than black and white, either mingled or apart. Amongst the new spring colours we find that blue is the favourite in cloth dresses; the shades worn being known as "Austrian," a bright shade, "Eugenie," richer and deeper; "serpent blue," lighter and greyer; while "Gobelin blue" is still used; and also "Niagara," the hue of tumbling waters, a very pretty colour produced in woollen textures. In browns there are some pretty shades; two of the best are, I think, "chamois," and "chocolate." "Chocolate powder" is a newer shade, and is much lighter in tone than its progenitor, "chocolate." Iron-grey and "electric grey" are the two newest shades of that hue, but the extreme passion for it has more or less disappeared. In green we have sage and bronze; the first being used with maize-colour, the latter with saffron-yellow facings and trimmings. Then there is a light green called "lumière"; and a great revived fancy for our old friend, "eau de Nil," both of them being lovely colours for evening use. Myrtle green will be popular again, and so will Lincoln green; and the rather lighter variety known as "Robin Hood," or "Sherwood Forest green." All these greens are useful for walking dresses, and look green, but not two bright a hue. Red ochre is the nearest approach we have in the new shades to the old and much beloved terra-cotta. Then we have a new dull claret, with a purple look, reminding one of raisins, with the blue bloom of the top layer on them, which is called "Alqué." I hear on all sides that every kind of pale shade in pink and yellow will be much worn, instead of the whites of last year; but in spite of that there are quantities of embroidered lawns and nainsooks in preparation for the summer; and I hear they will be worn over coloured silks and satins, just in the way we have worn both black and white laces over

AFTERNOON VISITORS.

colours this winter, a fancy probably started by the Queen's Jubilee dress of black lace over white silk. This is a most useful combination, as well as a ladylike and charming one.

So far as mantles are concerned, it seems as if large ones were more liked every day, and even for the summer we are promised gowns of alpaca, with long mantles of the same material to match them, trimmed with ribbons. These dresses are for travelling and ordinary morning wear; and certainly nothing is more useful in wear than alpaca; and I think we shall see much of it worn this year. All the newest mantles are made of woollen materials, not of silk nor velvet nor plush, the woollens used being so fine and elaborate in their wearing and design, that they are as expensive in their way as velvet and silk. Camels' hair, beaver cloth, and dull matelassé cloth, with cloths that are covered with scroll-like designs on their surface, are all in favour; and the trimmings are handsome cords and cord trimmings to match. "Velours-de-laine" is another nice material, which looks well in colour, and can be had in greens, reds, and heliotropes. Little covert-jackets of the same material as the dress promise to be the favourite spring out-of-door covering for young ladies; and there are some very pretty small white woollen jackets, which are a novelty, made with a hood, and lined with a colour which will be used as the warmer additions to the toilette we all require in our uncertain English climate. The colour selected to line them with is mostly poppy-red, or some variety of red. In new materials there is, naturally, not much to be said yet, for it is rather too early; but from what one gathers the stuffs are all "striped," or else self-coloured. The former are of a most varied character, and of every description of material, and all possible kinds of groupings. These stripes are never made up to hang straight or perpendicularly, but in all diagonal and crossway manners. In my last month's article I gave a diagram of the method of cutting these crossway bodies and sleeves, which can be copied without great mental exertion by anyone who will lay it before her and see that the bias always pulls true, the only way of securing its perfection of set. One very ugly, but certainly original, method of arrangement is the "corkscrew," the stripes being made to wind round and round the wearer, exactly as if she were a corkscrew.

The new woollens are to be had both rough and smooth faced, and all neutral tints are as fashionable as the more positive colours. Blanketing cloth is a new rough material, to be had in self-colours, as well as in checks or stripes. Vigogne will still be as much worn as ever for ordinary dresses, and is so excellent both in appearance and wear that it is quite worthy of its place in our favour. The other spring materials which we shall see worn are ladies' cloth, French foulé, Vienna

A BRIDESMAID AND TWO SMALL PAGES.

tapestry cloth, llama with fancy stripes, and beaver cloth. In silks there are *merveilleuse*, silk serge, *moiré*, shot or plain, and striped and plain *failles*.

Polonaises, or their imitations, are constantly growing in popularity. Some of them are draped in shawl fashion, and nearly all have full fronts, and half belts shaped to the figure. Many bodices are faced with velvet, to imitate this half belt from the side seams to the front; or if the bodice have a full front, they have real belts. None of the new waistcoats seem flat and plain; and most of the bodice fronts are gathered at the neck and at the point. The bodice illustrated as the paper pattern of this month is one of the newest of these shapes, which will, I think, be more worn than anything else, except, perhaps, polonaises, this spring.

There are several coat-shaped bodices for tailor-made gowns, and braiding seems as likely to be used as ever, and seems to be equally fashionable in every style, whether in close narrow rows, or braided with cord instead of braid, or in fanciful designs of Russian braid. Gowns can also be bought in boxes ready braided, and also shaped braiding for bodices and skirts; panels for the latter, and *revers*, and in collars and cuffs for the former.

PAPER PATTERN OF NEW CORSELET BODICE.

One of our monthly illustrations consists of a bridesmaid stepping from the church door, which is guarded on each side by two little "pages of honour;" and I give the following cutting from a daily paper, *àpropos* of the changes in the fashions of weddings:—One of the notable features of fashion this year will be the gradual disappearance of bridesmaids from weddings. Nothing can be prettier in theory always and occasionally in reality, than a group of white-clad maidens attending their friend to the altar, and illuminating the scene with their decorative presence. But, under existing arrangements, bridesmaids are a very expensive luxury. The bridegroom has not only to give each one of them a daintily-costly present, but he is expected to furnish them with bouquets as well. There has, of late, been a tendency towards very tiny bridesmaids, whose tender age would naturally reduce the expense of the presents in proportion to their years. But even these are disappearing in favour of small, so-called pages, who know so little of a page's duties that they alternately tread on the bride's train and trot after it, but who do not expect either jewellery or bouquets. The fact is that bridesmaids have, so to speak, raised their terms to such an exalted height, that human nature, in the shape of exasperated bridegrooms, has begun to ask if they cannot be dispensed with. And this will certainly come about unless, as in *Ruddigore*, there should be established an organised brigade of bridesmaids, ready with their services on every occasion, and anxious to "Hail the bridegroom" in consideration of a very trifling fee. There are rumours of sharp practice on the part of the young ladies who love jewellery more than is meet, and have been rashly asked to "choose something" for themselves as the bridegroom's gift. Diamonds are like horses in one respect, viz., that few people seem to be able to resist cheating about them, more or less. On the occasion of a recent wedding, affairs assumed another phase in connection with the bridesmaids' presents. Ten girls can hardly expect to be of one mind on such a subject, and the bridegroom unwittingly cast a veritable firebrand among them by saying he would leave the choice to them. To alter the simile, he thereby sowed dissension among them, and reaped confusion and disaster. Only two of the ten were unanimous, and on the wedding-day the bride found herself shorn of four of her friends, who had quarrelled irretrievably. Bridesmaids have simply extinguished themselves, and it is more than possible that a hundred years hence the social chronicler will be "reading up" their functions and duties with a view to suggesting the revival of a pretty but obsolete old custom.—*Daily News*.

Thus it seems that this old custom will be soon extinct, having gone the way of the heavy and very expensive wedding breakfast; and perhaps we shall some day be sensible enough to give our daughters the cash which such luxuries would have cost us, or allow our sons-in-law to save on the bridesmaids' presents. In fact the whole system of our wedding ceremonials seems to have degenerated into a tax on our friends' pockets, as I hear every day complaints of wedding presents "given," which should properly be called "extorted," in many cases, from people who cannot afford them; nor the expense of wreaths of flowers sent to funerals of people for whom the donor did not care; and of christening cups and spoons presented by hardly-known sponsors, who have been asked to be godfathers and godmothers, simply because they were reputed to be rich and were likely to make a present. And I know several people who invariably decline such requests when presented to them, merely considering them, not marks of personal regard, but excuses for extorting presents.

In my character as chief chronicler of the changing ideas or information on apparel for the "G.O.P.," I try to extract everything bearing on the topic, and I find the following on the subject of fur-lined cloaks:—"Most of these cloaks are lined with rabbit-skins. Their lightness of hue proclaims them to be foreign, and, indeed, most of them come from Poland. In the town of Lissa, one of the chief industries is the dressing of rabbit-skins, and many thousands are exported every year. For the more expensive cloaks, squirrel-skins are used, the Siberian squirrel being most in request. Oddly enough, while we receive great numbers of rabbit-skins from Russia, we likewise send large quantities thither. Many muffs and fur cloaks are made with the skins of the ordinary domestic cat, the Dutch variety. Thousands of cats are annually reared in Holland solely for the sake of their fur, which is longer and softer than that of the English cat. A jet-black cat-skin is the most valuable, and a good one is worth, in its unmanufactured state, about half a sovereign. It is a thousand pities that the redundant cats of London cannot be utilised in some such fashion as this."

The paper pattern illustrated is one of the "new corselet bodice," which will form part of the present season's novelties. It is composed of eight pieces—*i.e.*, two sleeve pieces, back, front, collar, corselet front, and two side back pieces. The corselet front reaches to the seam under the arms (the front of the bodice beneath is slightly pleated), and is strapped across by velvet straps. The velvet shoulder straps are sewn on the under bodice. Collar of velvet. This bodice as illustrated will answer for cotton or linen dresses, as well as for woollen ones, and is a most graceful and girlish style. The back is pointed as well as the front; but of course it may be easily altered so as to suit the wearer.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.," price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's and plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoast (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice.

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

List of Subscriptions continued from page 423.

One of the Girls, 6d., Two Sisters, "A Thank-offering," 2s., Two Inseparables (3s. per annum), 3s., Isabel Griggs (2s. 6d. per annum), 2s. 6d., Florence Bushel, 6d., C. C., 1s., L. B. H. (collected), 3s. 6d., E. M. E. K., 4d., G. A. Geere (collected), 2s. 6d., M. F. Clarke, 9d., Thomas à Becket, 6d., Bolham and Friends, 1s. 9d., "A Poor Lily," 3d., Miss Annie Smith (collected), 10s., "Little Motherless One," 1s., E. H., A Friend, 4s., K. S. (collected), 5s., "Five Feet Eight," 1s., L. F. R., 1s., Georgiana M. Gervase, 1s., Jennie, 5s., Daisy Claxton (collected), 3s. 6d., Violet Ratcliffe, 1s., Cumberland Lassie, 6d., Miss Gibson, 6d., Mrs. J. F., 1s., Minnie Gowland (collected), 2s. 6d., Amy Collis (collected), 2s., Louisa M. Law (collected), 1s., From some who wish success to the Home, 2s., Ellen M. White-Spunner (collected), 7s. 6d., B. M. A. Lee, 6d., Fannetta, 8d., "V. R.," 2s., "A Grateful Girl," 2s., "A Heavy Heart," 6d., Irish Kitty, 3d., Alice Rockhampton, 1s., A Working Girl, 1s., Mrs. J., 6d., Miss W., 6d., Annie Devine (Vancouver), 4s. 1d., Miss Peek, 5s., "Four Westmoreland Lassies," 1s., Nellie and Eliza Jay, 1s., Two Sisters, 1s., Mary Causton, 1s., Edith M., 6d., Nellie Tranton (1s. per annum), 1s., Emma, 2s. 1d., Mattock Lane, 10s., Margaret, 3d., "Winnie," 1s., "Iris," 4d., J. G. Baker, 7d.

Total amount received up to February 28th, £124 17s. 11½d.

OVER THE KAVERI.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

By Mrs. AUSTIN DOBSON.

In the month of October, 1881, a party of travellers, consisting of an English officer, Major S——, and his wife, a brother and sister, who may be recognised as Mr. and Miss B——, and one other gentleman, prepared to act as, and who indeed was, the "doctor" of the company, set out on an expedition in the beautiful neighbourhood of the Falls of the Kaveri—or Cauvery, as the river is sometimes called—in the Madras Presidency of India.

The ladies were mounted on an elephant, over whose huge back, in default of the more comfortable howdah, rude mattresses had been bound by strong cords. These the riders determinately gripped to secure a steady seat behind the mahout, or driver, who, with native ease, had thrown himself over the elephant's neck, his hawkuss, a kind of dagger with a hook at the side, in due proximity to the tender feelings of the noble beast—its ears and head.

At the side of this mother-elephant, whose age none of the natives, reckoning by monsoons, could determine, marched her calf, quite a small elephant, said to be at least forty years old.

In the rear walked the gentlemen and native attendants, taking advantage of the path cleared by the elephants, that with their gaily painted trunks would break off the branches of trees overlapping their course, or root up the many lovely shrubs and creepers which intercepted their footsteps.

It was the first time that one of the ladies, at least, had ridden an elephant, and the unique slow rocking movement, ending in the noiseless but by no means motionless thud of the giant foot as it reached the ground, was to her rather alarming; but as the lovely scenery by degrees engrossed her attention, she forgot her fear of the exalted position in appreciation of the better view it afforded of the country through which they were passing.

A gorgeous sight indeed are the Falls of the Kaveri. Six or seven cascades, the highest of them about 180 feet high, can be seen from one point of view, dashing over their rocky beds, amidst grassy knolls, valleys with their thick garment of the graceful caladium, plumbago, and other of our hothouse plants; surrounded by exquisite natural ferneries and forest trees from which the little weavers' nests hang, and in which the chattering jays and many-coloured parrots, with here and there a group of monkeys, enjoy a livelong summer holiday. A fit haunt, this, for wild bees, of which the traveller may do well to beware, avoiding the foot of the rocks where the bees have made their nests, and where perhaps more than one explorer has run the risk of sharing the fate of a gentleman who, attacked by the bees, must have been stung to death had not a lady, with presence of mind, covered him with her shawl.

Not so many miles from this spot—though perhaps two days' journey in bullock carts—is the splendid mausoleum of Tippoo Sahib, who lived in his, as he thought, impregnable palace at Seringapatam, guarded by two tigers, a terror to all about him, till the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, stormed the fort and took it, upon which Tippoo was killed.

In dry weather much sand drifts from the bed of the Kaveri, and blows in the direction of the native village of Talkud, where thirty temples are believed to be sand buried. The top of one was, at the time of this adventure, to be seen, and another, still uncovered, would, the natives affirmed, have quite disappeared in about thirty years.

In and out among these villages, temples, slopes, and precipices flows the Kaveri, now and then dashing over the rocks which form the waterfalls, now and then branching off and forming small islands.

Of these, the island of Sivasamundram is of some importance to travellers. To its owner, both the title of Jagirdar and the land were given upon the condition of his providing a bungalow for travellers.

Owing to its circuitous course, the Kaveri has to be crossed in several places by travellers who would save themselves the many hours or even days of travel which would be occupied in following its course.

Major S—— and his party had already made the passage several times, before they had engaged the elephants, by means of a pontoon made of "dug-outs"—tree trunks scooped out, like Robinson Crusoe's. Into or on to this pontoon the ox-wagons (discarded since the elephants had been hired) had been placed and safely landed on the opposite side.

But at Sivasamundram there was a bridge broad enough to carry the elephants, so that no delay would now prevent the travellers' advance; and as the elephants approached the river they were naturally driven towards the bridge in question.

When, however, the mother-elephant came near the bridge, to the astonishment of all present she stood still, and throwing up her trunk trumpeted loudly.

The first surprise over, the driver goaded the poor beast with no merciful hand.

But in vain. Not a step further would she advance to the bridge, and in response to further use of the hawkuss came another bellowing more hideous than the first.

"There is some secret of which we know nothing," remarked Major S——, "and of which the rascally driver knows well enough. I'm pretty sure the natives are all in league; they told me the elephant would not go over the bridge."

"The elephant, probably by instinct or by gift of scent, has an objection to the bridge," said the doctor; and the discussion might have lasted longer had not the ladies, growing alarmed, called upon the gentlemen to relieve their fears.

"It is impossible to unravel the mystery," said Major S——; "I'm pretty sure these natives know more than they choose to tell. I will see what bribing them will do, and they shall pay for it afterwards. Keep your seats: there is nothing to alarm you."

Major S—— put his hand in his pocket and produced some tempting backsheesh. But his intention had been anticipated. The natives had understood the major's remarks.

For a moment they took counsel together. Then one of them grasped the cord hanging from the "baby-elephant's" neck. Using the same means as applied to the mother, they compelled the smaller elephant to advance towards the bridge.

No sooner had he put his foot between its walls than the mother, again trumpeting with a force that vibrated through the air, strode forward towards the bank of the river, and, feeling the way very carefully with her trunk, stepped into the water.

In horror-struck suspense the ladies cried out for help impossible to render.

"Hold on!" shouted Major S——; "the river is shallow, and the elephant may only have to wade."

And if not, and she should fail to swim, would it be possible for the gentlemen to swim out to rescue the ladies? But the river was running with almost the swiftness of rapids; to stem the current would be impossible.

In their inability to render assistance, the gentlemen stood on the shore while the elephant waded deeper into the stream.

Above her knee, up to her [illegible] rose the water, and as she threw up her trunk and the ladies' feet touched the water, it was apparent that the elephant was swimming!

Would she be able to overcome the force of the tide? Arrived in the middle of the river, was the animal wavering? A few moments of suspense which, to the ladies, in their perilous position, seemed an age, and the elephant had overcome the swiftness of the tide, and was making steadily, though slowly, for the shore.

Having raised her huge and dripping form from the rippling waves her movements had caused, she clambered, in majestic fashion, up the opposite bank.

Almost too thankful to find words of reproof, the major turned to the driver for an explanation, and was assured that the elephant would not go over the bridge because her instinct told her it was not strong enough to bear her weight. The knowledge that her calf was being led over the bridge to the other side of the river, rather than any coercion on the part of the mahout, had possibly induced the elephant to cross the river with so short a warning. The supposition that the bridge would not have borne the weight of the elephant's huge form was corroborated by the facts afterwards ascertained, and it is to be hoped that on a route traversed by elephants a bridge secure enough to bear so stately an animal has superseded that which she so strongly suspected of want of stability.

Having dismounted by means of a chair placed at the side of the elephant's calf, that acted as a stepping-stone to its mother, the travellers sat down to their picnic-tiffin, with grateful hearts to God, who had given instinct to an animal and safety to His people.

In a volume of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," entitled "Quadrupeds," the fact that an elephant will walk over a *vibrating* bridge when nothing will induce him to set foot on a *tottering* bridge, is noticed, and an interesting passage on the elephant's mode of swimming may be quoted from pp. 63 and 64. "The power of crossing rivers must be essential to the existence of the elephant in a state of nature; for the quantity of food which a herd of elephants consume renders it necessary that they should be constantly moving from place to place. The elephant crosses a stream in two ways. If the bed of the river is hard, and the water not of too great a depth, he fords it. It is a matter of indifference to him whether his body be completely immersed in the water; for as long as he can bring the tip of his trunk to the surface, so as to breathe the external air, he is safe. But the elephant will require to cross the largest rivers as well as the smallest brooks, in his search for food; and it may even be requisite for him to pass such mighty waters as the Ganges and the Niger. The elephant swims deep—so deep that the end of his trunk only is out of the water. With this instrument for breathing, he trusts himself fearlessly to his native rivers. In a state of captivity, he is somewhat more cautious; although a well-trained elephant will readily swim, or wade with his driver on his back. This situation is, however, sometimes one of danger to the rider; for the animal, regardless of the mahout . . . will sink his body greatly below the surface, having this faculty of breathing through the end of his trunk; and then the frightened driver has no resource but to stand upon his back."

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

THEY met to arrange for the sixth month of the Girls' Year, and began as usual by discussing what they had read and studied during the preceding four weeks.

First came the celebrated ballad of John Gilpin. "I wonder," said Edith, "if the story records a real incident, or was just invented by Cowper himself?"

"Whether it is a real incident or not," answered Lucy, "nobody seems to know, but it certainly was not invented by Cowper. One evening, when he was in a very depressed state of mind, his friend Lady Austen told the story to amuse him. She had remembered it ever since she was a little girl. In Cowper's Life they say that when he heard it he laughed so much that he could not sleep, and passed the night in turning it into a ballad."

Florence and Edith had both read the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, as given by Percy in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and the more modern version also contained in that work. Lucy had read the old version in Professor Morley's "Shorter English Poems." "Its date," she said, "is set down as about 1500, and Professor Morley claims for it that if not the original, it is much nearer to the original than the version given by Percy." She had also read the famous criticism by Addison on the modernised version, contained in the 70th and 74th numbers of the *Spectator*, and strongly recommended her friends to do the same.

"By the way," she added, "there is a curious point explained by Professor Morley. It is about the name Chevy Chase. According to him it is a corruption of "chevauchée," a French word for a raid over an enemy's borders, a word very familiar to the English while they possessed settlements in France; and representing such attacks as were often made by the Scots, who were at that time allied with the French against England."

"That is a very ingenious explanation," remarked Edith; "but I don't think it will be easy to overturn the common notion that Chevy Chase means the hunting of the cheviot, and nothing more."

"Which strikes you as the better version—the old or the modern?" asked Florence.

"The modern," replied Edith; "because, though the spelling is peculiar, none of the words in it need a glossary. Here and there, however, I would rather have the old, with all its queer expressions. Bishop Percy is right about the episode of Witherington, which is pathetic in the ancient ballad, but only ludicrous when the modern ballad-singer says:—

"'For Witherington needs must I wail
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps.'"

They spoke next of Fenimore Cooper's novel of "The Spy."

"It was first published," said Lucy, "in 1821, and seems to have met with almost immediate success. The subject was too closely connected with the sympathies of the people of the United States not to be taken up with enthusiasm."

"Is it the best of his books?" Florence asked.

"No," answered Lucy, who had read a good deal of Cooper; "as a matter of taste I prefer 'The Prairie,' but 'The Last of the Mohicans' is most often quoted as his masterpiece."

"They say," remarked Edith, "that he was one of the most popular authors that ever put pen to paper. Balzac had a great admiration for him, and Victor Hugo gives it as his opinion that he ought to be placed even above the 'Wizard of the North.'"

"That is only Victor Hugo's extravagance," said Lucy. "There is a sensible criticism on Cooper's works in the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The writer says:—'His qualities are not those of the great masters of fiction; but he had an inexhaustible imagination, some faculty for simple combination of incident, a homely tragic force which is very genuine and effective, and up to a certain point a fine narrative power. His literary training was inadequate; his vocabulary is limited, and his style awkward and pretentious; and he has a fondness for moralising tritely and obviously, which mars his best passages. In point of conception each of his three-and-thirty novels is either absolutely good or is possessed of a certain amount of merit; but hitches occur in all, so that every one of them is remarkable rather in its episodes than as a whole."

The perusal of the life by John Evelyn of his amiable and much-loved friend Mrs. Godolphin, had refreshed and deepened the religious life of our three friends during all the month. It is a book which no one can read in the right spirit without being the better of it; and being encouraged, as Evelyn puts it, to follow the example of Mrs. Godolphin, "till we arrive at that blessed repose whither she is gone before." The contrast between her piety and the godless character of the Court of Charles II., at which she was a maid of honour, her good resolutions, her wise reflections, the beginning and growth of Evelyn's friendship for her, her doubts as to whether she should marry or remain single, her marrying after all on the sly, without even taking Evelyn into her confidence, her short, happy married life, and her untimely death, when a long career of usefulness seemed to lie before her—all help to form a story which once read can never be forgotten.

On the subject of the merciful deliverance of England from the danger of the Spanish Armada, each one had a good deal to say, especially Florence, who mentioned that her mother, who came of an Ayrshire family, traced her descent to the captain of one of the Spanish men of war which was wrecked on the West Coast of Scotland.

They had finished Sir George Grove's Geography (pages 79-126), and congratulated themselves that in the rambles they made a point of taking together—but which consideration of space, alas, prevented our saying anything about—they were putting in practice the wise counsel with which the little book concludes: keeping their eyes open, and in this way adding to their stock of information regarding the world we live in every day of their lives.

The selection of Chopin's Fantasia in F minor had been rather an ambitious flight. They were not satisfied with their rendering of it at all, except perhaps Lucy, who, as a rule, took an encouraging view of her own performances. In talking about the piece Florence led the conversation to the discussion of the composer, and then she read this instructive criticism by Mr. Dannreuther:—

"Like a magician, Chopin appears possessed of the secret to transmute and transfigure whatever he touches into some weird crystal, convincing in its conformation, transparent in its eccentricity, of which no duplicate is possible, no imitation desirable. He was a great inventor, not only as regards the technical treatment of the pianoforte, but as regards music *per se*, as regards composition. He spoke of new things well worth hearing, and found new ways of saying such things. The emotioned materials he embodies are not of the very highest; his moral nature was not cast in a sublime mould, and his intellect was not of the profoundest; his bias was romantic and sentimental rather than heroic or *naïve*—but be his material ever so exotic, he invariably make amends by the exquisite refinement of his diction."

Wise girls, as, on the whole they were, they had spent a good deal of time over the domestic economy subject of ironing, but the essay on Borrowing and Lending was what at their meeting they discussed most, chiefly because there was a little difference of opinion about it. The kind and somewhat easygoing natures of Florence and Edith had led them to take quite a favourable view of lending—though Florence was inclined to draw the line at books—and to think that borrowing might be tolerated at least now and then. Lucy, however, was dead against both, arguing much in the same way as old Polonius when he said to his son:—

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

The programme was arranged now for April. All were keen in the direction of humorous poetry, so they fixed for reading on Swift's "Baucis and Philemon," and Burns's "Tam o' Shanter."

In fiction they chose Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," a book not only interesting in itself, but Lucy mentioned her having read that it was the work which had suggested to Sir Walter Scott the writing of the Waverley Novels.

Edith suggested the biographical subject: it was the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," by that great master of English composition, De Quincey.

As a historical topic they chose the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745.

Having finished the Geography of Sir George

Grove, it was thought that an interesting scientific subject to turn their attention to would be geology, and so they selected the primer on Geology, by Mr. Archibald Geikie.

Music was to be represented by the Valse Allemande in F major of Rubinstein.

In domestic economy they were to read and collect information on the important subject of water supply, besides making out the usual list of foods in season.

The essay was to be "On People with Two Faces."

After Edith and Florence had produced copies of the following Thoughts on Truth and the Anniversary Calendar for the Girls' Year, Lucy remarked that by the end of the month they would have concluded half a year of study together, and she promised that at their next meeting she would have ready a table, on which she had been working, to show all they had done during the six months. "It will surprise you," said she.

Thoughts on Truth for the Girls' Year.

I. *True freedom.* He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides. —*Cowper.*

II. *Unequalled pleasure.* There is no pleasure comparable to standing on the vantage ground of truth.—*Burke.*

III. *The noblest pursuit.* The pursuit of religious truth is the noblest, as it is the most important pursuit, in which any human being can be engaged.—*Whately.*

IV. *Virtue and truth.* The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as on the contrary there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.—*Casaubon.*

V. *Stainless purity.* Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

VI. *Friends, enemies, and companions.* The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; her constant companion is humility.

VII. *Truth in three parts.* There are three parts in truth: first, the inquiry, which is the wooing of it; secondly, the knowledge of it, which is the presence of it; and thirdly, the belief, which is the enjoyment of it.—*Bacon.*

VIII. *A difference.* All people wish to have truth on their side, but few to be on the side of truth.

IX. *Peace and truth.* Truth without peace is turbulent, and peace without truth is secure injustice.—*Bishop Hall.*

X. *A definition.* Truth is the conformity of expression to thought. The expression of truth is simplicity.—*Seneca.*

XI. *The growth of error.* All errors spring up in the neighbourhood of some truth; they grow round about it, and for the most part derive their strength from being in its vicinity.

XII. *Clear vision.* It is only to the pure in heart who love truth for its own sake that it is given to see its expediency.

XIII. *The ways of falsehood.* Falsehoods always endeavour to copy the mien and attitude of truth.—*Johnson.*

XIV. *Almost hopeless.* She who either cares not to be a lover of truth, or takes for granted that she is such, without taking any pains to acquire the habit, is not likely ever to acquire it.

XV. *A sure punishment.* The punishment that attends the lying and deceitful person is the hatred of all those whom she has or would have deceived.

XVI. *Truthful talk.* There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—*Plato.*

XVII. *No fear of the consequences.* God forbid that the search after truth should be discouraged for fear of the consequences! The consequences of truth may be subversive of systems of superstition, but they never can be injurious to the rights or well-founded expectations of the human race.—*Bishop Watson.*

XVIII. *An advocate on the wrong side.* In deciding questions of truth and duty remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

XIX. *The right order.* If the question "What is true?" be asked only in the second place, it is likely to receive a very different answer from what it would if it had been asked in the first place.—*Whately.*

XX. *Consistency.* Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out.—*Tillotson.*

XXI. *On the surface.* Truth is a gem that is found at a great depth: whilst on the surface of this world all things are weighed by the false scales of custom.—*Byron.*

XXII. *Our own views.* We must always think our opinions right, but not think our opinions are right always.

XXIII. *Insincerity encouraged.* To say anything however true in itself of which we have not a hearty conviction at the moment breeds a habit of insincerity.

XXIV. *The safe side.* There is no safe side but the side of truth.

XXV. *No danger in truth.* To dread danger from the progress of any truth, physical, moral, or religious, is to manifest a want of faith in God's power, or in His will to maintain His own cause.—*Whately.*

XXVI. *The love of truth.* Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. To love God and to love truth are one and the same.—*Silvio Pellico.*

XXVII. *How truth is missed.* Truth is oftener missed from indifference about it than from intellectual incapacity.

XXVIII. *The judgment and the will.* There should be an endeavour to preserve the indifference of the *judgment*, even in cases where the *will* cannot and should not be indifferent.

XXIX. *A poor gain.* She will find it a poor gain who hits upon truth with the loss of charity.

XXX. *Everlasting truth.* Truth is truth to the end of reckoning.—*Shakespeare.*

April Anniversaries of the Girls' Year.

1. Madame Pasta, a celebrated vocalist, died in 1865. Her voice was a splendid soprano, extending from the low A to the highest D. Though she was below the middle height, her figure was very well proportioned; she had a noble head with fine features, a high forehead, dark and expressive eyes, and a beautiful mouth.

2. Adelaide, the good and beautiful Empress of Germany, died in 999. She was the daughter of Rodolph II., King of Burgundy, and was taken from a prison to marry the Emperor Otho I., in 951.

3. Mary Carpenter, born in 1807. One of the special objects in life of this well-known philanthropist was to elevate depraved and vagrant children, and to obtain for them that education and position which, as the rising generation in a civilised and Christian community, they had a right to claim. Many have been able to say of her that, under God's blessing, she has saved them from apparent destruction, if not from certain ruin.

4. Madame Anne Lefèvre Dacier, born in 1654. She was a famous French scholar and translator from the classics. She not only wrote on her own account, but assisted her husband, for whom she cherished a high admiration, in his editions and translations.

5. Catherine I. of Russia, wife of Peter the Great, born 1689. Her origin was humble but "she was evidently a woman of considerable insight and expertness, able to manage the eccentric Czar in his violent and extravagant moods, and above all, capable of sympathising with him and assisting him in his great schemes, though she could neither read nor write."

6. Laura de Noves, the subject of Petrarch's amatory poetry, died in 1348. The poet first saw her in 1327, at one o'clock on the 6th of April, in the Church of St. Clara of Avignon. "In that fatal hour he saw a lady, a little younger than himself, in a green mantle sprinkled with violets, on which her golden hair fell plaited in tresses. She was distinguished from all others by her proud and delicate carriage. The impression which she made on his heart was sudden, yet it was never effaced."

7. Eleanor Anne Franklin, poetess, the first wife of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, born in 1795. Her poem, "The Arctic Expedition," led to an acquaintance with Sir John which resulted in their marriage. She died in 1825, six days after her husband's departure on his second expedition.

8. Eponina, executed in 78. She was the constant and devoted wife of Julius Sabinus, a nobleman of Gaul, and was executed with her husband after his defeat in a revolt against Vespasian.

9. Eugénie de Guérin, born in 1805. She was a pattern of a good sister. Her "Journal," kept for the benefit of her brother Maurice during his absence from home, has been published. The French Academy has paid it the highest compliment in its power, and the style has been compared by Eugénie's countrymen to that of the great Pascal himself.

10. Queen Hortense, born in 1783. She was the daughter of Josephine, the consort of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of the Vicomte de Beauharnais, Josephine's first husband. She married Napoleon's brother Louis, but the match turned out ill, and a year after her becoming Queen Consort of Holland she separated from him. One of her sons was the last Emperor of the French.

11. Margaret of Angoulême, born 1492. She married Henri d'Albret, titular King of Navarre, in 1527. The poets of her time are unwearied in celebrating her charms. She does not from the portraits which exist appear to have been regularly beautiful, but as to her sweetness of disposition everyone is agreed.

12. Madame Guyon, born in 1648. After the death of her husband she completely abandoned herself to the life of mystic piety or "perfect contemplation," generally known as Quietism. The great enemy of Madame Guyon and the system of Quietism was Bossuet, while for her champion she had the noble-hearted, eloquent, and illustrious Fénelon.

13. Sydney Lady Morgan, authoress, died in 1859. Her first literary success was "The Wild Irish Girl." She had a rare facility in the art of composition, combined with considerable cleverness in portraiture, and a happy knack of hitting off the whimsical peculiarities of the people of "Ould Ireland," which delighted her numerous readers.

14. Louise Labe, poetess and heroine, born in 1526 at Lyons. She was known as "the beautiful rope-maker," and was distinguished for her extraordinary talents and courage in arms at the siege of Perpignan.

15. Hypatia, celebrated for her beauty and illustrious for her genius, born 350 A.D. She was a mathematician and philosopher, and closed her life as one of the martyrs of paganism. She was remarkable for eloquence, and is said on more than one occasion to have

proved an effective advocate in the courts of law.

16. Madame Tussaud, the founder of the celebrated waxwork, died in 1850. During the French Revolution, and for many years afterwards, Madame Tussaud had a difficult time of it. "Meeting adversity with a stout heart," says Dr. Robert Chambers, "always industrious, frugal, and considerate, the ingenious little woman at length was enabled to set up her models in London, where she had forty years of constant prosperity, and where she died at the age of ninety in the midst of an attached and grateful family extending to several generations."

17. Catherine Sinclair, authoress, born in 1800. She possessed great literary industry, and has left quite a library of her own works. For many years before her death she was engaged in "the superintendence of a charitable institution for the widows of officers of the army—a charge which was bequeathed to her, together with a large income, by a lady whose partiality originated solely in a knowledge of her writings, although it was subsequently matured by personal intercourse."

18. Fatima, the most famous of the daughters of Mohammed, born in 606. She married her father's cousin, and from her were descended the caliphs of Egypt.

19. Madame Josephine Duschek, a celebrated vocalist, born in 1756 at Prague. Mozart became acquainted with her in 1777, and regarded her as a true and sympathising friend. She had a full round voice, and sang with great expression, especially in recitative.

20. The "Maid of Kent" (Elizabeth Barton), executed in 1534. She was a poor girl, the subject of religious ecstasies, which led her to be executed at Tyburn on the charge of high treason.

21. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, born 1814. She is the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett and granddaughter of Mr. Thomas Coutts, the well-known banker. She was raised to the peerage in 1871, an honour to which her works of charity, benevolence, and philanthropy well entitled her.

22. Madame de Staël, born in 1766. The literary works of Madame de Staël, which embrace almost every sort of composition, are now but little read, but in her own time she was exalted to the skies. She must be allowed to have had great ability, but "her books," says Mr. Saintsbury, "are seen to be in large part merely clever reflections of other people's views, or views current at the time, and the famous 'ideas' turn out to be chiefly the ideas of the books or the men with whom she was from time to time in contact."

23. Joanna K. Block, born in 1650. She was distinguished for her imitation of landscapes, portraits, etc., in paper. Her death took place in 1715.

24. Queen Isabella of Spain, born in 1451. Spain owed much to her clear intellect, resolute energy, and unselfish patriotism. It was she who when all others had heard with incredulity the scheme of discovery of Columbus, recalled him to her presence with the words, "I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury should be found inadequate."

25. Sister Martha (Anne Biget), born in Besançon in 1748. From her youth she devoted herself to the relief of the poor and afflicted. During the campaign of 1814, though she was then nearly seventy years old, she distinguished herself in the relief of the wounded, and had every mark of honour shown her by the allied sovereigns.

26. Mrs. Cobbett, born in 1770. She was the wife of the famous William Cobbett, who tells of his exclaiming, "That's the girl for me!" when he saw her very early one winter's morning in New Brunswick out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. She was then only thirteen years old. "From the day that I first spoke to her," says Cobbett, "I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers."

27. Royal assent given to the bill under which the Queen assumed the title of Empress of India in 1876. The Prime Minister at the time—Mr. Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield—gave as a leading reason for the new title the necessity of asserting the position of the sovereign of England as supreme ruler over the whole empire of India.

28. Madame Stockhausen, a famous concert singer, born in 1803. Her voice is described as "a clear high soprano, the upper part of her register being unusually sweet and liquid, qualities which she rarely missed the opportunity of exhibiting, for she almost always terminated her songs on the highest octave."

29. Irene, Empress of the East, born in 752. She was dethroned in 802, and from prosperity and splendour came to be under the necessity of spinning for a living.

30. Sophia, half-sister of Peter the Great and Czariness of Russia, born in 1667. She was a woman of singular energy of character, but according to some accounts altogether wanting in personal attractions.

(*To be continued.*)

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

BLEST spot, so near to London's din and smoke,
In easy reach of all its poorest folk;
Its varied walks, and air so fresh and pure,
For tired minds a soothing balm and cure.

Its ever dappled stretch of gravelly ground,
With tangled gorse, and broom, and grassy mound,
And all the little flowers that grow between,
Afford the eye a cool, refreshing scene.

No lack of seats our weary limbs to rest,
Or mossy banks for those who like them best;
No lack of shade from oak, ash, beech, and lime,
Which flourished here from immemorial time.

They still preserve as fresh and green a hue,
And lend their leafy richness to the view,
As though they grew a hundred miles away,
Far out of reach of London's sooty sway.

How many birds still love to linger here,
And build their nests, and never seem to fear
The ruthless raids town lads too often make,
For wanton sport their little nests to take!

They still sing on, and bear no grudge to man,
The same glad songs of praise they always sang;
We might a wholesome lesson from them take—
Always forgiving for our Master's sake.

Our Heath, so fought for, we have won at last,
And nailed our flag of welcome to the mast;
Here may the toiling thousands, free from care,
Ramble at will and breathe health-giving air.

G. C. H.

THE MONEY BAGS.

A TRUE CORNISH STORY OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

"To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand."

—*Hamlet.*

"THERE now! you see, mum, it was all right; I told you so," said Mrs. Dicas Bollom, our landlady, triumphantly. For I had been very much astonished and perplexed that very morning.

And this is how it was.

We, tired of London dust, had come down to this queer little Cornish village (that had for long years been a favourite haunt of the smugglers, with endless stories of caves full of contraband goods, but now quite a reformed village) to the red rocks, the rich masses of foliage, the blue and green sea, and the fishermen in their blue jackets and bonny sunburnt faces that Hook loves to paint—we had come down to all these, to enjoy ourselves. And in order to make the enjoyment more complete, we had hired a cottage perched on one of the ledges of the rocks, as if it had grown there, from which we could see the whole of Polperro, curious, irregular little village, at our feet, and hear the voices of the fisherfolk as they spoke to each other in country fashion up and down the place—literally up and down. And wonderful it was to stand on a summer's evening on the ledge and see the deep blue sky and the moon and stars glittering more brightly than over London, though as the old fishermen said, "I du believe it be the same mune I see in my country;" and watch the lesser stars, the cottage lights, that serve as beacons to the fishermen toiling out at sea; and hear the curious country gossip, now the day's work was over, in the broad Cornish dialect; the voices so distinct and the bits of news so funny. Oh, how they did talk for ever and a day at their cottage doors across the valley, the words ringing in the clear evening air in a manner quite amazing to a Londoner! At last the voices died away, the moon and stars reigned supreme, and Polperro was at rest.

Nothing could well exceed the simplicity of our white-washed cottage—small rooms, rickety staircase, and gable roof, charming to sketch, but most inconvenient within.

We had a capital Cornish servant, Polly, who could serve up the fish, fruit, and vegetables all as fresh as the racy winds that swept our cheeks when we went out, and almost blew us off the cliffs into the sea when we took a stroll. Of such luxuries as drives there were none, but instead glorious rambles up and down the cliffs, or down winding lanes with banks twenty feet high, overgrown with ferns and wild flowers, and dark with trees arching overhead. But to proceed.

One day the delightful news came that a visitor was coming to stay with us; and it so happened that in arranging our furniture for the comfort of our guest we made a grand discovery.

In a drawer with several other things of no value, belonging to Mrs. Dicas Bollom, our landlady, two plain cotton bags tied with white tape, and that chinked mysteriously for all the world like—money!

I lifted the bags; they were quite heavy. I called for my sister. We held a cabinet council on the spot, and counted out the treasures together. Nearly fifty pounds—gold, silver, and copper in wild confusion, and all left loose in an open drawer.

We looked at each other with faces of blank amazement. The bags must have been left in ignorance; some tremendous mistake; they might have thought the money was lost.

Our first impulse was to take them at once to the landlady, carefully holding the precious bags lest any should drop out on the road; in fact, we were quite nervous and uncomfortable till they were safe.

"Is Mrs. Bollom at home?" said we, both at once, breathlessly.

She was engaged, but at our service.

"Oh! Mrs. Bollom," again both at once. "What do you think we have found?"

"Really, ladies, I can't say," said she, turning over in her mind what on earth it could be—a mermaid or a sea-serpent.

"Did you know," said my sister, "that there was money left in our drawers in our room—in one of the open drawers?" (as for keys, I don't believe there was a bunch of keys in the whole place).

"I can't say, I'm sure," said she, quite calmly. "Well, mebbe there was," as if a light broke in upon her.

"Why, there were two bags with money in them—pounds, shillings, and halfpence.

"Really, now, was there? Well, I had quite forgotten. Oh, yes! there was the money bags, one for the nets and one for the fish. You see ladies," she said, explaining to our astonished selves, "our men can't all have a net apiece, they are that poor, poor dears, so they have one net between them and divide the money. Let me see," said she, thinking aloud, "there was James Beer, Reuben Bollom, old John, oh yes! the money bags are all right."

"All right! my good woman. It's very well to say it is all right; but do you think it is all right to leave nearly fifty pounds loose in an open drawer in a room that you let to strangers?"

"Fifty pounds, was there really now! Well, I had no idea there was so much."

"Oh, yes! nearly fifty pounds; that is, for I like to be exact, five pounds in gold, twenty-two pounds in silver, and seventeen and fourpence in copper in one bag; and two pounds in gold, thirteen pounds in silver, and six pounds eleven and ninepence in copper in the other bag."

(Any young lady devoted to arithmetic may reckon this up at her leisure.)

"Thank you, mum, very much; yes, that's all right."

"All right," said I, quite provoked at her calmness, thinking what an odd way of doing business this would be in the city. "Why, all that precious money might have been stolen fifty times over, and you not know it!"

"But you see, mum," said she again, with a bright ringing laugh, "you have brought it back yourself; you see it is all right. I told you so."

What more could I say? It was all right, and safer in an open drawer in this rude village than in many a well guarded bank. Here was a state of things! What a garden of Eden we had found; Paradise without the serpent. I might have said with the cobbler's wife, "I died last night, and this is heaven." What a glorious revolution there would be if such honesty were universal! Why, prisons would be changed into open gardens, and bolts and bars into lovers' knots.

But in truth we felt uncomfortable and ashamed of our precautions, and abashed to think that we had brought with us from town the taint of a base suspicion, like the long trail of smoke from a London train soiling the clear blue sky.

So as we went slowly back to the cottage, we came to the conclusion that when Hamlet said "To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand," he must have left Polperro out of his calculations.

EMILY MACIRONE.

THE GIRLS' OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

Already acknowledged in No. 422 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £12 1s. 3d.

A. C. Murphy, 1s., Florrie, 1s., Inez Williams, 1s., Sarah E. Humphries, 2s., Jessie Crossby, 2s. 6d., Louisa M. Low, 1s., S. A. Walkden, 1s. 1d., Dolly, 4d., Mary A. Baker, 1s., Laura Bellairs, 1s., Maude M. Harwood, 1s., Edith Norfolk, 9d., Annette Grimalkin, 1s., Erin, 1s., Matilda A. Shaw, 1s., Amelia Broadbent, 2s. 6d., Mary Perry Mould, 2s., E. Grim, 4s., Colaba, 1s. 6d., Julia A. Hennen, 1s., Edith Grey, 1s., Emily Flaura Brockmor, 3s., Kate Perry, 1s., Edwyna, 6d., Hester Stoman, 1s. 6d., Lizzie Witt, 3d., Phiz, 1s., Alice Evans, 1s., Lizzie Zilesch, 2s., M. E. C., 1s., Ettie Hacking, 1s., A Yorkshire Lassie, 2s., Edith Woods, 1s., Alberta A. Cornegie, 2s., Margaret Hall, 1s., Daphne, 6d., Florence S. Crampton, 3s., A. M. A., 1s., Florence Jones, 1s., Louisa M. C. Ready, 1s., A. F. Ohely, 5s., Florrie Cooper, 4s., A Mite from a Needlework Competitor, 6d., Ella Milna Collie, 2s., C. C. S. and A. C. S., 4s., Ursula Hutchinson, 1s., Frances, 1d., Annie and Katie, 2s., The Misses Mackay, 2s., Mary Jane Barley, 6d., A Friend, 2s. 6d., Blank Beams, 1s., M. F., 1s. 6d., E. Mackay, 1s.

Total amount received up to February 28, 1888, £16 0s. 1d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

OLIVE.—The translation of the Italian sentence at the beginning of the "Moonlight Sonata" is as follows:—

"This piece must be played throughout with extreme delicacy, and without pedals."

PATIENCE MOBERLEY.—We know of no method of finding out, save to write directly to the director of the "Conservatoire de Musique" at Paris, and inquire there.

S. E. B.—We do not think that the students reside in any of the colleges of music in London; but at the Royal College, Kensington Gore, S.W., lodgings are procured for the students, if desired; and Trinity College has a hall of residence for them. Apply to Shelley Fisher, Esq., Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, W.

A WOULD-BE SINGER wants to sing in public without having had lessons or any teaching whatever. She has only had careful practising and the reading of some notes on singing, similar to those which appear in the G.O.P. We think she would be very foolish to try such a thing, as singing is one of those arts that must be taught by a thoroughly competent person able to test your voice. 2. Red noses and blue faces are generally the result of defective circulation, or of bad and weak digestion. Much harm is also done by living in cold, unwarmed bedrooms during the winter, a foolish and wrong thing to do, if circumstances permit having a fire, as even in this climate, called "temperate," the weather is at times bitterly cold, too cold for such a trial of strength and health in a delicate person.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHRIMPS and IMPS.—Climate affects the colour of the human race. You will find that "half-caste" children who are brought to this country more black than white, become considerably fairer as they grow up in this cool, temperate climate. The colouring matter which is designed as a preservative of the skin under burning and blistering tropical sunshine, is no longer requisite here, and is produced in diminished quantity. Nature does much unaided by art, when a human creature is reduced to extremity; and so it has been found that, when lost in uncivilised countries, and unable to procure clothing, a thick coating of hair has been known to grow all over the body as a protection from cold, and from the stings and persecution of flies and other insects. No proof exists to support the fanciful theory that the three sons of Noah varied respectively in the colour of their skin or the type and character of their features and hair.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.—Your etching does you credit. Certainly you may compete again. We thank you for the order for 2s. for the "Girls' Convalescent Home," and "Girls' Own Order of Merit."

CHARLOTTE says she has a black mackintosh that has "gone sticky" (become sticky, she should have said); she has folded it together when wet, or put it near the fire. Nothing can restore it, so far as we know.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Write to our publisher. The editor has nothing to do with the sale of the society's books. Send a stamped envelope for the answer.

MABEL MORRISON.—We know of no way to obtain a situation save by advertising or going to an employment agency. Could you not take a situation as upper nurse?

FLEDA.—You must go out of the world to escape from "evil thoughts," which are suggestions of the evil ones—our spiritual adversaries. So long as you strive to banish them, and give no encouragement to them, praying for the aid of the Holy Spirit, so long they will not be laid to your charge, nor should you feel them a burden on your conscience. Let this bring you comfort. Tell all such troubles and temptations to Him who will send you help in your time of need. He will not suffer those who rely on Him to be "tempted above that they are able" to bear.

SERDA SRASS.—We are glad that you got your MS. returned safely, as we do not engage to do that for the thousands of our correspondents. Papers with even as much as one quarter of our circulation and correspondence might easily undertake to read MSS. and answer at once, and to return them if need be. We are sorry you cried over the return of your own. Alas, poor "Serda Srass!" We would not hurt a fly (unless a mosquito), much less hurt you; more especially as you have taken up a good cause in your battle against "tight lacing," and you have our fullest sympathy.

EMILY FRANCER.—The embroidered cloths are used on the sideboard when there is company; not always.

A NORMAN DAMSEL.—There are many small editions of Shakespeare. You could very easily order one through your bookseller, who would give you the prices. We are very happy when our foreign girls join in the competitions of the G.O.P.

DUCK.—The Italian word *Eremo* means a hermitage; we suppose *Erema* is a feminine version of it.

ANNIE LOUISA C. must do the best she can in her circumstances. "God gives us all things richly to enjoy," but not to abuse, of course; and when our earthly duty is well performed "as to Christ," we may enjoy all with a thankful heart. How blessed the thought that even in our daily duties we "serve the Lord Christ"!

MAUDE.—The "Hundred Years' War" in French history commenced with the English invasion in 1337.

JUSTICE.—There is no law whatever to prevent your starting in business, that we know of, under your own name. But we should think your mother will hardly persist in doing you such injustice, and perhaps only a little patience and love on your part is lacking. Are you sure you are right?

A. M. G.—We cannot find either of the botanical names you quote in any book on botany, and fancy you must have been misinformed.

MAID OF TWEEDSIDE.—We have it on Robert Browning's own authority that the poem called "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix" is purely imaginative in its origin.

LOVER OF THE G.O.P.—"Renard" is the French for a fox, and "Bruin" is the Danish for the colour brown, and it has been applied to a bear in reference to its ordinary colour. It is also old "high German."

TITANIA and PITTI-SING.—It is far less discreditable to our correspondents to ask weak or merely personally interesting questions, than to write such ill-bred and impudent letters as yours. But perhaps lack of brain-power may form some excuse in your case, for the lack of appreciation which you exhibit of the usually very reasonable and pertinent questions of our correspondents, drawing forth instructive replies of very general interest. Try to profit by them.

JUNO, QUEEN OF HEAVEN, "and OTHERS."—Imperfect enamel on the teeth is the result as a rule of ill-health in infancy and early childhood. Those full of little holes and indentations are called "honeycombed teeth," and decay early. It is a great misfortune to have such, and they need frequent supervision by a good dentist. Try to write a smaller and more delicate hand.

ROTHA.—A breakfast-cup of tea should be sufficient to drink at one meal, or two teacups full.

ISABEL.—We are much obliged for your fanciful little story, and regret it is not suitable to our pages.

MAIDENHAIR.—We answer, not ask, questions. The best thing to do about the fountain fernery is to get a proper supply of ferns and aquatic plants from a gardener or florist. You do not give us any particulars of heating, etc.

JUDITH ST. JOHN.—The state of the teeth depends much on the general health and on the constitution; we fear you can do nothing; but it would be wiser to consult a doctor, who might suggest something. You could make up a white muslin-delaine with some watered silk or a cheap satin.

E. J. HILL (Bedford).—We fear there is no redress for the evil of which you speak. We have done our best to trace the author, without success. There is no legal remedy.

ONE IN DISTRESS.—The trouble of which you find the inconvenience may not arise from failure of memory, but from allowing your thoughts to wander from the subject which should claim your undivided attention. You lack the power of concentration; that is, you have utterly neglected its due cultivation. As a little child your teachers have failed to insist on your giving your whole attention to your lessons, reading, or work of any kind: thus the bad habit has grown upon you; so that you can never do anything well that you attempt to do. If not such a case as we describe, and that your brain has been injured by over-study and severe competitive exams, you should have perfect rest, change of air, much sleep, and as much outdoor recreation as you can enjoy without fatigue.

DAY.—Your kind and grateful letter does you credit, and we return you our thanks and best wishes. "Quixote" is pronounced as it is spelt. But to have the same sound it might be written in English "Quicksot," and "Boccaccio" as Bok-ka-chi-o."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 432.] APRIL 7, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MELICENT;

OR,

PARADISE GARDENS.

By SUSAN LARA HANDS, Author of "The Wrong Made Right," etc.

SOME RAGAMUFFINS OF PARADISE GARDENS.

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CHAPTER I.

MADGE.

It was noonday; the weather fine and bright. Craydensfort, with its dashing carriages, handsome shops, and well-dressed pedestrians, presented a cheerful appearance. But there was something in it all that Madge Wylde could not understand. It was very odd that folks should be so dissimilar, and a hard, bitter look overspread her face as she drew her shawl closer around her, leant more heavily against the brick wall, and cursed the decree that had made her unlike those on whom she looked.

She was standing at the top of the passage that abutted on to the town, whither she often went to have a peep at the outer world.

Why some should be rich, wear fine clothes, and appear as if they had neither cares nor sorrows, were mysteries to Madge. She hated this well-to-do throng who, she told herself, cared not a straw for her or those like her.

"No, there was nobody who did care." And yet, as she said this, a feeling of pain stole over her, and there was a yearning in her heart that was no new experience.

"I'm at it agin, an' I've been like this ever since that afternoon that he come an' spoke so soft an' kind, just as if 'e did want to do a body good."

Madge's eyes wistfully sought the sky; her broad chest rose and fell, as her heavy lips parted with a sigh.

But again the fierce light came to her dark eyes as she muttered, "What's the good? 'Tis not for the likes of us; it is on'y for the grand folks such as 'er."

"Her" was a young lady who was passing the top of the court, and to whose face the woman's bitter, scornful laugh brought a look of distress. But she assured herself it was only one of those persons who lived in Paradise Gardens. She had heard of them, but of nothing to their credit. "They were a lawless, uncouth set." A sigh escaped Melicent Carey: she wished that somebody could do them good; teach them to be clean and tidy, and to keep themselves and their homes neat. Uncleanliness and rags were terrible trials to her, order being one of her strong points.

It was an exhilarating breezy morning, and Melicent felt every nerve strengthened as she walked along. The fresh air gave her vigour, added elasticity to her steps, and a glow of health to her cheeks. She was as well as she looked, and overflowing with energy.

At the cross-roads she exchanged a bow with the rector, on whose face there was a deeper shade of thoughtfulness as he went his way musing. His meditations made him more than usually grave as he turned out of the broad thoroughfare into the narrow, dingy passage leading to the Gardens.

These were a collection of miserable little dwellings, railed in by a tumble-down wooden fence, enclosing a small patch of ground.

As Mr. Langton approached he heard a scuffle and confusion of voices. Women's shrill tones mingled with the cries of children, and, to add to the babel, a small, half-starved puppy yelped piteously. A motley group was gathered round a gateway, in which stood a dark, gipsy-looking lad, with bared arms, and showing fight with a boy about his own age. They were squaring away, one against another, while their mothers added to the fray in their endeavours to separate them.

The presence of "the parson" brought a lull.

The combatants looked sheepish. The women lowered their voices, and the assemblage hastily dispersed, as each mother cuffed her son, and drove him home before her.

"Well, Bill, what was it all about?" asked the rector, as he regarded the boy's flushed, indignant face. But the latter only raised his great eyes and gazed searchingly at his questioner. It was his mother who answered, "Why don't yer tell the gentleman the names they call yer? Black Bill, indeed! I'll black 'em if I 'ears 'em at it agin. 'Tis that Tom Sparks, sir, that does it all." And Madge Wylde looked as furious as her son.

But, at length, as she listened to her visitor, her mood calmed, and she readily agreed that no grievance was healed by getting angry about it.

"But it is a hard matter at times to keep one's temper, an' we never 'ave a body come nigh us to tell us a good word, exceptin' yerself, sir, an' we should like to see you oftener than we do. There's old Mrs. Willet at No. 4, a sight o' times asked when yer would read to 'er again. She do say it comforts 'er, an' gives 'er somethin' to think of."

It was no wonder that Mr. Langton looked more serious and careworn as he left Paradise Gardens that morning, and asked himself "What was to be done?"

The parish was large, the population numerous; if he could only get more lay helpers, how much he could benefit these poor persons! Then his thoughts reverted to The Hawthorns, the home of Melicent Carey; and he resolved to call there that afternoon, and try to enlist her sympathies in the good work.

CHAPTER II.

THE HAWTHORNS.

The Hawthorns was a substantial dwelling, standing in its own grounds, and surrounded by noble trees. The interior of the house gave the impression that its occupants were persons of wealth, as well as of refinement; and on the afternoon of Mr. Langton's visit he found Melicent and her mother in a pleasant room, with long French windows opening on to a terrace overlooking the lawn.

They had just waved an adieu to Mr. Carey, whose stately figure was dimly visible through the foliage, as he cantered down the road on his high-spirited chestnut horse, Red Rover.

As soon as the rector had returned the greetings of the two ladies, the subject that he had at heart, the pressing need of the inhabitants of Paradise Gardens and others like them, made him at once state the object of his visit.

He approached it by an inquiry as to whether they knew anything of that locality.

Mrs. Carey, with polite interest, said she had heard of it, and Melicent acknowledged having passed the top of the passage that led to the Gardens that morning, adding, with an expression of horror, "and I noticed a very dreadful-looking woman go down that way."

"In what manner was she so distasteful to you, Miss Carey?"

"She was dirty and untidy, and had a fierce look upon her face that quite startled me, she appeared so very rude and untaught."

"I make no doubt that she is all that, but it is not her fault that she is so."

"No?" questioned Melicent.

"Certainly not, Miss Carey; the fault is yours and mine in not teaching her better," answered the rector, sternly.

Melicent was silent, while Mrs. Carey said dubiously, "These persons must be very difficult to get on with."

"Not so difficult as you imagine; if we could only get ladies to take an interest in them, we should not have such unpleasant-looking women around us, Mrs. Carey, as your daughter describes."

But though Melicent returned Mr. Langton's smile, she insisted on it that the woman was dreadful, adding, warmly, "I wish that someone would help her to be different."

"Why not assist her yourself?" was the startling question. "Why not visit her, and see what you can do?"

"I?" faltered Melicent; "I never thought of such a thing. What good could I achieve?"

"Much, if you are willing to try. Are you?"

Instead of replying, Melicent looked uncertain, and glanced at her mother, hoping that she would veto any such proceeding, but beyond a look of interest at her daughter, Mrs. Carey's composure remained undisturbed, and the former had to answer for herself.

"I am certain I should be of no use, for I should not know what to say."

"Nothing would ever be accomplished if we all excused ourselves on account of inability. We must have faith in this as in other matters, feeling assured that, sooner or later, a blessing will rest on our efforts."

"But these persons are so dirty and untidy," persisted Melicent.

"All the more need for you to teach them to be otherwise."

Yes, she knew that, yet she was not prepared to give her services in the cause for which they were wanted; in a few decidedly spoken words she refused the work that the rector offered her, comforting herself with the reflection that someone more capable than she would be found to visit Paradise Gardens.

With a shudder Melicent thought of the squalid homes with which she must come in contact if she acceded to Mr. Langton's proposal, and again she assured herself someone more fitted for such scenes would undertake what she had declined.

To dismiss the subject from her mind she put on her hat and set off to visit her married sister, who lived in one of the squares in the neighbourhood. Her way lay through the High Street, with its many attractive shops, at one of which Melicent stopped and made some purchases. A short time afterwards, armed with a liberal quantity of cocoanut-ice and chocolate creams, she was in Mrs. Ferguson's nursery, with those two dear little nieces of hers, whom, notwithstanding all their mother's expostulations, she plentifully supplied with sweets.

It was in vain, as on the present occasion, that her sister reminded her that the money thus spent would go a long way in providing common necessaries for families who were almost starving; Melicent only shook her head and looked incredulous.

"It would, indeed," said Mrs. Ferguson earnestly, "and when you remember that some persons are often in need of bread, and in the bitter winter sit perishing for want of a fire, it seems dreadful to me that so much money should be spent on superfluities."

"So much money! One would think I spent a fortune on the children."

"So you do, dear, one way and another; put the sum by, and see what it will amount to by the end of the year."

A thoughtful light came into Melicent's face, as for a few moments she sat silent, then with a smile and a sigh she bent her head, and softly whispered to her pets that she supposed she must mind what their mother said, and not bring them any more goodies. At which announcement four grey eyes looked gravely astonished, while nurse had happy visions of good, wholesome food being eaten and enjoyed, if not previously spoiled by Aunt Milly's sweetmeats.

It was after this visit to the nursery, when the sisters were alone, that Melicent acquainted Mrs. Ferguson with the object of Mr. Langton's call at The Hawthorns that day. But neither this communication nor that lady's reply eased the burden that she carried. There was a sense of dissatisfaction within her that all the comforts and luxuries with which she was surrounded were powerless to remove. She had no settled purpose for the day's plans, and when night came she laid her head on her pillow without the blest assurance of having contributed to the welfare or pleasure of another. It was no wonder that she was not as happy as she might have been.

CHAPTER III.

ALL DARK.

THE fine October morning on which we first made Madge Wylde's acquaintance was followed by cold, stormy weather. Floods of rain deluged the narrow court and Gardens, and winter's icy hand made itself felt in the nipping air that whistled through the creaking doors and patched windows of the rickety tenements.

"Winter was setting in awful soon," was the verdict of the inhabitants of the Gardens. Work was scarce; money more so; blankets and coals not to be thought of, yet the freezing blast continued, and early in November frost covered the ground.

Madge Wylde's face was set as a flint, as she gathered her shawl tighter round her, and tramped off with her boy each morning on their daily rounds. But they were not doing badly. Bill's well-known cry, "Fire-wood! Any wood to-day?" brought them plenty of custom. And there were many worse off than they in Paradise Gardens. No, it was not money, nor money's worth, that Madge wanted: it was the satisfying of that inward crave after a something of which she had but a very dim knowledge; but there seemed no one to teach her; as yet no visitor had been found for that place.

It was five o'clock, the last basket of wood was sold, and Madge and her boy turned their faces towards home, down the High Street of Craydensfort, Bill drawing the barrow, while his mother walked by its side.

Bill's face was no index to his thoughts; now and then he glanced at the gaily-lighted shops, but he had seen them many times before, and there was nothing particularly interesting in them for him. Presently they came to a little knot of persons collected in front of an undertaker's; the boy slackened his steps, and he and his mother looked inquisitively at the group. Madge even advanced to the kerb, and peered over one of the bystander's shoulders.

"What's the sight, mother?" But as she did not answer, Bill left his truck and had a look for himself. "A little 'un an' a big 'un," he said, as his eyes rested on a large oak coffin with a small white one at its side. "Some 'un's dead."

"Folks is al'ays dyin'," said Madge, sharply, as she turned away, followed by Bill.

They went on in silence, each face more stolid than it was before; but thoughts were awakened, uneasy ones, with just a touch of bitterness and resentment in them, aroused by the fact that they, too, must die. To Bill it seemed a far away matter, though he had heard of the young dying; and then similar feelings had disturbed him to those which were troubling him now. But with Madge the old restless craving increased; she carried her mind to the grave itself; there she stopped and shuddered; all was dark, she saw nothing beyond; yet she knew there was a way if she could only find it.

But they were nearing home now; the passage was reached, Bill was wheeling the barrow into the Gardens, and Madge was trudging on in front, when a girl hastened towards them. She was small and childish-looking, but there was an expression of pain on her wan, thin face.

"Mrs. Wylde!" she clutched the woman's arm as she spoke, "mother's taken awful bad agin, an' I fear she's dyin'. She drew Madge rapidly towards her home, and in another moment they both stood by the sick woman's bed.

The gaunt, cadaverous face, sunken eyes, and laboured breathing left little doubt that the girl's fears were correct.

Even Madge's inexperienced eyes saw this, as she took the cold, clammy hand in hers. The touch roused the woman, who gazed at her with a quick eager look; but an expression of disappointment overspread her countenance as she saw who it was. Madge noticed it as she said, "She doesn't want me, though she wants something."

Then she poured a little milk and water into a cup, and held it to the parched lips; but the head turned sharply round on the pillow, for it was not that for which she craved.

Presently the mouth moved, and Madge bent down to listen to the feeble tones, almost inarticulate, but she caught the words—

"So dark—there's nothin' to hold to—pray—someone pray." But the dying woman's terrified face appalled her; she knew not what to say, and in desperation she turned to the girl and asked hoarsely, "Can't yer pray?—don't yer know a prayer?" But the child shook her head as she answered, "The parson can."

Yes, the parson could, but before he arrived the troubled spirit might wing its flight. But, whispering that she would be back soon, Madge hastened from the room in search of the clergyman, and the wish that sped from her heart, that he might be in time to comfort the sufferer, became a prayer in its fervency.

She had reached the end of the court, and was turning into the town, when she brushed against two ladies. She gazed eagerly at them; the lights from the shops fell full on their faces; for one moment she hesitated, then necessity made her bold.

"Would yer mind a comin' down 'ere to see a poor woman that's dyin'—who can't pray, and wants someone to pray for 'er, to 'elp 'er a bit?"

"A clergyman," suggested one of the ladies.

"She may be dead before the parson can git to 'er, if yer means 'e."

The woman's tones were urgent; truth was stamped on her face, on which were signs of unmistakable distress. It was no time to deliberate, or to turn aside from such an appeal, and gravely the two ladies quickly followed her as she led the way.

One was used to scenes of squalor and want, the other knew nothing of the shifts and contrivances to which her poorer brothers and sisters were led by the iron hand of poverty.

With an anxious glance at her companion Mrs. Ferguson halted on the threshold of the little room that Madge entered, as she whispered, "Would you like to wait outside for me, Melicent?"

But though the latter wavered, she overcame her shrinking from the scene that awaited them, and together they entered the small dwelling, while a messenger was sent in haste for Mr. Langton.

Who has not been at such a death-bed, and heard the words of life and hope breathed from lips whose blessed mission was to speak of a loving Father, and a Saviour who died for the sins of all!

Mrs. Ferguson went in faith to tell "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." She told it "simply, as to a little child," to one "weak and weary," "helpless and defiled." Yes, she told the story "slowly" that all could "take it in—that wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin." And when she ceased there was hope on the weary face, and peace in the restless eyes; at the eleventh hour the joyful tidings, "Christ Jesus *makes thee* whole," had reached one who was hungering and thirsting for the blessed news.

The expression of Madge Wylde's face, as, with rapt attention, she drank in every word of the good news, was not easily forgotten. The famished-looking eyes, with their eager, restless light, haunted Melicent, and a voice seemed whispering words of condemnation to her own soul, that the message had not been carried to the Gardens before.

"But it had been carried thither," she told herself. "Mr. Langton visited these persons, and who could speak more faithfully than he?"

But try as she might to allay her conscience she could not do so. Other thoughts would obtrude themselves, and with such evidence as she had had before her that night, of the power of "a word spoken in due season," she could never believe that it was the duty of the clergy only to minister to the wants of others.

But as the days passed, the impressions that had harassed Melicent's mind began to fade, and she was settling down to her old way of wishing for the welfare of her fellow-creatures, without herself raising a hand to help them, when a circumstance occurred which again disturbed her equanimity.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RAINY DAY.

Words by LONGFELLOW. *Music by* ETHEL HARRADEN.

Andante, con espressione.

VOICE. *mf* The day is

PIANO. *Sempre legato.* *p* *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cold, and dark, and drea - ry ; It rains, and the wind is nev - er wea - ry ; The vine still clings to the mould'ring

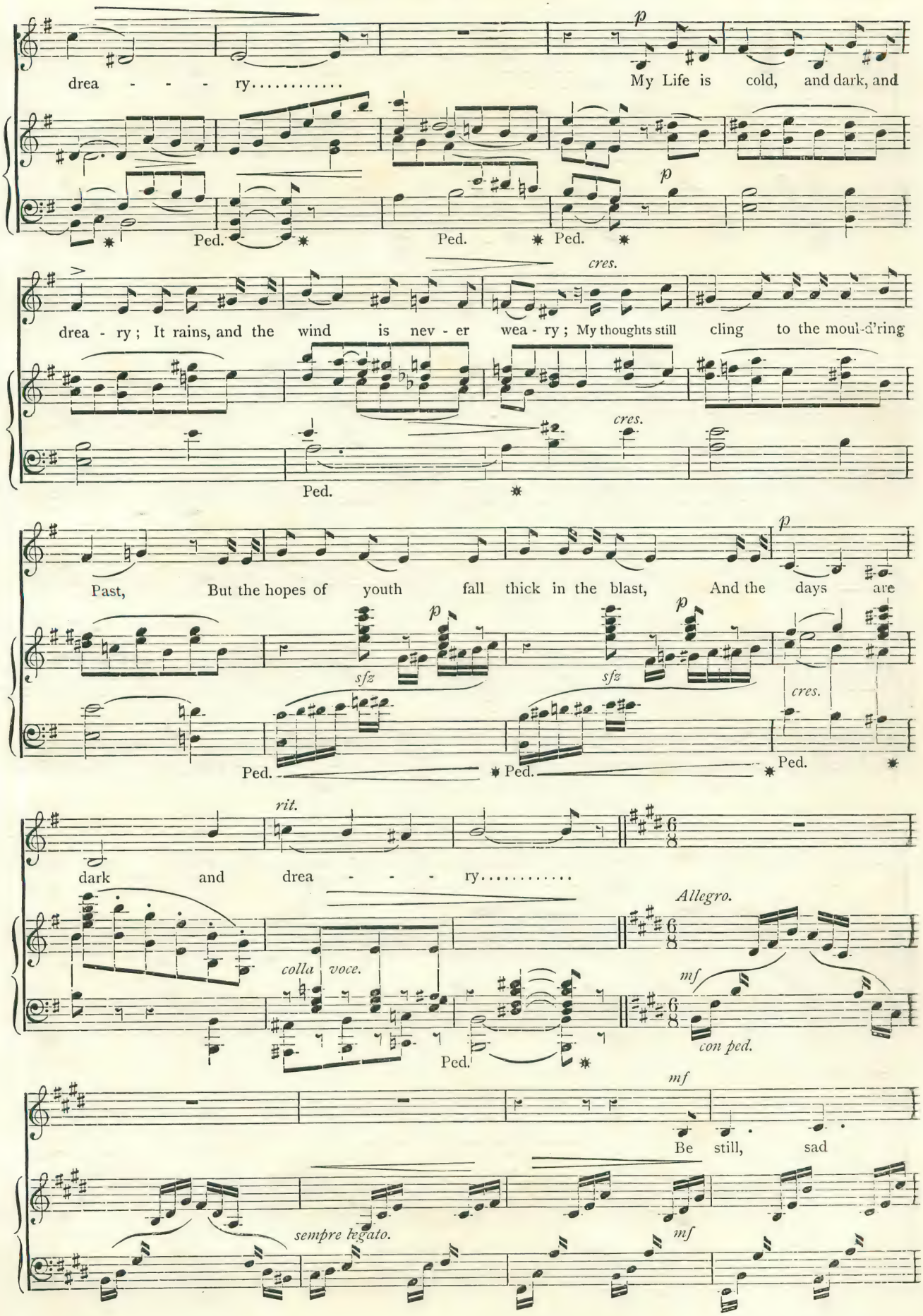
Ped. *

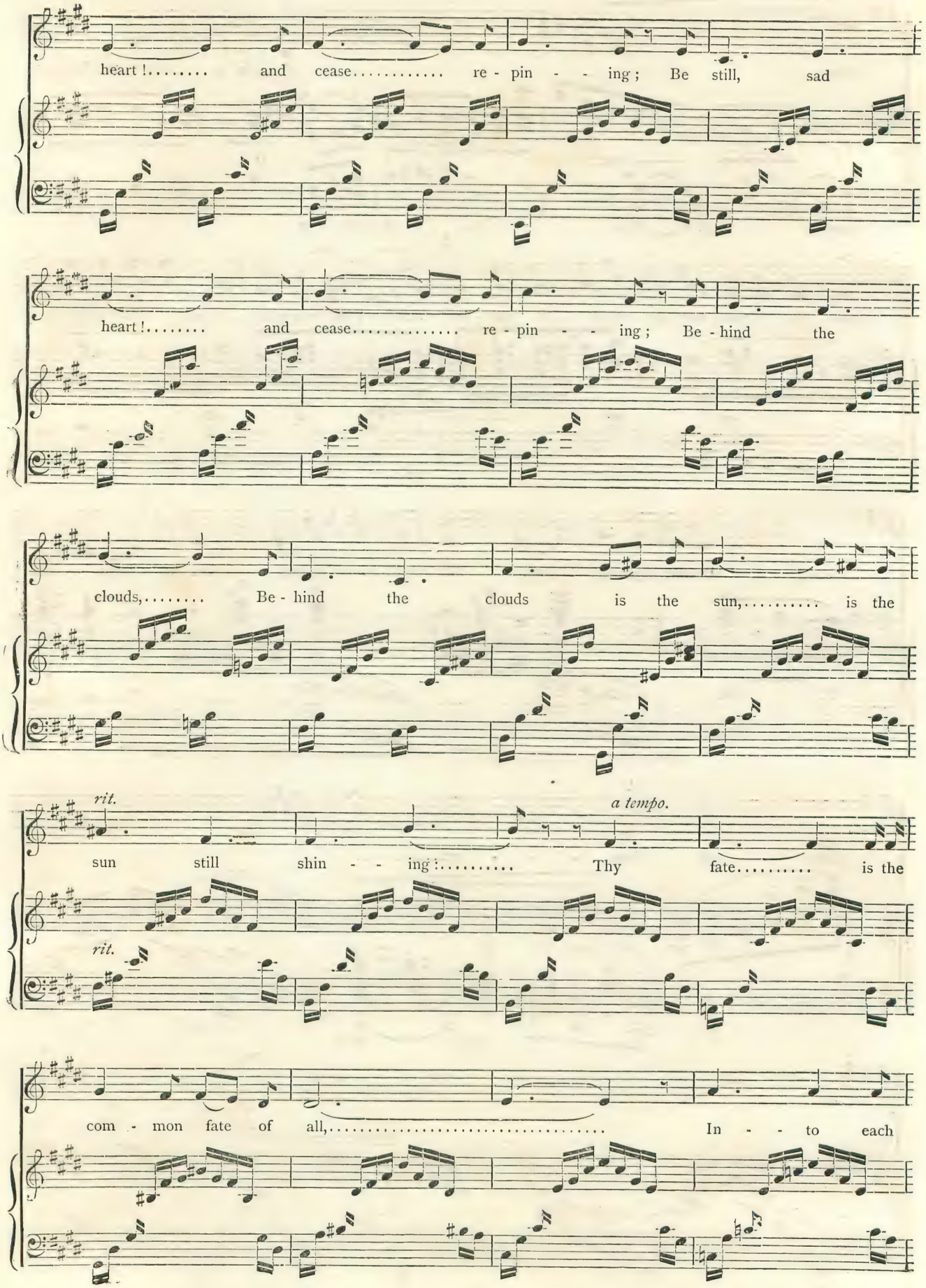
wall, But at ev - 'ry gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and

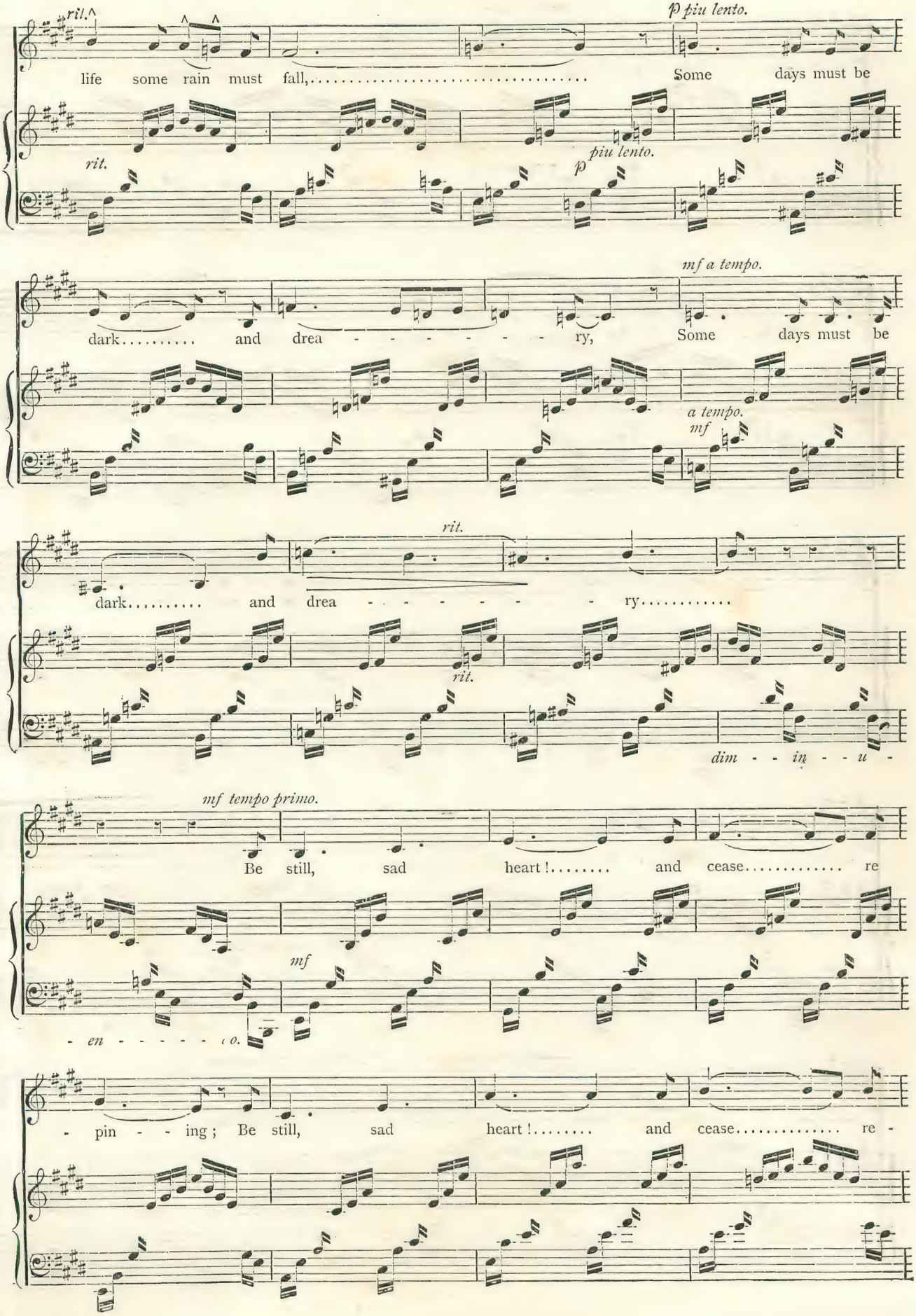
sfz p *p* *sfz p* *p*

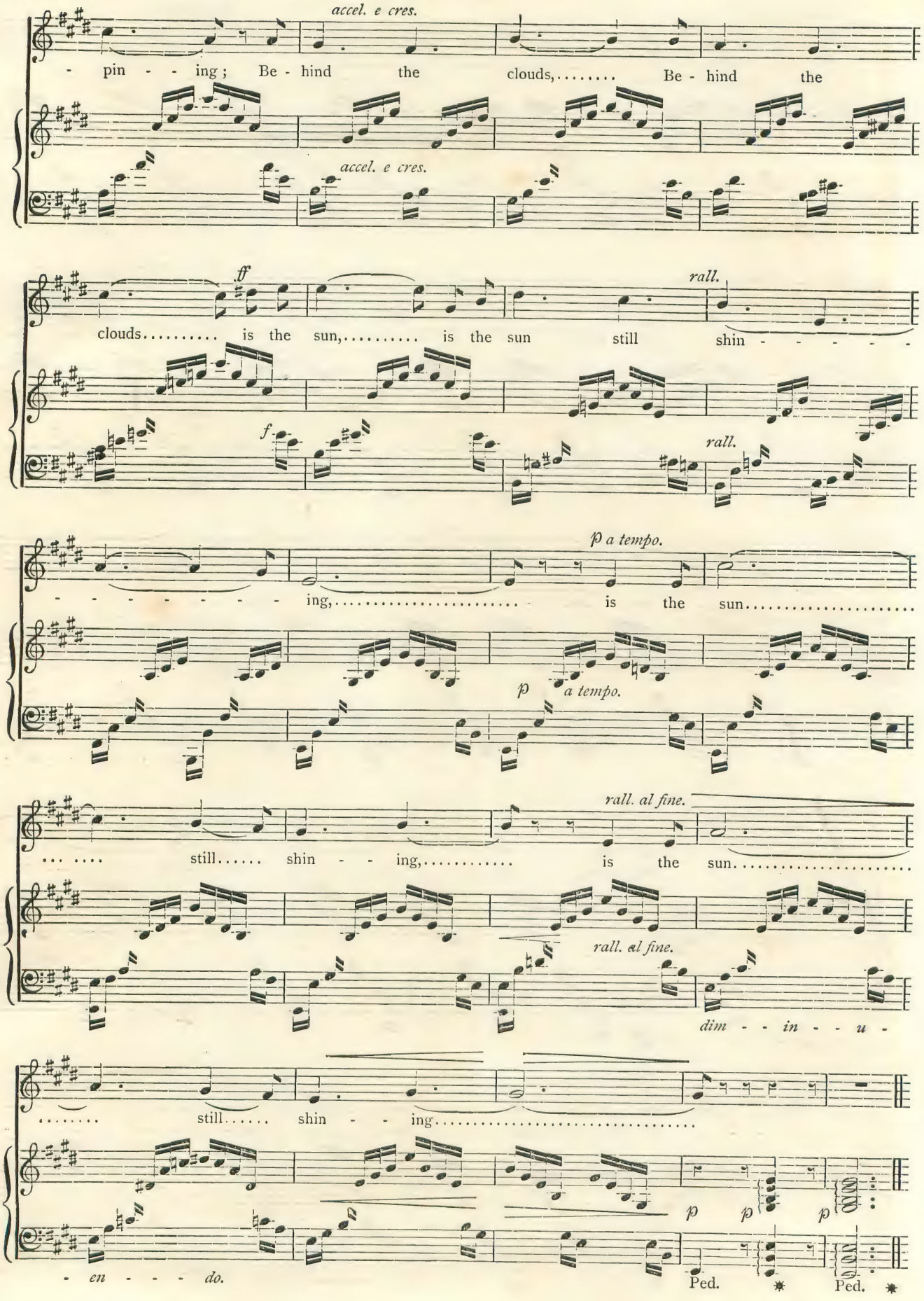
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

* To Miss ETHEL HARRADEN was awarded the First Prize, value Ten Guineas, for this setting of Longfellow's poem, in connection with our recent Musical Competition.


drea - - - - ry.....
My Life is cold, and dark, and
Ped. Ped. Ped.
drea - ry; It rains, and the wind is nev - er wea - ry; My thoughts still cling to the moul-d'ring
cres.
Ped.
Past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the days are
sfz sfz
Ped. Ped. Ped.
dark and drea - - - - ry.....
rit.
Allegro.
colla voce.
mf
con ped.
Ped.
Be still, sad
mf
sempre legato.
mf


heart !..... and cease..... re - pin - - ing ; Be still, sad
heart !..... and cease..... re - pin - - ing ; Be - hind the
clouds,..... Be - hind the clouds is the sun,..... is the
rit.
a tempo.
sun still shin - - ing :..... Thy fate..... is the
rit.
com - mon fate of all,..... In - - to each


ril.
life some rain must fall,
Some days must be
p piu lento.
rit.
piu lento.
p
dark and drea - - - - - - - ry,
Some days must be
mf a tempo.
a tempo.
mf
dark and drea - - - - - - - ry
rit.
rit.
dim - - in - - u -
mf tempo primo.
Be still, sad heart! and cease re
mf
- en - - - - - o.
- pin - - ing; Be still, sad heart! and cease re -


accel. e cres.
- pin - - ing; Be - hind the clouds,..... Be - hind the
accel. e cres.
ff
clouds..... is the sun,..... is the sun still shin - - - - -
rall.
f
rall.
p a tempo.
- - - - - - - - ing,..... is the sun.....
p a tempo.
rall. al fine.
... . still..... shin - - ing,..... is the sun.....
rall. al fine.
dim - - in - - u -
..... still..... shin - - ing.....
p p p
- en - - - do.
Ped. Ped.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DEPARTURE OF MRS. ASPENEL AND BRUCE.

"GOOD morning, Edith. I am so ill that I am going for change of air," began Mrs. Aspenel, when Edith entered her room. "I shall take Bruce with me, and have sent to request Nurse True to see that his things are packed up. I must have change or I shall go out of my mind. You can tell your father that his conduct on Saturday night determined me to accept an often-repeated invitation to visit my friends in the North. I mean to send telegrams before me to announce my arrival, and so to take everyone by surprise. Don't look alarmed. There is nothing to frighten you in my going to see my 'cousins and my aunts.'"

If Edith did look alarmed it was not surprising, for her stepmother's room was full of boxes ready packed for her journey, and she was herself in travelling dress. This was how the previous day was occupied.

"Is not this very sudden? What will papa say?" stammered Edith.

"Close the door—bolt it—and we will talk it over," answered Mrs. Aspenel.

This done, they sat down, and she resumed—

"Your father and I will be better apart for a while, therefore I have resolved to take my own line. I don't think he will follow me, for he will be glad of a lull for a time We all are. I am going by the mid-day train, so there is no time to lose. Pauline and I are ready, and she is now helping to arrange Bruce's packages."

"But Nurse True has gone to the wedding. I insisted on her going," said terrified Edith. "Rebecca and she are such old friends that it would scarcely have been a wedding without her."

"I had forgotten the wedding," laughed Mrs. Aspenel. "I hope Rebecca will be happier at sixty than I am at half her age. I will go and expedite matters myself. Come with me."

They went to Bruce's apartments, and found the maids in much confusion, hindering one another over his wardrobe. He was with his tutor, who came punctually at ten. Edith had promised to take him to see the wedding at eleven if he behaved exceptionally well. She said so. Her stepmother replied that he would have to come with her instead, but that Edith had better go.

"You will at least let me see you off," said the bewildered girl. "How long will you be away? Where shall I write to you?"

"I would rather you did not come to the station. We are only going for a visit. I will write first," replied Mrs. Aspenel. "Would you mind going to the study and preparing Bruce and Mr. Harton for the important event, while we finish up here. The carriage is ordered, and there is literally nothing else to do. You will take my place for a time, but as your father and the housekeeper manage matters between them, you will fill it easily—better than its lawful occupant, probably."

Edith obeyed passively. Bruce jumped up from his books when she appeared, with "Is it time, Edith?" and Harton greeted her with his usual studied civility. She delivered her message. Bruce was soon consoled for one disappointment by the prospect of a journey; but Harton looked perplexed, and, for him, excited.

"You had better put by your lessons, Bruce," he said; then turning to Edith, asked, "Is this consequent on last Saturday night's—hem!—misunder-

"SHE REMAINED WATCHING THE CARRIAGE TILL IT WAS OUT OF SIGHT."

standing? Had you not better prevent it? There will certainly be a scandal."

"There is nothing wrong in visiting one's friends," said Edith, stiffly.

Bruce had run off while this passed, and they were alone.

"*Nothing wrong* under ordinary circumstances, but your domestics always know everything. If I might be so presumptuous as to advise, I would counsel you to go to the church as if nothing had happened beyond a drive. I will wait and see Mrs. Aspenel off, as if by accident, and the household will suspect nothing. It is certainly a strong proceeding."

Edith felt like a shuttlecock tossed between two battledores, but her mind rebelled against leaving the house, and she resolved not to go to the wedding, much as she wished to be spectator of so long delayed a ceremony. She returned to Mrs. Aspenel, and Harton changed his mind and went away. He appeared as much astonished as Edith, but he was a good actor.

She found her stepmother in her room, and again entreated to be allowed to see her off.

"If you must go!" she pleaded. "But could you not wait till papa comes back?"

"Impossible. I should not get off at all. Fortunately I have my quarterly allowance intact, so am independent of him for travelling expenses. I shall go first to my trustee's, Sir James Whalley, and thence make a round of visits. You look scared, Edith. One would think that I was running away under suspicious circumstances. Here are my keys, such at least as you may want. You have always been good to me, Edith, but Janet and I could never get on together—I mean, have not hitherto."

"She thought you so kind when she was here at Christmas," pleaded Edith.

"One swallow does not make Spring; but we need not discuss Janet. I have had a wretched life, and want change. Edith, do not marry for money, or rank, or anything but love. I married gold, and it proves dross; yet its chains hang about me and enslave me, so that I cannot emancipate myself."

"Poor papa! It is he who needs emancipation. Perhaps you could free him if you had patience."

Mrs. Aspenel laughed bitterly and scornfully, and concluded the short argument by leaving the room. Her plans had been so well matured, and carried out by Pauline during the previous day, that she seemed to have little more to do. At half-past eleven the carriage was at the door. The hall was filled with packages, and Pauline was awaiting her mistress, dressed for a journey. Edith and Bruce came downstairs, the former in tears, the latter in all the excitement of buoyant childhood.

They went into the breakfast room, where Bruce tried to console his sister by assuring her that he would write to her and bring her back a present. She, with a presentiment of evil strong upon her, could only bid him be a good boy, and take care of his mother.

When Mrs. Aspenel joined them, equipped for travelling, and looking very handsome in well be-feathered bonnet and sealskin jacket, she reproached Edith for her folly in crying for so insignificant a cause.

"One would think we were going away for ever," she said, jauntily, while Bruce clung to Edith with real affection.

"It seems so sudden!" sobbed Edith, unable to control her emotion, and not venturing to say more, because the door was open and the servants in the hall.

Mrs. Aspenel embraced her with more warmth than usual, took Bruce by the hand, and hurried to the carriage. She followed her to the hall door, and stood, a solitary figure on the topmost of the broad flight of steps that terminated in the drive. She watched the carriage drive off, and saw its occupants kiss their hands to her in a sort of dream. The sun shone down upon her slight figure, and turned her fair hair into golden threads; the spring breezes moved the folds of her light dress, and played among the laces that encircled her white throat and hands; and her small, almost childish form seemed out of place there, beneath the stone portico of the great house. Still she remained watching the carriage till it was out of sight, when she turned slowly, remounted the broad oaken staircase, and went to the old schoolroom which she had shared with Janet and Bruce. She was, indeed, alone. Not even a Nurse True was there to comfort and advise. What could she do in this emergency? She knelt down, folded her hands, and prayed.

Meanwhile Mrs. Aspenel was driving past the church.

"There they are, mammy. Look!" shouted Bruce.

A sober and almost Quaker-like procession emerged from the church porch, walked down the path, and passed under the lych gate just as the carriage was driving by. This was the wedding to which Nurse True had gone. It will be remembered that Miss Lorne, the oldest inmate of The Cottages, died a little before the previous Christmas, leaving her old and faithful servant Rebecca behind her. So long as the mistress who had brought her up lived, Rebecca refused to marry; and this was the romance in which Janet had always been interested; but when Miss Lorne died, her lover of forty years' standing would brook no further delay.

Of his own accord, the coachman drew up to let the bridal party file past. The constant blacksmith, with his Rebecca on his arm, came first. Happiness is happiness whether at sixteen or sixty, and they were made happy at last. They were bride and bridegroom just as much as if she had been young and draped in white veil and satin instead of dark brown silk; and Mrs. Aspenel shuddered as she remembered her own orange blossoms. Next came Nurse True, attired in sober grey, and arm in arm with a respectable tradesman; then followed the five handmaidens of the ladies of The Cottages with suitable partners. Mrs. Clarville's Miranda was conspicuous for her smart attire, and her attendant swain looked proud of her. But the crowning honour and glory of the occasion was yet in the background. This was the five ladies, who had come in a body to the church, to see the faithful Rebecca wed. They were dressed in their best, and certainly the now empty cottages were well represented.

"Drive on," said Mrs. Aspenel, imperatively.

Her heart was not so light as Rebecca's, and when the church bells pealed out, and the villagers shouted, it seemed to sink within her. What a contrast! Here was love and constancy rewarded after many waiting years; hard-working people about to end a hard-working life together. And she!

"Drive faster; we shall lose the train," she cried. And soon they reached the station.

"There is Mr. Tom Harton! I hope he isn't going with us," exclaimed Bruce.

"This is kind," said Mrs. Aspenel, as Harton helped her out of the carriage.

"I thought I might be of use," he said. "I hope you will not be long absent," he added, as they stood awaiting the train.

"*Qui sait?* I do not," she replied, with an attempt at careless gaiety.

"You will let me know on Bruce's account, as well as my own. A sudden interruption to study is ruinous at his age."

"I will keep you *au courant*. I daresay we shall soon be back," she returned, looking up at his handsome but rather enigmatical face.

The train arrived, and he saw them off. He knew that the tickets were taken for Victoria Station, London, and reflected on the events of the previous evening.

Nurse True had seen Mrs. Aspenel, Bruce, Pauline and the luggage, and had wondered, in vulgar parlance, at "what was up." She also missed her dear Edith from amongst the spectators of the wedding. That she was left alone at The Park was evident, and she grew uneasy. Seeing Mrs. Clarville, she slipped away from the "best man," and asked that lady if she would go to The Park and ascertain what had happened.

"I cannot leave Rebecca just directly, ma'am," said Nurse True, "but if Miss Aspenel should be ill I should never forgive myself for coming to the wedding at all."

"I will go," replied Mrs. Clarville, and the sedate bridesmaid returned to her place in the procession.

Mrs. Clarville rejoined her friends, and they walked towards The Cottages, while the others went straight to the faithful blacksmith's comfortable house, where a sumptuous repast was spread. He had it all his own way at last.

"I'm glad they're married, poor things, and hope they'll make the most of ten years, possibly, of matrimonial bliss. But what fools people are!" said Miss Vigors in her most resolute of voices.

"Where can Mrs. Aspenel be going? She had luggage enough for a twelvemonth," put in Mrs. Lucy.

"Poor Miss Aspenel has quite deserted us of late. I hope she isn't set up by all

this gaiety and grandeur," said Miss Lilyton in her most sentimental voice.

"Fiddle-de-dee! Depend upon it Mr. Aspenel has forbidden her visits," put in Miss Short, stumping along with her walking-stick. "He hasn't entered into society for nothing."

"I am glad we have such a glorious day," exclaimed Mrs. Clarville, to turn the conversation.

It was a glorious day, and our first parents in their paradisaical hymen could scarcely have had nature in more "sweet accord" than had the elderly couple who were just made man and wife. It was as if the heavens, earth, and distant sea smiled upon this consummation of love and constancy. And truly they are gifts "blessed of the Lord."

Mrs. Clarville found Edith as we left her. Knowing that she must be alone somewhere, she told the man that she would seek her, and went direct to the whilom schoolroom, thence to her bedroom. She felt that something unusual must have occurred, and used no ceremony.

"Dear child, what is the matter?" she asked, when a scarcely audible "Come in" answered her tap at the door. "Nurse True sent me here."

"Oh, I am glad!" cried Edith, casting her arms round her friend. "Everybody has gone, and I know not what to do or say."

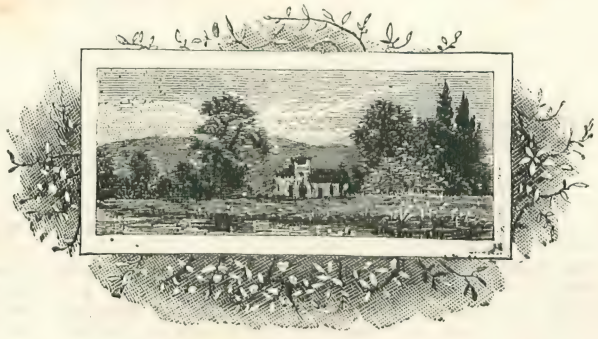
Mrs. Clarville soothed her, and with kindly tact sympathised with her without exactly knowing on what grounds. They went into the pretty morning room, once the schoolroom, and sat down side by side on a couch near the open window, much as Mrs. Clarville and her son were wont to sit. Hand in hand they remained a few moments silent, as if listening to the choruses of the birds, and gazing on the cloudless sky. Then Edith regained her composure, and told her friend as much as she deemed right of what had occurred.

"It may be nothing, after all," she said; "but Mrs. Aspenel has never before left The Park for more than a few days; and I do not know what to say to my father."

"You can only tell *him the exact* truth," returned Mrs. Clarville, who considered the matter serious, though she did not say so to Edith. "Your duty is clear. You can only make the best of it to your father, and cleave to him."

Mrs. Clarville knew full well what her words meant, and the difficulties involved in them. She did not hesitate to advise the motherless girl, or to remain with her, despite Mr. Aspenel's rather strong hints that her presence was not desirable at The Park. She stayed, indeed, to luncheon, and subsequently to afternoon tea, comforting Edith as no one else could. She spoke naturally, if incidentally, of Gerard, and did not allow it to appear that any actual prohibition was laid upon their friendship; and she finally took the lonely girl to her heart, and told her that she was ready to aid or come to her at a moment's notice. She only left her when Nurse True returned, and Mr. Aspenel was momentarily expected; and she left her strengthened and consoled.

(*To be continued.*)



VARIETIES.

THE QUEEN AND MISS SKERRETT.—Among the deaths of 1887 was that of Miss Skerrett, aged ninety-six, a much valued friend of the Queen. At her funeral, in the old parish churchyard at Hampstead, General Du Plat attended with one of the carriages of the Queen, who sent a magnificent wreath, with this inscription in her own handwriting: "A mark of true friendship and affectionate regard, from Victoria R.I." There were also wreaths from all the Royal Princes and Princesses. Miss Skerrett had lived in the Queen's household for very many years. Dr. Charles Mackay, in his Recollections, calls her the Queen's Reader, but there was no such office in the palace. She was a private domestic secretary, devoting all her best faculties to the Queen, to whom she was much attached. After she went to reside in private lodgings, in Beaumont Street, Marylebone, the Queen on coming to town always sent for her, and the friendship was kept up to the last. The Queen sent an artist to have a portrait taken only a few months before her death, and this she had placed in the room usually occupied by Miss Skerrett in Buckingham Palace. From an earlier portrait, now at Windsor, her Majesty had photographs taken to give to some of the Royal family and friends. The old lady retained her health and her faculties to the end, and took lively interest in all that was passing, although her feebleness caused her to go out very seldom in her last year. She was an accomplished linguist. At the age of *ninety-five* she was studying Icelandic, to be able better to understand the Sagas! Her intelligence and good sense made her a favourite with all the Royal family, and the Queen appreciated the worth of her sincere and upright character.—*Leisure Hour.*

THE following letter, written by Anne Boleyn previous to her nuptials with Henry VIII., now in the possession of a celebrated antiquarian, may perhaps lead many of our readers to compare the past and present manners of the British nation. The spelling and idiom are modernised. J. M. W.

"Dear Mary,—I have been in town almost a month. I cannot say I have found no one in London extremely agreeable. We rise so late in the morning, seldom before six o'clock, and sit up so late at night, being scarcely in bed before ten, that I am quite sick of it, and were it not for the abundance of fine things that I am getting I should be impatient to return into the country. My indulgent mother bought me, at a merchant's in Cheapside, three new shifts that cost one and twopence an ell, and I am to have a pair of stuff shoes for my Lord of Norfolk's ball, which will come to three shillings. The irregular life which I have led since I came to this place has quite destroyed my appetite. You know I could manage one pound of bacon and a tankard of good ale for my breakfast in the country, but in London I find it difficult to get through half that quantity, though I must own I am eager enough for the dinner hour, which is delayed till twelve o'clock in your polite families. I played at hot cockles last night at my Lord of Leicester's. The Lord of Surrey was there, a very elegant young man, who sang a song of his own composition on the Lord of Kildare's daughter. It was very much approved, and my lord whispered me that the 'fair Geraldine' (for so the Earl of Surrey called his mistress) is the finest woman of the age. I should be glad to see her, for I have heard that she is as good as she is beautiful. Pray take care of the poultry in my absence. Poor things! I always fed them myself. If Marjory has knitted me the crimson worsted mittens, I should be glad if they were sent up the first opportunity. Adieu, dear Mary; I am just going to mass, and you shall speedily have the prayers, as you now have the kindest love, of your own ANNE BOLEYN."

DIVINATION BY A DAFFODIL.

When a daffodil I see
Hanging down his head towards me,
Guess I may what I must be:
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buried.

—*Robert Herrick*

THE MAIDEN BLUSH.

So look the mornings, when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermilion;
So cherries blush, and Kathrine pears,
And apricots in youthful years;
So corals look more lovely red,
And rubies lately polished;
So purest diaper doth shine,
Stained by the beams of claret wine;
As Julia looks when she doth dress
Her either cheek with bashfulness.

—*Robert Herrick.*

A MAY SONG

By MARY ROWLES.

O! THE Maytime, welcome Maytime,
Of all months the sweetest comer,
Bridal of the spring and summer,
When the earth is gay with flowers, and the air is sweet with song,
Pastures deep in grass and clover,
Honey for each wandering rover,
Skies that laugh at tempests over
To the emerald month belong!

O! the hawthorn, fragrant hawthorn!
Summer snow-wreaths drifting lightly
O'er the hedgerows, opening brightly
All its myriad, starlike blossoms to the glamour of the day,
Brightening all the children's leisure,
As they take their royal pleasure
Gathering largess of its treasure,
Filling hands and homes with May.

O! the bluebells, nodding bluebells,
Tinted like the skies above them,
Set where all may see and love them,
By the roadside, in the coppice, and the meadow-lands between;
Every breeze that stirs the dingle
Sets their mimic bells a-jingle,
All the sweets of Maytime mingle
In their world of blue and green.

O! the fragrance of the morning,
When the chestnut spires are lifted,
And its clustering leaves are rifted
With the sunbeams glinting through them, opening out each fluted fold,
And the wind is truant playing,
In the lilac hedge delaying,
And the tall laburnum swaying
With its twinkling showers of gold.

O! the gladness of life's Maytime,
When the common ways of duty
Are new robed and decked with beauty,
And love hears the skylark's music every day and all day long.
God is good, this witness bringing;
Every joy from Him is springing,
And we bless His name in singing
In the month of flower and song!

SIXTY POUNDS PER ANNUM, AND HOW I LIVE UPON IT.

By A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

CHAPTER II.

MR. MURRAY proved quite as helpful and kind as his wife had declared him to be. He listened with great sympathy to the account of my many troubles, and quite agreed with us in the idea of my trying to live on what means I had, at least until I had tried the experiment and found the feat impossible.

"If you were not the quiet, said lassie I have always known you, Margaret, I should not agree with you," he said; "but I think you may be trusted to form your own plans in this emergency. I shall trust Lucy to look after you, and you know where you can have help if need be. For your father's sake you may depend on me always, as well as for your own."

He then aided us in the composition of an advertisement, which explained our needs clearly, *i.e.*, two rooms for a young lady, unfurnished, in a quiet and thoroughly respectable street, in Paddington or near Westbourne Grove, where the landlady could furnish references as to her character and that of her house.

This was inserted in two of the daily papers, and then we waited impatiently for some answers to it.

The next few days after our advertisement was put into the various papers we had several answers, some of which promised very well; we went to see each one in turn, but in all there was much lacking, and neither the position nor the people were what Mrs. Murray liked. Since that time I have so often thought that, if some of the money applied to building the "Peabody flats" could have been applied to building flats suitable to the purses of impecunious ladies, how good it would have been for me. It seemed nearly impossible to find what one wanted. Now I hope better days are coming, and the wants of gentlewomen who work, and gentlewomen who do not work but are also limited in means, will meet with attention. And flats are being built all over London, but in most of them, unfortunately, the rents are too high to benefit the class to which I belong. An ordinary London house, when divided out and let in unfurnished apartments, is not comfortable, because so thoroughly unfitted for the purpose. There is no privacy, and no freedom from the landlady's ever-prying eye, which even penetrates into the rooms which she does not furnish. The position is also trying, in regard to her, for her temper is rarely good, and she is often quarrelsome and *exigeante*. In fact, few women in that rank of life have the needful patience and good humour which the office of landlady requires.

Fortunately, Mrs. Murray was very anxious that I should not be in a hurry, nor make a start in my new life without finding what was needful, both in position and people. And I was not idle, for I had much also to find out as to prices and ways of getting things in London, and I wished to plan my small income so as to make the best of it. I thought £40 per annum would suffice to cover my expenses for rent, food, fire, and light, the rent to include what services I required. As regards the fire and lighting part, I acquired much useful information from a pleasant and practical little woman, who came to Mrs. Murray as a dressmaker, and did what needlework was needed in the house. It was through her kind offices that we ultimately found a house to suit me in every way, as the advertisements proved of no real value after all. From her I learned that the price of coal was 1s. per hundred, of coke 1s. 2d. the sack; and that I should probably find close by my new home a small coal merchant, who would send in just what I wanted. She thought I should find that the quantity above-named would last me for a fortnight during the winter for one fire. Finally she advised me, in addition to wood, to have some patent firelighters, or "wheels," at a farthing each, which would not only light my fire, but she said that in the summer one would be enough to boil my kettle, without the expense of lighting the fire at all, as they last quite twenty minutes. She also introduced to me the square blocks of coal, which are a penny each for the largest size, and three for twopence for the smaller size. They seem to be made of powdered coal formed into blocks, and are very useful for keeping in a fire. They should be put on when the fire is good, and they will burn for some hours unbroken. For instance, if put on the fire at night they will last all night, and when broken up with the poker will light the fire and serve to boil the kettle in the morning. So they prove an excellent thing for sick rooms.

In one of my chats with my wise little dressmaker, she advised me to buy one of the white glass lamps with the pearly-white shades, for my ordinary use, and added that she had seen them at 1s. 11d. in The Grove. On going in search of one, however, I found that I could only get one at 2s., but the wick was in it, and it was ready for filling and lighting. There are several kinds of oil, some more expensive than others, but I found a very good, clear, bright oil, called "safety oil," at threepence a

"O! THE GLADNESS OF LIFE'S MAYTIME."

quart; and later on I paid sixpence for my quart oil-can. The quart lasted me in the winter a week, and sometimes in the summer it spun out to a fortnight. I find my lamp, trimmed and taken charge of by myself, is a perfect success always. I do not break chimneys. I have no smell from it, and no smoke; and armed with a pair of old gloves, a clean cloth, and some soft paper, I clean it without trouble.

I do not fancy that care enough is taken by ordinary servants, and that is the cause of the constant complaints about lamps, and the unpleasant smell and smoke from them. I had put down fire and light at £4 per annum, but I did not spend as much as that when I got into the way of managing my fire.

We had begun to despair of finding anything suitable through our advertisements, when one morning the maid came to me and said that Miss Dackett would be glad to speak to me. "Miss Dackett" seemed at first unknown to me, when I suddenly remembered that it was the name of my wise little dressmaker, usually called Eliza by Mrs. Murray, who had known her many years. So I hastened upstairs to find Miss Dackett and Mrs. Murray discussing some topic very eagerly, and as I entered Mrs. Murray said—

"I think Eliza has heard of the very thing you need, dear."

"Rooms?" I queried.

"Yes. Two superior servants who have left places where they have been for years, have taken a small house, and want to let three of the floors to ladies, if possible, unfurnished. They have already one lady in the dining-room, who is out all day in the City, in a typewriting office; and Eliza is very anxious we should go and look at the other two floors to-day. She is sure one of them will just suit you."

"It sounds likely," I said; "can you come with me to-day?"

"I shall be ready to go before luncheon," Mrs. Murray answered. "You may go and get ready at eleven o'clock."

"The street is a quiet and respectable one," said Eliza presently, "and the windows of the house are very nicely situated, and face the south."

Half-past eleven found us walking along one of the many rather dull but pretty streets in the Westbourne Park district. There was a general air of greenery and gardens in the place, and I was thankful that the sun shone to give us a good opinion of my new home. The house was midway up, and there was a bend of the street in front, and a cross street at the side, which made quite an open space. The landlady came in answer to our knock, and we were both agreeably impressed with her pleasant, cheery manners, which were good, respectful, and self-respecting at once. The instant we mentioned Eliza's name she seemed to know all about us, and said that Eliza's sister had been lady's-maid for years where she and her husband had lived, as indoor servant and upper housemaid. From her master and mistress they could have good references; and it was a legacy from their master's father that had enabled them to take this house. Her husband, she said, went each day to an old gentleman, on whom he waited, returning late at night.

While this conversation had been going on we had mounted the stairs and gained the second floor rooms. The house looked very clean and bright, and had been evidently newly done up for its present tenants. There were two pleasant rooms, a back and a front one, with a wide door between them. There were two windows in front and a balcony and a window at the back, with a small garden with a tree in it to look upon. The rooms were both papered with a light-grey paper, and painted the same colour, the back room being very small. This latter was 2s. 6d. a week, the front room being 4s. (without attendance, of course). There was part of a coal-cellar at my service, and I must help to carpet the stairs, the landlady paying a third, the future tenant of the first floor and myself a third each. The price of the rooms was thus £17 per annum. So, after a little consideration, I asked the landlady whether she would bring up my coals, answer the door to my visitors, keep my windows clean, and the stairs, and sweep my rooms out once a week, if I gave her 7s. 6d. a week. What little cooking I needed I meant to manage for myself. After a little time she agreed to this, first inquiring as to the probable number of visitors I should have, which I thought would not be many. I, on my part, agreed to the stair-carpet question, but said I should not like a shabby one, and I hoped she would not want one either. She quite agreed on that point with me, and said she would go and look at the carpets, and see what she could manage to procure a nice one for. I also suggested that she should have the floor of the hall and the sides of the stairs stained and varnished, to represent dark oak, which would save her time in cleaning them, and look well. The walls of the hall were hung with the usual yellow varnished hall-paper, with yellow-grained paint to match. So I begged her to get as much red as she could obtain in her carpet, and to let all the colours be rich and bright.

We arranged that Mr. Murray should draw up an agreement for a year, mentioning the service required, when the references had been seen, and Mrs. Murray gave her address, and also that of my father's lawyer. My new landlady's name was Warner, and we were both much pleased with her, though I secretly wished the rooms could have been a little larger. Fortunately I knew my grand-aunt's furniture had been extremely old-fashioned, and that it had been kept because it was of the spindle-legged kind, some of it being handsomely inlaid, and some in Dutch marqueterie. The beds and bedding had all been sold, but I knew that the linen and her plate had both been kept; and if they had once been sufficient for one single lady, they would be enough for another.

As we walked home together Mrs. Murray decided that she would write to the references at once, and get the answer with as little delay as possible, for she quite agreed with me that, if peace and happiness were to be preserved, my small mansion must be taken and furnished before my aunt returned to town.

(To be continued.)

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

No person was more delighted at hearing the true story of Miss Martin's diamonds than was Mr. James Smith.

"It is pleasant to know for certain that the things were the young lady's own, sir," he said, when my husband told him, "though you and I could never bring ourselves to doubt that." Then, with a look of grim satisfaction, "What a pull this gives you over Mr. Fielden! It quite cheers me up when I think that if I have failed to find your property, I never made such a blunder in my judgment as he did. What you would have been drawn into if you had listened to him and got that warrant!"

My husband gave a little shudder at the thought of it, and Smith added, "Depend on it, sir, there is something quite out of the common about that business of yours. I never was utterly at fault before, and I am certain the mystery will be explained in some very unlooked for way."

And it was.

Mr. Fielden was duly informed of the facts, which proved Miss Martin's innocence. He had been very stiff with my husband ever since the latter ventured to act in opposition to his advice. The knowledge that he had been mistaken in giving it did not tend to smooth the lawyer's ruffled plumes, though he could scarcely help a formal expression of satisfaction that the young person had all along been free from blame.

It was a bitter mortification to himself to be proved less than infallible in a professional matter, and though he was longing to know whether Mrs. Beauchamp's property had been recovered, he would not inquire. Tom—dear naughty fellow—had, I fear, a wicked pleasure in abstaining from any allusion to these diamonds. "No," thought he, "Mr. Fielden said he washed his hands of the whole affair, and I will volunteer no information. I was bound to clear Miss Martin; I am not bound to say that about the lost diamonds we are still at fault."

Though one shadow had been lifted from Ellen Martin's mind, the anxiety she still had to bear was sufficiently trying. Each day showed more plainly that Edward's condition was becoming less hopeful.

The mother never allowed herself to doubt that he would be eventually restored to health, and found her happiness in ministering to his wants. Ellen was almost thankful for the veil which yearning love threw over Mrs. Martin's eyes, and enabled her to hope against hope.

Another cause for anxiety the girl had to bear alone. There was something

in the tone of Herbert's letters which troubled her, she scarce knew why. There was no lack of tenderness or sympathy, but the hopefulness which had always hitherto cheered her as she read them, seemed to have died away.

Ellen read his last letter again and again, then came to the conclusion that some new trouble was impending, and that he was keeping the knowledge of it to himself, lest he should add to hers. It could not be about his mother. Katie had told her about Mrs. Read's increased delicacy, and bemoaned the enforced suspension of her own lessons, and, alas! that of her trifling salary. It is not on my own account," wrote Katie, "but because I loved to think that I was adding even a mite to the family treasury. But for losing this little sum, and the feeling that I am not fitting myself to do more and better, it would be delightful to stay at home and wait upon the dear mother. Poor Herbert has so much to do for us all, and though I know he grudges nothing, yet I long to be of more use. But for having to work for us at home, you and he might get married and be so happy. I often think you are the best and most patient darlings in the world. I hardly like to tell you so much, but Herbert is certainly a little downhearted at present. He says he is quite well, and he does not seem ill, only quiet and preoccupied—not like himself. I know there is nothing between you and him to account for this, except, perhaps, the weary waiting and rare meetings, though you are so near each other. When your letters come, dear Ellen, they cheer and brighten him more than anything else. I wish you could find out what is troubling him."

This passage in Kate's letter confirmed Ellen's fears. She never doubted Herbert for a moment, and needed not the girl's assurance that the trouble was unconnected with herself. True to the core, Ellen was incapable of cherishing a feeling of suspicion with regard to those she loved. "No," she said to herself; "if Herbert hides a thought from me it is for my sake."

But there was a sentence in the letter which brought a sense of grievous disappointment in store. It was just a hint that Herbert might not be able to spend Christmas at Longminster. Ellen could not understand this. They had been reckoning so much and for so long on this precious holiday.

Christmas Day fell on the Saturday that year, and Herbert had counted on being at Longminster the night before, and remaining until the Tuesday following. The early morning train would take him back to town in time for business on that day.

Always within an hour's railway ride of each other, these faithful hearts met but seldom. Pence had to be economised in both homes, and poverty forbade the smallest unnecessary expenditure. Yet they were happy, in spite of untoward circumstances, for their affection was unselfish and undisturbed by want of trust on either side.

Ellen's instincts were not at fault. As I have already told, Herbert Read was weighed down by a dread of being without work to do when his employers' notice should have expired. He had been constantly on the look out, and daily studied the advertising columns in the principal papers, only to find out that so far there was no empty niche which he was specially fitted to fill.

"It is always so," said young Maberley, his one confidant. "My father says that at our place, should a vacancy occur, there are applicants by dozens."

"I am so anxious to get another post before I tell them at home that I have notice to leave this," replied Herbert, with a sigh.

He had thought that there might perhaps be room for him under the great firm of Maberley and Co., for his friend's father was, as the youth remarked, both "Maberley" and "Co." But this last intimation kept him from uttering his thought aloud. If there were so few vacancies and so many applicants, what chance would he have?

Frank Maberley had, however, an honest wish to serve his friend. He liked him, for Herbert was a pleasant individual to sit near at the office. He was good and conscientious, but, as Maberley expressed it, "he is neither sour nor a prig, but a man to be both liked and respected by other young men. I wish I could help him."

The opportunity came sooner than might have been hoped for. Mr. Maberley arrived at home that evening later than usual, and evidently out of sorts. He was not a man who brought business annoyances into his home; indeed, business was rarely alluded to in that social palace of which he was owner and head.

He was of a kindly temperament, a good husband and father, and loved to cast off his City husk, as he called "Maberley and Co.," with the overcoat which he left in the hall as he entered.

Mr. Maberley liked to see his comely wife stepping out to meet him, and to note how well she became the rich velvet and costly lace which fittingly clothed her. He liked to keep up the custom of early married days, and to mark their meetings and partings with a loving embrace, and next to feel the clinging arms of his graceful girls, as they came to welcome him in filial fashion.

"This," he would say, as he glanced round from one fair face to another, and then to the home which fitted so well with its inmates, "this is what I feel to be worth working for, and here I would forget the work itself."

On this occasion he had evidently brought home the work or something connected with it, for he was unusually quiet.

Wife and children chatted pleasantly during dinner, wisely ignoring Mr. Maberley's preoccupation, the former deciding within herself that he would tell her all about it by-and-by. He was tired and must be let alone.

When the meal was over he alluded to the cause of his apparent want of interest in what was going on around him.

"It is no great trouble, in one sense," he said, "and rather a thing one ought to rejoice about. Our corresponding clerk, a wonderfully good linguist, is leaving us suddenly. He has inherited a handsome property, and, *though most unwilling* to cause us inconvenience, he must go to look after it. How to fill his place immediately I know not. It requires peculiar qualifications, for in a house like ours so much confidence is necessarily placed in the man who fills it. Good linguists may be had by the dozen, but more is needed. Now, if you, Frank, were only fit to take this post, how glad I should be," said Mr. Maberley, turning to his son.

"Unfortunately languages are not my strong point," said Frank.

"I wonder what is," replied the father, but without a shade of ill humour in the remark.

"I must try to be a fair 'all-round man,' when I come to the 'Home Office,'" said Frank, with an attempt at a joke which brought a smile to the paternal countenance; whilst the mother whispered, "Frank's strong points are his kind heart, and the truthful nature which fits so well with his name."

Mr. Maberley's smile deepened, and he thought to himself that such qualifications were excellent things, and that, with his prospects, the lad might get on without too much knowledge of tongues.

The youth was watching his father's face with some anxiety, and its expression emboldened him to speak on behalf of Herbert Read.

"I suppose there is nobody at the home place who could fill the vacancy?" he asked.

"If there had been I should hardly have said that I was in a difficulty about it, Frank."

"Then I think I can tell you of the right man, and that will be next best to doing the work myself."

Then he launched into a eulogium of Herbert Read; told how long he had been with his present employers, of the fact that he was under notice to leave, and the cause of it, together with certain particulars connected with his private history and qualities as a son and brother.

"Give Read a trial," he said, in conclusion. "I am sure you will not regret doing it, either for the sake of the firm or his own. I will be content to plod on where I am for another year and never grumble, if you will help Read."

"Are languages his strong point?" inquired Mr. Maberley.

"I should think so, indeed. He has all the foreign correspondence at our place. Worked himself into the position by being such a good linguist, for he began low enough. He is all strong points, and sadly too good for his present position. Do see him and have a talk to him. He can have any amount of recommendations from the heads you know."

Frank ran on, giving further particulars, to which his father listened attentively. He was always inclined to grant any request made by his only son, and the more so, because what he asked was much more frequently for others than for himself.

Then happened one of those little coincidences which are always coming

about, and showing us that we can hardly meet a person once in our lives without hearing of or seeing him again.

Mrs. Maberley was also listening to her son's praise of his friend, and when he finished she asked, "Did you say that the young man is the son of the Rev. Cuthbert Read, formerly of Heyington?"

"I did, mother, but the father has been dead for some years."

"He was the clergyman who married us, my dear," said Mrs. Maberley, turning to her husband with an animated face. "You remember. He was staying with our old rector, who was to have officiated, but he was taken suddenly ill, and Mr. Read took his place."

Mr. Maberley did remember the circumstance and the name, and exclaimed, "How singularly things come about, to be sure! This young man's father was an excellent clergyman."

"And he did you excellent service, I am sure, when he married you and my mother," interposed Frank, boldly. "You might to some extent repay it by serving his son. I do not allow that you could do it in full."

Mr. Maberley was just the man to appreciate his son's little joke, and when the laugh it caused came to an end, he admitted the reasonableness of the proposition, and expressed his willingness to see young Read before making any further inquiries for a clerk.

"He is a gentleman. Suppose you ask him to dine here to-morrow, mother," said Frank.

But this was going too fast, and Mrs. Maberley shook her head, though Frank added, "He is engaged, you know, and quite safe if you were thinking of the girls," thus causing another laugh.

He did not get his way in respect to the invitation. But he had the pleasure of carrying a message from his father naming a time for an interview, and a few hours later the added satisfaction of knowing that Herbert's services were engaged for Maberley and Co., at a little higher salary than he at present received, and a prospect of a speedy advance should he fulfil their expectations.

"I am more glad than I can tell you," said Frank, when he knew the result of his mediation. "There is only one drawback. I shall be left alone here for a while and sooner than I expected, but we must have parted a few weeks hence, and in time I shall rejoin you in the 'Home Office.' Then we shall grow grey together, for nobody leaves Maberley and Co, unless he dies or, as in this lucky exceptional case, comes in for a fortune."

Herbert Read listened with a glad heart to the lively talk of the youth who had proved himself so true a friend, and then he thanked him warmly for what he had done.

"Pray say no more, Read," interrupted the youth. "I have done a good stroke of business for Maberley and Co., for they were likely to be in a fix. If you had seen my father's face when he came in last night you would have appreciated the situation. It was long enough to have had Co.'s visage tacked on to Maberley's; a most unusual sight at our house. You have no idea how proud I am of having got the firm out of the difficulty it was in. You will do me credit, and at some future time when advice is needed in an emergency, I shall be applied to."

"I know what you have done for me," replied Herbert. "You have been the means of lifting a terrible weight of dread from my mind. I cannot thank you as I wish, but I trust my work will be my witness in the future how grateful I am to you and your father."

A glad heart gives wings to the feet, and Herbert reached home sooner than usual that evening, with a look on his face which was an augury of good news to his mother and sisters.

"It is like you, dear boy," said Mrs. Read, when she heard what he had to tell. "You always walk alone when it is dark, but bring us with you into the sunshine."

"Not alone, dear mother," was the answer, and well did she understand her son's meaning. He might choose not to share his anxiety with those for whom he asked only leave to toil willingly and cheerfully, but he carried it to One who is the sure refuge of every troubled soul, and claimed the gracious promise, "I will sustain thee," as meant for him also.

There was no want of brightness in the letter that came to Ellen Martin on the following morning. It explained away the shadows which hung over his precious ones, and told of his new and more cheering prospects. "So wonderfully, dearest Ellen," he wrote, "have all things worked together for our good, though but a few hours ago I should have said that all things were against us."

No fear now that Herbert would be absent from Longminster at Christmas. He was almost counting the hours now, and as he went to and from the office he almost fancied he heard the sound of wedding bells, though in the far distance.

Surely this new appointment would bring him, to begin with, a step nearer to the long wished for day when he should call Ellen by the sweet name of wife.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

CLARA.—We could not advise you if you do not understand anything about machines. You had better study them a little, and inquire from your friends who have them, and make up your mind before purchasing one.

STELLA.—Full instructions have been given on the "Duties of Servants" at pages 534 and 643, vol. ii.

EMILY.—We should try one of the many plate powders, some of which are very good for nickel silver. The first handwriting is the most legible.

CROCUS.—It is very difficult to give advice on the subject of your two "ugly sideboards," as you do not describe them at all. Do they want repainting? and of what colour are your drawing-room and your sideboards? A handsome cloth to drape them with, and some cheap modern Japanese china and pretty Japanese fans, might make a change for the better. If there be any panels to the sideboards, you might use some of the new black and gold leather papers for them.

VIOLET R.—All the children while they are living with and supported by their father may use his paper, with the crest and arms, of course. Many thanks for your kind and cordial praise of our paper.

IVYLEAF should clean the wire hairbrush with dry flour or bran. We return her many thanks for the seaweed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REPRESENTATIVE SIXPENCE.—Many thanks for the contributions to the Home. Perhaps the *Leisure Hour* would suit—sixpence—for her second magazine. It seems to answer most of her requirements.

CONSTANCE À BECKET.—Accept many thanks. The letter is most interesting. We have also a great many of them ourselves.

GIRL OF NINETEEN.—If you read the "Table of Kindred and Affinity" in your Prayer Book, you will find that according to the laws of England and the Church of England, there is no prohibition to the marriage of first cousins nor any other cousins. But the expediency of contracting them is another and a very important consideration. The children of such marriages are often deaf-mutes, and feeble in mind or body, because any family delicacy or hereditary taint is doubled in intensity. In the Roman Church they are prohibited by an ecclesiastical law, which involves the obtaining of a special "indulgence" from the Pope. But you should give two or three years of home service and attention to your parents, and complete the domestic branch of your education before you contemplate marriage.

MARGARET BLANCHE.—You should take no notice of the man's waiting for you. Remain at home at that time until he be gone.

JUGGING.—Dissolve some beeswax in sweet oil, and when of the consistency of butter, rub a little on your hands every night, and then put on loose kid or beaver gloves.

E. BUNFACE.—Write to our publisher.

SPIDER.—We are glad that you have the desire to read the Bible to one unable to do so. It is a first step in the right direction. Your fear of dishonouring Christ by so doing, considering your own unworthiness, is another good sign, and that you should realise and acknowledge that unworthiness is likewise such. It is a hopeful condition, and if you steadfastly pray for God's grace to enable you to be a more consistent Christian, He will grant it, for He "will not quench the smoking flax (however dimly it may burn) nor break the bruised reed." It is a great privilege to be given an opportunity of doing service for others, as in the way you name.

DOT.—Better try to get into a shop as an assistant. Have you no acquaintance with a respectable tradesman to whom you could tell your trouble, and who could give you a little temporary employment and a recommendation elsewhere later on? There are no openings for "companions," and if there were, education of a special kind would be essential. We much approve of your wish to abandon your present mode of gaining a living. It is one of great danger, and more than ordinary temptation.

AMY.—The origin and history of Stonehenge is wrapped in some obscurity. One authority represents it as having been erected by Aurelius Ambrosius, in memory of 450 Britons who were massacred there by Hengist, the Saxon, about the year 450; while another historian says it was a monument to Ambrosius himself, A.D. 500. Again, it is reputed to be an ancient British temple for Druidical rites.

BESSIE.—If in mourning, wear black gloves; if not, wear white and coloured ones, and coloured ribbons.

MARIANNE.—The verses are cleverly written for a little girl of ten years old. See "Girls' Christian Names" in vol. iv.

E. JEWELL.—Write to the secretary, R. D. Roberts, Esq., office of the Mitchell City of London Charity, Guildhall, E.C. In any case you will have to wait till nearly the end of this year, as you have lost the last chance (Nov. 21st, 1887). Perhaps you could get the girl's name entered on the books of the charity in question. We cannot suggest any other.

VOL. IX.—No. 433. APRIL 14, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TWO OUTLOOKS.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"OH, Mary, I am so dull down here. It is your own home, and all that, you say;
But surely you weary for something else, and would be delighted to get away?
Think of morning papers at breakfast time, with murders and other exciting things,
And of walks through streets full of lovely shops, and the hourly post, and the notes it brings!"

"Why, Nora, our quiet days are sweet, with the morning hymn and the morning prayer,
And the homely duties in which we each, from oldest to youngest, can take a share.
Flowers and poultry and books we have; friendly neighbours who come to call;
The sick to visit, the babes to teach—a thousand interests which never pall!"

"But, Mary, you can't guess how I long for the balls and concerts, and all the shows
(Where, you know, one must always look one's best, for one's sure to encounter one's dearest foes);
You can't imagine the wondrous skill of the fairy scenes in the Christmas play,
Nor the dresses and decorations seen at the ball we go to on New Year's Day."

MARY AND NORA.

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'Well, Nora, the only shows I love are the mystic lights of the breaking morn,
Or the solemn glory of sunset skies as they redden over the ripened corn;
Or the sweet blue gleam of a summer sea, mirroring the flapping sails and spars;
Or the awful hush of a frosty night, when the queen moon walks through her court of stars."

"Yet, Mary, what I enjoy the most is a crowd of lovers about my feet,
And if one has strayed from another girl, then is my triumph entirely sweet!
But I'll not marry till someone comes with gold and diamonds in either hand,—
'Love in a cottage,' and all that bosh, is what I never can understand."

"Oh, Nora, life's greatest blessing lies, I think, in one pure and faithful love,
That hopes for a patient peace on earth, and looks for its perfect joy above;
And one—who kissed me before he went—is toiling bravely beyond the sea,
And I'm proud to think of the backwoods hut that will soon be ready to welcome me.

"But, Mary, I must have an easy life, with a carriage and couple of spanking greys,
And plenty of money to get for myself the best of whatever may be the craze;
And thorough servants to cook and wait, and save me from low domestic care,
And first-class travelling and grand hotels, whenever from London myself I tear."

"Nay, Nora, I hope but for even hours, and the blessings of labour and peace and health;
And the poorest home may have all these—and all of these may be missed from wealth;
And I know that sorrows and loss must come—'tis the very sunshine that makes the shade;
But I pray that as long as God spares my life, He will spare me someone to love and aid."

"Mary, I own that my heart sinks low to feel youth cannot for ever last;
That all the pleasures I care about are the very pleasures that fly so fast!
Death is too dreadful to think about, but it often gives me a shudder cold
To know that living itself is nought but the surest method of growing old!"

"Oh, Nora, it always seems to me that life may be likened to uphill ways,
And when we have toiled to the very top we may sit us down and give God the praise;
And looking behind on the weary way now darkening under the peaceful night,
May rest awhile ere we rise and go into the Land of the Western Light."

RESTITUTION;

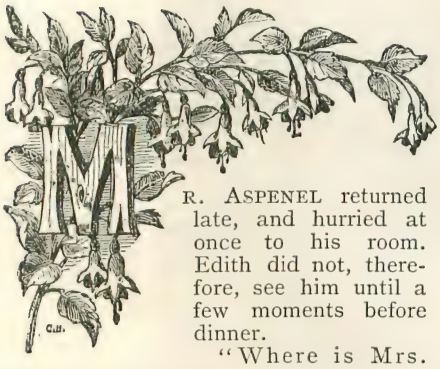
OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK.



MR. ASPENEL returned late, and hurried at once to his room. Edith did not, therefore, see him until a few moments before dinner.

"Where is Mrs. Aspenel?" he asked.

"She is not coming to dinner. Perhaps you will not name her absence before the servants," stammered Edith.

He took the hint, and they went in to dinner, at which he both ate and drank freely. Very few words passed between them, but when the servants left the room Edith began her difficult task as simply and naturally as she could. Before doing so she took a seat at her father's side.

"Mrs. Aspenel has gone on a visit to her friends in the North," she began, her voice trembling slightly.

"The North! When? How?'

"She left by the mid-day train. She said she was going first to Sir James Whalley's, and then on to her other relations. I was to tell you that——"

"Tell me! You! What right had she to go without my permission? How dare she send a message by you to me? What reasons did she give?"

"That she was ill and wanted change; and that what passed between you and her on Saturday made her resolve to accept an oft-repeated invitation to her friends."

As Edith said this as bravely as she could, she saw that her father's face assumed an expression of extreme malignancy, such as she had never witnessed before, and from which she shrank in terror. He struck the table heavily, and with a sort of remorseless calm, said, with the addition of what sounded much like an oath—

"She has taken her line; let her keep to it. She need never come back again. She has nearly ruined me, and I hate the sight of her."

"Oh, papa! you should not say that!" rejoined Edith, involuntarily.

"Why not? She returns the compliment," he said grimly, laughing as if it were a good joke. "Where is Bruce?"

"He has gone with her."

Now the suppressed passion broke forth. He rose, stamped his foot, uttered words not to be transcribed, paced the room, almost hissed in his fury, and finally grasped Edith's shoulder so cruelly that she cried out another "Oh, papa!" He let her go, but turned his rage upon her.

"Why did you allow her to take Bruce? You ought to have withstood her. Where was Tom Harton? You should have sent for him, and between you have detained the boy. Bruce! my only son—my—my—heir! No, not that exactly. I want no heirs. Where was Tom Harton, I ask?"

"He was here. But he had no power, nor had I."

"Here! What do you all mean? A conspiracy; a plot to rob me. I daresay you have rifled my drawers—my, my safe. Ring the bell. We will have Harton here. Send for Mr. Tom Harton immediately."

The last clause was to the man who answered the bell.

"No one has robbed you, papa," interposed Edith. "Mrs. Aspenel said her last quarter's allowance would suffice for travelling expenses. Besides, it is easy to write and recall her."

"I don't want her, but she shall not have Bruce. The law would forbid. Come with me and be witness if she have rifled my drawers—my cash-box."

She followed him to his study, the

scene of the quarrel. She had recovered her self-control, and stood by while he examined drawers and cupboards, which he found intact. There was a ponderous-looking safe in one corner of the apartment, at which Edith had sometimes wondered. It was really an iron safe, well cased in mahogany to match the other cupboards. In trying the lock of this he partially unclosed its door, which he shut again rapidly with a bang, but not so quickly as to prevent Edith's seeing what seemed to her a lining of gold.

"That will do. I shall examine the other rooms to-morrow," he said, casting a sinister glance at his daughter.

"Papa, you cannot believe that I would rob you," she said, going towards him with a courage which was not her own. "I do not care for riches. They seem to me burdens while we live, and chains when we die."

"Die!" he exclaimed, as if stung by her words. "Who thinks of death? Go, and come to me again when I have questioned Tom Harton."

She left him, and went to Nurse True. Tom Harton arrived shortly after, and was shown into the study, where Aspenel awaited him. He had resumed his usual manner when Harton entered, and addressed him with cold formality.

"It is strange that you should have allowed your pupil to be taken from you in the midst of his studies, without my consent."

"I took it for granted it was with your consent, since he accompanied Mrs. Aspenel," replied Tom, with finished *sang froid*. "I even went to see him off, thinking you would like me to do so. He was making such progress that I regret exceedingly the interruption. But I suppose it will not be for long."

"You will, of course, fill up the term when he returns?" said Aspenel, with an eye to business, in spite of his wife.

"That depends. You know the workman is worthy of his hire, and it is not my fault that he left. However, I leave that little matter to you. I am surprised that you were not aware of his holiday."

"Could you declare on your oath that you knew nothing of this journey?" asked Aspenel, turning his inquisitive little eyes suddenly on Harton. "You and Mrs. Aspenel seemed on singularly good terms."

"Positively nothing. How should I, when it was so sudden that even you seem taken by surprise? Mrs. Aspenel did not name it when I saw her last on Saturday night."

Tom Harton perceived that there was a lurking suspicion in Aspenel's mind, and he set himself to work to dispel it. A white lie more or less did not weigh on his conscience, and his aim was to divert all suspicion from himself.

"Ah! you dined with us on Saturday," suggested Aspenel.

"Yes; and saw Mrs. Aspenel just before I left. She came, I think, from a private interview with you, and appeared excited. But she merely wished me good-night, as usual. I remarked that she was not at church yesterday, and feared illness. I now take it for granted she was preparing for her journey, but I am surprised at its suddenness and that she should have taken Bruce without giving me notice. I am still more surprised that you should have been equally in the dark. But ladies like to astonish us of the weaker sex. Man was created for submission."

Mr. Aspenel did not like the tone of this speech, half wary, half satirical, but he felt the necessity of maintaining the friendship, such as it was, that had sprung up between them. He changed his own manner from caution to confidence.

"The fact is," he said, "that Mrs. Aspenel is ruining me by her extravagance, and we had a few words on Saturday when I spoke to her about it. My losses have been enormous lately, and I feel that we must retrench. Yes, retrench! You look surprised, but trade is at a standstill. I suppose Mrs. Aspenel took offence, and took herself off. Her predecessors would not have thought of such a proceeding. Number one was too gentle, number two too proud, but number three has the temper of a gorgon. Ha, ha! I wouldn't advise you to marry more than once. Three wives are a mistake."

"I am not likely to do so," replied Harton, echoing the unnatural laugh, and shrewdly suspecting that Aspenel had drunk too much wine.

Not too much, however, to cloud his business capacity, for all of a sudden he proposed to pay Harton his salary up to the morning of Bruce's departure. But Tom Harton was as shrewd, if not as niggardly as he, and politely declared that he preferred waiting until the end of the term, adding that he would take a quarter's notice from that day, if Mr. Aspenel wished to discontinue his services.

"It will be better for all parties to let it be understood that Mrs. Aspenel has taken Bruce to see his relations," he said diplomatically. "If I am dismissed, of course people will say there is something amiss."

"But they needn't know it," put in Aspenel.

"I should be compelled to make it public, because I must look out for another tutorship. Besides, we don't reckon by days, but by terms, in scholastics."

Harton had the best of it, in spite of the frown on his companion's brow. But he must dispel this frown at all risks, for he was far-seeing, and thought a great deal of Mr. Aspenel's daughters. He began upon the gipsies. He said he believed he had seen Wandering Will hovering about that very morning. It was strange that none of the tribe had appeared since Fan left.

Mr. Aspenel forgot his other grievances, and when Tom took his leave he appeared to be more concerned about getting rid of his enemies, the Egyptians, than conciliating his domestic foes.

Mr. Tom Harton's home-life had not been rosy since the disappearance of poor Fan, attributed by his father to his severity. As he walked towards Hoplands, beneath a sky studded by moon and stars, instead of taking a short cut, he extended his walk through the park, to the principal entrance opposite The Cottages. But for his ulterior views he would have let Mr. Aspenel 'pay him up,' and again left home and his father's reproachful glances. But Edith and Janet, to say nothing of Mrs. Aspenel, were chains of gold, not unlike those forged by the millionaire. Janet had loved him, he knew, ever since she was a child; but, in spite of this and her beauty, he preferred Edith; and she was unapproachable, though gentle and timid as the white rabbit that suddenly crossed his path.

Sounds of merriment greeted him as he got into the road. They proceeded from members of the wedding party, and he stood a few moments to listen to their discourse. The five domestics of The Cottages were bidding good night to the beaux who had escorted them home, and were so hilarious that Tom almost wished he had been at the wedding.

"Which of us 'll be the next, I wonder?" said one.

"Never too late, anyhow," another.

"Your turn next, Susan. You ain't anigh so old as Rebecca, and Miss Short a' got over ten years to come up wi' Miss Lorne," a third.

"I think it'll be Miranda," whispered a swain.

"Who've adone for the old ladies all day?" a fourth.

"We've took it by turns, and run to an' fro, and they've been uncommon good-natured. But then there was nobody like Rebecca."

"Dree more cheers for her and George," cried a swain, and Mr. Tom Harton left them cheering, while he pursued his way, reflecting on many things.

He found Hoplands exteriorly more cheerful than usual, for there were lights flitting about, both upstairs and down. He heard his father's voice, and it was so cheery that he took it for granted that either the Rector or Miss Vigors was with him. He listened, for he did not feel in a mood for either. However, he went in. The visitor's back was towards him.

"Here's Tom at last," said his father.

"And here's Jack!" shouted the guest, jumping up, and hugging Tom like a young bear.

"My dear fellow, where did you spring from?" asked Tom, as soon as he had regained his suppressed breath.

"I hail from Canada West," replied Jack, through his nose.

"Shake hands, old boy. I am so glad you have come home," cried Tom, half shaking Jack's hand off, for if there was anything on earth Tom Harton loved, it was this brother Jack.

And no wonder, for a brighter, manlier, happier specimen of the Anglo-Saxon was never born into this mongrel country of ours. Fair curly hair, fair bushy beard, laughing blue eyes, clear, musical voice, fine muscular figure, and, above all, a heart overflowing with love for all mankind, and you have Jack Harton. If he was wild, he was not wicked; if brave, he was no bully. He had been the light of his mother's life, the apple of his father's eye. Mr. Harton forgot rheumatism, and moved about with the activity of youth, ordering the servants

to bring in every dainty the house contained, and emptying the sideboard of all its drinkables.

"You are killing the fatted calf, father," said Jack. "But I haven't been a bad boy, like the prodigal, and I haven't got an envious brother."

"Then we'll make merry with a good conscience," said Mr. Harton, as a steaming and savoury dish came in.

But Tom's conscience was burdened by Fan, whom he knew his brother loved as a sister, and for whom he had not asked. He was some few years older than Jack, one brother and a sister, who died young, having been born between them. But Jack was twenty-four, and looked older than his age. He was personally like his father, and they resembled one another also in qualities of the heart.

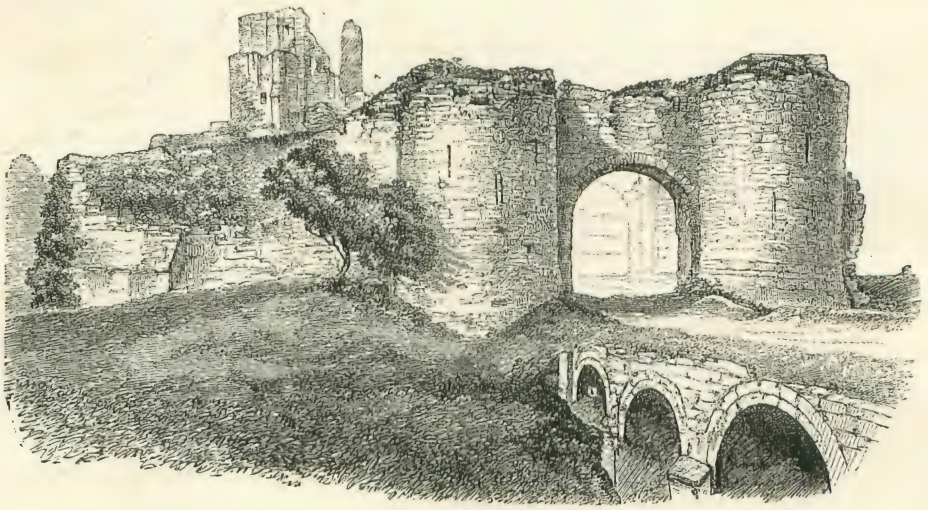
When supper was over, and the trio drew round the fire, it soon evolved why Jack had not named Fan. He and his father took the "calumet of peace," but Tom was no smoker, and thus spake Jack:—

"I shouldn't have been home so soon but for Fan. I am come to find her, and, if she is in Old England, I will. When your letter came I was dumbfoundered, for I knew something awful must have happened to make her run away. She hasn't gone off with a man, take my word for that. I only waited to set my affairs to rights, and hear if you had found her; and here I am. I knew that you were ever so long before you told me, father, by a slip you made in one of your letters, and Tom didn't even mention her. That was cruel, Tom, for if you never loved her, I did. There is only one Fan in the wide world. I have never seen anybody like her at home or abroad: so handsome, so generous, so affectionate, so unselfish. Have you, father?"

"Never."

The warm-hearted fellow's voice was choked by feeling, and Mr. Harton's "never" came out with a resolution that made Tom start. Indeed, Tom was very uncomfortable, though Mr. Harton studiously avoided compromising him with his brother. He had, however, to listen to questions and answers concerning Fan, until he could bear it no longer, and said that he would go and look after Jack's room and belongings, while the others finished up their pipes, and Fan.

(To be continued.)



Entrance to Corfe Castle.

ENGLISH CASTLES;

OR,

MILESTONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

By EMMA BREWER.

CORFE CASTLE.

"Time consecrates, and what is gray with age becomes religion."—*Schiller.*

"WHO will join the party to Corfe Castle?" was the question asked by our young hostess one fine morning as we sat round the breakfast table in a beautiful house in Swanage.

All save one gave ready assent, and he was compelled to go to Poole to a meeting of the Antiquarian Society. It was a pleasant party, full of life and energy, that started for the little town of Corfe, about four miles distant. We each tried to call to mind what we had heard or read of the castle and its surroundings, and as we had some clever antiquarians and lovers of old buildings among us, we added to our knowledge not a little.

We took with us Bond's history of Corfe Castle, a valuable book, as in it the author has collected everything he can learn about it, whether in records, chronicles, or from his own observation; and good use we made of it, for whenever we came upon an interesting bit of the castle, we called upon one of our party to read aloud any passage throwing light upon it—the reader perched up in some old niche, and the listeners sitting or lying on the grass. But I am getting on too fast.

First of all, we had to pass through the little village, or, as it is called, I believe, town of Corfe, which nestles so humbly at the feet of the grand old ruin, clothed in its living mantle of ivy, and towering above its surroundings, stately even in decay.

This town of Corfe, situate in the centre of the Island of Purbeck,* is very ancient, and played a prominent part in Saxon history.

The name given to it by the Anglo-Saxons was "Corf-Geat," or Cutgate, a name it well deserved, for it was the pass or cut through the hills into the best part of the island.

Corfe is no longer a busy place, returning its two members of Parliament, but is content with a passing notice of visitors, who go through on their way to the castle. It is very quiet and grey, the houses having been mostly built with that coloured stone peculiar to the Purbeck quarries. Many, I hear, have been restored with stone taken from the castle walls.

There are one or two houses which call for special notice—the Greyhound Inn, with its first floor projecting over the porch, supported by three pillars, its date of restoration 1713, and the peculiar name of the landlady written under it, "Mary Disallioud."

A second, which greatly interested us, stands nearly opposite, with a peculiar bow-window, which can be seen in the illustration.

The inhabitants point with pride to a raised and worn stone platform in the centre of the little market place, upon which their members of Parliament used to return thanks for their election.

The church, with the exception of the tower, was rebuilt about twenty-five years ago, but that which it replaced was built by the great St. Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, showing, therefore, that Corfe must have been a place

* Purbeck, either from Pure and Beck, a rivulet, from the number of little clear streams that issue out of the foot of the hills all over the island—or, may be, from Porbikh a cattle run or pasture.

of importance before the close of the seventh century.

We lingered long in the tower so full of years, within which stands the font one thousand years old, black with age.

The interest we took in the little town of Corfe prepared us in a measure for the chief object of our visit; its colour, its architecture, its history, each and all proclaimed its ancient character.

Separating the town from the castle is a deep ditch or foss, spanned by a stately bridge of four high narrow arches. It is difficult to tell the date of it, but apparently it is not so ancient as the castle itself.

Hundreds of thoughts and scenes of long ago pass through our minds as we cross this bridge—the character of the island—the Danish invaders at Portland—the Saxon princes who came here for hunting—the captive ladies of Bretagne and Scotland—a woman's treachery—a woman's heroism—were occupying us to the exclusion of the present, when with a rude hand they were all dispersed, for there just inside the entrance stood a little white wooden office for the convenience of a money-taker, who, in a harsh, sing-song tone, said, "Sixpence to see the castle."

One of the younger ones of our party, full of indignation at this destroyer of the romantic, declared it was like a mongrel cur watching over a wounded and captive lion.

The gateway is, as you perceive in the illustration, flanked by a pair of massive drum towers, over which, in early times, there seem to have been living-rooms.

Both these towers have been undermined and forced from their upright position by gunpowder, and the rent thus caused in the arch has been filled in with mortar for the sake of safety.

A spot better adapted by nature for a stronghold could scarcely have been selected—I say nature, because the ancient Britons seem to have had no hand in it; their work may be seen about three miles distant, at Agglestone.

The castle stands on a steep, rocky hill, and looking at the walls so thick and massive, it strikes us that it must have been one of the most impregnable fortresses in the kingdom, previous to the invention of artillery.

It has been said that "Castles and houses are a true indication of the habits and customs of the period to which they belong."

This being so, it is easy to see that the Saxons in building this castle knew full well their insecurity and the necessity of resisting invasion—circumstances which no doubt gave character to the building,

To understand the plan of the castle it is necessary to notice that it is divided into four wards. At the entrance to the first we are now standing paying our sixpences. The entrance to the second is by a bridge of one arch over the castle ditch, and through a gate, probably the spot where the young king Edward was murdered. It goes by the name of King Edward the Martyr's Gateway. The third ward was the principal one, and situate on the highest part of the hill; in this the king's tower stood.

The fourth ward is the least. In it was a small garden, and the well into which, tradition says, Lady Banks threw a quantity of money and plate. While telling you this we pass through the first gate, with its two sturdy round towers, and find ourselves on the ground where in old times the soldiers indulged in sports or underwent military training. It is believed that the smiths, plumbers, and artificers had their workshops in this first ward.

Here, spread out before us, is the rising and uneven ground leading up to the third and fourth wards, while to the right and to the left stretch the ruined walls, the gaps and rents being judiciously filled in with light iron railings, which, while protecting the unwary, do not destroy the picturesqueness of the scene.

On these ruined walls it is easy to trace the watch towers, which, in pairs, were placed at intervals round them—thus commanding the whole country.

The unevenness of the ground has, if one may say so, a regularity about it which suggests the existence in former years of terraced gardens, gay with flowers; but the grim warriors who peopled Corfe Castle had certainly nothing to do with flowers, and the captive ladies had much more sorrowful occupation than to tend them—and so I suppose it is but a fancy that any ever grew within these walls.

We continue our walk till we reach the gateway, where, if tradition be true, a lady treacherously betrayed her son to death. Here the gunpowder seems to have done even more damage than at the first gateway. One of the towers has sunk both down and forward, so that the broken arch is far from meeting, and looks unsafe.

We only had to look at the grooves for the bolts to understand how carefully and completely all unwelcome approach was guarded against.

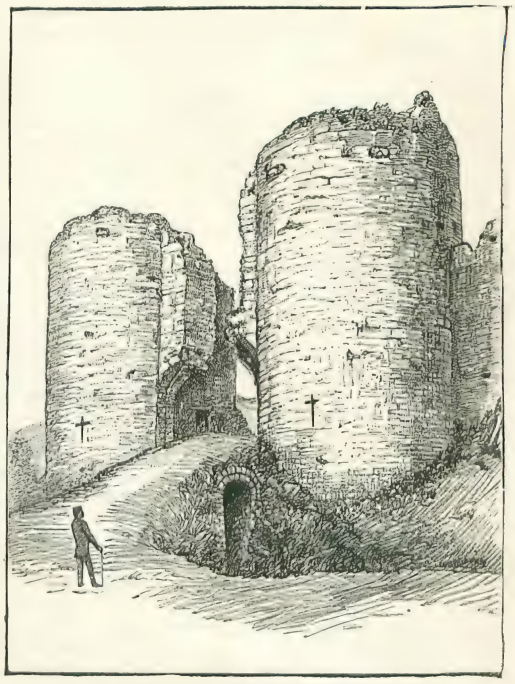
As we passed into the shadow of this gateway a cold chill seemed to strike through us, as though Elfrida's treacherous deed towards the unsuspecting young king still hung about it, and we felt glad to step out into the sunshine beyond, where, with our eyes on the gateway, we sat down and talked over the deed so fresh in the minds of English people, even though nearly a thousand years have passed since it was done.

The quaint old Saxon chronicles notice the deed in the following words:—

"978. This year was King Edward slain, at eventide, at Corfe Gate . . . . There has not been mid Angles a worse deed done than this since they first Britain Land sought . . . . Men him murdered, but God him glorified."

The story is a familiar one, but it becomes more a reality when related on the spot where the deed was done.

King Edgar was twice married—so the story runs. By his first wife he had a son, whom we know by the name of Edward the Martyr.



EDWARD THE MARTYR'S GATE.

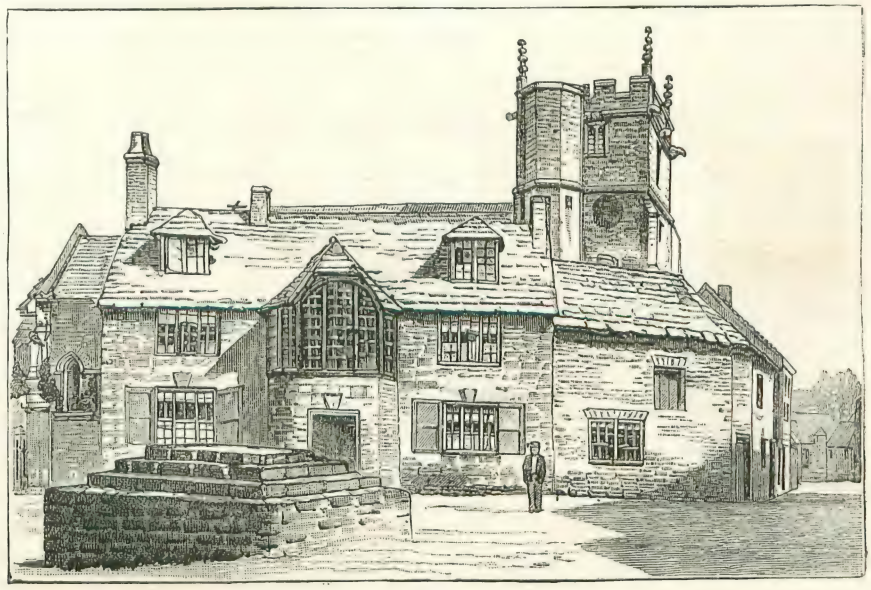
The king's second wife, Elfrida, was chosen simply for her beauty. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and her influence evil all round. She also had a son, for whom Edward, his brother, had a great affection.

When the father died, his successor was the son of his first wife. This circumstance roused the evil in Elfrida into activity; and it became her object in life to place her own little son, Ethelred, on the throne; and the method she used to bring this about has held her up to detestation through all succeeding generations.

It seems that while the elder brother was hunting in the country, between Wareham and Corfe, he remembered that the younger one was with his mother in Corfe Castle, and he determined to pay him a visit.

In the excitement of sport his few followers became dispersed, and he was left alone.

Without fear he made his way to the castle, and the queen, hearing from her spies of his approach, determined to commit the deed she had so long premeditated.



STONE PLATFORM AND CURIOUS WINDOW.

She met him at the gate with expressions of joy and offer of hospitality, which he declined, saying he desired only to see and speak with his brother.

Resolute in her wicked plan, she commanded that a cup might be given him without delay, and while raising it to his lips the assassin, who had but now given him the kiss of peace, stabbed him with a dagger.

This infamous deed soon became known throughout England, and the whole country felt disgraced.

Why the murdered young king obtained the title of martyr, and what was done with his body, is part of history, and need not be told here.

The story goes on to say that the guilty woman repented of her deed, and retiring to her Abbey of Wherwell, she submitted her body to severe penance, clothing it in hair cloth, and sleeping for many years at night on the ground without a pillow.

It was to avoid treachery, such as Elfrida was guilty of, that the loving cup was instituted—an explanation of which I will give at the end of this paper.

Having talked all this over, we searched the inner keep, and were rewarded with the sight of some beautifully preserved *herring-bone* masonry.

Do you know what that is? I did not till I saw it and had it explained.

The antiquarians went into raptures over it.

That which delighted me more than the herring-bone wall, was the extensive view from one of the watch towers on this keep. It embraced hill and dale, village and homestead, for miles round. It was all so sunny and peaceful, that it was difficult to realise that from the spot where I then stood the view had often been red with blood, and swarming with men furious for the lives of those within these walls.

From this apparently most ancient part of the castle we go into the chapel, of which little remains but a well-preserved Norman arched window; and we find our way on to the battlements, and rest on those grim stones, now called the Lovers' Seat. "How are the mighty fallen!" said a young knight who was with us.

After a short rest, we go to see the well* in the fourth ward, which Lady Banks has made famous. She was a brave, courageous woman, and a contrast to the treacherous Elfrida.

She was the wife of Chief Justice Banks, and it was during the civil wars of the 17th century (1643, 1644) that she rendered Corfe Castle famous by her heroic defence of it, when attacked by the Parliamentary forces.

It seems that Corfe Castle stood almost alone in its fealty to the king, and the Roundheads were determined to secure it either by force or by treachery, so that all the defences of the coast might be in their hands.

The lady's heroism was all of no avail, except as an example to posterity of what a brave good woman could do, for treachery was successful—one of her officers, named Pitman, betrayed her, and let in the Parliamentary troopers.

Having obtained the castle they plundered it and divided the sumptuous furniture among themselves; but they knew not how to make use of it, for they were afraid to keep such a powerful stronghold. They, therefore, gave orders for it to be demolished with gunpowder, that it might never again give shelter to king or subject; and the result may be seen in the shattered towers and ruined keep.

Months were occupied in this work of destruction, and the quantity of gunpowder used was valued at some hundreds of pounds. Its destruction can never cease to be regretted. Year by year the ruined walls continue to crumble away, and every gale of wind throws down and disperses loose stones.

The ivy which envelops much of it in its tight embrace, beautiful as it looks, does harm by hiding the decay and sapping the walls.

Ruin as it is, it stands pre-eminent among the castles of Great Britain as a grand example of an Edwardian castle—a Saxon milestone.

Its antiquity, its magnitude, the great natural strength of its situation, the care and skill with which its fortifications have been constructed, all lead one to expect a great deal from it in the shape of history and stirring incidents but it has been really little more than a State prison. In this respect it is very interesting, owing to the character and position of many of the prisoners who have been confined there.

It must have been a gloomy, silent prison house for women, and one's heart goes back in sympathy with Princess Eleanor, the beautiful Princess of Brittany and niece of King John, whose only fault was that she had a right to the throne, and with the two daughters of William, King of Scotland, her companions in captivity.

Of all these we speak as we move from place to place among the ruins, and were becoming somewhat sad when our thoughts were brought back to the year 1887—the golden wedding of Queen and People—by hearing that this dear old castle clothed itself on the 20th of June with hundreds of lighted lamps to bear testimony to the surrounding country that though a child of Saxon England, it could rejoice in all that civilization had brought about, and in the good influence of a loving-hearted Queen descended from those whom it had known in its youth.

THE LOVING CUP.

The practice of drinking the Loving Cup dates back to the time of the Anglo-Saxons, and the precautions taken while drinking it were probably owing as much to the treacherous murder of young King Edward at Corfe as to many like deeds done at great feasts.

Our forefathers were great drinkers, and it was their custom at festive gatherings to pass round a large cup or wassail bowl, from which each guest in turn drank to the rest of the party.

The manner of drinking was to stand up and hold the bowl or cup with both hands. In so doing he left his body without defence, and the occasion was often made use of by his enemies to stab him.

To put an end to this treachery the plan was adopted of making the person next to the drinker responsible for his safety. He also was to stand up with his sword drawn to defend him should need arise.

This practice in an altered form continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it. In some College halls and City Companies the custom is preserved in almost its primitive form. In the first it is called the *Grace* Cup, in the latter the *Loving* Cup.

All who have been to the Mansion House will agree that it forms one of the most interesting features of its dinners. The cup is of silver or silver gilt, and is filled with spiced wine termed *Sack*. As soon as dinner is over and Grace has been said, the Lord Mayor drinks to his visitors a hearty welcome. The cup is then passed round the table, and each guest, after he has drunk, applies his napkin to the mouth of the cup before he passes it to his neighbour, and holds the cover of the cup while the other drinks.

(*To be continued.*)

* It is said that Lady Banks threw down a quantity of money, jewels, and plate into this well, that they might not fall into the hands of the Parliamentary troops.

ON THE CHOICE OF PIANOFORTE PIECES.

By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal College of Music.

PART III.

SINGLE PIECES OF EMINENT COMPOSERS.

SINGLE pieces, such as those composed by the classical authors Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, etc., are variations, caprices, rondos, and fantasias. Although some of Schubert's posthumous pieces (op. 90 and op. 142) are called impromptus, this title was not given by the composer himself, for the name impromptu had never been employed during his lifetime. With regard to variations, we propose to direct the student's attention to those most interesting, brilliant and useful.

VARIATIONS.

W. A. Mozart's variations comprise twenty-one sets; of these several belong to the earliest period of his life, and may consequently be passed over. His best variations are those on the air, "Unser dummer Pöbel meint," from Gluck's opera, *The Pilgrims of Mecca*. In this beautiful work the ingenuity and versatility of Mozart's genius, not less his wonderful gift of gracefulness, neatness, and sweetness of expression, are exhibited on every page. Another interesting set is that on a theme of the popular clarionet quintet in A; whilst the cheerful and eminently bright variations on the air, "Ein Weib ist das herrlichste Ding," deserve a sincere and hearty recommendation. Beethoven's variations are by far more important than those by Mozart; they are really earnest and vigorous studies, undertaken in order to obtain from every particular theme a string of rhythmical, harmonious, melodious, and characteristic features; indeed, such studies enabled him to write his greater works logically, systematically, and with economy; the beauty, interest, and strength of his so-called "thematic treatment" resulted almost entirely from his "variation-studies." The most important of the twenty-one sets are decidedly: thirty-two variations in C minor, on an original theme (only eight bars long), fifteen variations, and a fugue on an air from his ballet, *The Men of Prometheus*, op. 35; thirty-three variations on a German valse by Anton Diabelli (a Viennese composer

and music publisher), op. 120. Next to these come six variations on an original theme in F, op. 34; this set deserves particular recognition for the thoroughly original device, that each variation is in another key and in different time. Other interesting and ingenious sets are those on the Russian dance from the ballet, *Das Waldmädchen*, on "La stessa, la stessissima" (Salieri), "Es war einmal ein alter Mann" (Dittersdorf), "Tändeln und Scherzen," and finally on P. von Winter's air, "Kind willst du ruhig schlafen." Of Beethoven's easier variations we mention those on "Nel cor più non mi sento" (Paisiello), the charming six easy variations on an original theme in G; whilst no English lady should miss the opportunity of showing her loyalty by playing neatly, correctly, and in a thoroughlike manner Beethoven's variations on "God Save the King" (composed 1804, during George III.'s reign) and on "Rule Britannia." Before leaving Beethoven's variations it may be remarked that the twenty-four variations on "Vieni Amore," although looking very simple and easy, are exceedingly complicated and difficult of execution; anyone desirous of becoming acquainted with all possible intricacies of time will here find a splendid opportunity to try her patience. J. N. Hummel's best variations are op. 8, on an Austrian air in G; on the march from Cherubini's opera *Les deux journées*, op. 14; on the march from Rossini's opera *La Cenerentola*, op. 57 (the finale of these variations—a kind of tarentella—is one of Hummel's best pieces); and lastly, the variations on an air of Glück's "Armida." Carl Maria von Weber composed several sets; of these the seven variations on Blangini's air, "Vieni Dorina bella," op. 7; those on the rather monotonous Russian air, "Schöne Minka," op. 37 (in some editions op. 40); and seven variations on a "Gipsy's Song," op. 55, are decidedly the best; excellent and agreeable for practice, therefore pleasant to learn. Carl Czerny, the celebrated educational composer, has exhibited his rare industry in this branch of musical composition in hundreds of examples; but we content ourselves by mentioning only his pretty and charming variations, op. 12, on Schubert's "Celebrated Vienna Valse," commonly called "Le Désir," and the three sets, "The Flowers of England," op. 622. Of Ignaz Moscheles, the variations on the air, "Harmonious Blacksmith," op. 29, and on the "Alexander March," op. 32, justly deserve attention. Charles Mayer's best variations are: on a valse, by Count Gallenberg; on a Russian air, op. 40; furthermore, grand variations on the polonaise of Bellini's *Puritani*, op. 50, and on an "Air Italien," op. 76.

Although Franz Schubert wrote variations on an air of his friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner, and several excellent sets for four hands, his best solo variations are decidedly those—op. 142, No. 3, wrongly called Impromptu. Henry Herz (he died on the 6th January, 1888, at the ripe age of 83), once a very fashionable and much admired composer, excelled in the so-called "Bravura" variations, of which certainly a great deal may be learned; the most brilliant, and in their way most effective, are on the air "Ma Fanchette est charmante," op. 10; on a favourite Tyrolese air, op. 13; on the chorus of the Greeks in Rossini's "Siège de Corinth," op. 36, on the last valse by Weber (really by Reissiger), op. 51, and the capital variations in G, op. 48, on an air of Carafa's opera, *La Violette*. It would be ungrateful not to draw the student's attention to Cipriani Potter's charming piece, "La Placiditá," which, although not entitled variations, belongs to this form; these variations were undoubtedly written under Dussek's influence, as they show great affinity with this master's well-known "La Consolation." The original English edition being not now accessible, Potter's work has been newly published in the collection, "The Classic Companion." Of John Field, the variations on the air, "Since then I am doomed," and those on a Russian air in D minor, are very acceptable. In one of his letters Mendelssohn writes that he felt so interested in composing his seventeen Variations sérieuses, op. 54, that he tried himself in two other sets, op. 82 in E flat, and op. 83 in B flat; the themes of all these sets are his own, and as they are well known, and in a certain degree popular, we may pass on to Robert Schumann, who composed four sets: op. 1, on the name "Abegg"; op. 5, on an air of Clara Wieck (afterwards Madame Schumann); op. 13, the celebrated "Etudes (Variations) Symphoniques"; and op. 14, on an air of Clara Wieck, belonging to the Concerto sans Orchestre, now generally called second Sonata. Curiously enough, the first set, although full of charming, elegant, and brilliant points, is scarcely ever played. About the beauty of Frédéric Chopin's variations on "Laci darem," Schumann wrote an enthusiastic account; but in spite of his praise, these variations are but seldom played, and their practical use is eclipsed by Chopin's graceful, fascinating, and original variations on the beautiful air, "Je vends des Scapulaires," op. 12. This charming theme belongs to the opera *Ludovic*, begun by the French composer Hérold, and after his death finished by Halévy.

W. H. Bennett's "Tema con Variazioni," op. 31; Ferdinand Hiller's "Huit mésures variées," op. 57; Adolph Henselt's variations on the pretty air, "Io son ricco," from Donizetti's cheerful opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, op. 1; Thalberg's work on the same melody (op. 66); Vincent Wallace's variations on "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and his very easy set called "Le Tyrol"; Carl Reinecke's interesting variations on an air by Sebastian Bach, op. 52, each and all merit great attention. In case the fair students are inclined to spend their time on some very difficult, intricate, but highly effective variations, we may recommend Liszt's collective work called "Hexameron," Variations on the fiery air, "Suoni la tromba," from Bellini's *Puritani*, for which work Chopin, Czerny, Herz, Liszt, Pixis (his name is scarcely known in England), and Thalberg contributed each a variation. This collection, a real unicum, is highly interesting, as it represents the difference of style of six individual composers. Johannes Brahms' variations on airs by Schumann, op. 9, and Händel, op. 24; besides the beautiful sets on a Hungarian air, op. 21, and last not least on an original theme—belong to the best and most carefully finished works of the celebrated composer. The industrious student has here work for many months—nay, for years, and the short remarks with which we introduced the various sets of variations will facilitate, in a certain degree, the proper choice. Before proceeding to the so-called drawing room music, a few hints concerning the selection of rondos, fantasias, and similar shorter pieces may be acceptable.

Rondos.

Mozart's rondos in A minor (difficult) and D major (easy); Beethoven's rondos in C (easy) and G, op. 51 (moderately difficult), and the very spirited and humorous rondo, op. 129; Weber's popular and brilliant rondo in E flat, op. 62; Hummel's easy rondo in E flat, op. 11, and difficult one in B minor, op. 109; John Field's sweet rondo, "Reviens, reviens"; Sterndale Bennett's graceful "Rondo piacevole," op. 25; Mendelssohn's universally popular Andante and Rondo capriccioso, op. 14; Stephen Heller's exceedingly pretty Rondino brillant, op. 15; his very easy four rondos, op. 22, on airs from Donizetti's *Favorita*, and four likewise easy Rondos, op. 23, on airs of Halévy's "Guitarrero," are standard pieces; the same epithets deserve Chopin's rondo, op. 1, his very brilliant "Krakoviàk," op. 14, and his rondo, op. 16.

Fantasias, etc.

Of original fantasias we may mention Sebastian Bach's "Fantasia Cromatica," a monumental work; his smaller fantasia in C minor; Mozart's fantasias in C minor (preceding the C minor sonata), and another in the same key, dedicated to his wife; and an easy but beautiful and in its way highly effective one in D minor; Beethoven's interesting and remarkably original fantasia, op. 77; Hummel's excellent fantasia, op. 18; Mendelssohn's, op. 28; Robert Schumann's, op. 17, dedicated to Liszt (Schumann intended to call the three different movements, "Ruins, Triumphal Arch, and Starlight Night"); Chopin's grand and noble fantasia, op. 49; Schubert's (op. 15) on his song, "The Wanderer"; and Bennett's "Grand Fantasia," op. 16.

It may be remarked that long fantasias do no longer suit the present taste, a taste more favourable to short, piquant, sharply rhythmical and richly harmonised pieces, which are also expected to be brilliant, graceful, elegant, and thus fascinating. Many of the fair amateurs are sorely deficient in giving accent and emphasis, and thus the effect their performance produces is at times an indifferent, tame, languid, nay, even monotonous one. To counteract these defects, nothing is better than to play good and spirited marches, for in the march it is more rhythm and accent than melody, which produces the proper effect; of course, if sharp and precise rhythm is united with pleasant and simply constructed melody, so much the better, but such a combination is but rarely found. Händel's and Mozart's marches lack sharp and invigorating rhythm, but some of Beethoven's marches possess it—for instance, the "Turkish" and "Solemn" march from his *Ruins of Athens*, the marches from *Egmont* and *Fidelio*, the three marches, op. 45 (duet and solo), and the military march in D. Better than those of Beethoven are the different sets of marches by Franz Schubert, op. 27, op. 40, and op. 121. An excellent march is that by Franz Lachner, from his first suite, op. 113; whilst Richard Wagner's marches from *Tannhäuser*, *Rienzi*, *Lohengrin*, Emperor's, and Friedens Marsch, have made the round of the world. Equally celebrated are Mendelssohn's Wedding, Athalia and Hero's Marches; Meyerbeer's Coronation March from *The Prophet*, his several "Marches aux flambeaux," Gounod's Soldiers' March from *Faust*, and Festival March from *Queen Sheba* (here called *Irene*). Of brilliant marches, originally composed for piano and not being arrangements, we name: Henry Herz's "Marche Mexicaine," op. 106 (excellent), Wollenhaupt's fiery and exhilarating marches, op. 19 and op. 31; and Joseph Ascher's bright and spirited "Fanfare Militaire," op. 40, and "Marche des Mousquetaires," op. 72. Indeed, there is in this particular branch no want of good and excellent material, and my experience as a teacher has often convinced me that a proper choice of well-marked, strongly rhythmical music is cheering and encouraging to the pupil; it brings brightness, good temper, and encouragement into the work, for the mind of our young friends ought never to feel depressed by lifeless, dull, or monotonous music. A young student wants and deserves something that is sympathetic, strikes the fancy, and wins favour, and in as far as a spirited march reminds of outdoor life, of the bracing and exhilarating air, such cheerful music is appropriate, as it assists in enlivening the lesson and in raising the spirits of the pupil.

A review of "Drawing-room Music" is left for the next number.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TELEGRAPH'S SONG.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

WHAT do they say, those murmurs,
The telegraph wires among?
I can often hear them singing
A tremulous, voiceless song.

And I know that for ever, past me,
Meeting, or side by side,
The tidings of joy or sorrow
Are hurrying far and wide.

Some life will be filled with gladness,
By a hope that is newly born—
Some hope will be quenched for ever,
Some heart will be made to mourn.

What I hear is the deep vibration
Of the heart-beats of the world,
And the angels of joy and sorrow,
On their wide, white wings unfurled,

Are bearing those voiceless murmurs
Away to their own far land,
Where the Father's love will interpret
The work of His Master hand.

For only in heaven the meanings
Of earth's mysteries will be found,
But its sorrows and joys will mingle
As long as the world goes round.

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WITH regard to the wearing of certain highly-valued ornaments, Mrs. Beauchamp had bound herself by laws which, though of her own enacting, were as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. She associated things with days, and would wear the allotted articles, and no others, on special family anniversaries. Those lost diamonds, for instance, were invariably worn, even if she were quite alone, on her wedding-day, the occasion of their being given, and on half-a-dozen other dates, Christmas Day being one. This last was now drawing very near, but the diamonds were not forthcoming, and no trace of them had been discovered.

I had been daily gaining strength from the time when the crisis of my illness occurred, and I was reckoning on welcoming all the dear members of my own family to Castlemount on the following day.

This would be Christmas Eve. In the midst of my own pleasant anticipations, I could not, however, help noticing an expression on my husband's face which told of some secret uneasiness.

We were alone together in the pretty boudoir adjoining my bedroom, and after watching him a little while, I laid my hand on his and said, "Tom, my darting, something is harassing you. What is it?"

He answered my question by asking another.

"Olive, do you remember where you put my mother's diamonds on the night of that affair at Longminster, which proved the beginning of your illness? You know, I unclasped them for you and went downstairs to get you something from Mrs. Musgrave. When she returned with me, you lay fainting on the hearthrug."

I had to think for a few moments, in order to recall the circumstances to mind. Then I replied, "I believe I do. Bedson had returned to Castlemount, but she had placed everything ready to my hand, except the cases for the jewels. These I could not find, though I looked for them a little. I was too tired to open drawers or look on the shelves of the wardrobe, and the empty cases were of little consequence in themselves. I was naturally anxious about the safety of the diamonds, but I could not have insured this had any great personal effort been necessary. Just then, I bethought myself of an old lady acquaintance who used to put her treasures into very accessible places, because she felt assured that no one would ever seek them in such. Still, I do wonder that Bedson did not find the diamonds when she unpacked my light box."

Tom's face, which had begun to look hopeful, fell again.

"If you put the jewels in the light box, Olive," he said, "I fear we shall never see them again."

A great dread came over me at these words, and I exclaimed, "Surely those things which mamma valued so highly are not missing?"

"You shall hear all I know about them, dearest, but you must not agitate yourself," replied Tom; and then he told me how he and Mrs. Musgrave had searched the room occupied by us at the hotel, and of their finding only the empty cases in a drawer.

"That discovery meant nothing. The diamonds were never replaced in them, for the simple reason that I could not find them, as I have already told you. Will you ring for Bedson? With her help I shall know in a few minutes whether the diamonds are safe or not," I said.

Bedson soon appeared, and I at once asked her to bring me the embroidered satin shoes worn by me at the Longminster dinner. "Bring them just as they are," I said, and she obeyed.

As she handed them to me I could not help laughing, for I saw at once that two little packets which I had pushed under the toes remained intact. I drew them out, unrolled the soft tissue paper and cotton wool, which covered the contents, and, lo! to Tom's astonished sight, I displayed the long lost diamonds.

"To think they were there all the while, and I never found them!" exclaimed Bedson, in equal wonder and delight at the recovery of what had never really been lost.

"I am not surprised at your passing them over," I said. "I placed them here because I was convinced no one would look for them in such a place. You know that when these delicate dress

"'TOM, MY DARLING, SOMETHING IS HARASSING YOU. WHAT IS IT?'"

shoes come from the maker, the toes are always kept in shape by a pretty substantial pad of cotton-wool, covered with paper. You, Bedson, have an orderly way of restoring these after the shoes have been worn at least for a few times. I saw the little pads lying at the top of my small box, and the idea at once struck me that no safer place could be found for mamma's diamonds than the toes of my shoes. The extreme lightness and flexibility of the chain setting enabled me to fold the necklet in very small compass. Naturally you would conclude that these packets were only the original pads which I, copying your example, had replaced. The long hairpins run under the sole linings. They cost me the most trouble to hide, as I had to push in the pins and then cover the heads with wool and paper underneath the pads which held the other articles. I think it was the stooping to put the shoes into the box which made me turn faint, for the last thing I remember is that I closed the lid, turned the key, and withdrew it."

"The keys were lying beside you," said my husband. "How ludicrously simple the whole affair seems, now we know all about it."

"And yet, owing to my unforeseen illness and long season of unconsciousness, what trouble and anxiety have been caused, both to you and others!" I replied.

How delighted Bedson was to summon my aunt, that Tom might have the pleasure of telling her that the jewels were found! She was cautioned beforehand not to say a word about their recovery; an injunction she was not likely to disobey.

Of course I had to hear a long story; all that I have already told, so need not repeat it.

Then Aunt Hesketh wrote to Madame Leeson and asked her to pass on the news to Miss Martin.

Mr. James Smith was telegraphed for, that he might hear the particulars from my husband's own lips and receive a further sum as a present, in addition to that already given him in return for time and trouble expended.

Smith's face was radiant as he listened. My husband understood that his satisfaction now arose from the fact that there was no professional disgrace connected with his having failed to discover the valuables.

"Didn't I say, sir, that the mystery which had puzzled us so long would be solved in some quite unlooked-for way?" he asked. "The best of it is, I have no occasion to feel ashamed, because I had no finger in the house portion of the search for those diamonds. But I have learned a lesson from your lady's little scheme for hiding them. That was a capital notion of hers, and, if you please, you may tell her I say so."

This Tom did, and I fully appreciated the compliment.

Smith was unwilling to take my husband's present, saying he had already been abundantly paid, and that, whatever else he might receive, he had found his best reward in knowing that every shade of suspicion was removed from Miss Martin's head.

My husband fully believed him, and, in the exuberance of his own spirits and thought of our approaching Christmas gathering, did not forget the loneliness of poor Smith's fireside. He therefore invited him to join the party in the servants' hall at Castlemount on Christmas Day.

The invitation was gratefully accepted, and from it sprang consequences which the giver little dreamed would follow.

In due time Mr. Fielden heard the rest of the diamond story, but, though everyone may think it has already come to an end, I have still the last chapter of it to relate.

Tom and I were alone after the diamonds had been locked away in the safe and the excitement incident to their recovery had subsided a little. All at once I bethought myself that Mrs. Beauchamp seemed to have had no place in the search, and that no one had told her that the jewels were found. So I asked Tom if his mother knew that they were missing. I was afraid he would say "No," for I knew his old feeling with regard to Mrs. Beauchamp.

"I did not worry her by saying anything whilst we were seeking them," he said, "though your aunt urged me to tell her. They are found, and now she need never know."

"Do not say that, dear Tom," I pleaded, my face expressing my regret at this past concealment. "I should be sorry if the affair were concealed any longer. Most likely she will hear the story eventually, for so many people know it. I do not urge this as a reason, however. Tell your mother, because she ought to know, and if I were you I would own that I regretted having left her in the dark so long. Think what she has always been to you, and of late to me also."

I could not persuade Tom to go to the Hurst at once, but he promised that when his mother came to us on Christmas morning he would hand her the jewels and tell her the whole story. With this promise I had to content myself, for I knew he would keep it.

I was not to rise until luncheon time, for I still needed great care, but Mrs. Beauchamp, who was always early, came to Castlemount before ten o'clock. In my room and sitting by my bed, she listened to her son's tale. A shadow of pain crossed her handsome face as he told it, but she waited quietly until he finished. Tom and I well knew what caused that shadow and the few moments' silence which followed, as he sat there holding out to his mother the cases containing the jewels.

"My dear boy," she said, at length, "my one great regret about this matter is, that it proves you have not yet learned to trust your mother. Even yet you cannot understand that I value my son's confidence more than all the diamonds the world holds. You love me, Tom. I know that, no need for you to say it, but, unhappily, not with a trustful love. If you had only come to me when you first missed those things," pointing to the cases, "all your anxiety and trouble, all the sorrow and distress brought upon an innocent girl, all the temptation to breach of trust, gossip, and slander would have been prevented What I have now to tell you, my son, will perhaps give force to a lesson which I have vainly striven to teach you ever since you were old enough to know the difference between right and wrong."

Mrs. Beauchamp had not yet taken off her outdoor garments, and she still held in her hand a dainty little morocco bag. From it she drew out two cases, exactly like those in my husband's hand. She touched the springs, the lids flew back, and revealed to our astonished eyes a duplicate set of ornaments, apparently exactly like those which had caused us so much trouble. I believe Tom began to think there was something uncanny in the whole affair, and opened his cases with a dim notion that the contents must have been spirited away invisibly, and transferred to those in his mother's possession. But, no; there lay the second set on ruby velvet, whilst Tom's rested on blue. A difference in the colour of the lining had, it will be remembered, puzzled me when I received the jewels in order to wear them at Longminster.

Mrs. Beauchamp smiled at our manifest bewilderment.

Taking hold of my hand, which lay on the coverlet, she said, "The truth is, Olive, you never had the real diamonds to take to Longminster. Those which Tom holds, and which have cost him more than money, are only shams. Believe me, however, it was by mistake, not intention, that I brought you those to wear. I only discovered my blunder this morning, and now I will tell you the history of both sets. Some little time before my marriage, I was at Paris with my father and mother. During our stay we purchased many dainty articles towards my trousseau, as we thought the opportunity too good to be lost. One day when out on a shopping excursion, we were attracted by the glittering wares displayed in a jeweller's window in the Palais Royal, and greatly struck by some very beautiful designs, executed only in paste, however. The contents of the trays were marked '*Imitations*,' and but for the explanatory word, all would have passed for real stones in my inexperienced eyes. The set which I admired more than all the rest, you, Tom, hold in your hand at this moment.

"Seeing how much I was charmed with the design, and agreeing with me as to its merits, my father asked me if I should like to have it reproduced in real diamonds, as his wedding gift. If so, he would buy the imitation jewels for a pattern. I was delighted at the idea, and thanked him warmly, saying nothing would please me better. We accordingly entered the shop and purchased the whole set of shams. Before my wedding-day came round, the *parure* composed of real diamonds was ready. I have ever since counted it as one of my most valued possessions.

"There are, however, certain little differences purposely contrived which I will show you, Olive, so that in future you will always be able to distinguish

the real from the sham jewels. The way by which I usually detect it, prevents the necessity for a close examination. You would observe that the outsides of the two sets of cases are exactly alike, whilst the linings differ in colour. The real diamonds invariably rest on ruby velvet; the imitations on blue. Probably you noticed this when I inadvertently sent you the wrong set."

"I did, but I concluded that you must have duplicate cases, and that you used them indiscriminately," I replied. "I also noticed the absence of a little imperfection in the clasp of the necklet, but thought you must have had it remedied. For the rest my eyes are far too inexperienced to detect the difference between such paste and the real diamonds. Looking at them together, there is what I once heard an old jeweller call a 'life' in the sparkle of the true stones which is wanting in the others, though I doubt whether I should miss it were they apart."

"The imitations are wonderfully good," replied Mrs. Beauchamp. "I daresay you know, Olive, that possessors of exceptionally fine diamonds often have duplicate sets of this kind, for use when travelling, or when they are afraid to risk the safety of the real ones. By my father's advice, I never mentioned to anyone except my husband that I possessed these imitations. Even Tom knows of their existence now for the first time."

"It has been a great surprise to me, mother, I can assure you. When I saw you open the one set of cases whilst I held the others, I fancied that there was either sleight of hand, or some incomprehensible agency at work, and I half expected to see mine vanish bodily or to find them empty."

"How did you find out that you had sent Olive the wrong set?" asked Tom, after a brief pause.

"You know that it is my invariable custom to wear these jewels on Christmas Day. I had forgotten for the moment that they were supposed to be in your keeping, and before leaving home I went to the safe in which I place my valuables, in order to get them out. I opened one case, as I usually do to see that the contents are right; at the instant it flashed across my mind that the true diamonds were at Castlemount, but as the lid flew back it disclosed the ruby lining. Then I knew that I had sent Olive the paste set, and I rejoiced more than ever that I had kept the secret of its existence to myself. That is all. I little thought when I started from the Hurst that such a story awaited me here."

"Mother, forgive my want of confidence," said Tom. "I have undergone a pretty severe punishment for it during the last month, as you may imagine. I cannot tell you how cowardly and little this concealment of the affair appears in my own eyes now. If only Olive had been well——"

My husband paused, for I suppose he all at once realised that what he was going to say would scarcely mend matters. Surely it would have been a further confession of weakness.

"Never mind saying any more about that, dear Tom," interposed his mother. "We will not think of what might have been, but rather thank God for what Christmas Day has brought us. I trust we have done with petty concealments—you and I—and whether Olive is by your side or not, you will have courage to say and do the right, and faith in your mother's love. As to forgiveness, what says your heart, my boy? Look into the past, and see if your mother was ever hard in her dealings with her son."

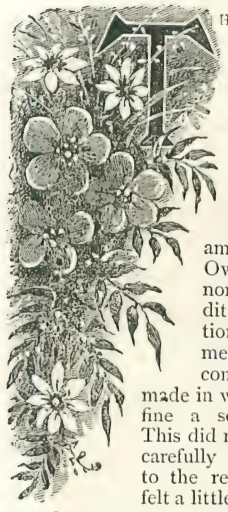
My husband turned honest eyes, beaming with true affection, upon his mother, and replied, "Your heart was always carrying the message of forgiveness to your lips, before mine found words to ask for it."

That Christmas season laid up sweet memories for us all, and has often been talked of and looked back upon as one of the brightest we ever knew. The spirit of thankfulness and praise was in our hearts, the spirit of unity and love in our midst, the spirit of peace and good will inspired our words and actions. I had around me all that were nearest and dearest to me in the world, though there were just two others absent who would have made our circle quite perfect. These were Maud and Frank Grant, but they had yet stronger ties which kept them elsewhere. However, they sent us a promise that they would do the next best thing, and come to us for the New Year. Friends as schoolgirls, Maud and I did not cease to be so in our maturer years. I believe we shall be almost as sisters to our lives' end.

(*To be concluded.*)

REPORT ON NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

EXAMINER: DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



THE continued needlework competition in aid of the poor children of the Board schools in London was not so large as was hoped for, the number of competitors being under a hundred, and the articles sent in amounting to ninety-nine. Owing probably to the non-repetition of the conditions of the competition, several of the garments sent in did not comply with them, being made in white calico, and of too fine a sort for the purpose. This did not prevent their being carefully considered, as owing to the reason above stated we felt a little in fault. The needlework was not up to the level of the first competition, however, nor was the unbleached cotton so good or so soft. The little girls' needlework was peculiarly well done up to the age of twelve, after which there appeared a falling off till the age of eighteen, when it began to be better again. However, all our girls will be pleased to know that their work and cutting-out met with much approbation from the head mistresses of the Board schools, who are, naturally, excellent and capable judges, from the great amount of it that they see.

Age Nine.

Three Competitors.—The work excellent, and the prize very well deserved.

Age Ten.

Three Competitors.—The winner of the prize this year was also a competitor last year, at nine years of age. Her work shows great improvement during the time. In fact, it is good enough for a much older person.

Age Eleven.

No Competitors.

Age Twelve.

Three Competitors.—Work here not quite so good as the younger competitors.

Age Thirteen.

Eight Competitors.—Work poor, not clean enough, and not carefully finished.

Age Fourteen.

Three Competitors.—Work fairly good.

Age Fifteen.

Six Competitors.—Work not good enough for the age, and not enough attention paid to cleanliness.

Age Sixteen.

Seven Competitors.—Work faulty; buttonholes in general not well done.

Age Seventeen.

Six Competitors.—Buttonholes better; those of certificates excellent. Three of competitors not certified. More care should be taken in sewing on certificates and names.

Age Eighteen.

Ten Competitors.—Work extremely good.

Age Nineteen.

Thirteen Competitors.—Work pretty good.

Age Twenty.

Seven Competitors.—Work moderately good; buttonholes faulty.

Age Twenty-one.

Five Competitors.—Work very good indeed. In one instance home-made buttons.

Age Twenty-two.

Three Competitors.—No certificates nor prize awarded.

Age Twenty-three.

Five Competitors.—Work of prize beautiful, also the first class certificate.

Age Twenty-four.

Three Competitors.—Work of two competitors excellent.

Age Twenty-five.

One Competitor.

Age Twenty-eight.

Two Competitors.

PRIZE WINNERS (£1 1s. Each).

Holling, Lillie (13), Cawthorne.
Fordham, Alice (21), Regent's Park, N.W.
Swete, Florence E. (18), Lee, S.E.
Squire, Gertrude B. (9), Bitterne, S. Hants.
Jones, Selina Lloyd (17), Liverpool, S.
Noltin, Mary Anne (23), Alford, N.B.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Stapleton, Metta Carolina (13), Reigate.
Dearnley, Annie (13), Cawthorne.
Webster, Marian (16), Hammersmith.
Kinch, Fanny (21), Woodcock Hill.
Meir, Flossie (15), Burslem.
Todd, Amy Rebekah (14), Cornhill-on-Tweed.
Bennett, Mary G. (10), Doncaster.
Kitson, Mary Jane (12), Cawthorne.
Badger, Amy C. (17), Birmingham.
Johnson, Millicent (19), New Kent Road, S.E.
Burton, Mary E. (18), Hailsham.
Oakeshott, Lilian K. (20), Thornton Heath.
Barnes, Jessie E. (23), St. Heliers, Jersey.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Barnes, Rosa A. (21), St. Heliers, Jersey.
Priest, Annie (12), Barnsley.
Woollett, Fanny E. (14), Barnsbury, N.
McFarquhar, Jane (10), Banff.
Collins, Mary Frances (17), Southsea.
Cooper, Lily (19), Uppingham.
Forwood, Emily (18), Stanford-le-Hope.
Hartridge, Elizabeth (20), Chatham.
Cocking, Emma (24), Gainsborough.
Williams, Edith (18), Wolverhampton.
Brindley, Caroline A. (19), Birmingham.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE COMPETITION GARMENTS TO THE CHILDREN OF THE BOARD SCHOOLS.

BEING entrusted by the Editor with the pleasant task of attending to the distribution of garments which had been contributed by the competitors of our last two competitions in plain needlework, he has thought it well that I should make a report of the method of distribution, and also gather a few facts together, which would show the great need of clothing "these little ones," so helpless, and generally so uncomplaining and quiet in their distress, for the benefit of our girls of the G.O.P.

Great care is always to be exercised in the dispensing of other people's charity; and this is especially the case where a large quantity has to be given away, and where the recipients are of the poorest class. One then has to guard against any misappropriation of the articles given, and to select, in as short a time as possible, from the numbers of poor the best objects of charity to whom they should be given. The wisest plan appeared to be to obtain the aid of the head mistresses, and accordingly I endeavoured to see all of them to whom we intended to send garments, making a selection from the poorest schools in the most over-populated districts in London, both in the West-end and East-end.

Of the kindness and the desire to aid in this charitable work shown by the head mistresses of the different schools I cannot speak too highly. Notwithstanding their busy lives, they all suggested and undertook the work of stamping each small garment with the School mark, so that they could neither be sold nor pawned. Each gave an idea of the number of articles which would make "an appreciable difference in the nakedness of her poor little scholars," which was the shape in which I thought it best to put the question. All of them were quite willing to undertake the responsibility of selecting the children; and the knowledge which they displayed of their several family circumstances, sorrows, and wants, showed the kindly hearts and womanly sympathies that are habitual to them, and which evidently govern their lives and conduct. There was no doubt on my mind but that much judgment would be used in giving away anything committed to their discretion, with so complete a knowledge of the needs of each case, as well as its deserts.

About 385 articles in both competitions were sent in—*i.e.*, 290 and 99—and these were divided in proportions between ten schools; the opinion of each head mistress being asked as to how much, or rather how little, she could manage with; and in each case the reply was given after a short period of thoughtful consideration.

BOARD SCHOOLS.

Nightingale Street, Portman Market, Marylebone, N.W.—40 articles.
Latchmere School, Battersea, S.W.—40 articles.
St. Clement's Road, Notting Hill, W.—40 articles.
"Ben Jonson" School, Stepney, E.—100 articles.
Cayley Street, Limehouse, E.—50 articles.
Barrett Street, Oxford Street, W.—30 articles.
Stephen Street, Lisson Grove, N.W.—41 articles.
Middle Row, Kensal New Town, W.—20 articles.
Saffron Hill, Farringdon Road, E.C.—14 articles.
Johanna Street, Lower Marsh, Lambeth, S.E.—14 articles.

Nightingale Street School,
Portman Market, Marylebone,
February 1st, 1888.

The generous gift of forty articles which arrived at the above school safely last week will be immensely acceptable to the fortunate possessors. I wish to take sufficient time to distribute them judiciously, and will then send an account of the children to whom they are given. The master was very glad to have the twelve shirts.

With many thanks,
Believe me, yours respectfully,
C. WILKINS.

Board School,
St. Clement's Road, Notting Hill, W.,
January 26th, 1888.

The box of clothes came quite safely yesterday. I thank you so much for it. The garments are so beautifully made. I have not yet distributed them, as I intend marking them first with the name of the school. I will write again after distributing them.

I am, yours obediently,
E. M. NICKLESS.

Stephen Street Board School,
Girls' Department,
Lisson Grove, N.W.,
February 15th, 1888.

We must thank the Editor heartily for the garments sent some time since, and now again for several this morning.

We have distributed them where we thought they would be appreciated, and the surprise depicted on the different faces would have done you good to have seen. Most mothers sent a note of thanks afterwards. One said, "Will you please thank the ladies who so kindly gave my girl the under-garments? and I thank you—Miss Church—for thinking of her."

Another said, "I do heartily thank the ladies; it is the first things my girl has had given her since her father died."

In infants' department one mother has been trying for some weeks to buy a little shirt, but had not the means. Mrs. Bull measured her boy, and he went home and said, "Mother, I've saved you a few pence; Mrs. Bull wants to see you; and I am sure she has a shirt to give me." The mother wishes her hearty thanks to be given.

Again thanking you for your kindness to our little ones,

We remain, yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH A. CHURCH,
MARGARET E. BULL.

"The Ben Jonson" Board School,
Girls' Department,
Harford Street, Stepney, E.,
February 3rd, 1888.

I beg to convey to you, to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and to the makers of the garments, the most sincere thanks of the children who have received the gifts of warm, useful underclothing you so kindly sent us.

I wish you and those who made the garments could have seen the looks of pleasure on the faces of the children, and heard the messages of thanks with which I have been almost overwhelmed.

Again thanking you,
I am, yours faithfully,
S. E. HARRIS.

Latchmere Girls' School,
Battersea,
February 3rd, 1888.

The gift of forty garments kindly sent by the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER were most acceptable to the poor children attending this school. They are for the most part underfed and badly clothed. Many of their parents are in almost the last straits of poverty—struggling, often unsuccessfully, to keep their homes together, and having to come to the workhouse at last.

The distress is chiefly brought on by inability to find work, and in some few cases by drink; but the sufferings of the little children, whatever may be the cause, are painful in the extreme.

On a bitterly cold day in January I proceeded to distribute the garments to the poorest and most deserving of my scholars. A little girl of eight years, who is only of the same size as a properly-fed child of four, was one of the recipients. She came to school crying with cold and hunger, and had had no breakfast. Why not? "Because mother had no money." She was given a cup of cocoa and a slice of bread and butter. She had on no clothes worth the name, and her chemise was the colour of mahogany, with filth.

She was dressed in a suit of your warm unbleached garments, and was so comfortable she scarcely knew herself. In the afternoon she pulled my dress as I passed her class, and said, "Mother says she is very thankful for the clothes." Another child, whose starved condition is only too apparent, was the next case. Her poor body is only skin and bone, and her matted hair shows only too plainly the neglect she meets with at home. I may say she has been given a meal a day at school for months.

Janey was shown the garments, and was asked if she would like some. When sending her to my room to change her things, I told her to bring me her old chemise and drawers to see.

She whispered, "I ain't got none, governess." Her other clothes were so reeking with vermin we had to give her a petticoat, dress, stockings, and boots, to make her attire complete.

The latter articles were the cast-off clothes

of some of the more well-to-do of the scholars, who take great delight in helping their less fortunate schoolmates; but this supply unfortunately does not meet the demand. The boots taken off were found to be without bottoms, the stockings without feet. This poor child had paddled to school in the snow, and would have patiently sat, with soaking feet and starving body, but for the kindness, amongst others, of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

One of your garments was sent by a beaming happy child "to show father," who, with a broken rib, lay at home unable to work, and whose two little girls take it in turns to stay there, attending to him and the baby whilst their mother goes out washing. The family of seven live in one small room, the father's and mother's bed in one corner and the children's shakedown in the other. How they all manage to stand up in the space is a puzzle to me.

Another article was given to a girl whose father had deserted her mother and four children, and gone to America, leaving them to live as best they can, all the children being too young to earn, whilst the mother's hands were tied with her infant child. The poor woman, already so heavily handicapped, has had the misfortune to dislocate her ankle.

A few garments were given to children whose parents, although poor, strive to make a good appearance, keeping their little ones neat and clean.

These people are to my mind well deserving of help.

The best behaved girls in each class were chosen out, a garment falling to the share of the one who had lost one or both parents.

A few articles remain to be distributed as occasion requires, and I may mention that all those given away are stamped with the name and address of this school, so that they can neither be sold nor pawned.

In conclusion, please convey the very best thanks of myself, my staff, and the children, to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and the readers thereof.

From your obedient servant,

S. LEE.

*** We hope to print in our next number the particulars of a new and interesting Competition in Needlework.

MELICENT;

OR,

PARADISE GARDENS.

By SUSAN LARA HANDS, Author of "The Wrong Made Right," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MELICENT'S RESOLVE.

OWING to the scene she had witnessed there, very serious questions concerning the well-being of the persons living in Paradise Gardens would, at times, thrust themselves upon Melicent. But she had a wonderful knack of hushing the "still small voice," though she wished more earnestly than ever "that someone would see after that district." She would have sought a visitor for it herself had she only known where to find one, but most of the available inhabitants of Craydensfort were already provided with districts of their own; and they who had not would very naturally ask her why she did not take it herself.

"Ah! why did she not do so?" But at this stage of her musings she folded her work, glanced at the clock, and ran upstairs to the nursery to play for half an hour with those dear little nieces of hers.

She was on a visit for a few days to Mrs. Ferguson. But it happened at that moment that the children were out walking, and instead of carrying out her previous intentions, she put on her hat and went with her sister to the latter's district, a very different place from Paradise Gardens.

It was a neat little colony of houses, forming a square, and by the tasteful arrangement of their front windows the inhabitants evidently made the best of their small dwellings.

Melicent was quite delighted with their appearance, and expressed her wonder that such an attractive-looking neighbourhood wanted a visitor.

"Why not?" asked her sister.

"Why, I thought it was only very poor persons who needed one, such as those we saw in Paradise Gardens the other afternoon."

"Ah! they want one badly enough; but there are others besides those who thankfully receive such visits as we are able to pay them. There are many subjects on which advice is required; and often a person, who has not had the opportunity of attaining the knowledge herself, is glad to learn it from one who has. So much on that subject," smilingly said Mrs. Ferguson; "but there are other matters to be attended to as well; but you shall see for yourself."

And Melicent did so. She noted what universal pleasure her sister's visits seemed to give; how she was regarded in the light of a friend by the inhabitants of these little dwellings, and with what gentle sympathy she listened to all the small details of their homes and families.

The babies were a great item of interest, and in most cases were as lavish of their smiles as were their mothers. Indeed, all the children were on a friendly footing with the visitor, and gladly answered all the questions as to why they were not at school, or whether they attended Sunday-school regularly. Ah! the number of children that Mrs. Ferguson had been instrumental in getting to the Sunday-schools out of that locality; children who, otherwise, might have grown up without the blessings of Christianity. For though all looked so attractive to Melicent, her sister, who knew the histories of most of the families, was painfully aware that all were not perfection in her district. But it was not her office to blazon their faults and failings to another, who could in no way remedy them. That would scarcely be acting the part of a friend, nor following the steps of the Master, for love of whom she did the work.

So Melicent heard nothing of that other side of the picture; for Mrs. Ferguson would consider it as great an offence to gossip about the affairs of her district—the imperfections and ignorances of those who confided in her—as she would to betray the secrets of her dearest friends. This, perhaps, was one reason that she inspired such perfect trust, and why many a weary-laden, sorrowful soul lightened her trouble by confiding it to the "visiting lady." But the latter could not restrain a smile when Melicent commented on the pleasantness of one woman in particular. "How really glad she seemed to see you!" she added, warmly.

"Yes, she welcomes me now," assented Mrs. Ferguson, "but that was not formerly the case. Indeed, you must not imagine I have

always found my visits acceptable. By some I have been looked upon with positive suspicion. This very woman, when I first called upon her, years ago, frankly told me to my face that she had had enough of district visitors, and she did not want any of them prying into her concerns. She was perfectly right if that was the opinion she held of my advances; happily now her views have changed."

Mrs. Ferguson did not tell Melicent how her influence had been blessed in leading many of these poor friends of hers to love their church, and to show their value of its inestimable privileges by regularly attending the services, and availing themselves of its sacraments.

After calling at one or two houses, the occupants of which were anxious to pay into the "Provident Society," and "Coal Club," she and Melicent left Elm Tree Road. But during the walk home the latter was unusually preoccupied, only rousing herself from her abstraction to glance with longing eyes into a confectioner's; but her sister laid her hand on her arm and hurried her along, assuring her, with a smile, that the children were thriving wonderfully since she had desisted from buying them sweets.

"But I do hope you are putting the money by for some great occasion," she added, merrily.

Melicent made no answer, but walked moodily on, till they turned into a quiet thoroughfare, and then, with a sigh, she looked wistfully at Mrs. Ferguson, and after a brief struggle with herself, told her how perplexed she was about this question of district visiting. "Ever since I went to Paradise Gardens I have felt that I ought to take the work, especially as Mr. Langton has asked me to do so."

Mrs. Ferguson listened patiently and quietly till her sister had finished speaking, then she pointed out to her the honour of being allowed to labour for the Master, to make His name and His personality known to those who knew Him not.

"But I am so incapable, and they are so untaught," murmured Melicent.

"Beautiful results are often produced from rough materials," answered Mrs. Ferguson; "and as for your incapacity, a willing heart and a prayerful spirit have been known to accomplish great ends. Never doubt that work undertaken for our Heavenly Father will be otherwise than directed by Him. God will bless you in your ministry of love, and you will be the happier for having put your hand to the plough."

The touch of sympathy from a kindred spirit was all that Melicent wanted; she felt strengthened in her purpose, and already began to look forward to her new work with pleasure. But that day her thoughts were turned into another channel. A messenger was despatched in haste from The Hawthorns to summon her home at once. The tidings were sad; and with feelings of apprehension, Melicent, accompanied by her sister and brother-in-law, was soon on her way thither.

CHAPTER V.

TWO VERDICTS.

In the face of home troubles all Melicent's new-formed plans fled. Mr. Carey had been thrown from his horse, and was lying in a critical condition; for many days his life was in danger, and she scarcely left her father's room. It was a time of anxious watching and waiting, but at length fear gave place to hope.

The doctor's opinion became more favourable as the patient regained consciousness, but though each day he made visible improvement, yet, as time wore on, it became apparent that this accident had greatly impaired his health. He was more feeble, less able to endure the inclement weather, and at last his medical man ordered change of air, and, if possible, a permanent removal from Craydensfort. As Melicent heard the words she realised for the first time how dear the place was to her.

"But what had she ever done for it?" she asked herself. Alas! she had never shown her love in any practical way. None could say they were the better for her teaching. Now that it was too late she saw all the good that she might have done, and longed most fervently to do it.

She had given her money, but that had cost her no sacrifice; but her time, the disposal of which she would hereafter have to give an account—Melicent's heart was very sorrowful as she sat that winter afternoon meditating by her father's couch.

The invalid was asleep, but he shortly opened his eyes and fixed them lovingly on his daughter. His bright smile chased away her sadness, and her spirits revived as she saw how greatly her society cheered him; it was ever so: his Milly was the light of his eyes. In her condemnation of herself she had omitted to take into consideration the joy and blessing she had always been in the home circle. True, she had accomplished nothing beyond it, and her self-imposed censure was correct; but as regarded her filial duties, her loving devotion, and unhesitating obedience to her parents' slightest wishes, the recording angel could write, "Well done."

Her very presence gave her father pleasure, and brought the ready smile to his lips. Melicent banished her own cares, and hid her own regrets at their proposed departure from Craydensfort, and did her utmost to enliven the invalid's hours. He should never know all that it cost her to leave the home of her childhood.

But Mr. Carey was more observant than his Milly gave him credit for. Nothwithstanding her brightness and cheerful resignation, he read between the lines, and made discoveries for himself. Doctors were sometimes at fault as well as other clever persons. Craydensfort had hitherto agreed with him; since the early days of his marriage he had lived there. It had many tender and sacred associations, and to sever himself at his age from old scenes and surroundings, to try and take root in a new soil, seemed a physical impossibility. "Most unwise," was Mr. Carey's verdict; and with all due deference to the doctor's opinion, he resolved to remain where he was.

It was this determination that he communicated to his wife and daughter as they sat by his couch that afternoon.

"But, papa," began Melicent. Then she stopped, the conflict of feeling was great; but her father knew all that she would say, and hastened to reassure her as regarded his own health.

"As soon as I am a little stronger we will go away for a season, and see what that will do. It may please God to make that as beneficial to me as Dr. Wayman thinks a permanent change would be."

And so it was settled; and Melicent's heart grew lighter as she saw a prospect once more open before her of being able to do good to the poor of Craydensfort. Paradise Gardens might have a visitor by the time she returned home with her parents, but there would be some nook for her to see after, some work for her to do; and with a grateful heart she thanked God that she might yet labour for Him in the locality she loved so well.

In less than a week from this date Mr. Carey's proposal was put into effect. Bournemouth was the chosen place of residence, and thither, with his wife and daughter, the invalid removed. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and those dear little nieces quickly followed, and altogether much joy and gladness was the outcome of what had been a most anxious time. The gradual transformation from sickness to health, the realisation that a loving Father was removing the cloud which had overshadowed them—that He had seen fit to grant their supplications for the loved one's recovery—drew afresh, with cords of love, the creature to the Creator.

It was early in the new year, one bright January morning, that Melicent, on their return to Craydensfort, presented herself at the rectory to offer her services as a parish worker; but at mention of Paradise Gardens Mr. Langton's face became grave, even troubled; for some moments he paced the room in silence, then, with a saddened mien, he related all that had befallen Madge Wylde and her boy.

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT WATCH.

On the night of Melicent's and her sister's memorable visit to the Gardens Madge Wylde had been greatly impressed by what she then heard. She listened eagerly to Mrs. Ferguson's words, as one parched with thirst craves for drink; she yearned to hear more of the "good tidings."

But conversion from sin is not always the work of a moment. Madge heard; tried to realise the meaning of what was said, but the light within was feeble. Like the seed that "fell by the wayside," it was soon taken out of her heart, and in contrast to the heavenly ray that had lately illuminated it, the darkness that followed seemed all the deeper. There was no one to lend a helping hand, no one to give a word of earnest counsel, and, save for the visits of Mr. Langton, Madge and her son held converse with none but the residents of Paradise Gardens.

Who can touch pitch and remain undefiled? Gradually the sneers and taunts of Madge Wylde's neighbours took effect. She was a little different to them; she liked to keep Sunday quietly, and make the best of herself and boy on that day. Not that she ever went so far as to go into a church. "Church was not for the likes of her," she told Bill; neither would she allow him to attend a Sunday-school—indeed, for that matter, nothing would have induced him to do so. But she had her own views as to how the day should be regarded.

So she kept herself to herself on Sunday, and endeavoured to do the same with her boy; but Master Bill, or "Black Bill," as his companions generally termed him, was more easy of access than his mother; he lent an indulgent ear to all the pleasing allurements that his acquaintances set forth for their Sunday afternoon programme; and if he could evade his mother's vigilance he made one of a not very reputable party. When she could keep him indoors Madge generally did so; it was these and other ways of hers that gave offence in the Gardens.

"You're gettin' mighty too good for us," said a neighbour scoffingly; "we shall 'ave yer settin' up a pulpit, 'oldin' services, an' invitin' us into prayers with yer."

"I wish I could," answered Madge, with a hopeless, dreary look in her eyes. "Mayhap that which yer laugh at now, yer'll be glad enough to know when yer comes to lie on yer death-bed, like 'er as was carried out yonder the other day." And she pointed to the house to which she had summoned Mrs. Ferguson and Melicent. "If ladies like that, as came down 'ere that night, would come an' see us now an' agin, we'd be better folks than we are, I take it."

"We might or we mightn't," answered the neighbour, surlily. "What should they come for, a meddlin' an' a pryin' into poor folks' affairs? I want to see none o' 'em at my 'ouse."

"What should they come for?" repeated Madge. "To 'elp us, to tell us some o' the things that makes 'em different to ourselves. The parson 'asn't time to come more often than 'e does."

The earnest tones were received with a loud laugh, as the dissipated, hollow-eyed woman cut short Madge's preaching by beating a hasty retreat.

It was always thus. All she said in defence of right doing was received with scoffs and sneers; and with nothing in herself to fan the flame, it was fast dying out. Her heart was in a state of siege. Could she hold out till relief came in the form of good counsel and wholesome advice? Or would she capitulate to the enemy—abandon that ray of light to which she clung, and plunge into the sins of those around her? Alas, poor Madge! those who were against her seemed stronger than those who were for her.

It was Sunday evening, a wet drizzling night, the wind howled round the Gardens, and shook the rickety doors and windows with its wild blast. A few men hung about the place, smoking their short black pipes, preferring the discomforts of the weather to the misery and squalor of their untidy homes. The public house was their final destination. Now and then the angry voice of a woman was heard trying in vain to quiet some fractious child, or joining in the discord of some ribald song.

Madge sat alone in her home; the hearth was swept, and a cheerful little fire blazed in the grate. As usual, she had made the best of herself and her surroundings. Had it not been for the sullen look of discontentment on her face, she might have made a pleasant addition to the little dwelling. But Madge Wylde's eyes were fiercer than usual, and there was a set look of determination about the mouth that added to the harsh expression of her features.

Once she ground her teeth, and her heavy black brows lowered ominously as she sat and meditated. It was all on Master Bill's account; and if she had been able to lay her hand on him at that moment it would have been rather the worse for him. But he had slipped out that afternoon, just when his mother's back was turned, and she had not seen him for hours. He was with some bad lot, of that she felt sure; and this, of itself, made her angry and anxious. Notwithstanding her stern, rugged nature, she dearly loved her orphan boy, and in her own way watched over him and guarded him from evil as vigilantly as it was in her power to do. Madge's love for her son was, indeed, the brightest trait in her character. Perhaps for the promoting of his welfare came this inborn crave to learn to do right.

"'E was a good boy," she told herself; "a bit tiresome an' 'ard to manage, but 'onest an' industrious; an' 'ad a bit o' love in 'is 'eart for his old mother. Some day, ah! some day perhaps——" And then her eyes grew moist; the corners of her mouth softened, as she drew a fancy picture of when Bill was older, and they could earn more money; get into a larger way of business, and go away from the Gardens altogether. Perhaps they might have a cottage, with a little plot of ground, and grow vegetables and flowers!

As she and Bill went their rounds on a summer's morning, she loved to linger by the sweet-scented flower beds that they passed; and once a kind-hearted girl gave her a root of heartsease; its beauty awakened higher thoughts in Madge Wylde.

She sat and mused this Sunday evening; then she grew restless, threw a shawl over her head, unlatched the door, and walked to her gate. Silently she peered through the darkness. All was tolerably quiet; the rain came pattering down. A distant clock struck nine as she entered her little home again.

Bill could not be long now. She threw another coal on the fire, to give him a warm welcome, saying it was more than he deserved. Then with one little matter and another she occupied herself till another half-hour had sped.

Again she paused and listened; but though no well-known step greeted her ears, a boy, pale and trembling, his dark eyes wild with fear, glanced wistfully at Madge Wylde's half-closed door as he hastened down the Gardens.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

H. B. Carter, Esq.—We are most happy to give your address—5, Hyde Park Square, W.—as secretary of the Nightingale Fund, in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, S.W. Also to apprise all our correspondents who inquire about admission as nurses, that the age of lady probationers should not be less than twenty-six, and of nurse-probationers not under twenty-three years. We regret that your letter should have been amongst many unavoidably laid aside since early last month. We take this opportunity of telling inquirers that candidates should apply to Miss Pringle, the Matron, at St. Thomas's Hospital.

Themis.—We must refer you to dozens of previous answers made by us to girls inquiring about correspondence classes for every branch of education, and all kinds of other objects. As these clubs differ respectively in terms, rules, prizes, fines, and subscriptions, we recommend you to read our former instructions on the subject, under the heading "Educational."

Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay, begs us to inform our readers and the members of her educational classes, that it is impossible for her to return their papers, because they forget to sign their names and give their addresses.

Gytha.—We must refer you to our previous answers respecting the correspondence class (on a great variety of subjects besides). With reference to recreative reading, very much depends on your age. Young women, as well as school-girls, should be guided in such matters by the experience and judgment of their mothers. Some of the books of fiction, including those of the author you name, are amongst the standard literature of the country, and an acquaintance with them must form part of a young woman's course of education after she has left school.

Hopeful Nurse.—Write for particulars to the secretary or matron of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C. You must be of age before admittance there as a nurse, so go on with your present occupation for another year, and meanwhile join an ambulance class, to learn much practical surgical work; also get a small manual, called "Sick Nursing at Home" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), and after careful study of that you will be trained for your future vocation. But we warn you that unless you be thoroughly healthy and strong you will not be eligible as an intending nurse, for the work is arduous for mind and body.

WORK.

Mary H.—Such advertisements are generally catch-pennies.

Fides.—The London University B.A. hood is black, lined inside with russet brown silk. This hue would certainly require to be seen, as it is impossible to be described. Can you not borrow a London hood? The article was in vol. i., page 564.

Sprig of Shillelagh.—The certificate was a prize given for the needlework and the handworked buttons.

Ivy.—The wool is first wound round a circular stick of the proper size, then the fastening is tied round so many strands of it, and then the wool is cut off the stick on both sides of the round. It is difficult to describe, and should be shown to you.

Willing to Work.—There are at least seventeen societies, including one in Ireland, which are occupied with the disposal of ladies' needle and other work. Some are self-supporting and others depend partially on subscriptions; the terms for admission of work and sale are severally dissimilar. You do not give your address, or we might suggest a depôt near you. The institution at 11, Porchester Street, Connaught Square, W., requires an annual subscription from its members of 5s. only, and 1s. in the pound for work sold.

COOKERY.

E. J. Stemp.—We are quite unable to suggest any substitute which would be equivalent to the seasoning prescribed in cookery recipes to which you refer. You will have to dispense with any.

Mrs. M. R. Whitla (?)—We thank you for the cookery recipes which you have so kindly copied for us; but we consider them of too expensive a character for use in our paper (six eggs in one pudding). Good yet distinctively inexpensive cookery is what we want to help by our recipes. We are glad that you liked those supplied by one of our contributors.

Student of Cookery.—The hon. secretary of the Northern Union of Training Schools of Cookery is Miss F. L. Calder, 49, Canning Street, Liverpool; and classes are held in connection with this institution, for the training of teachers in Glasgow and in Leeds, as well as in Liverpool, where diplomas are granted. Should Manchester be any nearer to you, and a diploma not essential, you might apply to the hon. secretary of the Manchester Domestic Economy Classes, Miss A. R. Wright, 9, Addison Terrace, Victoria Park, in that city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clergyman's Widow.—Great diversity of opinion exists on this subject; nevertheless, we may safely give three comprehensive rules. First, beware of making the children dread Sunday as a day of mortification and gloom. Secondly, take care that the innocent play suitable to their tender years be only such as will make no noise that might disturb your neighbours. Thirdly, do not deprive your governess of her rest from work on the "Day of Rest." She should be relieved from duty from after the children's dinner till their teatime, having that time for herself exclusively, to go out, or remain at home in private. It is the mother's duty then to take charge of them, with the aid of the nurse. She may make them look forward to Sunday with pleasure, by telling interesting and useful stories, as they walk out together, or by reading to them aloud should wet weather confine them to the house. This method of combining instruction and recreation should be the subject of weekly thought and preparation on the mother's part. For the rest, there are little quiet amusements suited to their tender years, of which to deny them would be to break our first rule. Leave the little ones their Noah's Ark in the nursery. Our Blessed Lord would not, we feel certain, have taken such away, and made His day one of weariness and tears.

Strict Vegetarian.—The question cannot be so summarily dismissed, nor an adverse law laid down in face of the Divine institution of Sacrifice—the allotment of the meat to the priests; the institution of the Passover, the eating of the "fatted calf" by the three angels who appeared to Abraham, and the direct permission given to the Israelites, Deut. xii.; and again, the practice of our Blessed Lord, the creation of fish twice over for the hungry multitudes; His eating the Passover Himself with His disciples; and after His Resurrection His eating the broiled fish, for which He had prepared the fire; lastly, the miraculous teaching of St. Peter—told to "slay and eat," and not to stigmatise that food as "unclean" which "God hath cleansed."—See also Acts xii. 25, to the end of the chapter. But liberty is accorded to us individually in all such matters, for fancy or health's sake; and in so doing it is essential that you should be under the superintendence of a doctor, and employ a properly taught vegetarian cook. We have known of disastrous results from imprudently jumping into a new course of life and diet, when the constitution was formed from very different hereditary habits, continued through many generations.

Cherie.—However "brotherly" and "sisterly" a man and woman who are not engaged to be married may feel towards each other, it is inexpedient to give and accept presents from each other, and should not be done.

Dreamer.—Your verses exhibit good feeling and Christian sentiments. The book you need is the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus; published at our office.

NORTH-COUNTRIE MAID.—You are too short for a lady's-maid, and a good knowledge of hairdressing would be essential. Why not take a situation as child's-maid? Study some book on the care of children and ordering of the nursery.

DAISY.—No, there is no sort of connection between the manna of the Scriptures and that which is employed as medicine for children. The latter is chiefly procured from the flowering ash (*Fraxinus ornus*), which is cultivated for that purpose in Calabria and Sicily. It is likewise obtained from the larch trees at Briançon, and at Mount Sinai from the tamarisk. With regard to your second question, there is certainly no connection between the iris and the lily, although it is called in heraldry the *Fleur de Lys*. Louis VII. assumed it as his device in 1137, in the Second Crusade, and it soon was known in France as the *Fleur de Louis*, thence corrupted into *Fleur de Luce*, and thence into *Fleur de Lys*. There was an interesting early tradition connected with its adoption by Clovis, and its substitution in the arms of France for the original three frogs or toads previously borne on his shield. Perhaps to this latter fact may be traced the origin of the English nickname for the French, *Crapauds!*

PONTYPRIDD.—The word "standard," as applied to books, means "having a fixed or permanent value." We do not know that we can explain it better than by this phrase from the dictionary.

A SEEKER OF CHRIST must try to conquer the besetting sin of hasty speech. Count fifty before you allow yourself to make an answer to anyone. You must remember that, although we are promised help, we must make the effort ourselves, and our will must act with Christ. Perhaps you have not thought of this, and only waited to be helped, not to help yourself.

X. Z.—Chambers' "Cyclopædia of English Literature" is very reliable and good. The French poem is, we think, by Béranger.

FER.—The last of the "honour men," *i.e.*, of the junior optimes at Cambridge; these were the recipients of the "wooden spoon" in days of yore. If two or three "last men" are bracketed together it was called the "spoon bracket." It is said that formerly "honour men" had a gold or silver spoon, and "last men" a wooden one, a "spoon" being a kind of *medaille d'honneur*. The word "spooney" is said to be derived from this custom; and in archery matches the one who makes the lowest score has a wooden or horn spoon given him or her. The gift seems to imply that the recipient is only fit to stay at home and stir porridge! 2. *Eros* was the "God of Love" in the Greek mythology.

EDITH.—You are bound to consult your husband's wishes in such a very questionable matter. We do not think he would approve of your taking such a step, as he did not calculate upon it when he married you, and it would be one of danger to yourself. Do nothing on which you could not ask God's blessing.

J. H. HENDERSON.—*Sunlight* was the title of one of our G.O.P. summer (extra) numbers. We feel sure that even were there a vacancy and good opening in the staff of any magazine, the Editor would not take a story written by a little girl of your age.

MISERABLE.—Your liver is much out of order, and you seem to be threatened with jaundice. We advise you to obtain a medical opinion and direction. Many doctors give advice gratis at certain hours in the morning, and then you will only have to pay for any medicine prescribed. But you will need to follow a strict system of diet.

VOL. IX.—NO. 434.] APRIL 21, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

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"TO CHAT ABOUT THIS AND THAT."

CHAPTER I.

MISS PRINGLE'S PROPOSAL.

A PRETTY, fair-haired little girl about four years of age, with eyes as blue as forget-me-nots, had mounted to the second bar of her father's garden gate, and leaning over the top looked up and down the narrow green lane from which she was excluded, much as if she wished someone or something would come into sight besides the grey donkey she had watched, munching the herbage on the high bank opposite, until she was tired. A younger brother was endeavouring to thrust his curly head between the bars, with the same laudable desire to learn something of the world beyond their own narrow boundaries.

Not that the bounds of Upland Farm were narrow, by any means; its acres were counted by the hundred, and extended from the high moorlands which gave name to the farm, down to a line of low meadows by the brook-side. But for the present the gambols of little Mabel Heathfield and her brother Robert were restricted to the garden, which, on three sides, surrounded the rambling red-brick house of nondescript architecture, over which ivy and honeysuckle had spread their charms. The front door, shadowed by a trellised porch, stood open for their entrance or exit, under the watchful eye of their young mother, who leaned back in her pillowed chair with the langour of recent illness, wrapped up in a fluffy warm pink shawl, although the month was May.

May! The skies blue and golden, the balmy air laden with the sweetest perfumes of the year. The yellow daffodil and white narcissus still lingering in the garden plots, though the ruddy brown wallflower had come with many a sweet companion to bid them go. The lilac bushes were as full of nodding plumes as a royal Drawing Room. The well-kept privet hedge held an intimation that it would be white and blooming, when the tangled hawthorn-hedge that crowned the high bank across the lane had shed its wealth of scented petals, and when the golden tresses of the laburnum would be turning grey. But then the golden laburnum was in its glory, overhanging the gateway and the human blossoms beneath, to the fond mother's mind the fairest in either that garden or in the garden of the world.

There were birds flying in the air or nestling in the ivy, singing and twittering to their mates; there was a hum of bees busily rifling the flowers of their sweets, or brushing the yellow pollen from their coats into their open pouches, or hurrying home with their spoil to the row of hives on the southern wall; and there was a clink of cans and pails and harness, a clucking and crowing, all from the dairy and farmyard in the rear, just enough to break the stillness, but not to drown the murmur of the transparent runnel that was hurrying down hill close under the privet-hedge, to join the wide brook at the lower end of the lane.

It was a picture of rural beauty with no discordant element; but to the children at the gate that very harmony was monotonous. The sameness of the sweetest scenes can become oppressive.

"I should so like to gaver those pretty flowers," said Mabel, referring to the burnished golden dandelions the shackled ass was treading under foot. "I is tired of doing nuffin'. I wis' baby would not be aseep so much. I wants to play wiv her."

"P'ay wiv me!" suggested the boy.

"Oh, I have played wiv 'oo so long; I would raver play wiv the new baby," was answered, with an assumption of patronising importance.

Just then, as if to prove that all things come to those that wait, a natty little figure was seen in the distance to cross the footbridge over the brook, and begin to ascend the hill.

The monotony was broken; down from her perch went Miss Mabel, Master Bob's head was drawn hastily from between the bars, to the detriment of his white washable hat, and away scampered the former into the house with the cry, "Aunt Pwingle's comin'! Aunt Pwingle's comin'!" Then having made her announcement in high glee, she rushed back, almost overturning her toddling brother in her haste to greet the new arrival, as bright and sparkling as the musical rillet which running underneath the broad flagstone at the gate had already gone forward with a note of welcome in advance.

Three minutes later a brisk little lady with quick bright brown eyes, the very personification of neatness, was standing on the flagstone with a daintily-gloved hand pressing down the latch of the gate, which seemed almost too heavy for her to push back, so extremely small and slight was she.

Before they could answer her quick, "Well, my dears, and pray how is mamma? and how is the precious baby?" she was in the garden, smiling and nodding to the mother at the window, and stooping—it was not far—to kiss the children, whose gleeful "Aunt Pwingle! Aunt Pwingle!" had so pleasantly saluted her ears.

Pleasant, that is, apart from the childish affection it betokened—she knew nothing of the monotony she had dispelled—so strong an attachment had Miss Phillis Penelope Pringle for her own name, which she said had been borne by remarkable men, and in its fulness was the perfection of alliterative poetry. Others who differed from her—and they were not few—hinted that at one time of her life she would not have been averse to have dropped one of her "three precious pearls," as she called the three P's. in exchange for a name that would not have linked into the alliterative triplet.

Be this as it may, she tripped up the path as lightly as her juvenile escort, and, well pleased with her reception, entered the parlour as brightly as a sunbeam, and saluted her niece, Mrs. Heathfield, as her "dear Barbara"; hoped she was "picking up her crumbs and getting strong."

Then she stepped across the long room to a bassinet in a shady corner, looked for a few seconds on the sleeping atom of humanity within, murmured "God bless and preserve the precious babe!" in tones that, low as they were, reached as far as the mother's heart, dropped a light kiss and something that glistened like a dewdrop on the pretty pink hand reposing on the coverlet, and was busy in another minute answering questions, and opening a peculiar bag which accompanied her whithersoever she went on secular days, and formed part of her individuality.

This, which she called her "pouch," and irreverent scorners called her "panniers," had been netted in some time remote of stout purple silk twist, which had toned down to black, and in all respects but size resembled one of the long silk purses common in her youth, drawn up and finished with a tassel at each end, opening with a lengthwise slit in the middle, and secured by two rings, which could be slipped up or down to release or confine its contents. In this case ivory parasol rings had been called into requisition, to confine its expansive breadth, whilst in extended length the capacious "pouch" measured very little short of a yard.

And whether Miss Pringle went shopping or visiting, so certain was this receptacle for varieties to be slung on her left arm, in singular disproportion to her diminutive figure, adding peculiarity to an appearance already noticeable for its nonconformity to the fashion of the period.

It was the age of crinoline, but Miss Pringle's puce-coloured skirts, whether of silk or merino, fell in full straight folds to the tops of her side-laced boots, as guiltless of the common furbelow as if she had popped out of a band-box ten or fifteen years before, as some of her nephews and nieces averred she had. Then her bonnet was out of date, and shocked the proprieties—in their eyes, that is. But as she told one of them, it shaded her face, it protected her ears, its curtain screened her neck, and it was neither liable to slip about or be blown away by every breeze, as the bonnets of the period were. It was comfortable, was not conspicuous, did not involve frequent changes, and suited her convenience; the impropriety was in the observation,

not in the bonnet. She must have had the best of the argument, though the said niece, a Mrs. Matilda Rivers, more than hinted that her aunt's "convenience" meant her inconveniently narrow income.

As if aware how impatiently the children's eyes had followed her movements, in another moment she had her pouch on the table, drew one ivory ring over the slit to keep its fellow company at the other end, inserted a small hand in the slit, and drew forth something to make the young eyes sparkle.

"Mabel, here is a pretty picture-book for you; and Robert, here is a poll-parrot, that will say 'pretty poll' when you stroke its green back; and here's a piece of plum cake for each of you. But don't make crumbs here; be off into the garden, where the birds may pick them up. I'm off upstairs to remove my bonnet and pelerine. There, there children, that will do—you need not proclaim your delight so powerfully; you will not leave me breath to puff a dandelion clock," releasing herself from a demonstrative hug as she spoke.

"It is very kind of you, aunt," began Mrs. Heathfield; but the aunt was gone, to return presently, minus bonnet and pelerine, a dapper little lady attired in a well-preserved plain puce silk, with closely-fitting sleeves and bodice, relieved by narrow cuffs and collar of glossy white linen, whilst a pink bow at the throat kept down the severe primness of the whole, without disturbing its quaint simplicity. Her slender neck was circled by a fine gold chain, but though it was traditionally rumoured she had a love-token suspended therefrom, no one could certify whether it was a locket with a lover's hair, or his miniature, so carefully was it kept from curious eyes.

She must have been extremely pretty in her youth, for time had not disturbed the refined lines of her nose and lips, if he had sprinkled a few grey hairs in the corkscrew ringlets held back by tortoise-shell combs; and it was not easy to tell whether she was nearer to forty or fifty.

"You perceive, Barbara, I have come prepared to spend the day here," she began, arranging a black silk apron before her as she spoke, and fitting on a thimble from its pocket. "I have brought my pieces and patchwork, so that I need not be idle in case there was nothing I could do for you; I got a fresh parcel of pieces from Miss Bradley last week, and am pretty well stocked for the present. But prior to sitting down for a chat I will go and ask Hephzibah if there are no buttons to sew on, no socks or stockings to darn, that have perchance accumulated in the past few weeks."

And without giving Mrs. Heathfield a chance to edge in a word, the brisk little lady was again off, to come back presently with a basketful of work for the darner in one hand, a small tray holding a cup of beef-tea and a few dice of toast balanced on the other.

She had already ascertained that the farmer was away at Great Woolton market, and after a little darting about to ascertain if baby was comfortable, and to find needles, etc., to suit her fastidious requirements, she sat down to darn hose, and to chat about this thing and that, farming prospects and family affairs included: some lightly, some seriously treated, but all surely tending to one momentous question which Barbara expected every moment.

At length, when the third pair of socks, neatly darned and folded, was laid in the window-seat, and the awakened infant was nestled in its mother's arms, out it came.

"Well, Barbara, and what is to be this girl's name?"

When in health, Mrs. Heathfield, though built on a somewhat larger scale than her maiden aunt, was just as alert and active in speech and movement, but that time she hesitated in her reply.

"That I cannot tell for certain, Aunt Phillis. Stephen and I have talked it over once or twice, but we had not settled anything definitely when he left home this morning. We want to get the christening over some time next week, and he said he should call on the rector as he rode home through the village, after he had seen John Crossley, who had promised to be godfather."

"And what about the godmothers? That is the more important consideration for a girl," put the little lady, with some point.

Mrs. Heathfield again answered somewhat evasively. "Matty Rivers offered herself, but I don't think I care to have her."

"I should think not, my dear," slipped from Miss Pringle's tongue, with a jerk sufficiently expressive, and was followed by the question, put so impressively and suggestively, that she stopped her darning and looked keenly up at her interlocutor as she spoke:

"Is there no other relative willing to undertake the responsible position, and to perform the promises made at the font?"

A flush suffused the delicate face of the young mother, who between her husband and her aunt was placed in a trying position. Miss Phillis Penelope Pringle's desire to perpetuate her name through the medium of baptism was regarded by her numerous family connections as little short of a craze or mania, provoking laughter or scorn, according to the temperament of the individual, and not always kept for expression until the would-be godmother was out of sight or hearing.

So Barbara Heathfield could not affect to misunderstand the pointed question or all that it implied. She had a very genuine love for Aunt Pringle, in spite of her funny ways, and was unwilling to wound her feelings by the avowal that she and her husband had very nearly "come to words" that very morning over her own desire to gratify her aunt.

"We—ll, Aunt Phillis, I don't forget that you volunteered to stand for Mabel," she said; "and I should have been glad, but you know you withdrew when Stephen insisted on naming the child after his own mother, though he did offer to add Phillis."

"Yes, as a second name, regardless of fitness or euphony, and having no connection with the family name or its associations. As a Pringle, the child of my dear dead brother, you must know that your great-grandmother was a Phillis Penelope Pringle, and what a perfect woman the triplet of names perpetuates! They were passed to me as three pearls, representative in their alliteration of rare virtues. I have a theory that names influence character, and I desire before I die to assure myself that some tender branch of the family tree perpetuates the name and virtues of our peerless ancestress. So far my proposals, made to cousins and nieces whenever a girl has been born into the family, have met only with jeers and rebuffs. But perseverance is one of my pearls, and I make once more to you, my favourite niece, the proposal made hitherto in vain. I propose myself as a sponsor for this latest little one, promise to do my duty to the child as my namesake, will on her marriage give her one of my finest patchwork quilts, and otherwise endow her according to my means and her deserts, provided my names are given to her in baptism. You can repeat this to Stephen when he comes home, and let me have your decision promptly."

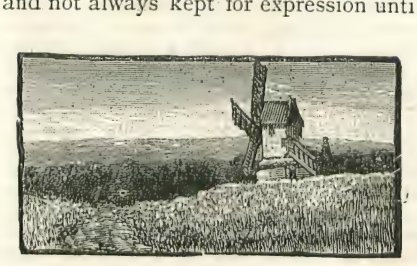
"He—he wishes us to call baby Barbara, after me," faltered the mother, at a loss what to reply.

Miss Pringle drew herself up stiffly; she had spoken with quick precision as if repeating a set formula: now she was primness personified.

"Very proper, my dear, for the husband to prefer the names of mother and wife to those of her aunt and ancestress. I can bear disappointment. However, I have made the proposal; you can tell Mr. Heathfield—and for the last time. If you reject it, I shall repudiate my own family, and bestow my pearls and my patronage elsewhere."

And then baby put an end to the colloquy with a very imperative cry.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR NEW PRIZE COMPETITION IN NEEDLEWORK.

MISSION TO THE "DEEP SEA FISHERMEN."

PRIZES TO THE AMOUNT OF £22 1S.

THE Editor has decided on a Knitting Competition, as one most likely to be of general interest to the readers of the "G.O.P," an interest which will be doubled when the object to which the articles are to be devoted is announced, *i.e.*, the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. There are few people who have not heard of the large fleets of fishing vessels which labour to supply our markets by plying their dangerous and arduous profession in the North Sea. Twelve thousand souls are estimated to be the number, and the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen was instituted some few years ago, to send out mission vessels which should supply these men with Christian preaching and Christian service, in sickness and in health. The office of the mission is Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and those of our readers who desire to see the account of the work performed, should send for a copy of the monthly magazine, the *Toilers of the Deep*, price twopence. The tales told of the privations, uncomplaining, and heroic courage of these poor fishermen, and of the God-fearing and simple religious life of many of them, will bring tears to the eyes of many of our sympathising girls.

One way of helping them to bear the cold and exposure of their hard lives is to make them warm knitted articles of stout wool, to protect them from such evils as cracks on the skin, or the sore known as "sea blister." This latter is produced by the sea water reaching the open wounds which are often made on the wrists by the constant rubbing of the hard edges of the oilskins they wear to protect them from the incessant wetting of the sea water. Warm stockings and socks are required, and the woollen helmets are much sought after. For these instructions are given, which are plain and easily worked; and also the address of a firm of kindly merchants, who allow a discount especially on wool purchased of them for this object. From them all materials, needles, etc., can be procured. We have added men's socks and cuffs to the list, and we hope all our workers will remember that it is *men* for whom they are knitting, and not send to us anything too small for their use, nor too badly shaped to be worn. So far as possible every article will be judged with its own class, so that all may gain the advantage of good and laborious work, in addition to being judged with those of their own age.

For those who cannot knit we shall make special arrangements for judging crochet (like the knitting). Comforters, cuffs, and mittens can all be made in crochet, and will be accepted.

Shall I add one more word to spur my dear girls on to do their best in this competition? So much valued and so highly prized amongst the fishermen are the woollen articles that kind hands make for them, and so much do they evidently add to the comfort of their hard lives, that they make at their prayer-meetings a special prayer that God would bless the kind ladies who knit the warm things that give them so much comfort.

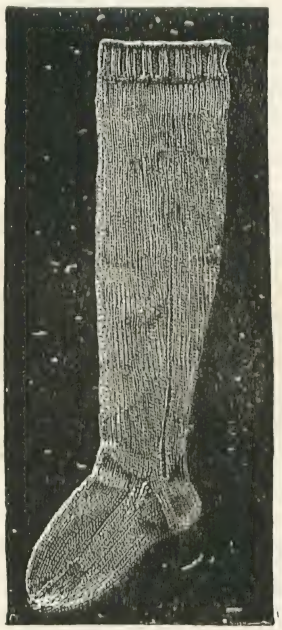
The Editor offers a prize of One Guinea to girls of every age; that is, One Guinea will be awarded to the girl of the age of nine who shall have been most successful in her efforts; another Guinea to the girl of ten years, and so on, to competitors of the age of thirty years. In this way the Editor will award prizes to the amount of Twenty-one Guineas. Certificates of the First, Second, and Third Classes will also be awarded.

The last day for receiving the work is Michaelmas Day, 1888.

Each piece of work must have stitched upon it the name of the worker and the certificate of a parent, minister, or teacher, certifying the age and the work to be that of the competitor only. The age of the worker must be sent as stated above, but it will not be printed in our pass lists.

FISHERMEN'S SEA-BOOT STOCKINGS.

Four needles, No. 9, 1½ lb. yarn. The yarn is a special kind, unbleached white, and as thick as carpet yarn, to be obtained of Messrs. Jevons and Mellor, Minories and Corporation Street, Birmingham, at 1s. 4d. per pound. This firm also supply needles, gauges, and various other yarns, and not only pay carriage of all parcels exceeding 10s. in value, but allow a special 5 per cent. discount upon M.D.F.S. orders. Another firm—Fleming, Reed, and Co., Merino Mills, Greenock—also promise the same reduction for the mission.



From point of toe to point of heel, 11 inches.
From ankle to top of stocking, 22 inches.
Across calf, 7 inches.

Cast 22 stitches on each of 3 needles and rib, 2 knit, 2 purl, for 12 rounds, making the last stitch of each round a seam stitch. (The seam stitch is each round alternately knit and purled, so that it looks like a string of beads; it is carried throughout the entire length of the stocking, and is used to count by.) Now knit plain round and round, till you have done 24 purl on the seam stitch. Then begin the intakes thus: When you arrive at your 25th purl stitch take 2 together on each side of it, then work on plain till you have done 3 more purl, and on the 4th take in again, as before, and so on till you have done it 6 times. Now work on still in the same manner, only with 2 purl between the intakes instead of 3, till you have made in all 11 intakes. You will now have 44 stitches on the needles. Go on knitting till you have completed 9 purl after the intakes. Now begin the heel, thus: Take 22 stitches on one needle, having the seam as near the middle as possible. Work backwards and forwards on these stitches, 1 row knit, 1 purl, till you have done 8 purl on the seam stitch; on the 9th purl take in 1 on each side of the seam, return row purl, next row take in again, return row purl, take in once more, purl back 8 stitches; double your pins together, wrong side out, and cast off, taking a stitch off each pin and knitting them together.

Now begin the foot, using the remaining 22 stitches, and taking up as many stitches as you can around the heel, making the seam stitch along the sole of the foot; take in each side of the heel every other row, to form a gusset, until you have 44 stitches remaining; knit on until you have done 20 purl of the seam stitch, counting from the first. Now begin to narrow the toe, but not this time on each side of the seam; but, beginning with the needle on which are 22 stitches, you knit 2, then take 2 together, knit the remainder of the needle all but 4 stitches; take two of these together and knit the others. Next needle knit 2, take 2 together, knit remainder; third needle knit all but 4, take 2 together, knit remaining two stitches. Knit 5 rounds (*i.e.*, 2 purl stitches) plain, then take in as before; now 3 rounds plain, again take in, this time every other round, until 12 stitches remain; place these on 2 pins and cast off as you did the heel.

WOOLLEN COMFORTERS.
(Greatly Needed).

For these, of which at this season of the year there is great need, proceed as follows:—

Two pins, No. 7, and yarn same as for the cuffs. Cast on 36 to 40 stitches, and knit plain or any fancy pattern for two yards. Brioche stitch; make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, is a good pattern, with 2 plain stitches at each side. It takes but one skein for cuffs, and five for a comforter.

WOOLLEN CUFFS.

Use Scotch yarn and four needles, No. 12.

Cast on 52 stitches on three needles, knit 2 plain and 3 purl alternately for 6 inches.

VERY STOUT STEERING GLOVES.

Needles and wool same as for stockings; half-pound wool required.

Cast on 40 stitches (14, 14, 12).

Rib 30 rounds, 2 purl, 2 plain.

Knit 4 rounds plain.

Round 5—Knit 1, make 1 (*i.e.*, take up loop between the pins and knit it), knit remainder of round.

Rounds 6 and 7—Plain.

Round 8—Knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit remainder of round.

Rounds 9 and 10—Plain.

Round 11—Knit 1, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit remainder.

Rounds 12 and 13—Plain.

Round 14—Knit 1, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit remainder.

Rounds 15 and 16—Plain.

Round 17—Knit 1, make 1, knit 7, make 1, knit remainder.

Rounds 18 and 19—Plain.

Round 20—Knit 1, take off 9 stitches on to a piece of string, and tie them together. Cast

11 stitches more on to the needle on which you already have 1 stitch; this will make 51 stitches in all. Knit 25 rounds plain.

Now divide your stitches thus. On the needle upon which you did the gusset place 25 stitches, being careful for the right hand, to have the gusset at the beginning of the needle, and for the left hand, at the end of it. Place 13 on each of the other 2 needles. Commence the intakes, beginning with the long row, thus—

Round 1—Knit 2, take 2 together, knit off all but 4 stitches, take 2 together, knit 2. Second needle—Knit 2, take 2 together, knit remainder of row. Third needle—Knit all but 4, take 2 together, knit 2.

Round 2—Plain.

Round 3—Same as first.

Round 4—Plain. So on till you have 12 stitches remaining.

Place these on two needles, lay them side by side and cast off, taking 1 stitch from each needle and knitting them together.

Thumb—Take up the 9 stitches on the string, and take up 9 more to make 18 round the thumb. Knit 14 rounds plain, then take 2 together 4 times every other row till you have 6 stitches remaining. Finish off.

Steering Mittens.

These are made on the same principle as babies' gloves, and, although not so well adapted for ordinary use as the mittens already described, they protect the fingers better than the open ones, and thus are most valuable for steering purposes. The bitter cold experienced in grasping the wheel or tiller through a winter's night may be more easily imagined than described. These steering mittens should always be made in grey Alloa yarn. This is sold in 2 oz. "cuts" or skeins. Three "cuts" will make two pairs. The mitten, when complete, should measure fully 12 inches in length. The standard for measurement of the pins used is Chambers's Bell Gauge. *The needles must pass through the openings of Nos.* 12 *and* 13, not fit into the round part. This is the shop standard of size.

With pins No. 13 cast on 18 stitches, on each of 3 needles. Knit 36 rounds of ribbed knitting (2 plain, 1 purl).

Now change to pins No. 12, and knit 10 plain rounds; the larger needles give more room in the hand-part; while it is desirable for the wrist to fit closely.

Knit the thumb thus:—

Round 1—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit to the end. (N.B.—To *make* a stitch, take up the loop that goes across a stitch and knit it.)

Rounds 2 and 3—Plain.

Round 4—Knit 2, make 1, knit 4, make 1, knit to the end.

Rounds 5 and 6—Plain.

Round 7—Knit 2, make 1, knit 6, make 1, knit to the end.

Rounds 8 and 9—Plain.

Round 10—Knit 2, make 1, knit 8, make 1, knit to the end.

Rounds 11 and 12—Plain.

Round 13—Knit 2, make 1, knit 10, make 1, knit to the end.

Rounds 14 and 15—Plain.

Round 16—Knit 2, make 1, knit 12, make 1, knit to the end.

Rounds 17 and 18—Plain.

Round 19—Knit 2, make 1, knit 14, make 1, knit to the end.

Rounds 20 and 21—Plain.

Round 22—Knit 2, make 1, knit 16, make 1, knit to the end.

Rounds 23 and 24—Plain.

Round 25—Knit 3, make 1, knit 18, make 1, knit to the end.

Round 26—Knit 3, then slip off on a bit of wool 18 stitches, and knit plain the rest of the round. Knit 34 plain rounds.

Round 35—Knit 2 together, knit 4; knit 2 together, knit 4. Do the rest of the round in this manner. You will then have 15 stitches on each pin.

Rounds 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41—Plain.

Round 42—Knit 2 together at the beginning of each needle, knitting all the rest of the stitches plain.

Rounds 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, and 50—Plain.

Round 51—Knit 2 together, and continue this throughout the round. This will leave 7 stitches on each pin.

Round 52—Plain.

Round 53—Knit 2 together, and continue this throughout the round. Knit the odd stitch plain at the end of the round.

Round 54—Plain.

Break off the wool, leaving an end 6 inches long, with which thread a coarse wool needle. On this needle slip off the stitches from the first pin, and draw the wool through them. Do this with the remaining stitches, and draw them up *tightly*, to close the mitten. Run your wool round through the stitches a second time, then pass the needle to the inside of the mitten, and fasten off by darning up and down 3 or 4 lines, as it ought to be made very secure.

For the thumb, take up the 18 stitches from the bit of wool, and pick up 3 or 4 more in the gap left between the last stitch and the first. Knit these 21 or 22 stitches plain for 18 rounds.

Round 19—Knit 2 together, and continue this throughout the round.

Rounds 20, 21, 22—Plain. Break off the wool, and close up as you did for the mitten itself, being very careful to fasten off securely.

What Cheer? What Cheer?

Knitted Mittens.

These are greatly valued by the men. The oilskins they are compelled to wear, by reason of the incessant wetting with sea water, grow hard and cruel; the wrist, chafed by the oilskins, is sacrificed, and the salt water reaching the wound produces "sea blister," an excessively painful sore. When, however, woollen mittens are worn, the "sea blister" is seldom known, and much suffering is consequently avoided. The mittens are made as follows:—

Use Scotch yarn, and four needles, No. 12.

Cast on 52 on 3 needles, and knit 2 plain and 2 purl for 36 rounds. This forms the wrist.

Knit 15 plain rounds, then knit the thumb thus:—

Round 1—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 2 and 3—Plain.

Round 4—Knit 2, make 1, knit 4, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 5 and 6—Plain.

Round 7—Knit 2, make 1, knit 6, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 8 and 9—Plain.

Round 10—Knit 2, make 1, knit 8, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 11 and 12—Plain.

Round 13—Knit 2, make 1, knit 10, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 14 and 15—Plain.

Round 16—Knit 2, make 1, knit 12, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 17 and 18—Plain.

Round 19—Knit 2, make 1, knit 14, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 20 and 21—Plain.

Round 22—Knit 2, make 1, knit 16, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 23 and 24—Plain.

Round 25—Knit 2, make 1, knit 18, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 26 and 27—Plain.

Round 28—Knit 2, make 1, knit 20, make 1, then knit to the end.

Rounds 29 and 30—Plain.

Round 31—Knit 2, make 1, knit 22, make 1, then knit to the end.

Round 32—Knit 3, then slip off on a bit of wool 22 stitches, and knit plain the rest of the round.

Then knit 10 rounds plain.

Then knit 10 rounds, 2 plain and 2 purl, and cast off loosely.

Then knit the rest of the thumb thus: Take up the 22 stitches off the wool on to 3 needles, adding 2 more stitches where the opening is, which will make 8 stitches on each needle.

Knit 6 rounds plain.

Then knit 6 rounds, 2 plain and 2 purl, and cast off loosely.

Fasten off the ends.

N.B.—To *make* a stitch, take up the loop that goes across a stitch and knit it.

A "lady who has knitted many pairs of mittens" would like to suggest to others "when they increase the stitches for the thumb to do it by knitting a stitch and *before taking it off the needle* to knit a second stitch in the back part of the loop." It will be found, she states, that this prevents the open stitch which, "taking up the loop that goes across," is apt to make.

The Uhlan cap is a new introduction, and on account of its threefold use as helmet, muffler, and cap, as well as being much easier to make, it is considered a very useful addition, better than the old helmet.

The Uhlan Cap.

Cast on 21 stitches.

Row 1—Knit 3, purl 1, knit 6, purl 1, knit 6, purl 1, knit 3.

Row 2—Purl 3, knit 1, purl 6, knit 1, purl 6, knit 1, purl 3.

Row 3—Knit 3, purl 1, make 1, knit 6, purl 1, make 1, knit 6, purl 1, make 1, knit 3.

Row 4—Purl 4, knit 1, make 1, purl 7, knit 1, make 1, purl 7, knit 1, make 1, purl 4.

Row 5—Knit 4, purl 1, knit 8, purl 1, knit 8, purl 1, knit 4.

Row 6—Purl 4, knit 1, purl 8, knit 1, purl 8, knit 1, purl 4.

Row 7—Knit 4, purl 1, make 1, knit 8, purl 1, make 1, knit 8, purl 1, make 1, knit 4.

Row 8—Purl 5, knit 1, make 1, purl 9, knit 1, make 1, purl 9, knit 1, make 1, purl 4.

Row 9—Knit 5, purl 1, knit 10, purl 1, knit 10, purl 1, knit 5.

Row 10—Purl 5, knit 1, purl 10, knit 1, purl 10, knit 1, purl 5.

Row 11—Knit 5, purl 1, make 1, knit 10, purl 1, make 1, knit 10, purl 1, make 1, knit 5.

Row 12—Purl 6, knit 1, make 1, purl 11, knit 1, make 1, purl 11, knit 1, make 1, purl 5.

Row 13—Knit 6, purl 1, knit 12, purl 1, knit 12, purl 1, knit 6.

Row 14—Purl 6, knit 1, purl 12, knit 1, purl 12, knit 1, purl 6.

Row 15—Knit 6, purl 1, make 1, knit 12, purl 1, make 1, knit 12, purl 1, make 1, knit 6.

Row 16—Purl 7, knit 1, make 1, purl 13, knit 1, make 1, purl 13, knit 1, make 1, purl 6.

Now knit 2, purl 2, till your work measures 6½ inches long, then rib 8 stitches, cast off 30 stitches very loosely, and rib to end of row.

These last 8 stitches to be ribbed till 9 rows are done, which will bring the wool to the inner side; cast on 30 stitches very loosely and break off wool, leaving an end.

I.—USED AS HELMET AND CHEST PROTECTOR.

Now rib the 8 stitches left on needle till 8 rows are done, to form the second side of opening, then join firmly to end of wool, and continue to rib all the stitches on needles till it measures twelve inches below opening.

Cast off very loosely.

BACK.

The same as front, except that no opening being required, do not cast off, but knit 2, purl 2 the whole length.

Cast off very loosely.

Sew the two pieces together neatly and firmly up the sides.

When not used as a comforter and helmet, it makes a comfortable cap by rolling up the lower part.

Use Alloa yarn and needles No. 8 or 9.

WOOLLEN STOCKINGS.

Our readers are now pretty familiar with the value of the sea-boot over-all stockings donned by the smacksmen, but, of course, the trawlers have also to wear, whether they can secure the woollen "over-wear" or not, the ordinary woollen stockings. Repeatedly the men have asked whether we could not supply them with these absolutely needful articles, which they would manifestly not only receive with gratitude, but gladly pay a moderate price for. Here, again, there is an "open door" of service through which ladies may feel that they are helping the fishermen in two ways—in supplying warm, serviceable articles, and, at the same time, by means of these, in strengthening the general work of the Mission. We append the instructions:—

FOR STOCKINGS.

Scotch fingering, No. 13 needles.

To commence the stocking put 90 stitches on 3 needles; do 12 rounds of 2 knit and 2 purl; then do plain until you have done 80 rounds, then take in every 12 rounds 4 times, then every 10 rounds 4 times, then every 8 rounds 4 times; then do 80 rounds before setting the heel; then put 20 stitches each side the seam; stitch, do 30 rows, cast off the heel; have 90 stitches on the foot; do 90 rounds before taking in; divide the stitches, having 45 on the front needle and 22 each side the seam; stitch, cast off with 12 stitches.

WOOLLEN GUERNSEY FROCKS.

For these there is a constant demand, summer and winter alike, in the trawling fleets, and as the men will readily purchase them at a moderate cost, ladies, by supplying these, can not only directly benefit the men, but also indirectly aid the general funds of the Mission. Here are the instructions for knitting:—

SAILOR'S GUERNSEY.

Six needles No. 12. 2lbs. blue worsted, sold on purpose.

Cast on 1 needle thickly, knitting it on your thumb and 1 needle 142 stitches. 6 rows plain, slipping 1st stitch of each row. 7th row: slip 1, knit 5, 2 purl, 2 plain, till you have 6 left; knit them.

8th row plain. 9th row: slip one, knit 5, knit 2, purl 2 alternately till the last 6; knit them. 10th row plain.

Repeat from 7th row till you have 7 patterns, then knit 6 plain rows.

II.—USED AS HELMET AND MUFFLER.

This is for the front. Do the same for the back on 2 other needles; then join the whole round, using 6 needles, picking up an extra stitch each side of the join both sides. Knit a round. 2nd round, make a seam stitch each side by purling the wool between the 2 stitches you made last time. Keep the seams all through to the wrist, pulling 1 each time you come to the seam.

Plain knit 15½ inches. Then, beginning from the seam stitch, knit 2, and start again your pattern. Purl 2, knit 2, till you come to the opposite seam, when you again knit 2 on either side of it, and so round to the back; purl 2, knit 2, till you come to the other seam. Knit a plain round. Repeat till you have 9 patterns, with 9 plain rounds between, knitting the 2 you purled, and purling the 2 you knitted, in alternate rounds.

III.—USED AS HEAD-GEAR ONLY.

Then begin to increase for the gussets. Make one side of each seam by taking up a stitch, carrying on your pattern (2 purl, 2 knit) on the body. Increase every 4th round each side of the seam, on both sides the jersey 10 times, always 2 stitches from the body pattern, so as to shape the gusset, then leave your gussets on separate needles, and knit the front backward and forward, thus leaving the back. Knit 10 (slipping 1st stitch), then go on with your pattern and plain row between (doing the pattern always on the inside or purl row) till you have 40 ribs to make the front of the armhole. For the shoulder, knit plain 36 stitches from each end, making 10 ribs or 20 rows. When you have done both sides of the throat, leave them till you have knitted up the back to match. When this is done, join again, and knit off the shoulders, back and front together. For the neck you have 82 stitches on each side, which you rib all round; knit 2, purl 2, every round alike, to gather nicely round the neck. Two inches for the neck, then purl 4 rounds, knit 1 round, and knit off. For the sleeves take up 60 stitches besides the gusset each side. Only 50 come to take up, but you must make 10 more by taking up another on every fifth stitch to make it fuller. Knit 17 stitches to cuff, decreasing first your gusset, and then 2 off the seam each side at regular intervals till you have 68 stitches left. Rib for cuff, 2 plain, 2 purl, 3½ inches; then purl 4 rounds, knit 1 round, and knit off.

The *bluest* worsted wears and washes best, that with a redder tint not so well.

VARIETIES.

HOW TO TREAT GOSSIP.

What can't be cured must be endured, and the best way of enduring gossip is not to listen to it. Over one of our old castles a former owner has inscribed these lines:—

THEY SAY.
WHAT DO THEY SAY?
LET THEM SAY.

Thin-skinned persons should learn this motto by heart.

TO A STOUT, ELDERLY LADY.

You ask me, your servant, to give you in rhyme
Some apt definitions of space and of time.
If your ladyship looked at your form and your face,
You'd gain excellent notions of time and of space.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.—"She who does not love flowers," says a German writer, "has lost all fear and love of God."

FORTUNE TELLING.

"I can tell you the first letter
Of your handsome sailor's name."
"I know everyone; that's better,
Thank you, gipsy, all the same."

"Ah! my maiden, runs your text so?
Then I see your doom is past,
And the day is Monday next." "No,
Gipsy, it was Monday last."

"OH! THE MAYTIME, WELCOME MAYTIME,
OF ALL MONTHS THE SWEETEST COMER,
BRIDAL OF THE SPRING AND SUMMER,
WHEN THE EARTH IS GAY WITH FLOWERS, AND THE AIR IS SWEET WITH SONG."

See p. 444.

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

By ELSPETH BROOKS.

E are once more in the month of May, the month of singing birds and budding flowers. We are again at the meeting-point between the two seasons of spring and summer, when the fresh, sweet beauties of the one are merged into the glowing charms of the other. The great leap which all nature takes at this season of the year, bursting out into life with a lavish profusion of flowers, has never failed to have its influence on the heart of the nation. There is a surging of strange hopes and aspirations, a yearning to be among the flowers, a great desire to be one in the new, sweet carnival of growth, that always seems to accompany the birth of this delicious month. At her approach all nature seems to be awakened from her winter's sleep, and waits with bursting heart for the coming glory that shall be. The wild hopes that stir the sap and swell the branches of the tall trees, as they sway in the gentle breeze, are beginning to be fulfilled; the rapture of the flowers makes the air sweet, as they laugh for very happiness at their new delightful life, though the spring keeps holding back, half-shy at the joy her coming brings, and only lets us hear the rustle of her wings as she whispers, "Patience, O waiting earth, I come with sure and willing feet." From every bush and spray the birds keep pouring into her maiden ear their welcome love-songs, and to each blithe note her young heart beats response.

"Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.

"The trees are full of crimson buds,
The woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words."

The flowers that give to May her special charm are very numerous. First we have the cowslip, in whose sweet bell the poet's Ariel made his cradle, and there are few children who have not gathered its fragrant bunches to make the cowslip-ball. It grows as readily on the uncultured heath as it does in the cultivated garden, and is one of God's gifts to the little ones of the poor. The leaf is very like the primrose, though not so large, and of smoother texture. Then come the snowdrops, violets, primroses, bluebells, purple orchises, marsh marigolds, and the pretty white stitch-worts. The latter common little flower is a plant of great beauty, with leaves of the most delicate green tint, and is interesting from the circumstance of its having been the plant that Linnæus first obtained his idea of what he calls the sleep of plants. The flowers are only open for three hours in the day—from nine till twelve—though not even then do they unfold unless the sun be shining. In the evening the leaves approach each other in pairs, so as to enclose the tender buds.

Next, clustering on every bank in the richest luxuriance, we see the lovely blue hyacinth. With the Greeks it appears to have been used both at marriage and funeral ceremonies, and, like most other flowers, has a mythological story attached to it, which runs thus:—Hyacinthus was a beautiful youth, beloved both by Apollo and Zephyr, but who, preferring the sun to the wind, created a jealousy in the breast of the latter god, which caused his destruction. Hyacinthus being at quoits with Apollo, Zephyr, unperceived, took the opportunity of revenging himself on his rival, by causing him to become the instrument of the death of their favourite, for whilst Apollo's quoit was in the air, Zephyr blew it from its course towards the head of the unfortunate youth, and killed him by the blow. But though Apollo cannot restore him to life, he can at least prevent his utter extinction, and preserve a lasting memorial of one whom he loved and lamented; therefore, as Ovid describes it:—

"His polished limbs, by strange enchantment's power,
Shoot into buds and blossom into flower;
His auburn locks in verdant foliage flow,
And wreaths of azure flowerets shade his brow."

From this supposed circumstance, the hyacinth has been made emblematical of play or game, and in commemoration of the event there was an annual solemnity, called Hyacinthia, held at Amyclæ, in Laconia, which lasted three days. According to another fable, however, the flower originated in the blood of Ajax, who stabbed himself because the arms of Achilles were given to Ulysses and not to him; and we find many references in the poets to a flower bearing the name of hyacinth, which had traced upon its petals certain characters expressive of woe. Many trees and shrubs blossom in May, such as the oak, beech, maple, sycamore, barberry, laburnum, horse-chestnut, lilac, mountain ash, and Guelder rose; but what are any of these in comparison with the hawthorn, that sweet flower, which so especially belongs to this month? It is her own peculiar plant, bearing her name, and forming a conspicuous feature in all her garlands. The young Athenian girls brought branches of it to decorate the altar of wedlock, and those who were about to plight their troth there. The altar was also lighted with torches made of the wood of the tree, of which were likewise composed the flambeaux which illuminated the nuptial chamber, so that it was every way with them a hymeneal offering. It was the emblem of hope, too, where the first vows of love were so often made under its pleasant shade; and it was ever the trysting-tree of youthful lovers. Many a time its fragrance recalls to the grey-headed man or woman the whispered words which once sounded so sweetly on the ear in "the days of auld lang syne." "Meet me by the hawthorn this evening in the vale." It was there that Burns met his Highland Mary, and he could find no dearer name for her he loved than that of this plant. Beside it we may see the white Guelder rose—the snowball tree, as the Germans call it—beginning to show its white blossoms; and the carmine-tinted wild-apple bloom, glowing in its pure beauty. Yet of all the scented gems which adorn our "flowery May," the fairest in sweetness are assuredly the pearly lilies of the vale. The "May lilies," as they are called, are the emblems of modesty and simplicity, the types of humility. In the deep recesses of the woods, the pure snowy bells, hanging beneath the broad shadow of their green leaves, scatter odours of unrivalled perfume. This delicate little flower, the model of the sculptor and the painter, boasts the botanical name of *Convallaria majalis*. The Germans call it *Mayen Blumlen*; but the French—no wonder we grow indignant—call it *La Muguet* (a fop). Gleaming in the sunshine we now see the large blossoms of the white and yellow water lilies, next of kin to the Eastern lotus, so celebrated by the Oriental bards. They are the symbols of purity, because they contract no defilement, though often submerged in the muddy waters of their home.

We must not forget the wallflower, the yellow stock as it is sometimes called, the sign of fidelity in misfortune; it is also celebrated by the old English poets under the name of wall gilliflower. We are not disposed to quarrel with Langhorne when he say it is—

"The sweetest flower
That decks the golden breast of May."

Nor must we fail to seek among the mosses, or near some brook, or in the shaded woods, for the pretty little wood-sorrel, which is a lovely and most delicate plant. Its trefoil leaves are of a brilliant emerald hue, tinted with crimson beneath, its stem and root of transparent carmine, and the stalks of both leaves and flowers of an extremely fragile character. The whole plant is strongly acid, and from its leaves the poison oxalic acid is drawn.

In the early part of this month we cannot help being struck by the peculiar beauty of the woods, only the pines look dim and dusty amid the lively hues of spring. It is indeed a scene of fairyland to stand beneath the giant trees and look up to the blue sky beyond, through the green array of leaves, while the fresh early youth of the year is bursting into life on every side.

God has many messengers when He has aught to say to the human heart. We stretch out our hands to an unresponsive void for an answer to our soul's passionate prayer, to our yearnings after the good and true, and the melody of the great trees comes swishing an answer in our ears, "Drink, drink to the full of the beauty of the earth, yet remember, that though the dreams of youth are the flowers, 'tis the deeds of manhood that make the fruit."

Even to the poor sufferer, at the gate of whose being pain keeps standing like a sentinel to prevent all joy of beauty from entering in, the spring time seems to whisper of courage and hope; and we hear the voices of the young rejoicing in their youth—the May of human existence—telling us that this season of light and beauty is but a transcript of the light and beauty which irradiates the lives of those where love and friendship have taken up their abode.

Yet in this world of ours the human heart is never at rest, knows no perfect quiet, has no counterpart in the stillness that nature seems to experience, as Shelley so truly says:—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those which tell of
saddest thought."

And now, before this sweet May month is flown, let us bathe ourselves in its sunshine and its flowers; let us listen with the hearing ear to the glad singing of its feathered minstrels; let us, if but for once, have the large child heart that so quickly beats in unison with nature's jubilee.

A BALLADE OF IMPOTENT DESIRES.

By GLEESON WHITE.

Ah! my lady, you toy with your fan,
  Wishing impossible things of fate,
Thinking that never since time began
  Lived there a maid so unfortunate;
Everything crooked and nothing straight;
  Fate withholding your longed-for boon;
Deprived of that, all the world you hate,
  "*Small use is it to cry for the moon!*"

Here we are for a little span,
  To love and to suffer, to live and wait,
With never a key to interpret the plan,
  If Self be lord of our whole estate.
Worship him, slave for him early and late,
  And you fail to please him, since all too soon
Some tyranny new will he arrogate!
  "*Small use is it to cry for the moon!*"

Flout at him, thwart him as best you can;
  Unthrone the despot and bar the gate—
The gate of your heart to that partisan;
  Then may you look to a future great.
All things else you may subjugate
  When Self is conquered, that base poltroon!
With whimsical yearnings that never abate,
  "*Small use is it to cry for the moon!*"

Lady! Beware to capitulate;
  With life and youth, in your summer noon
Shun the tempter Self, and abjure his bait,—
  "*Small use is it to cry for the moon!*"

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON Christmas Day all our domestics dined together, the select party in the housekeeper's room condescending to meet with their inferiors of the kitchen, whilst several of their friends and our outdoor servants were invited to swell the numbers. Of course Craik was there with his pretty sweetheart, his deaf housekeeper preferring to entertain an elderly village acquaintance at home.

Mr. James Smith was there, and proved himself the life of that modest assemblage, for he told such amusing stories as will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them.

And I rejoice to report that on the same day was begun the mixing of a salve for two sore hearts. It took a good while to bring it to perfection, but it was completed in the end, and in this way:

Mr. James Smith will never forget the young wife whom he truly loved and mourned, but he is no longer the solitary inhabitant of the cottage outside Longminster, or "done for" by a ministering neighbour. He has now an excellent second wife, under whose skilful guidance his dwelling has become a model of neatness and good taste. She is one whose kind heart sympathised and whose bright eyes overflowed when he was moved to tell her the story of his first love and loss.

Bedson has long been Mrs. James Smith the second, and has done everything that a good wife can to console her husband for his old trouble.

A blessed gift has been sent to the pair, for a trim little fairy of a girl called "Ellen" is now able to run and meet her proud father at the gate with a welcoming kiss. It is pleasant to bid Mr. Smith good-bye under such happy circumstances.

In another home, on that same Christmas Day when he and Bedson met at Castlemount, hands were clasped and true hearts rejoiced in the little holiday the season had brought them. Herbert Read and his Ellen were happy, even though the shadow of death was hanging over the roof which sheltered them.

There could be no doubt that Edward Martin had come home to die, and yet on his sick bed to begin a new and better life, and to show in the little while left to him what a change had, by God's grace, been wrought in him.

There was room to show it, even in that small chamber, the scene of such loving ministry. Edward could be patient where he would once have been irritable and exacting; grateful, instead of taking the best of everything from mother and sister as if it were his due; humble and penitent where he had been proud and reckless.

The memory of those last days, though joined to anxious forebodings and weary watchings, will ever be precious to Ellen and her mother.

At this time, too, there came to the Martins a ray of brightness from an unexpected quarter. As I have already told, their poverty arose neither from extravagance nor debt, but simply from Mr. Martin's over trustfulness. Deceived by glowing prospectuses and the specious words of men who had themselves nothing to lose, he invested his money in schemes by which he hoped to obtain a higher rate of interest, but which ended in failure and all but ruin.

When Herbert came to Longminster he asked Ellen if her mother had parted with certain shares that had long been of merely nominal value.

"We have parted with none," replied Ellen. "We thought they were all equally worthless, so made no effort to

"WITH LIFE AND YOUTH IN YOUR SUMMER NOON."

dispose of any. You thought the same when you examined the scrip at my mother's request."

"They were nearly worthless then; but a change has taken place in the value of those I allude to. They can be sold for a fair price now, but I believe they will fetch more if held a little longer."

"Surely the change must have come very suddenly," said Ellen. "They have not been named in the share lists for a long time past. I have gone through these anxiously enough, for the little sum left from the wreck of my father's property has been dwindling steadily, and my brother's illness will exhaust it to the last farthing. I have dreaded the time coming when we should have nothing but my earnings to depend upon. Forgive me speaking of this fear to you, dear. I have but you. I try to keep my mother from thinking of such things at all."

"My darling, it is delightful to feel that I have brought a little bundle of hope down with me from the great city," replied Herbert. "You are right about this sudden change in the value of the shares. The knowledge of it came to me incidentally and only two days ago. How it came I must not tell even you, and you had better not speak of the matter to anyone at present."

The information had actually come to Herbert whilst engaged in the duties of his new position in the office of Maberley and Co. He found that his shrewd employer was buying up all of these shares that he could obtain, and he considered this a good augury for the Martins.

In due time theirs were disposed of, and realised nearly three thousand pounds, which sum, judiciously invested, made a welcome addition to their income. It relieved Ellen from the dread which had haunted her—namely, that should illness render her unfit for work, want would stare them in the face, when they had parted with the few valuables yet remaining. Now the girl said to herself, with a thankful heart, "My mother's bread is assured for life."

She may be forgiven if one other thought followed: "And Herbert and I are brought a stage nearer to the time when we may continue life's journey hand in hand until death us do part."

Herbert made a further examination of the remaining securities, and expressed his belief that more of them would in time yield something.

"We may well wait patiently now, dear Herbert," said Ellen, when they parted after their brief holiday.

"True love, dearest, finds waiting a hard task," was his answer, as he looked at her sweet tender face, and held her hand with a lingering clasp, as if he knew not how to release it.

"But only true love has patience to wait," said Ellen, as she returned the look with those trustful eyes of hers.

So they parted, but more hopefully than they had done since the death of Mr. Martin; strengthened by mutual faith for the further exercise of patience. There were friends who would have liked to assist in shortening their waiting time, if they could have seen the way to do it without offending their brave independence of spirit.

I write "brave," for surely Ellen's conduct deserved to be called such. It had needed no little moral courage for a girl brought up amid such surroundings to take the place of assistant in a business establishment, because by so doing she could keep a modest home over her mother's head, and share it with her that she might be her stay and comfort.

What some people would call natural pride might have persuaded her that such work was degrading, but Ellen's courage conquered the thought, and conscience told her that honest employment, undertaken to fulfil a sacred duty, would ennoble, not degrade, the worker. It needed Christian courage to bear with the erring brother, to be self-devoting and forgiving, so Ellen surely merited to be called truly brave.

None were more willing than my husband and myself to smooth the way for Ellen's marriage by rendering substantial help, but this we were not permitted to do. We could, and we did, show our respect for the dear girl in many ways, and to-day she and Herbert are numbered amongst our valued friends.

They have long been husband and wife, for Herbert's position steadily improved, thanks to his zeal in serving his new employer, and perhaps in a secondary degree to the influence of his faithful friend, Frank Maberley.

Mrs. Read's health improved, and her girls found remunerative employment in teaching, whilst the income of the Martins was increased by the sale of other shares which attained a market value by degrees.

When the marriage took place Mrs. Martin removed from Longminster, to be near Ellen, and as the elder of Herbert's sisters had obtained an excellent appointment, the mothers, being old friends, decided that for the future one home should suffice for both.

It is quite a pretty little home in suburban London, and Katie shared it with them for a time, but now reigns supreme over a larger establishment of her own.

The two widowed friends look back on the way by which they have been led, and thank God that even in the roughest portion of their path His hand sustained them.

Ellen, our dear, unselfish Ellen, now fills again the same position in society to which she was accustomed in her early days. She and her husband have sat many times both at the Maberleys' table and at our own as honoured guests. And she and I have worn our diamonds together and smiled at the perplexity and trouble they caused once upon a time. Naturally we have often gone over the story since we were both interested in it, though the trouble was hers alone.

Captain Harold Stokes has never again visited Dean Manor. The family there found out many things respecting him which proved that he was no fitting guest for them, so Longminster knew him no more.

Another familiar face has vanished from its High Street, much to the regret of many, both rich and poor.

Madame Leeson's affection for Ellen Martin was almost that of a mother for a beloved daughter, and when she married and Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Read joined households, she did not care to remain in the quiet old city. She had realised a handsome sum, to which being added the amount received for the goodwill of a prosperous business, Madame Leeson could retire from it with an ample income.

Her home is about midway between Ellen's and that of Mrs. Martin, and the friendship which began during a season, on the one side, of trial and adverse fortune, is not less true now the cloud has passed away and all are prosperous.

Just a few words, in conclusion, about my dear husband and myself. We are very happy together. He enters with the heartiest sympathy into my plans for lightening the burdens and brightening the lives of weary girl workers. Many such have recovered strength for renewed labour through being our guests for a time at a pretty "Home of Rest" which my dear Tom built just after my illness. This "Home" is my husband's thank-offering for my spared life, and is near enough to Castlemount to allow of my frequent going in and out amongst our guests, and of my giving them an occasional invitation to our own.

Tom fully shares my belief that personal intercourse between these toilers who do the hard, wearying work of the world, and those who know no anxiety about daily bread, because God has given them wealth and a brighter place in the social scale, must be equally good for both classes. Such intercourse clears away prejudices, refines and cheers the poor, and teaches precious lessons of humility, sympathy, and love to the rich. We are naturally inclined to love those whom we have been enabled to benefit, and if, as we see their struggles, cares, and poverty, we contrast their condition with our own, can we help asking ourselves the question, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

Dear Aunt Hesketh and Mamma Beauchamp are fast friends. The former has a home near the Hurst, and these two—grand-aunt and grandmother—declare that the four children from Castlemount make the sunshine of their lives. I know how their presence brightens Tom's and mine.

My dear parents still live in a Yorkshire home, but not in the old house where I was born, for my father, well supported by his boys, has prospered greatly, and at the last election he was asked to stand for one division of the county. He refused, but the fact remains that he might have been an M.P., and Mrs. Beauchamp, who cannot quite rid herself of caste prejudices, likes to think of this incident and speak of it too.

All who were concerned in the affair have often talked over and told the story of the diamonds long sought, strangely recovered, never really lost. We agree that the result brought about by that little episode in our lives is well worth all it cost, since through it my dear husband's character lost its one little vein of dross.

[THE END.]

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JACK IN LONDON.

MR. HARTON and his son Jack had much to say to one another. They had been separated two or three years, and their joy was great at reunion. Like many other young men, Jack's mind had been always bent on emigration, and his father had helped him to emigrate. He had been tolerably successful, and although he was not yet even on the road to making a fortune, he was making a livelihood, which was something. He had worked a year or more as labourer on other men's estates, had learnt farming, and had purchased government land, which he was industriously clearing.

"Any man with health, a will, and a pair of hands, can do this," he said. "But I expected to do it all at once, and be rich in no time. It is the loneliness that kills one, and when I heard that Fan was missing, I was ready to throw it all up in despair."

"Why Fan?" asked Mr. Harton.

"Because I meant to come home and marry her as soon as I had a hut to put her in. She was born to be an emigrant's wife, father, and out in the far West nobody would twit her with her gipsy origin. She knew nothing of my intentions, only, I take it, guessed that I loved her."

"And what was to become of me, Jack, without Fan? You young folks never think of the loneliness of your elders, but only of society for yourselves," laughed Mr. Harton.

"Well, father, you have Tom and Miss Vigors!" replied Jack, breaking out into an honest haw, haw, which delighted his father.

"Miss Vigors has been my only comfort, you bad boy. If you carry off Fan, I shall give you a step-mother."

"Poor Fan—dear Fan—where shall we find her?" asked Jack, his joyous laugh turned into a sepulchral monotone.

"You and Gerard Clarville must put your heads together, and I have no doubt you will trace her if she is to be traced. What her reason for running away was, I can't imagine. I suppose she had one."

Mr Harton was tempted to mention Tom's share in that inauspicious event, but refrained, anxious to maintain the friendship of the brothers. Gerard's name set Jack on another tack, and he soon resolved to seek him as speedily as possible It never entered Mr. Harton's head to discourage the search because of Jack's avowed intention to wed Fan if he found her; on the contrary, the kind, unconventional man did his best to encourage his son, and to bid him God-speed in a chase that had brought him from Canada to his native land.

"It is good to be here, father," said Jack, when Tom returned and said it was long past bedtime. "Home's home; yet it doesn't seem home without Fan."

A twinge of Tom's elastic conscience made him hurry his relatives off to bed. Tom was a wonderful organiser, and could manage everybody's affairs, except, perhaps, Fan's.

Jack did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. The following day he was off to London, and found Gerard's lodging in the Close with some difficulty. The landlady told him that Gerard was at his work at Lady Ascham's, and mustn't be disturbed. She evidently thought him one of the many suspicious characters that inquired for her lodger from time to time.

"I am an old friend, ma'am," said Jack. "Why, this can't be London? It is almost as quiet as the prairies. But the air isn't quite as clear and fresh. Would you oblige me with Mr. Clarville's address?"

Jack's honest face and exuberant manner conquered Mrs. Poggles, and she gave the address, warning him, at the same time, not to intrude on Mr. Clarville.

"Her ladyship's a deal more particular than even Mr. Aspenel was, and that fussy, I should say, that she don't like no interruption. Poor Mr. Clarville a' had enough to put up with in his situations: but he's a saint, he is, and I says he ought to be—what d'ye call it, as they do to saints when they die?"

"Canonised?" suggested Jack. "Only he isn't dead yet."

"That's the word. Canonised. The Lord preserve him, I says; and a many more'll say the same. But when I'm canonised, I'll ask the pope o' Rome to do it afore I die."

"So will I. Which is the best way to Grosvenor Gardens?" said Jack.

Mrs. Poggles gave him minute directions, which he followed with some difficulty, reflecting, *en route*, that if the Close was prairie-like, London outside it was certainly not.

When he reached his destination, having no card, he scrawled 'Jack Harton' on a piece of paper, and sent it to Gerard by the elegant gentleman who opened the door to him. The words are not used inadvertently, for Lady Ascham's footman had once had some pretentions to gentility, and had been condescending enough to accept her situation with the proviso that he should not appear in livery. Your impecunious individuals are often difficult to deal with even by the most philanthropic; and Lady Ascham sometimes found her establishment hard to manage. It was composed of somewhat heterogeneous individuals culled from Homes, Orphanages, and various "Retreats."

Jack was at once ushered into one of the ground-floor sitting-rooms, converted into an office for Gerard's work. He was there, surrounded by books and papers, and received Jack with the utmost cordiality. They were fond of one another, though there were several years between them; indeed, Gerard had been of use to Jack in many ways, and was looked up to accordingly by the younger man. Influence is one of the mainsprings of life, example another.

Jack soon told his story, and Gerard was instantly heart and soul in it. He was himself fond of Fan, but even his philanthropy would not have carried him to Canada in search of her.

"We must first hunt down Mrs. Lee. You remember the old Tigress, Jack?" said Gerard, who had been long striving to discover her whereabouts.

"I should think I did, and she me, for we were sworn foes. I used to torment the life out of her, and her language was not always the choicest."

"She is, I believe, really a changed character, and has learnt to 'bridle her tongue.' If any one knows about Fan she does, though when I once stumbled upon her by chance she declared she did not."

"Where is she to be found? Let us go at once."

Jack started to his feet. The door opened, and he was confronted by Lady Ascham, a bundle of letters in her hand.

"Gerard, what am I to do?" she began, with a sort of wail, but perceiving a stranger she bowed and stood aside.

"Lady Ascham, Mr. Jack Harton," said Gerard. "A son of the Mr. Harton, of whom you have heard me speak as the friend of the young girl who disappeared from Roselands last Christmas," introduced Gerard.

"Yes, I remember. Have you found her?" asked Lady Ascham, holding out her hand to Jack.

"I wish we had, with all my heart. I am come over from Canada to search for her," replied Jack.

"Something to do with the gipsies, I think. Am I right, Gerard? Oh! then we are much interested in Mr. Smith's efforts to bring them under religious and educational influences. He has already done wonders, and will probably succeed in obtaining an Act of Parliament for their benefit and that of other outsiders."

"Oh! Fan don't want an Act of Parliament, and is sufficiently well educated," put in Jack, half offended. "She is like my sister, you know; and my father looks on her as a daughter."

"I understand, and I was not alluding to her as an individual, but to the gipsies as a class. If I can help to find her, I shall be only too glad. I know Mr. Smith personally, and am on the committee. You must see into it at once, Gerard."

Gerard smiled. He had such a multitude of things to see into, that if he had a hundred eyes he could not have examined them all. He liked his new work, but could never get it done; for no sooner had he finished with one of Lady Ascham's "imperative cases," than fifty others cropped up. However, he felt inspired to new energy for Jack and Fan, and Lady Ascham was soon so deeply interested in them that hopeful Jack delighted her by his enthusiastic thanks. In short, the whole gipsy world was to be moved until some revulsion brought back the truant.

Jack stayed to luncheon, during which meal Gerard told Lady Ascham that he had just received a note from Mr. Aspenel, requesting him to call at his office.

"He wants you back again!" cried her ladyship, in affright. "You won't leave me. I couldn't possibly do without you."

"You are too good to me, and I am too well off to wish to change. But what am I to do as regards this summons? Mr. Aspenel asks me to call this afternoon."

"You must go, of course. What can he want with you? But you must come back here to dinner, and to talk over that important committee meeting before I venture to attend it."

Gerard acceded to this request. He had become almost as necessary to Lady Ascham as to his mother. Was he also a necessity to Mr. Aspenel? This question was soon answered, for immediately after luncheon he went to call upon him. He took Jack with him, telling him to wait for further orders downstairs. He wanted to send a parcel and message to his mother. He found Mr. Aspenel looking jaded and ill, to say nothing of stern and acrimonious.

"Thank you for coming," he said, pointing to a seat. "You left of your own free will. Have you seen anything of that fellow Loveridge? I have been receiving a sort of—— well, anonymous letters, since that last transaction which you managed for me, and I don't think he has left the country as he promised."

"I believe, sir, he only promised on condition that you came to terms with him, whatever those terms were," said Gerard.

"Well, if you could manage to see him and tell him that I agree to those terms, I should be much obliged to you. I have no one I can trust; absolutely no one I can trust. You made a mistake in leaving me."

"I could not go abroad, and you filled up my place here."

"You can resume it if you like."

This was said with a furtive glance at Gerard, whose resolution was shaken for the moment. But he could not play at fast and loose, if Aspenel could.

"I fear that would be impossible now, sir," he said. "I am pledged to Lady Ascham for the present."

"A foolish old woman. You do not mean to risk your chances of fortune for her philanthropic extravagances."

"Fortune is too fickle a jade for me to run after," replied Gerard, "but I shall be happy to run after Loveridge for you, if he is in his old quarters. There is something in him that interests me. He looks like one of the unlucky ones who has been more sinned against than sinning."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Aspenel, sharply.

"Nothing more than what I say. I will try to find him and tell him what you wish," returned Gerard, quietly.

"Then would you mind transmitting him the quarterly payments? He could write to you and let you know his whereabouts, and I should wash my hands of him."

"I could scarcely promise so much as this, because I know so little of the man; but I will try to see him, and find out exactly what he wants."

"He wants money, money, money. He wants to bleed me who am getting every day more and more bloodless. And because of this, everybody conspires to ruin me. Have you heard of Mrs. Aspenel's journey to the North?"

This change of subject surprised Gerard, but as, fortunately, he had heard nothing about it, no more was said. Mr. Aspenel seemed well pleased with his ignorance.

"If you can negotiate this matter with Loveridge, and finally see him out of the country, and be assured that he will not return, I should be happy to give you something for your trouble," he said.

"I could not receive payment for helping a fellow creature," returned Gerard, stiffly; but he felt amused in spite of annoyance, at perceiving that Aspenel was relieved by his refusal.

Volunteering to go at once, he took his leave, picked up Jack, and went his way towards Wharf Court.

Jack's amazement at the meanness, squalor, and degradation that they met as they walked through the alleys which Gerard knew how to tread, was great. Still greater was his astonishment when he saw how warmly Gerard was welcomed by many a slatternly woman and half-naked child, as they neared their destination. He was now well-known in this locality, and had the happiness of feeling that drunkenness and immorality were abating since he had visited it. He found Lady Ascham's purse a great aid to his efforts, and was persuaded that Christian love could effect all things, if only the Christian worker could forget self.

Wharf Court looked worse by daylight than lamplight, because its accessories were more conspicuous. Rags and tatters, dirt and misery, were the prevailing features; though here and there a flowerpot in a window and a patch of whitewash gave promise of better things.

On inquiry, Gerard found that Loveridge had left the locality altogether, and that the owner of the abode where he had lodged, and who alone knew anything of him, was absent. He asked a neighbour to tell the latter that he would return about ten, and while so engaged a little crowd gathered, and Jack fancied they were about to be mobbed and robbed, as he afterwards expressed it. But all the little crowd wanted was a kind word and shake of the hand from Gerard, and one or two comforting texts to sustain their famished souls until he came again.

"We've read all your books and passed them round, please, sir; and we've been to the mission room," they said, and Gerard "thanked God and took courage."

He also slipped small coins into a few hands where he knew they were most needed, while Jack emptied his pocket, congratulating himself with the fact that he had a return ticket.

"Suppose Fan should be reduced to this sort of thing," he said, as he accompanied Gerard to the Close. "My belief is that she has found somebody belonging to her. But why shouldn't she have said so?"

The more he pondered, the more puzzled he became, and the more faith he put in Gerard. If only they could work together in town and country, he felt sure he should find her.

"Can your landlady give me a room here when I want one?" he asked, while Gerard was doing up his parcel. "I could then look all over London. She's pretty sure to be here. I'll inquire."

Before Gerard could remonstrate, Jack was off, had found Mrs. Poggles, and had secured a small room at the top of her house.

"It is quiet enough, anyhow," he reflected; "and I shall be on the spot."

Gerard found it impossible to convince him that he might live all his life in London and never stumble on the person he wanted to meet, so he let him have his way, thankful that so cheerful a friend had been thrust upon him instead of one whom he might have liked less.

(To be continued.)

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

PART IV.

"EITH God hath wrought this choice in thee,
So frame thyself to comfort me."

"Is this a prologue? or the posy of a ring?" So asked Hamlet, though not in reference to the distitch above quoted, and it is probable that many who read them do not recognise them as the motto inscribed on an ancient ring, nor have an idea what the great dramatist meant by the words he used. Nay, even amongst those familiar with the term "posy," as applied to the inscription on a ring, there are those, doubtless, who are unacquainted with its origin.

The word is a contraction of "poesy," otherwise, "poetry"; for a custom obtained in the olden days to make complimentary presentations of a verse or more, tied to a small bunch of flowers. Thus the latter, in course of time, acquired an equal right (usurped in the first instance) to bear the name of the verses with which they were presented; while the rings on which such a motto was engraved bore, and with better right, the name of "posie rings." We find an allusion to these love-tokens in *The Merchant of Venice*; the "second Daniel" being supposed to have received such from many aspirants to her favour.

Posie rings were usually plain hoops, the inscription being engraved either inside or out. They date from early in the fifteenth century, and were used more especially as betrothal rings. One dated fourteen hundred and odd, was dug up at Godstow Priory, Oxon, representing the Holy Trinity, and other devices; and the inscription in delicate black letter. Another was found at Glastonbury Abbey, of the next century.

We find allusions to such love-tokens in many old works; two more in Shakespeare, *i.e.*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, act v., scene 1; and in *As You Like It*, act iii., scene 2; also in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*.

"Have you a wedding ring?" "Ay, and a posie." Good old Herrick, likewise, in his "Church Miserie," and his "Hesperides" speaks much of them. These mottoes were, for the most part, pretty, poetical, and often very devout. A few of them may be given as specimens.

"Pray to love, and love to pray."
"Where hearts agree, there God will be."
"In love abide, till death divide."
"A faithful wife preserveth life."
"In God and thee my joy shall be."
"My life is done, when thou art gone."
"We join our love, in God above."
"Not two, but one, till life be gone."
"I love myself in loving thee."
"My heart and I, until I die."
"Who fears the Lord are blest, we see;
Such thou and I, God grant, may be."
"United hartes, death only partes."
"*Dieu nous unisse, Pour son service.*"

The spirit of religious faith breathes forth most gratefully to our ears in these quaint old mottoes, the more so as we live in such free-thinking times, yet enjoying far greater spiritual advantages than our forefathers.

The posie ring given by Henry VIII. to Annie of Cleves bore the words, "God tend me well to keep," which, though somewhat obscure, was one of good augury, since that lady escaped with her head from the hands of the tyrant.

But amongst the loving and devout inscriptions which we find on these poor memorials of the worthy dead, and gone (at least from our view), we sometimes find one more quaint than pretty, that jars on our better feelings. A noteworthy case of the latter description is still on record, and that—to his shame be it said—of one Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, A.D. 1753, on marrying his fourth wife. Few "John Thomases" in a far humbler sphere of life would have the daring effrontery, not to say the unkindness, to present such a motto, as a *gage d'amour*, to his Mary Ann. The offensive inscription ran thus:—

"If I survive, I'll make them five."

But, shocking to relate, we find a match for this unseemly joke, perpetrated on one of the most solemn occasions in life, and that we find in Burke's "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy." Lady Cathcart, on marrying her fourth husband, Hugh Macquire, followed suit, and had nearly the same words inscribed on her wedding ring, *i.e.*—

"If I survive, I will have five."

Whether this woman had the reputation of being a frivolous wag, like the bishop, I do not know; but of such are the "jestings which are not convenient;" and to put the indignant feelings and offended propriety of my readers a little more in tune, I conclude my list with two other old mottoes—

"Remember Him who died for thee,
And after that, remember me."

The second is couched in almost the same words; and the ring on which they were inscribed was taken over to America by an early settler, the owner having, we believe, received it from his grandmother. A piece of jet, cut in angular facets, is set in it; and inside the hoop are the following words—

"First love Christ, that died for thee;
Next to Him, love none but me."
"T. A. G."

The subject of betrothal rings is a wide one, and must be touched upon lightly. Mr. Wood, in his "Wedding Days in all Countries," observes, "In Ireland a large ring was used for the ratification of all engagements, of bone, jet, gold, or silver. Sometimes it was as large as to allow the palm of the hand to be passed through it. So, in the solemnisation of a betrothing contract, the bridegroom passed four fingers and his palm through one of these rings, and in this manner he received the hand of his bride. Sometimes these rings for confirming mutual contracts were placed upon the altar, and there used." We may trace this custom in the old form of marriage in the Orkneys, where the contracting parties join their hands through a perforation in a stone pillar, or ring fixed in it. We here illustrate three old betrothal rings of a somewhat different character. The first two are preserved in the South Kensington Museum. That marked "A," is a silver betrothal ring, in the form of two clasping hands. It is German, date 1540. "B" is of gold, engraved on the bezel with the initials "M.H.," interlaced with the lover's knot. On the inside are the Royal Arms of Scotland, and the name, "Henry L. Darnley, 1565." Probably a love token, passed between Mary Queen of Scots and her husband. "C" is a silver ring, which forms a setting for a "toad stone"; so called from a popular belief that such might be found in the heads of very old toads; and that it could indicate the presence of poison by changing its colour, or "sweating"; and if applied to the poisoned part, would effect a cure. The example engraved is English, of the fifteenth century, and the stone bears on its surface the figure of a toad; but whether of natural formation, or artificially produced, has not been ascertained. It is in the Londesborough collection.

GERMAN BETROTHAL RING.

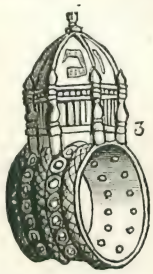
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' BETROTHAL RING.

TOAD STONE.

Three more very interesting rings are next illustrated; that of the Patriarch Joseph, of which I have before spoken, under the heading of Signets, Martin Luther's betrothal ring, and a specimen of a Jewish wedding ring.

JOSEPH'S RING.

LUTHER'S BETROTHAL RING.



JEWISH WEDDING RING.

The latter is of gold, and chased; and inscribed round the tower, or sacred edifice, are the words "Joy be with you," in Hebrew characters; pronounced Mussultaub. This curious ring dates back to early in the sixteenth century. We give an example of one in the Londesborough collection. The "tower" is a sexagonal building with the Eastern domed roof, and little turret-shaped buttresses at each angle. It is in blue enamel and gold. In some cases (if not in all) the "tower" is meant to represent the "Ark of the Covenant." Some showing a building with a high-pitched roof, have two openings in it, in allusion to the dove in Noah's Ark. Of course the ring is, both in size and shape, unsuitable for wear; and used to be kept in the synagogue for the ceremony only, and was

placed successively on the index finger of bride and bridegroom during the service. They now wear an ordinary ring; which, having been placed on the first finger, is then removed for permanent wear on the third, or "ring-finger."

Luther's marriage ring was a double one, two complete rings being so linked together as to be permanently united when taken apart, emblematic of the marriage vow. It bore the motto, "Was Got zussamen füget, Soll kein Mensch scheiden." A diamond is set in one hoop, emblem of fidelity and durability; and on the inside, concealed when the two are united, are his initials, and after them a "D," denoting his academical title Doctor. On the corresponding surface of the other ring are his wife's initials, C.V.B. (Catherine Von Bora). These initials lie against his when the rings are closed together. A ruby is set in her half-ring, emblematic of exalted love. The design of the entire ring is attributed to the Reformer's great friend, Lucas Cranach, a famous artistic jeweller and goldsmith.

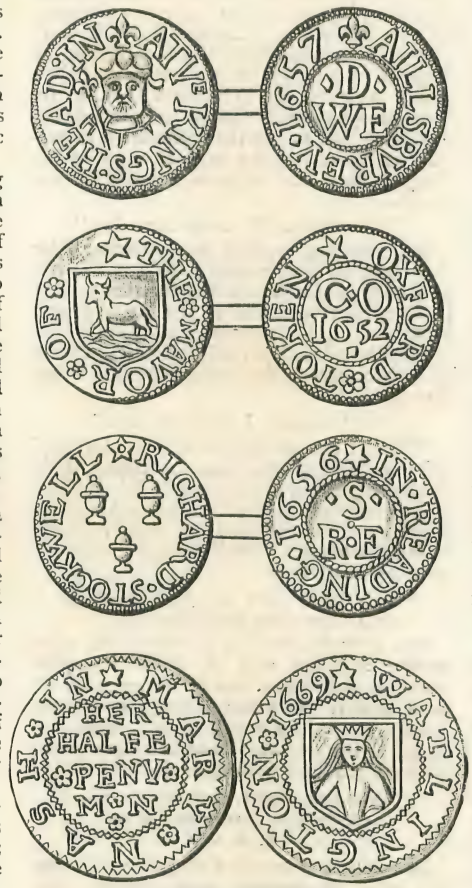
We are told by Mr. Wood, in his "Wedding Rings in all Countries and Days," that in Ireland large rings of gold and silver, bone and jet, were employed for the ratification of all engagements, and which were sometimes so large as to allow the palm of the hand to pass through them. In the solemnisation of a marriage contract, the bridegroom passed four fingers and his palm through one of these Brobdingnagian rings, to receive the hand of his bride. Sometimes the rings were laid on the altar, and there used. This custom may be traced to the old form of marriage in the Orkneys, where the contracting parties join their hands through a perforation, or ring, in a stone pillar.

The "Claddagh ring," still in use among a peculiar race of fishermen in Galway, consisting of two hands holding a heart surmounted by a crown, resembles those employed for the same purpose by the peasants of Brittany; and like the Claddagh community, they pass them on as heirlooms, from a mother to the daughter first married. Whether the distinctive characteristics of these Galway fisherfolks, who hold themselves apart from their Irish neighbours, may point to a long ago colonisation of that locality by shipwrecked mariners from the Coast of Brittany, may form a subject for interesting research.

It would be impossible in this brief article to enter into the history of all the other kinds of rings, such as mortuary and memorial; curative, and especially "cramp rings"; the poison-charged; reliquary, charm and cabalistic rings; and those devoted to "the black art," of very evil repute. There are likewise a large number of historical rings; with the distinctive stories of each, my readers are very generally acquainted. Besides these which are connected with that of our own country, the subject embraces those of all civilised nations in far remote ages, of which specimens exist to this day. Thus I am constrained to relinquish a pleasure to myself in writing of them all under their several classifications, and must only refer those who wish to know more to the interesting works on finger-ring lore, in which the whole subject is exhaustively treated.

The days of Chivalry were not over at the period when Tokens came first into use, and thus they may not be regarded as out of place in this series of articles.

The initial letter of this Fourth Part of the collection gives illustrations of a few good examples. But before I describe them, I forestall the question, "What are Tokens, and what was their origin?"



TRADESMEN'S TOKENS.

They were a description of coinage not authorised by the State, which first came into use in the reign of Henry VIII. Tradesmen and poor people found it difficult to transact small business matters, and make purchases without tenders of trifling value. Thus, before a regular copper coinage was introduced, a large number of tradesmen's tokens in copper, brass, tin, lead, and even in leather, were circulated in lieu of money, bearing the name of the proprietor, who was pledged to return their value in lawful money. These tokens represented half-pence and farthings, and late in the last century one penny, two penny, and three penny pieces were thus represented. These all were of copper or brass; but very early in the present century, bankers issued silver tokens, from sixpence to six shillings; but the use of these bank tokens ceased in 1817, being abolished by law, and no longer needful for the purposes of small trade transactions.

As I said, four examples are here given, *i.e.*—No. 1: obverse, a crowned head, with sceptre, and inscription, "At Ye King's Head In." On the reverse, the initials D.W.E. in the centre, and the inscription round them, "Aillsburey, 1657." No. 2: an ox, as a charge upon a shield surmounted by a star, and the inscription round it, "The Mayor of." In the centre of the reverse the initials "C.O.," and beneath them 1652;" and the inscription round them "Oxford Token." No. 3: obverse, three covered chalices, inscription "Richard Stockwell." In the centre of the reverse the initials "S.R.E.", and surrounding inscription, "In Reading, 1656." No. 4: obverse, as a charge on a shield, a woman (full face) crowned, with long flowing hair; inscription round the shield, "Watlington, 1669." On the reverse, "Mary Nash In," and in the centre, "Her Half Penny, M.N." The size of all these has been reduced in the engravings to one-half the original dimensions.

In addition to these proprietary tenders, I may name the introduction and use of the Spanish dollar, rendered current in this country by the stamping of a small profile of George III. on the Spanish king's neck; and passed for five-and-sixpence in 1811. These were called in on a revision of the coinage. To such of my readers who desire to know more respecting tradesmen's tokens, I may recommend a book published in 1858, by William Boyne. Old Stowe informs us that coin was made sterling in 1216, the first coinage being struck at Colchester, then Camalodunum; before which time, he says, rents were chiefly paid in kind, and money found only in the coffers of the barons.

Before closing the consideration of tokens, it may be well just to observe that while apparently intended to benefit the poor in making their small purchases, it was hard to them in one respect; since the spurious currency only obtained value in exchange at the tavern or warehouse whence each, respectively, was issued; and the introduction of a small legal currency of universal acceptation was a more real and very great boon to all. The farthing tokens in lead were struck prior to 1613. Gold and silver tokens have been in circulation, but their coinage and use was prohibited by law to all but the English and Irish bankers, in July, 1812.

(*To be continued.*)

MELICENT;

OR,

PARADISE GARDENS.

By SUSAN LARA HANDS, Author of "The Wrong Made Right," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE hours dragged on: eleven, twelve, one, struck solemnly in the still night air, and yet Madge Wylde's candle was alight, and her door on the latch. She was weary with watching, heart-sick with her fruitless tramping to and from the gate to look for Bill; but night turned to dawn, and dawn to day, and still he did not come. Then the days sped into weeks, and his mother's customers waited, in vain, for his cheery cry of "Firewood!"

Madge was as a woman beside herself, as a wolf deprived of her cub. Her neighbours dared not speak to her, and she passed the dreary time that followed in a state of semi-stupefaction. The shock of her boy's disappearance seemed to stun her. She had no friend to whom she could go in this trouble; no one to counsel her as to what she should do; no, she could only sit and brood over her misery the whole day through. Nothing seemed to rouse her, and no one, except a few daring children, cared to venture into her presence.

It was the fourth day of Bill's absence; Madge was sitting in her small dwelling, when

the door was softly pushed open and a boy's face appeared; but though the woman started and every limb quivered, she asked fiercely, "What do yer want 'ere?"

"I on'y wanted to look in on yer, an' see if Bill's come 'ome," answered the owner of the pair of dark eyes, which wandered restlessly from Madge, and glanced round the room.

"Look 'ere, Tom Sparks, 'ave yer anything to tell me 'bout my boy?"

"Not a word, misses. I knows nothin'; I saw 'im on Sunday, an' that was all." He stopped and hesitated, as though sorry he had made that admission, and tried to release himself from Madge's rough grasp. But it was of no good, she held him fast, and nearly shook the breath out of his body in her impatience to hear more. But all her questioning only elicited the fact that Bill was in the High Street of Craydensfort on Sunday afternoon; and whether Tom Sparks knew more than he chose to tell, that she was unable to decide.

But, for certain reasons of his own, the boy, who was not unlike Bill in appearance, haunted Madge Wylde's home, peering in on her with an odd sort of fascination. He was a strange, wild-looking lad, and belonged to a queer set of persons.

So the time passed, and no tidings came of Bill; and some of the neighbours, in their rough but kind way, tried to comfort his mother; but she refused all their attempts. She would not work, she could scarcely eat; and thus matters went on till the eve of the new year.

It was a bright, clear, starlight night, bitterly cold; the air crisp with frost; but Madge heeded it not. As soon as the Gardens were quiet she slipped a shawl over her head, and, as she had done for many a night, made her way down the passage to the opening leading into the High Street. There she stood, looking with hungry eyes to the right and to the left, in the vain hope of catching sight of her boy. She felt sure if he ever came back that he would return to his home under cover of the darkness; but hour passed after hour, persons in twos and threes went by on their way to the midnight services, and at length the bells clashed out a welcome to the new-born year.

Madge shivered, and drew her shawl closer, while her teeth chattered and her limbs felt numbed and heavy. A weary drowsiness seemed stealing over her, and with a queer dizzy sensation in her head she turned towards the Gardens again.

Sick with cold and disappointment, she tottered feebly to bed; the next day she was attacked with serious illness.

CHAPTER VIII.

MINISTERING.

As soon as Melicent heard these details from Mr. Langton she started at once for Paradise Gardens. A strange, new feeling animated her, as she realised the sacredness of her mission.

True, there was a shrinking of the spirit as she entered the close confines of the passage, and a sadness overclouded her as she saw the sickening squalor around. But through the gloom she welcomed the bright ray of hope that some day—sooner or later—her labours might bear blessed fruit.

Her first visit was to Madge Wylde. With some inward trepidation she entered the narrow gateway, walked up the path, and knocked at the door; it was opened by a thin, hungry-looking girl, who stared with a perplexed, dazed look into her face. Then in answer to Melicent's query whether she could see Mrs. Wylde, she led the way up the rickety stairs.

It was the visitor's first contact with real poverty, and it was almost with a sense of disgust that she viewed her surroundings.

The air was fetid; the room so untidy that Melicent could scarcely make her way to the low truckle bed on which Madge lay; and Madge herself, with unkempt hair and neglected mien, made up the unattractive picture. But the visitor had come to help and not to criticise.

"I am so sorry you are ill," she said, as she took the rough hand kindly in her own, and looked with pitying eyes into the ones raised wonderingly to hers.

For answer Madge moaned and moved restlessly on the bed. Her head was slipping off the pillow, and the bedclothes were huddled in a heap upon her. Without a word Melicent began to arrange them more comfortably; drew the cushion on one side, shook it up, and placed it gently under the sick woman's head.

"That is better, is it not?" she asked with a bright smile, and as a more easy, restful look came over Madge's face, Melicent turned her attention to the little girl. Yes, she had seen her before, and in a moment she remembered where. The night that she and Mrs. Ferguson had been summoned to Paradise Gardens came vividly to her mind; this was the dead woman's daughter; and this—she turned to the bed again—was the one who had brought them thither, the expression of whose face had haunted her. But how altered! how wasted with grief and illness!

The genuine sympathy of the visitor's features touched some chord, awakened some recollection. Madge looked at her wistfully, stretched forth her hand, and endeavoured to speak. But instead of words a sob escaped her, as the tears, that had long refused to flow, rolled down her cheeks.

"Yer're the same as came that night with 'er as told us about Jesus."

"Yes, and I will tell you about Him too;" and rightly interpreting the eager expression of the gaunt-looking eyes, Melicent told in faltering accents the blessed tidings of a Saviour's love.

Mr. Langton's visits had paved the way for her; and her words were received with more intelligence than they otherwise would have been. When she ceased speaking Madge's lips moved, and Melicent caught the sounds, "'e knows."

"Yes, He knows," she answered, bending soothingly towards her, "and He will help you through this trouble."

"An' give me Bill back?"

"Perhaps, if we ask Him to do so;" and then Melicent briefly told the narrative of the widow's son at Nain; promising the next time she came to read aloud the account of it from the Book of books itself.

This gave poor Madge something to think of besides that never-ending question of what had become of her boy. It also roused the interest of Sarah Laws, who that night ran into blind Mrs. Willet's room to hear if she had ever heard the story.

But before she lost her eyesight the old woman used to read her Bible, and she told Sarah, with a smile that would have made Melicent's heart glad, that the lady had read a chapter to her that very day, and had promised to come again soon and read another.

"She's often coming to Mrs. Wylde's," replied Sarah, "an' I'll 'ave to keep the place a bit tidy now, for she said she dare say by the next time she came I should 'ave it nice an' comfortable."

When Melicent paid her second visit to Paradise Gardens the girl had certainly done her best, and the visitor's look of approval strengthened her in her resolve to always keep it neat.

In addition to this, Miss Carey bought her a new broom, gave her some dusters, and told her how beautifully the morning sun would come in at the windows if the glass was clean and bright. The little maid entered into the spirit of the thing with right good will; aired the room under the lady's directions, and made so great an improvement in Madge Wylde's surroundings that she scarcely knew herself or them.

And then there was the nice nourishing food that the kind lady was able to send; and Mrs. Carey was delighted to find a suitable channel for much of the good soup and light puddings that were left from their own abundantly supplied dinner table.

But above all there was the refining influence of personal contact with a Christian woman; intercourse with one whom they regarded as so much higher and wiser than themselves, began, though imperceptibly, to have weight with the inhabitants of Paradise Gardens. But all this time there came no news of Bill, notwithstanding all inquiries.

CHAPTER IX.

TEMPTATION.

SLOWLY Madge Wylde began to get better; little by little Melicent's ministry brought her back from the depth of despair to the light of hope and trust; as yet it shone faintly, but the power that was working in her, piercing her spiritual darkness, was able to do all things, both for her mind and body.

"Yer've taught me, yer've 'elp'd me," she murmured, with a grateful look, "an' if I never sees Bill agin I can pray for 'im." But Melicent saw the lips tremble, and the pain the words cost her faithful heart and her own felt sorrowful, as she noted what havoc grief had made in the once hale woman. But each day nourishing food and such careful nursing as young Sarah Laws could bestow on her, restored her to health; and at last she was able once more to think of her daily rounds.

One fine morning the wood cart was filled, and, accompanied by Sarah, Madge set out; but only One knew the heaviness of her spirit as she trudged over the same ground day after day without her boy.

Though her young companion did her best to aid and divert her, there was a fearful conflict of feeling within, and each cry, "Firewood, any wood to-day?" went as a knell to the mother's heart. She asked herself if she would ever see her lad again, or ever hear his voice.

Alas! the faith and hope which had been hers as she lay on her sick bed, under the influence of the clergyman's ministry and Melicent's counsel, seemed to have left her now that she was taking up her daily work.

As regarded her spiritual life, it was indeed a step up and a stride down. At one time she was so depressed that nothing gave her comfort, and at another she tried to bear with patience the cross that was laid upon her.

But to-day life seemed dark and drear.

The wood cart was nearly empty. There were only a few more houses at which the cry, "Any wood, oh!" brought custom, and then Madge and Sarah walked on in silence.

Once or twice the girl glanced apprehensively at her companion's gloomy face, and her worst fears were realised when just as they were within view of a public-house Madge announced that she was going to see what "the drink" would do for her. An irresistible impulse urged her forward, and, notwithstanding Sarah's entreaties, she pushed the girl from her, and with a wild light in her eyes strode to the door.

In another moment she pushed it open and staggered to the bar; a raging thirst was on her—a crave that must be satisfied; it might bring relief to her aching heart, and with reckless gesture she was about to give her order, when she paused, and reeled as though a blow had been dealt her; a deathly pallor overspread her features as her eyes rested on something that turned her thoughts into another channel.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A READER.—The history of "slang," so far as English is concerned, dates to some sixty odd years ago, Pierce Egan, author of "Life in London," being credited with its introduction. The rapid and extensive spread of this debased and ungrammatical lingo may also be traced to the publication and general reading of police reports. But slang was also known to the classic ages of the Greeks and Romans, as may be verified by reference to many of their best authors; and besides this, it is affected by certain classes in every European country.

STONECROP.—The figure or sign which for brevity is used to signify the conjunction "and," is meant to represent the Latin word *et*, preserved (though changed in pronunciation) by the French. In the correct style of forming the sign it is a compound of those two letters—distinctly discernible—but, as generally written, the origin of the form is not recognisable

G. L. NAPIER, Chemist.—We thank you for your kind letter and information *à propos* of the "Horgundy," *i.e.*, that in Devonshire the provincialism "Horguns" is used for the herb *Mentha pulegium*, or "pennyroyal," which has a purplish flower. Thus they call a decoction from it "Horguns Tea."

ALICE E. FIRTH.—In reply to your question in reference to the recipe given for removing grease spots from carpets (page 95, December, 1887), under the heading "Useful Hints," there was a misprint, as you suggest; the word "spot" was substituted for "soda." We are glad that you so much approve of our recipes.

J. W.—If you refer to Dr. Edward Smith's work on "Foods" you will find the following opinions respecting teas. Of black teas, Congou forms the best foundation for a mixture, and it is economical. A higher class of tea may be composed of three parts of Congou and one of Assam or Oolong; and a still better compound may be procured by one part of Kaisow, three of fine Souchong, and one of either Oolong orange-flavoured Pekoe, or of fine Assam. You may otherwise make a mixture of equal parts of Souchong, Kaisow, or flowery Pekoe. Dr. E. Smith then gives the mixture which he employs himself as being excellent, as well as moderate in price, *i.e.*, to one pound of Moning Congou, one quarter pound of Assam, one quarter pound of orange Pekoe; these severally supplying the body, the flavour, and the aroma.

MAY-BLOOM.—The coloured bottles set in the windows of chemists' shops are equivalent to a signboard. The idea is derived from the customs of the ancient Moorish apothecaries of old Spain and of Arabia, who used to manufacture the chemicals which they employed; and their bottle-shaped receivers and retorts used to be conspicuous in their shops and laboratories, and indicated their occupation to those who saw them. The large bottles in our chemists' windows contain coloured water.

DOROTHY.—We are unable to answer such piles of letters as soon as they arrive, much as we regret long delays. Some of the questions are troublesome to answer, and have to be laid aside for consideration. Send any subscriptions by Postal Orders, to the Editor, office of the G.O.P., 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., just as you sent this letter. We are glad you are pleased with our scheme.

EDITH.—Picciola is an Italian word, and should be pronounced as if written (in English) "Pit-che-o-la." You do not yet write a running hand, but it is a good foundation for one.

ANCHOR.—See vol. i., pages 259, 400, and 416, for the series of articles by Medicus on "The Hair."

MADGE B.—That you do not feel the love of your Saviour such as it ought to be, though very grievous, is the complaint of most of those who are His true disciples. There are but two or three ways of increasing it: first, daily prayer (there is no need for sitting up all night to pray about it) and united prayer for that special object; secondly, a careful search for all those passages of the Bible that speak of the great love of Christ to us, which search may be made by means of a concordance—looking for the words love, mercy, and such like; lastly, every night when you retire count up all the subjects for thankfulness you have enjoyed during the day—kind letters, reassuring news of the sick, your own health, deliverances from dangers, success in business, interviews with those you love, answers to prayer, etc.; then offer up your thanks for so many undeserved blessings, and your love may warm under the influence of gratitude.

ROSEMARY.—Apply to our publisher, Mr. Tarn; not to the Editor.

MARY EVANS.—Consult our indexes, for you have more leisure than we have. What do you think they were made for?

CRYSTALLISED FRUIT has attempted what is beyond her powers; words are wrongly applied, and spelling very bad. The writing, also, is careless and unformed.

KENELM.—What a question! A godmother could not come before a child's own mother in any way. But in case of the mother's death she should take a special interest in the child, and cultivate every opportunity offered for giving it little interesting books that give sound Christian teaching and place godly examples before it.

ALICE.—A chill on a disordered stomach will produce nettlerash. So will acidity in the system, produced or intensified by diet, or occasional indulgence in sweet things, individually unsuitable. In other but rarer cases an upset of the nervous system (curable by change of climate) or a residence in tropical heat will produce it.

PUCK.—The spiders in the garden make their long gossamer ladders by attaching the line to the shrub on which they stand, and waiting until a gust of wind be sufficiently strong to swing them across to the bush on which they desire to attach the other end, the line spinning out as they go. See our answers under Educational in previous numbers.

ADA EDITH.—We thank you for your subscription of 1s. 3d. to the "Girls' Own Home." (We did not know that "a woman of sixty" was a "very old woman!" You could not say more of one of ninety or a hundred!) We appreciate your gift, coming from one earning "very poor wages," but we must tell you that it is against the postal regulations to send money except in a registered envelope; and so we had to pay eightpence extra upon it.

OXON.—You send some verses that are correct as to composition, and written in a good hand, yet being as you say "original," have, alas! very little originality about them. Besides, the repetition of "my darling" twice in every verse, so as to avoid finding a terminal rhyme, and the word "nigh" to rhyme with "high" in two verses out of the whole set of three only, shows a considerable dearth of imagination and originality of thought and expression that are essential in a poet.

DRAUGHTS.—In the picture you name, called "the Madonna of the Crescent" by Murillo, it is clear that the painter's idea was derived from the passage in Solomon's Song, vi. 10, "She looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon." The Church of Christ is symbolically compared to the moon, which borrows her light from the sun. The game of draughts, called in Scotland "Dambrod," and in France "Les Dames," was unknown to the ancients; but we find it, nevertheless, mentioned as early as 1551.

TELEGRAPHIST.—Certainly you should not accept nor give invitations to young men to accompany you in your walks, unless other people be of the party, as to a picnic or some place of recreation or exhibition. The recipe you give for an ointment for chapped hands we have before given, only substituting sweet oil for butter, melted with a pennyworth of white beeswax. You should wear gloves with the points of the fingers cut off, and that will probably prevent the chapping in the first instance.

ROXY and WILD ROSE (New South Wales).—Only one volume of our magazine is published annually. We are glad both sisters like our paper so much. Their writing promises well, but neither are good running hands yet. That of "Wild Rose" is more formal than "Roxy's." The story, "Cora," is published by us in "The Girls' Own Bookshelf," price 2s. 6d.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 435. APRIL 28, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

BY JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

SIENA AND ORVIETO.

THERE is, perhaps, more dissimilarity in the old capital towns of Italy than in those of any other country, and this constitutes one of the great charms of Italian travel. Our readers who have visited the old cathedral cities of England may have been struck with their sameness. Beautiful and reposeful they undoubtedly are, and the cathedrals themselves are as perfect as any in Europe, but these cities have so much in common, and are so alike in character, that we could not visit say half a dozen of them without feeling a desire for a thorough change.

The site, the art, the buildings of Siena are quite unlike those of Florence; the people are and have been in many ways dissimilar, and the landscape is altogether different. In order to realise Siena, our readers must imagine a city girt round with its own walls, surrounding a lofty hill, which commands a curious barren country of a rich and reddish brown tint. On the slopes leading to the city are olive trees and cypresses, and within the walls is a mass of grey and red-brick mediæval buildings, from which the tower of the Palazzo Pubblico, and the cupola and striped campanile of the cathedral rise high above the rest—significant of the twin authority of Church and State.

The geography of Siena is most difficult to master—the streets run up and down hill in a confusing and zigzag fashion. They are also very narrow, which is awkward, for the Sienese nobility are wont to drive at a goodly pace, much to the discomfort of foot passengers, who are occasionally compelled to stand on the doorsteps in order to avoid the wheels of passing vehicles.

Siena is a little world in itself; girt round with its ancient walls and fortifications, it is cut off from the rest of the world. It is a little mediæval paradise, everything is Gothic, and there are no Renaissance

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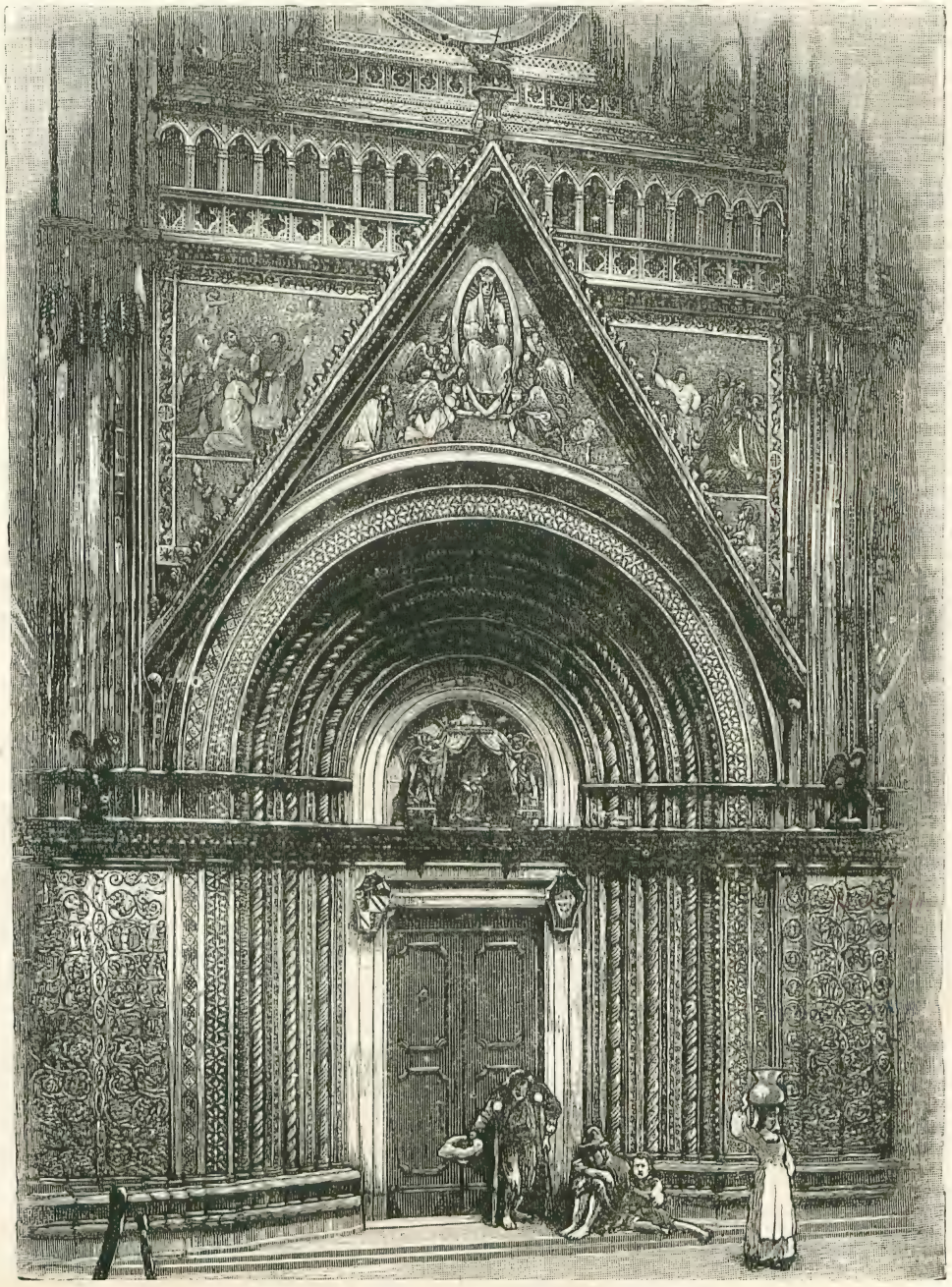


WESTERN DOORWAY OF ORVIETO CATHEDRAL.

palaces and façades so characteristic of Florence. Much of the picturesqueness arises from the site, and in turning the corners of its streets we look down upon groups of red and grey buildings and roofs all huddled together in the strangest confusion, while in the distance we catch glimpses of the undulating hills and numerous villages of the surrounding country. Florence has its gaudy shops and a certain air of fashion, Siena has neither, and yet it boasts of an aristocracy the most ancient in Italy. The people seem to be hard-working and contented, and there is comparatively little squalor and poverty.

We visited the Piazza del Campo before the cathedral, and were struck with the resemblance of the Palazzo Pubblico to the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence. But the Sienese building is both finer and larger, and bears evidence to the decayed fortune of the city, for a small portion of so huge a building would suffice for the present official wants of Siena. It occupies nearly the whole south side of the Piazza, which, like the Piazza della Signoria of Florence and the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice, is the centre and heart of the city, and the scene of its pageants and battles.

How quarrelsome and warlike were the old republics of Italy! The demon of unrest seems to have taken possession of them and never to have departed. One would have thought that a city like Siena, surrounded by fortifications and built on a height which must have been almost impregnable during the Middle Ages, would have turned its attention to the welfare of its people, and endeavoured to be a contented and united little state. Instead of this its history is one of never-ending discord and bloodshed. Four centuries of strife resulted from its rivalry with Florence, and how did it end? By Siena forcing a hated tyrant on the Florentines, and by the Florentines helping the Imperial forces of Germany to subdue the little mountain city and decimate its population and utterly break its power, so that it never again regained its independence. But all the misery and bloodshed which disgrace the history of Siena arose in the first instance from the people themselves. At one time a democracy would rule the city, at another time the nobles would have the power, and so on, and party spirit rose to such a height that the opposing factions were ever ready to call in foreign aid, and quite naturally other powers were ready to make use of these civil wars, and profit by them.

But it must not be supposed that Siena's record is entirely a dark one. The art, the magnificent cathedral, the noble public buildings, and, above all, the saintly characters the city has given birth to, show the greatness, the untiring industry, and the heroic sanctity of which the people were capable. We can only wonder that these Italian states, which were ever at war, have left works of art which seem to mark the limit of human genius and industry.

Siena is rich in curiosity shops, and there were many pretty trifles that my friend and I would like to have bought, but such exorbitant prices were asked that we left the shops in disgust. Our knowledge of Italian being limited, and our appearance undeniably English, we were probably asked about four times the proper value. The Italian vendors are very knowing, and if they see the slightest anxiety on the part of the purchaser to obtain any article, they raise the price. We learned their little tricks after awhile, and when at Siena we tried a little experiment which turned out very successful.

My friend went into a shop and admired a really fine piece of majolica ware; he let the shopman see how greatly he was interested in it, and after a while asked the price. The man thought for a moment, evidently considering to what extent it would be safe to venture, and then asked seventy lire (about £2 16s. in our money). This was quite enough for my friend, and he left without saying a word. He then told me all about it, described the majolica ware which he was anxious to have, and asked me to try by strategy to get it cheaper.

Two or three hours later I went to the shop and looked at a number of things, asking if the price was so-and-so, naming absurdly small sums. By-and-by I came to the piece of majolica, for which I offered four lire. The man seemed half amused and half angry. "Why," said he, "it is worth four times that price"—which, be it remarked, would be fifty-four lire less than the price mentioned to my friend. After some persuasion, however, I got four lire "knocked off," and secured the majolica for twelve lire. It would be interesting to know the real value of this piece of ware; probably I over-paid for it. No one would believe in such extortion except those who had travelled in Italy. Just before going abroad, I read a pamphlet by a well-known writer on Ethics, who defended what are called "tricks of the trade," and contended that there was nothing immoral in them. I fancy his experience must have been confined to English tradesmen.

The tourists who go to Italy because it is "the thing to do," or because others go, appear to avoid Siena. Florence with its resident English, Venice, Rome and Naples are visited by these most uninteresting people, but Siena seems out of their beat, so we met some most pleasant people at our hotel, which, be it remarked, is one of the very best in Italy. One old couple especially was most kind to us, in lending us guide-books and telling us of interesting places in the city. We made a friend also of a Frenchman who spoke English capitally, and who helped us to plan an excursion to Orvieto to see the famous cathedral. By-the-bye, this Frenchman was in a terribly anxious state of mind. His wife was in the Riviera at the time of the earthquakes, and he had not received news of her, and it was quite painful to see his distress, which he could not conceal, as an Englishman would probably have done.

The space between the walls of Siena is now too big for the city, which, like the frame of an old man, has shrunk and narrowed, and the vacuum has been filled up with gardens, which greatly enhance the beauty of the city, whether seen from within or without. Siena, which is a far older city than Florence, has even now an aristocracy of its own, which is very exclusive, but very simple in its mode of life. These nobles shut themselves up in their palaces and limit their experience of the world to the city and the surrounding country, and it is said many of them have never been so far as Florence! How curious this sounds to us English, but yet there is much to be said in its favour. The Sienese ladies seemed to us to be handsome, and what is, I believe, called "stylish" in their dress; but softly be it spoken, their complexions are rather too brilliant, and suggest too plainly that art has been used to heighten the contrast of red and white.

We must now hurry down the steep declivity leading to the tanners' yards, in quite the poorest part of the city, situated at the foot of a hill, on the summit of which stands the great Church of S. Dominico, like a huge outpost. In this humble quarter stands a three-storied house which is never missed by any visitor, for it is celebrated as the residence of a woman whose history is so bound up with that of Siena that we can scarcely think of one and not of the other. The house looked plain and uninteresting from without, and we felt almost ashamed to enter a domestic building without permission. But when once we entered the doorway and looked towards the room to our right, we felt quite blameless of any charge of intrusion. This room was evidently the sacristy, and two old priests with benign countenances were sitting watching the antics of two or three tiny little boy-acolytes, donning the priests' gorgeous headgear in childish sport. Still, we did not know what to do, whether to try to get permission to view the house or leave the place altogether, until one of these amusing children jerked out his hands, directing us to another part of the house on the left of the doorway, and so vehement was he in his gesticulation that the scarlet biretta tumbled off his little curly head. With a smile we turned to the left as directed, finding ourselves in a dark room, and our surprise was mingled with alarm when we discovered that we were standing dangerously near prostrate forms of Sienese worshippers at mass, which was being celebrated in another room.

At the end of the room we were in was a door, up to which we moved, and there we were close at the side of the officiating priest.

The two mischievous children came in attired in scarlet and white, and proceeded to serve the celebrant to the materials required for the consecration. Afterwards they knelt on the lowest altar step, and continued an animated discussion with each other by signs, as to which outrivalled the other in the matter of marbles, which were there and then produced from the pockets of their cassocks, in order to silence once and for ever that all-important question.

In other Italian churches we had seen children carrying on their natural merriment on these apparently inappropriate occasions, but at Siena they were side by side with us, and the strange and almost alarming contrast between the solemn attitude of the priest, with hands and eyes uplifted, and the secular conduct of these little mites of seven or eight years, greatly astonished us.

Catherine of Siena, in whose home we were, was one of those grand characters who in days of tribulation and distress seem to be sent as special emissaries from heaven to alleviate the sufferings of men, and allay their angry passions, to give counsel to princes, and to reform a whole country. And the strong personality of Catherine strikes us almost as much as her sanctity. The daughter of a dyer, while yet a girl she was known all over Siena as a peace-maker and a sick nurse. The fearful plague which occurred in Siena, in the year 1348, was Catherine's great opportunity, and her almost superhuman efforts on behalf of the fever-stricken population made her famous all over Italy. She did not confine her influence to Siena, but travelled to other cities, and prevailed on the princes of the neighbouring States to forget their rivalry, and put a stop to those terrible internecine wars which produced such endless misery. She was of course not always successful, but it is known that she hushed up numerous quarrels, and prevented much bloodshed. The feud between the Pope and the Florentines was allayed by her, and she induced the Pope to remove his Court from Avignon back again to Rome. In fact, if we had not historical evidence to prove it, we could scarcely believe that so great an influence was exercised by a woman.

The house of Catherine consists of a series of little chapels, which contain interesting mementoes of Siena's greatest daughter, and we cannot but be struck with the many evidences it contains of the simplicity of her life, and the extraordinary veneration in which she has been held for so many generations.

After visiting this most interesting house, we climbed up the hill again and tried to find our way to the Cathedral. This was no easy matter, for though it is perched on the highest spot in the city, yet the streets do not seem to

lead to it, but to wander in a circular direction. After awhile, however, we were successful, and found ourselves in the piazza in front of the cathedral. This building is but a portion of the original design, the plague having stepped in during its erection, and delayed the work of completion for several years. During these terrible years the city was so crippled that we can only wonder at the enthusiasm of a people who, after such an infliction, could erect a church so grand that many experts give to it the palm over all the cathedrals of Italy. It is most difficult to describe such a church; it is a perfect dream, a palace of art. We held our breath when contemplating it. The redundant and bewildering detail of the west front, the graceful and lofty striped campanile, strike us with amazement. The glorious interior with its striped marbles, the intricate carving of the pulpit, the mosaics and frescoes, the inlaid pavement; all are as perfect as can ever be made by man. And that this buiildng should have been commenced in a period of bloody strife, and completed by the mere remnant of a population which the plague had spared, seems almost impossible. Surely with all their faults, these Italians were a race of giants!

Our stay in Siena was very limited, and much that was interesting had to be left for a future visit. A miserably slow train took us from the city and from the red-brown landscape, so studded with villages and pretty campanili. The scenery changes soon after we leave Siena, and becomes rocky and wild. Huge districts are almost destitute of trees, the villages become rarer, and there are few villas and bright campanili.

Arrived at the station of Orvieto, we at first saw no sign of a town, nothing but a dull and dreary, almost savage landscape. We had scarcely left the train when a perfect army of beggars surrounded us. Such a poor deformed and wretched-looking lot! My friend was quite touched with the sight, and opened his purse to give to one of them. This was a signal to all the rest to press round us and beg and implore for a trifle. They would not let us move, and no sign that we made would induce them to let us go in peace. By-and-by, however, an omnibus drew up near the station, and a few harsh words from the driver, accompanied by threats of the whip, sent the poor wretches away, to wait perhaps for half a day for the next batch of travellers.

Free from these unfortunate people, we took a survey of the country. What a change from Siena! A more desolate scene we had scarcely beheld. Not a village in sight; hardly a tree. Stern rocks and great masses of mountains bounded the view, and a wretched shallow river, a tributary, I believe, of the Tiber, wound its way round the precipitous heights. We asked one of the porters where Orvieto was, for we could see no sign of it. He pointed to a rocky precipice, and there sure enough were the grim-looking walls and ruined fortress of Orvieto, though so high up that it is small wonder we had failed to notice them.

We were not permitted to look about for long, however, for the driver opened the door of his tumble-down old omnibus, and literally pushed us in, without asking our advice or inquiring where we were going. Before driving off we were joined by two Italians, who at once shut the windows and made the stuffy carriage quite air-tight. They then lighted a long cigar each, the fumes of which nearly made us sick. We asked them to be kind enough not to smoke, or at all events to open the windows of the carriage, but they either did not, or would not, understand us. Oh, the horrors of that journey! The heat was intense, and the vehicle was so small that we had to sit in a cramped position. We drove at a snail's pace, and it seemed hours before we left the zigzag road and entered the city. Before this, however, we had insisted on ventilating the vehicle.

The omnibus drew up at a dirty and dilapidated-looking inn, and our door was opened by a large man with uncombed beard and hair, a dirty face, and ill-fitting clothes, altogether reminding one of a stage brigand. He turned out to be the host, and a very bad one he was. We were led through the courtyard into the inn itself, a very roomy building which had evidently seen better days. Its present aspect, however, is not inviting; broken-down staircases, dirty, dreary, evil-smelling corridors and huge rooms, like the fever wards of a hospital. This is what a once grand palace has become. It has one consolation, however, in its decline, the whole city has kept pace with it, for at the present day Orvieto is one of the ugliest, dirtiest, and most unpleasant places in Italy.

Our room was simply huge, and would have held five-and-twenty beds with ease. As, however, there were only two, and the washing arrangement consisted of two iron stands, holding tiny pudding basins, it will be understood that we did not suffer from want of room. Of everything else which conduces to comfort, however, we stood in great need—especially cleanliness.

Having about two hours before *table d'hôte*, we escaped from the hotel, within the walls of which we vowed we would spend as short a time as possible. We found the streets of Orvieto like our inn—dirty, dreary, and uninteresting. Relics of a great past are met with here and there, but they accentuate the gloom and squalor of the present. The people seemed quite different from the Sienese, and infinitely less refined. To be fair, they did not strike me as being either discontented or miserable, notwithstanding their great poverty.

Orvieto has, however, one great consolation, and a priceless inheritance in its cathedral; everything else is gone—the once fine streets and palaces have gone to rack and ruin, and if it were not for this one great exception, Orvieto would be visited by no one.

The Cathedral of Orvieto rivals that of Siena, is of even greater extent, and like it has a reputation throughout the whole artistic world. It was undergoing a thorough (let us hope not too thorough) restoration when we visited it, and we could not see it properly. Its vast size struck us, as also its magnificent proportions; but why its reputation should equal that of Siena we could not understand. The interior was completely covered with scaffolding, but we were able to catch glimpses of the famous frescoes of Luca Signorelli in the Lady Chapel. We were fortunate in being able to do so, for these works of Signorelli are as celebrated as the cathedral itself. They served as models to Michael Angelo, and the great Florentine is said to have greatly benefited from his study of them.

Immense vigour, great mechanical power, and masterly effects of grouping, are displayed in a marked degree in these frescoes But I looked in vain (this is only a personal opinion) for the deep feeling and religious beauty so noticeable in the works of Fra Angelico, Sadoma, Perugino, Andrea del Sarto and Raffaelle. Signorelli has made an almost ostentatious display of his knowledge of anatomy and his mastery over form, and the beholder is tormented by the forced attitudes, and longs for a relief.

At *table d'hôte* we met two young Englishmen, leisurely travelling through Italy as art students. We were pleased to be able to help them to useful information about the cities in which we had stayed, and as they were anxious as to matters of economy, we generously lent them a guide to Florence, on the understanding that it was to be posted to us on their return to England. Should these gentlemen see these articles (and men *do* read and enjoy THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER), they are hereby requested to return that book without delay.

The charges at the *wretched inn* were too high considering the quality of the fare and the utter absence of comfort. My friend succeeded in slightly reducing the bill, but as it was we paid far too much. We left the inn early in the morning, and discarding the tumbled-down omnibus, walked down the hill to the station, not at all sorry to leave Orvieto. The scenery from the zigzag road is grand and striking beyond description, but gloomy and bare, and of the kind of which we soon tire.

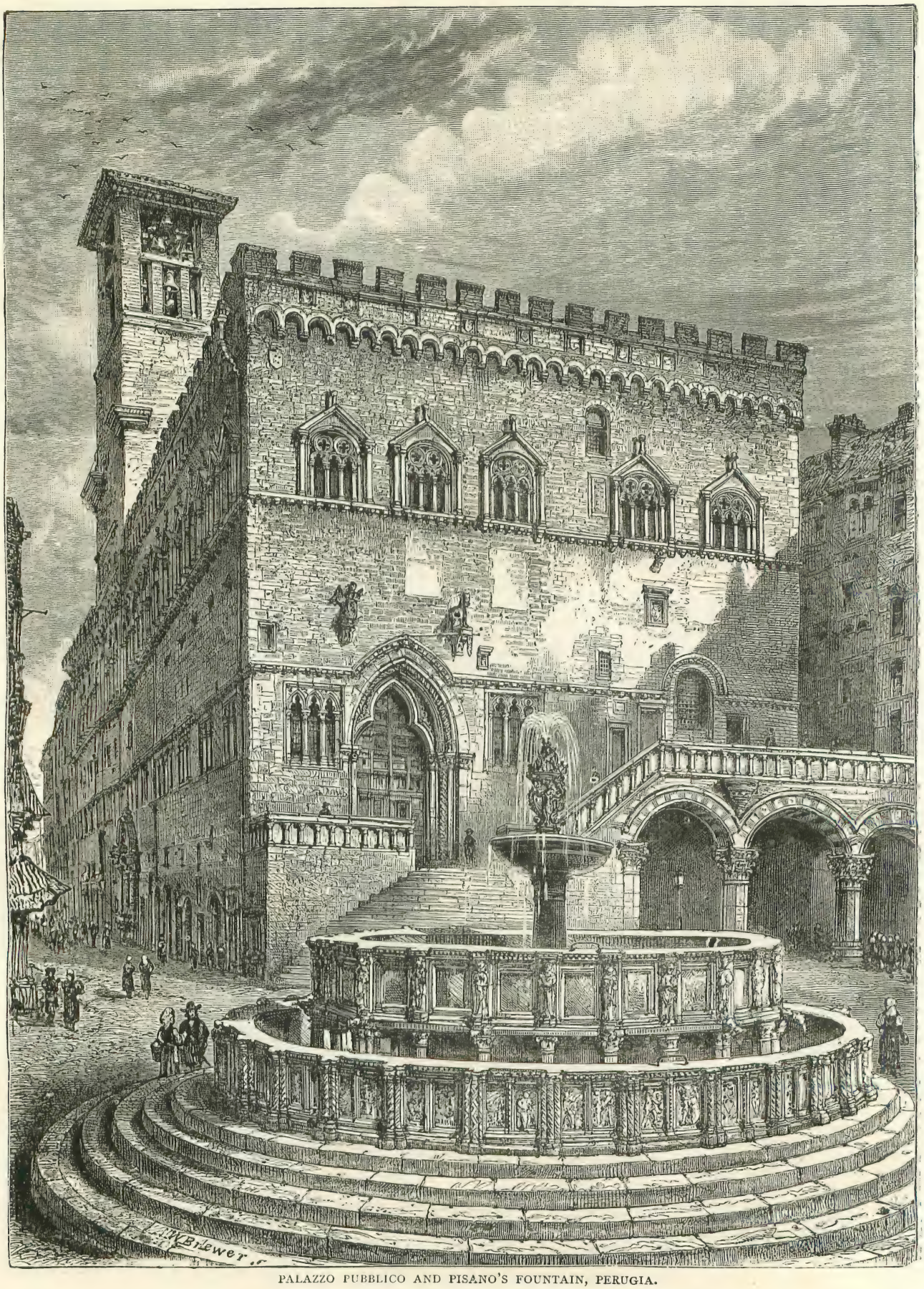
It was evening before we arrived in Perugia, but there was a full moon which showed us many of its interesting buildings, notably the fountain and Gothic palace, of which we give an illustration.

What a difference between the hotels in Perugia and Orvieto! The one so luxurious, and the other so dirty and miserable. The hotel in Perugia is perhaps a little too grand for Italy. After a ramble through the picturesque streets, and after visiting the old buildings of a city so old-world as Perugia, it is rather too much of a change to sit down to a *table d'hôte* of grand viands, served in the most approved manner, and to listen to conversation on the latest fashionable news in London. All the past interest and all the present venerable beauty of the old city are forgotten. When we enter the hotel, we shut out Perugia past and present.

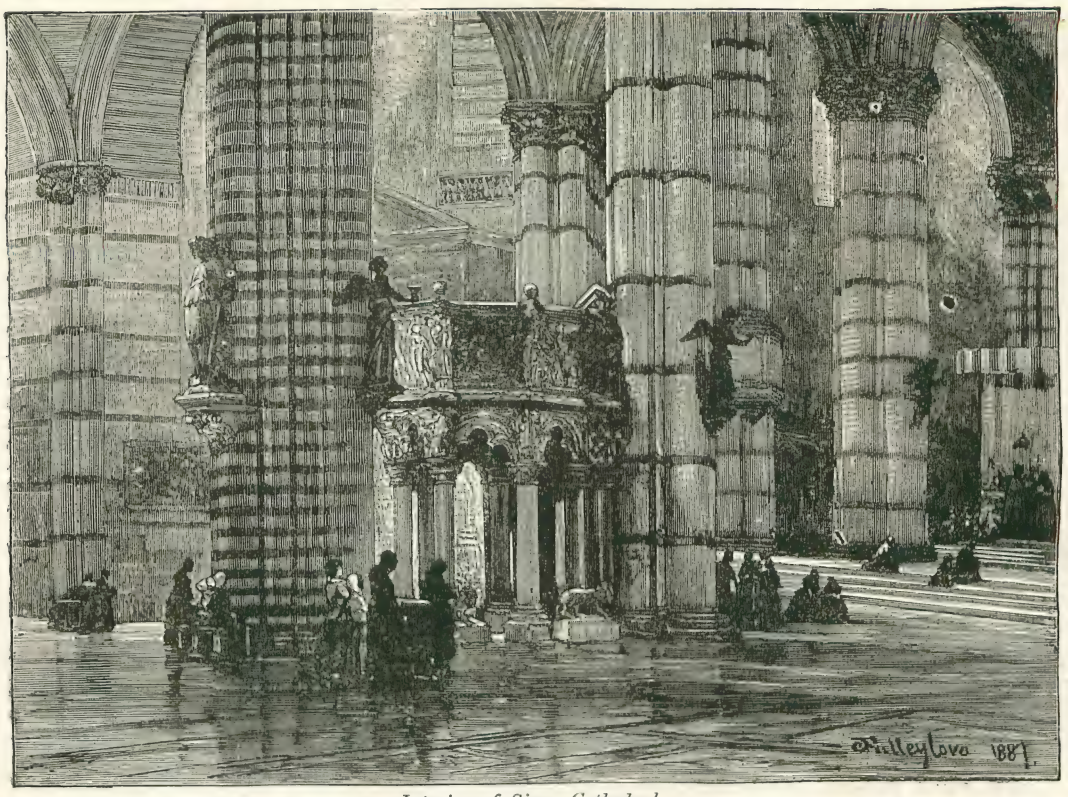
We arrived at the hotel in time for *table d'hôte*, but had no time to "get ready," and though not, we hope, self-conscious, we felt a little ashamed to sit down to so grand a table with our travel-worn clothes and dusty boots. Sitting next to us were two fashionable-looking men, who were evidently acquaintances in London, and had met for the first time in Italy. Their conversation, which we could not help overhearing, amused us. After the usual greetings, they commenced: "Do you know that Lady So-and-so is here?" "No; you don't say so! How is she looking? because, you know, she is said to be very much older than she looks," and so on; and then followed an animated discussion on the number of fashionable English at present travelling in Italy, on the prospects of the coming London season, and on the respective merits of this and last year's Carnival. Not a word about the art and the magnificent buildings they must have seen, no mention of the history and countless associations which every old city in Italy conjures up, we should have thought, to even the most trivial tourist.

The first thing we went to see on the following morning was the beautiful fountain, which we had just been enabled to catch a glimpse of on the former evening. The fountain is situated between the cathedral and the Palazzo Pubblico, and the three make a wonderfully picturesque group. As can be seen from the illustration, there are three basins to this fountain, the highest being of bronze and the two lower of marble. If I remember rightly there are forty-eight bas-reliefs, twenty-four on each of the lower basins, and these most beautiful sculptures are the work of those two great architects and sculptors, Niccolo and Giovanni Pisano. The subjects of these bas-reliefs are some of them very curious. Heraldic devices, symbolical pictures of the arts and sciences, the fables of the stork and the wolf, and the wolf and the lamb are represented; but there are also scriptural subjects and figures of the apostles. The inhabitants of Perugia are, and always have been, proud of this beautiful fountain, and well they may be, for it is one of the finest in Italy.

(*To be continued.*)



PALAZZO PUBBLICO AND PISANO'S FOUNTAIN, PERUGIA.



Interior of Siena Cathedral.

THE GIRLS' YEAR.

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

"It will be an encouraging beginning to our seventh meeting," said Lucy, "if I give each of you a copy of the table I have drawn up to show what we have done in six months. As I said last month, it will surprise you."

She then handed to Florence and Edith the following particulars of their reading and study for half a year. It shows what can be done by perseverance, aided by the quick wits and methodical habits of three girls eager for self-improvement.

SHORT POEMS.

The ode "To a Skylark," by Shelley; "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith; "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge; "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," by Milton; "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden; "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Burns; "John Gilpin," by Cowper; the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," "Baucis and Philemon," by Swift; and "Tam o' Shanter," by Burns.

FICTION.

"The Fair Maid of Perth," by Sir Walter Scott; "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen; "Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man," by Chamisso; "The Gold Bug," and "The Descent into the Maelström," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Goldsmith; "The Spy," by Fenimore Cooper; "The Scottish Chiefs," by Miss Porter.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin;" "The Life of Nelson," by Southey; "The Life of George Herbert," by Izaak Walton; "The Life of Richard Wagner," by Francis Hueffer; "The Life of Mrs. Godolphin," by Evelyn; "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater," by De Quincey.

HISTORICAL EPOCHS.

The Gunpowder Plot; the Crimean War; the Great Plague of London; the Fall of the Bastille; the Spanish Armada; the Jacobite Rebellion of '45.

SCIENCE.

"Astronomy," by J. N. Lockyer; "Geography," by Sir George Grove; and part of "Geology," by Archibald Geikie.

MUSIC.

"The Moonlight Sonata," by Beethoven; three of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words (No. 1 of Book 7; No. 6 of Book 5; and No. 4 of Book 6); Novellette in F major, by Schumann; Variations on the National Anthem, by Beethoven; Fantasia in F minor, by Chopin; and Valse Allemande, by Rubinstein.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Table of foods in season for six months, and special study undertaken on the art of cleaning furniture; Christmas fare and Christmas parties; the art of buying things; the arrangement of the dinner-table; ironing and water supply.

ESSAYS.

On the best use of odd moments; the art of rule in woman's kingdom; some advantages of good temper; the art of observing; borrowing and lending; and people with two faces.

DAILY MAXIMS

for a hundred and eighty-two days. On religious life, thrift, friendship, education, conversation, and truth.

ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR

for a hundred and eighty-two days.

COUNTRY RAMBLES,

illustrated by "The Common Objects of the Country," by the Rev. J. G. Wood; and "Our Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges," by W. S. Coleman.

"I wish," said Lucy, "that I had taken note of what all the books have cost me to buy."

"If you haven't, I have," remarked Florence. "I got some new and some secondhand, and the total expenditure up till now is eleven shillings and sixpence. Books are cheap nowadays. For this small sum I have bought all the short poems, getting a great many more than those we have read into the bargain, all the works of fiction, all the biographical works, except those on Wagner and Mrs. Godolphin, which I had already, and the three science primers. I did not need to buy any of the music, and as for the other subjects, I had books of reference enough."

"I find," said Edith, beginning to speak about the first poem they had read during the month, "that the original of Swift's 'Baucis and Philemon' is in Ovid's 'Metamorphosis,' where the story is told in this way:—Jove and Mercury represent the two brother hermits. Meeting with hospitality only in the thatched cottage of the poor old couple, the gods after their entertainment took Baucis and Philemon to the top of a hill, whence they saw the houses and lands of their uncharitable neighbours all swallowed up in a lake. Only their little home remained, which expanded to a temple. In this they served as the priests of Jove, until they were changed into companion trees, hung ever with fresh garlands by their worshippers."

"Baucis and Philemon, as Swift first wrote it," remarked Florence, "was very different from the poem as we have read it. After Swift wrote it he sent it to his friend Addison for criticism, and the result, he says, was that

'Mr. Addison made me blot out four-score lines, add four-score, and alter four-score.' Mr. Forster, in his 'Life of Swift,' says, 'In the poem printed as it was altered for Addison, the story is very succinctly told, with completeness as of an epigram . . . . As originally written, the narrative is not so terse or close, but has more detail and a greater wealth of humour.'"

Of the next poem, "Tam o' Shanter," Lucy said that Burns looked upon it as his masterpiece, and that most readers have been of the same opinion.

"It seems," observed Florence, "to have been struck off at a heat. Mrs. Burns told Cromek, one of the biographers of her husband, that one day the poet had lingered longer by the river-side than usual, and that taking the children with her she went out to join him. She saw that her presence was an interruption to him, so she lingered behind and observed his wild gesticulations and ungovernable mirth while he was reciting the passages of the poem as they rose in his mind."

"The Scottish Chiefs" of Miss Porter had been found singularly interesting, and had roused Florence to a fever heat of patriotic enthusiasm. She quoted the criticism by Joanna Baillie, that "Wallace, in the 'Scottish Chiefs,'—which through a rich variety of interesting imaginary adventures, conducts a character of almost perfect virtue and heroism to an affecting and tragical end—is a romance deservedly popular."

"Allan Cunningham, however," remarked Lucy, "made an objection to Miss Porter's Wallace. He said that she had drawn him with a hand much too soft and gentle, and added attributes which neither pertained to the times nor to the hero."

Lucy repeated what she had said at the last meeting, to the effect that the "Scottish Chiefs" had suggested to Sir Walter Scott the writing of the "Waverley Novels." This was admitted by Scott in a conversation with George IV., in the library of Carlton Palace. It is no light praise that she pioneered the way to historical novel-writing for the greatest novelist of this century. Somebody says of Miss Porter that she might have parodied Bishop Hall and told Sir Walter—

"I first adventured—follow me who list,
And be the second Scottish novelist."

"Miss Porter," observed Edith, "seems to have been as great a favourite in America as here. In 1844 a number of booksellers, publishers, and authors of the United States, sent to her from New York a handsome rosewood armchair, as 'a memorial of high and respectful admiration for the author of some of the purest and most imaginative productions in the wide range of English literature.'"

"They might well do that," said Lucy, "if she got nothing out of America for copyright."

The discussion of the glowing pages of the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" led to Florence quoting this piece of contemporary criticism:—

"They have an air of reality and life, and they exhibit such strong graphic powers as to throw an interest, and even a dignity round a subject which in less able hands might have been rendered a tissue of trifles and absurdities. They are indeed very picturesque and vivid sketches of individual character and feelings, drawn with a boldness yet an exactness of pencil that is to be found only in one or two prominent geniuses of our day. . . . . They combine strong sense with wild and somewhat fantastic invention, accuracy of detail with poetic illustration, and analytical reasoning and metaphysical research, with uncommon pathos and refinement of ideas. . . . Much truth and fine colouring are displayed in the descriptions and details of the work, its qualities are all of a rich and elevated kind,—such as high pathos, profound views, and deep reasoning, with a happy vein of ridicule, indulged at the writer's own expense."

"It is curious," said Edith, "that though everybody knows the name of De Quincey, and though he has written a great deal, few people seem to read him much."

"Perhaps the explanation of that fact," remarked Lucy, "is to be found in the words of a writer who says, 'To the appreciation of De Quincey the reader must bring an imaginative faculty somewhat akin to his own—a certain general culture, and large knowledge of books and men and things. Otherwise much of that slight and delicate allusion that gives point and colour and charm to his writing will be missed; and on this account the full enjoyment and comprehension of De Quincey must always remain a luxury of the literary and intellectual.'"

The side of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, to which our friends had given most attention, was the romantic and poetical. And no wonder; for poetical and romantic charm there never was an episode in history superior to it. Florence especially was full of the poetry to which it gave rise, and—till Lucy and Edith almost ceased to have patience with her—quoted verse after verse from "Cam' Ye by Athol"; "Wha Wadna Fecht for Charlie," "Come o'er the Stream, Charlie," "Charlie, He's My Darling," "Wae's Me for Prince Charlie," and "Bonnie Charlie Now Awa."

Of Mr. Geikie's "Geology" they had mastered very nearly the half. The Valse Allemande in F major, of Rubinstein, had been diligently practised. Lucy said that in this work it was evident the composer intended to reflect the popular style of German dance music, something after the style of Weber's famous Invitation to the Waltz.

Then they branched off into speaking about the importance of a pure and liberal water supply both for health and cleanliness. It was interesting to hear a piece of information given by Edith to the effect that if we add together the quantity of water required for drinking purposes and that needed for personal washing, the washing of clothes and houses, etc., we shall find that a reasonable allowance would be at least twelve gallons a day to every person in the community; and if both are used as they should be the allowance per day ought to be about twenty-five gallons.

The essay had been "On People with Two Faces." "Alas!" said Lucy, after their productions had been read, "none of us have written anything a hundredth part as pithy as a little paper by Mr. Spurgeon on the same subject, of which this is the beginning:—

"'Even bad men praise consistency. Thieves like honest men, for they are the best to rob. When you know where to find a man, he has one good point at any rate; but a fellow who howls with the wolves and bleats with the sheep, gets nobody's good word unless it be the devil's. To carry two faces under one hat is, however, very common. Many roost with the poultry and go shares with Reynard. Many look as if butter would not melt in their mouths, yet can spit fire when it suits their purpose. I read the other day an advertisement about reversible coats; the tailor who sells them must be making a fortune. Holding with the hare and running with the hounds is still in fashion. Consistency is about as scarce in the world as musk in a dog-kennel.'"

The following arrangements were then made for the work of the month of May.

For short poems they chose "The Splendid Shilling," by John Philips; and "The Cry of the Children," by Mrs. Browning.

"The Annals of the Parish," Galt's exquisite picture of Scottish character, manners, and feelings, was to be the work of fiction.

The biographical work was to be Thackeray's "English Humorists."

The curious story of the South Sea Bubble was to form their subject of historical research.

Mr. Geikie's "Geology" was to be continued.

In music they were to play Mendelssohn's Fantasia in E major, known as "The Rivulet."

Besides the table of foods in season, the subject of ventilation was set down under the head of study in domestic economy.

The essay was to be "On Seizing Opportunities."

Here follow the maxims for the month—on good manners this time—and the usual anniversary calendar.

MAXIMS ON GOOD MANNERS FOR THE GIRLS' OWN YEAR.

I.—*A reason for good breeding.* There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good breeding.—*Addison.*

II.—*A definition.* Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

III.—*The last attainment.* Simplicity of manners is the last attainment. People are very long afraid of being natural from the fear of being taken for ordinary.—*Jeffrey.*

IV.—*Without good manners.*—

"What's a fine person or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Blessed with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movements tires,
They seem like puppets led about by wires. *Churchill.*

V.—*A foe to virtue.* Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.

VI.—*A sure defence.* One's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

VII.—*Be always polite.* Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character, and prevents their wounding others. We should never throw it off, even in our conflicts with coarse people.

VIII.—*How to recognise the well-bred.* Well-bred people are always known by the perfect ease and tranquillity of their manner.

IX.—*Friendly, not free.* Let thy carriage be friendly but not foolishly free: an unwary openness causeth contempt, but a little reservedness, respect, and handsome courtesy, kindness.—*Fuller.*

X.—*Thinking of self.* There are many women who would be very amiable if they would lose sight for a little of the fact that they are so.

XI.—*Body and mind.* Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

XII.—*Dear-bought laughter.* A laugh costs too much if it is bought at the expense of propriety.

XIII.—*The disadvantages of affectation.* Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity.—*Lavater.*

XIV.—*Setting people at ease.* Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest people uneasy is the best bred in the company.

XV. *The essence of good breeding.* The essence of all fine breeding is in the art of conciliation. A woman who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A

rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. She is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.—*Lord Lytton.*

XVI. *A use for modesty.* Modesty is to merit what shade is to the figures in a picture: it gives it force and relief.—*La Bruyère.*

XVII. *Man and woman.* In general the politeness of man is more officious; that of woman more caressing.—*Rousseau.*

XVIII. *An important rule.* One of the most important rules in the science of manners is an almost absolute silence with respect to yourself.

XIX. *A secret of success.* Politeness creates an instantaneous impression in our favour, whilst the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against us. Polished manners have made thousands successful, while the best of people by their hardness and coolness have done themselves an incalculable injury, the shell being so rough that the world would not believe there was a precious kernel within.

XX. *In ordinary eyes.* Good breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.—*Addison.*

XXI. *More about laughing.* Frequent and loud laughing is one of the marked characteristics of folly and ill manners.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

XXII. *True and false modesty.* True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable.

XXIII. *Overdoing it.* You will, I believe, in general ingratiate yourself with others, still less by paying them too much court than too little.—*Greville.*

XXIV. *Foolish disguise.* Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.—*Rochefoucauld.*

XXV. *How to grow graceful.* We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose; our actions move to a hidden music—"a melody that's sweetly played in tune."—*George Eliot.*

XXVI. *Adaptation.* One principal point in good breeding is to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men—our superiors, our equals, and those who are below us.—*Swift.*

XXVII. *Buffoonery.* Mimicry is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery.

XXVIII. *Respect and familiarity.* Good breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill breeding invites and authorises the familiarity of the most timid.

XXIX. *A rebuke for the bashful.* Conceit not so high a notion of any as to be bashful and impotent in their presence.—*Fuller.*

XXX.—*Excess of good breeding.* One may know a woman that never conversed in the world by her excess of good breeding. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.—*Addison.*

XXXI.—*Everywhere the same.* Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same.—*Goldsmith.*

May Anniversaries of the Girls' Own Year.

1. Emma Albertazzi, contralto singer, born in 1814. She had a well-trained musical voice, and an agreeable presence; but, unfortunately, with these the great fault of lifelessness—a resigned and automatic indifference very irritating to her audiences.

2. Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi, died in 1821. Whilst Mrs. Thrale she was on terms of intimate friendship with Dr. Johnson, but that came to an end, when on the death of Mr. Thrale she married Signor Piozzi, an Italian music master.

3. Philippine Marie Helène Elizabeth, commonly called Madame Elizabeth, born in 1764. She was sister to Louis XVI., and the faithful friend and companion of the royal family in their flight to Varennes, and during their imprisonment.

4. Charlotte Smith, née Turner, authoress, born 1749. Before she was sixteen she was so unhappy as to marry Mr. Benjamin Smith, a West India merchant, whose extravagance, improvidence, speculations and misfortunes involved a wife and twelve children in difficulties, which it required the diligent use of the mother's pen to relieve.

5. Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French, born in 1826. When she and the Emperor visited the Queen, in 1855, Her Majesty wrote thus about her:—"She is full of courage and spirit, and yet so gentle, with such innocence and *enjouement*, that the *ensemble* is quite charming. With all her great liveliness she has the prettiest and most modest manner."

6. Elizabeth Blackwell, born in 1709. She was the wife of Alexander Blackwell, a Scotch physician, settled in Stockholm, who was beheaded for conspiracy. She was the authoress of a "Herbal," with five hundred plates, drawn, engraved and coloured by her own hand.

7. Antonia Bourignon, born in 1616. She laid claim to special illumination, and had once a numerous body of followers in France and Scotland. In 1653, when the death of her parents had placed her in possession of a handsome property, she undertook the care of a female orphan asylum, which led, through a series of the strangest circumstances on record, to her arrest on a charge of witchcraft, of which, however, she was acquitted.

8. Lady Anne Barnard, Scotch poetess, died in 1825. She wrote the well-known ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," the authorship of which remained a secret for more than fifty years.

9. Artemisia died in 350 B.C. She built for her husband Mausolus, King of Caria, a magnificent tomb at Halicarnassus, one of the seven wonders of the world, and from which the name of Mausoleum was afterwards given to all tombs remarkable for their magnificence. She died of sorrow before it was finished.

10. Theodora, Empress of the East, died 1056. She was the last of the Macedonian dynasty.

11. Madame Récamier died in 1847. She married at fifteen a banker old enough to be her father. From the earliest years of the consulate to almost the close of the June monarchy her salon in Paris was one of the chief resorts of literary and political society that pretended to fashion.

12. Louisa-Ulrica, Queen of Sweden, born in 1720. She was the sister of Frederick II., King of Prussia, and married the prince Gustavus Adolphus in 1744.

13. Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, born in 1717. She was Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and Empress of Germany. Of her daughters the best known is Marie Antoinette, the wife of Louis XVI. of France.

14. Madame Lebrun, vocalist, died in 1791. She was one of the best singers that Germany has ever produced. The extent of her voice was remarkable—she easily reached F in alt—and it was wonderfully pure and capable of the most astonishing execution.

15. Anna Williams, miscellaneous and poetical writer, born in 1706. In 1740 she became blind from cataract, and was subsequently admitted under the roof of Dr. Johnson, who had been struck with admiration of her generous devotion to her father.

16. Mrs. Hemans, poetess, died in 1835. "Felicia Hemans," says Allan Cunningham, "is the authoress of many a plaintive and mournful strain. She has shown high sentiment and heroic feelings occasionally, but her affections are with the gentle, the meek, and the wounded in spirit. . . . Her genius is of the domestic kind, and her best songs are rightly named of the affections."

17. Fanny Cecile Hensel died in 1847. She was the sister of Felix Mendelssohn, the famous composer, by whom she was much beloved, and who attached great importance to her judgment and musical ability. Her death was a terrible blow to her brother, and is believed to have hastened his own end, which took place only six months afterwards.

18. Lucrezia Agujari, a very celebrated singer, died in 1783. When she was in London she received £100 a night for singing two songs, an enormous price for a star in those days.

19. Anna Maria de la Trémoille, Princesse des Ursins, born in 1643. She really governed Spain during the early part of the reign of Philip V. In 1714, however, she was banished the kingdom, and subsequently kept house for the Pretender James Stuart.

20. Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, authoress, born in 1792. Under the name of Charlotte Elizabeth she published many religious books and a number of tracts—widely circulated and very useful.

21. Elizabeth Fry, the eminent philanthropist, born in 1780. She came of an old family which for some generations had belonged to the Society of Friends. After Howard she was the chief promoter of prison reforms in Europe.

22. Madame Grisi, famous vocalist, born in 1812. Her artistic life lasted for about thirty-five years.

23. Sarah Margaret Fuller, American authoress, born in 1810. Her education was conducted by her father, who, she says, fell into the error of thinking to "gain time by bringing forward the intellect as early as possible," the result being "a premature development of brain that made her a youthful prodigy by day, and by night a victim to spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism."

24. Jane Porter, authoress, died 1853. She was the elder sister of Anna Maria Porter, and began her literary career by publishing "Thaddeus of Warsaw," a novel which became highly popular.

25. Princess Helena, born 1846. She is the fifth in order in the family of Her Majesty, and was married on the 5th of July, 1886, to Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

26. Octavia, the sister of Augustus, died in 11 B.C. She was illustrious for her virtues, her beauties, and accomplishments. Her death was caused by grief at the loss of her son, who was the intended heir of Augustus, and who was idolised by the people of Rome.

27. Sophia Charlotte, Queen of Prussia, born in 1668. She contributed to the foundation of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

28. Clotilda Susanna Courcelles de Labrousse, born in 1741. She was an ascetic of the Order of St. Francis, and became greatly celebrated by her prophecies at the period of the French Revolution.

29. Empress Josephine, died in 1814. She was the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, and was born at Martinique in 1763. Bonaparte was greatly indebted to her political talents and fascinating manners, if not for his elevation to the throne, at least for his welcome amongst the influential circles of Parisian society.

30. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, born in 1660. She was long the friend of Queen Anne, but the two parted company after some stormy scenes, of which an account was given in The Girl's Own Paper for last January.

31. Madame Farrenc, musician, born in 1804. She was professor of the pianoforte for thirty years at the Conservatoire at Paris, and was also an able composer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEWEST HATS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE idea of dress reform has spread to Sweden, where the ladies belonging to the "New Idea Club" have brought out two toilettes of their own designing, with a view to liberate Swedish women from the yoke of French fashions, and of introducing dresses which should be both artistic and in accordance with the ancient national ideas of costume. The "New Idea Club" is in Stockholm, is a great centre of thought and activity, and has been joined by most Swedish women of note. The first of the dresses is for ordinary daily use, and consists of dark blue cloth and velvet, the velvet composing the under-petticoat. This is probably a "Princesse" dress, as it has a bodice and long sleeves attached to it. Over this is worn a tunic, made in two portions, which are laced or buttoned at the sides, and fastened on the shoulder with silver clasps. The back of this tunic can be separated from the front, and worn as a mantle. The whole of it is bordered with rich embroidery, braiding, or fur if in the winter. For the summer the materials could be altered into something lighter and more suitable to the season. With the tunic, a velvet or leather belt is worn, with silver fittings; and a long bag of the ancient "gabucere" shape, made of blue velvet, with silver ornaments, chains, and tassels of silk.

MANTLES OF THE SEASON.

The other dress is more elaborate, and is intended for dinner or dress occasions. It has, to begin with, a satin underskirt of pale rose-pink, with deep embroidery in passementerie or beads on the edge. Over this is worn a trained "Princesse" shaped dress of dark red velvet, which fastens on the left side, and is raised so as to show the under-petticoat half way up. It is cut square at the neck, and the whole of it is decorated all round with a border of embroidery in coloured silks in cross-stitch. The bodice has a chemisette high to the throat, and sleeves of India muslin; a girdle of old silver chains and agrafes fastens at the left side. I should think that these two gowns were excellently well-suited for the requirements of a cold climate; and in these days of good woollen materials and good satisfactorily-wearing velveteens they could be made up without much expense.

And now having discussed one of the chief topics of womanly interest, "reformed and improved dress," we must turn to our usual chronicle of changes in our ordinary apparel, and of the new styles introduced for the spring of 1888. This month has brought in a few new colours, notably a blue called "Alexandra," which is the revival of the old tone worn when our Princess came from Denmark; also a tint called "Wedgwood," which is extremely pretty, and will be popular. Then there is a wonderfully clear and vivid scarlet called "coquelicot," which is too dazzling for anything save trimmings, and kills all reds save the old Indian red; and there is also the pretty new earth-brown called "campagna," and which might be called "Devonshire earth" as well.

Bonnets are much prettier than they were, and are less stiff and formal, though the trimmings on them are still upstanding and high in front. The "Directoire" style is undoubtedly the most popular, but they do not suit every face. The prettiest of the spring bonnets are English in shape and idea; most of those from the French models are fantastic and grotesque, and most of our English ladies require something quieter and unobtrusive, but not dowdy. Unlined bonnets of jet embroidery, lace, crochet, horse-hair, and plaited grass are to be

much used, and for the warm weather may be very suitable. One of their excellences is that they offer the best chance to the home milliner to manufacture a pretty bonnet, as they need so little trimming. But the decoration of the present day needs very careful putting on, if it is to be effective, and requires a supreme lightness of fingering which few home milliners possess. Black crinoline bonnets embroidered in colours, or plain and lined with a colour, are amongst the prettiest of the new season's bonnets; and so are the fine straws made up in alternation with stripes of cloth, such as blue cloth with white straw, and olive cloth with yellow or tan-coloured straw. All the fronts of the new bonnets are of a very airy kind, and are composed of tulle, grasses, and "aigrettes." The new ribbons used are much wider than they were, and the loops are softer and more natural-looking, now that the ribbons are made firm enough to stand up alone. Emerald velvet, in union with black velvet and lace, is one of the fashionable colours for bonnets, and will take the place of the reds so long in vogue. Gold lace is to be a great deal seen on bonnets and hats, mixed generally with black lace and jet. Black and white bonnets, white crêpe mixed with black velvet, white straw and black velvet, and black jet and white crêpe are all favourite mixtures. More flowers than feathers are used on the spring bonnets, but on the new hats nothing but feathers appear. The new stiff ostrich feathers are not at all pretty; they stand up straight and narrow, like a vulture feather, and are curled in a ridge on each side, and stand stiffly upright like a quill. Single quills are also much used, and the spring flowers that grow erect. Snowdrops, lilies of the valley, the narcissus and others are used in their natural, stiff upright positions.

Hats are either very small or very large, many of them being like the sailor shape in their affinities. All hats nearly are bent over the eyes; and except in front the brims are turned up in all directions, and bent to every shape. Lace bonnets are made of round after round of lace, set in circles on the shape, but not puffed, as all the newest bonnets have a pressed-up look, as if they were pinched up to appear as narrow as possible.

A good many large cloaks are to be seen, with long, straight double fronts, close-fitting to the waist at the back. Sometimes a hood is added. Small mantles also are fitted to the waist, and generally have long fronts; many mantles and jackets of the material of the dress will be worn. In these little and very popular coverings there is nothing new. They are as much liked as ever, but are, if possible, more plain and more perfectly fitting. There are fewer buttons, and in fact the fastenings are often invisible. Plain, neutral-tinted cloths, such as grey, drab, stone, light-brown and tan, are greater favourites than any other pattern.

For lawn-tennis costumes

PLAIDS AND STRIPES.

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

we are to wear flannels, with wide equi-distant stripes, the stripes being white with two shades of blue; white with brown and red or blue, and such admixtures. They will be made up with pleated skirts and short tunics.

In the view given of Kensington Gardens the methods of making up the different materials worn this spring are exhibited. The first figure on the left shows a dress trimmed with the new embroidered trimming, which will be so largely used this year for cashmeres as well as for cotton dresses. The next figure shows the polonaise with loose pleats in front, which

PAPER PATTERN OF NEW SPRING MANTLE.

has been so much affected by ladies of æsthetic tastes. The two centre figures show the draping of tweed dresses, the thin soft tweeds that are always needful for our changeable English days of spring. They are still plainly made, with folds draped across the front, and full falling back-drapery, much as it has been worn during the winter. It seems probable that to this back-drapery will be added a very wide sash made of watered ribbon, striped, or not, with satin. This has either two bows or is attached to the folds of the dress at the back, and is draped in folds like them. Some of these tweeds are cut entirely on the cross, skirt as well as bodice; but this seems to me rather too "loud" for good taste, and they need such careful cutting also. Striped tweeds are used for spring mantles, and our paper pattern for this month is selected with reference to this. They are trimmed with cords, tassels, and knots made of cord; and they generally have the ends gathered up and finished with a tassel. These gathered ends are seen in great force on dresses, and form a pretty and graceful ornament.

Full bodices are in much favour, and no wonder when they save so much trouble and are so generally becoming. The "Norfolk blouse," tucked, gathered, "smocked," or yoked; the Garibaldi, with its loose front and drooping fulness; and last of all, the pretty corselet bodices with full fronts, which will be so much liked made up in cottons, linens, an other thin materials, will all be much in vogue. This last was selected as the pattern for last month. It is admirably adapted for a girl's bodice, and is even suitable for a thin tweed; while with lace and silk it is very pretty.

Polonaises are much used, and indeed seem always in fashion, as they become some figures better than any other style. Pinking, as a finish to the draperies of dresses, is as much used as ever; and the more plain tailor-made gowns are, the more stylish they look. The dress-improver is considerably smaller this spring, though the dress drapery at the back is arranged as high and as *bouffant* as ever.

The new materials for dresses with borders of stripes in white or colour are very pretty, and may be found in woollens as well as cottons. The side drapery is arranged as shown in the extreme right hand figure in our illustration, "Plaids and Stripes," and the effect is graceful and very novel.

As new hats are the great want of the present moment to most of our girls, I have had nearly every novelty I could see illustrated. As will be seen, they are generally high in the crown and wide in the brim, and ribbons form the chief trimming. In bonnets the strings are worn much wider, and the ends seem a little longer; but there are numbers of bonnets without strings at all, which are suitable for young girls. Coloured veils are not much seen, but black, grey, and white mostly.

The general tendency in making dress-bodices is to have the waist as long as it can be made. This is shown both in tailor-made bodices and in those made by dressmakers. But the odd thing is that in the evening the waists, and indeed the dresses, are gradually getting back to those fashions of our grandmothers when *gigot* sleeves went with waists close up under the arms. I recently saw a lovely dress of the last century—the richest of white satins, with hand-embroidered bouquets of flowers in their natural colours upon it—worn at an artistic evening reception by a pretty young girl, who looked as if she had stepped out of a picture. I felt a new respect for my unknown and unseen great-grandmothers and grandmothers, and thought what pretty young things they must have been in the days when they were seen by our young grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and were wooed and won like the girls of to-day! But this old gown, with its lines of simple grace, scanty in its fulness and trimmings, was girlish and not unsuitable after all.

I have before now mentioned Mrs. Ernest Hart's "Donegal Industrial Society," and its efforts to restore Irish industries. Irish lace is now in course of revival, and at the office of the fund in Wigmore Street Irish lace-makers are to be seen at work. The new Irish lace is very pretty. It is a kind of torchon as regards pattern, and is called "Kells Lace." The ground is white, and the pattern carried out in low tones of colour. As a trimming for cotton and linen dresses it is quite charming. The new Irish coloured linens are also worthy of notice. They are reversible, and being of two colours, will make up with much effect. The surface of these Irish linens is charming, so glossy and fine that it resembles satin merveilleuse more than any other material.

The paper pattern selected for this month is that of a spring mantle, for tweed, silk, velvet, or material, and also suitable for the dress material if of tweed or serge. It takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, and contains 4 pieces—viz., back, front, sleeve, and collar. It will be found easy to fit and make, and it need not be lined if the material be tweed or serge.

The three small mantles illustrated in "Mantles of the Season" have all been prepared already for sale, and can be had for 1s. each.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.," price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoast (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, and new spring mantle.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER II.

TEARS.

WHEN Farmer Heathfield returned home from Great Woolton that night, well satisfied with the sale of a stock of fleeces he had held over to meet a rise in the wool-market, his wife had gone early to bed, and red-armed, red-haired Hephzibah, laying supper for the farm-servants in the kitchen, dashed about with more than her wonted energy, a sure sign that she was what she called "put out."

"What's the matter, Hepsy? And how's your mistress to-night?"

"How is she, indeed!" jerked out the woman, as if glad to find an outlet for her temper. "How will she be to-morrow, I should like to know? She was downstairs and getting on finely this morning, when who should come but that there sharp little pipit, Miss Pringle, with her patchwork-pouch, to keep mistress company. And finely she's done it. She was off before tea. But though she darned all the stockings, and brought playthings for the children to keep them quiet, she didn't keep her own tongue quiet. I heard her chirp, chirp, chirp, like a bird, and I wished she'd stayed away, for mistress was that done over when she went—with her mouth primmed up and as stiff as you please—that I had to see mistress to bed right off; and when I went up with a basin of chicken broth just now, I saw the pillow wet, and her eyelashes wet too, and I was sure that Miss Pringle—as one wouldn't have suspected—had set her a-crying. And that's what's the matter, and it's enough to provoke a saint."

Stephen Heathfield was a bluff, hearty, cheery sort of man, with a fund of good humour—when his will was undisputed—and he was given to rally Hephzibah, when she was "put out." To-night, though he had come home in the best of humours, he was more inclined to frown than to jest. His wife's health and happiness were paramount to all other considerations, and he was not sure that the little bickering they had had in the morning was not as much to blame as Miss Pringle.

"Provoke a saint! I should think it would," he echoed, and was stalking off straightway to learn what had disturbed his dear Barbara, without even putting down his whip, when Hephzibah called him back.

"Here, here, master, don't you go upstairs in them boots. If she's asleep you'll waken her. Here's your slippers. It's best to go soft up them creaking stairs."

He took the rough reminder in good part, and went upstairs without hat or boots, and so lightly that, heavy man though he was, the stairs did not creak beneath his tread.

Affection's ears are preternaturally sharp. Barbara had heard the thud of his horse's hoofs as they came at a gallop down the lane from the high-road, to stop short at the great farm gate, and then on by the private cart-road to the stabling in the rear, and she had been listening for his coming ever since. The room was in twilight shadow, no lamp had as yet been lit, and as his burly figure passed darkly across the white window blind, her low "Stephen, dear, is that you?" brought him to her side in an instant.

Stooping to kiss her, he found a tear yet wet upon her cheek.

"Why, Barbara, love, how is this? What is troubling you?" he asked in a tone of concern, his big brown hand seeking and enclosing hers. "Have the children been too much for you? or has your Aunt Pringle been the culprit, as Hepsy says?" and there being no answer he went on to ask, "What can the poor little morsel have said or done to provoke tears?"

The voice was not very steady that answered him.

"Well, I'm afraid you will think me silly, but you know how her heart is set on having a godchild named after her, and how she has been disappointed and flouted by one or other, time after time; and she is such a good little creature, I felt quite nervous and half-ashamed to own that you were going to call baby after me; it seemed as if aunt had not one of all her relations who cared for her, because she was alone in the world, and not well off."

"Did she say so?"

"No, but I am sure she thought it, by the message she left, and her manner." And having repeated Miss Pringle's "proposal," not without choking down a sob, Mrs. Heathfield went on to say, "She came in so smiling, and went away so stiff and sad, that I felt as if we were cruel to disappoint her again, in so small a matter. I am sure I would not mind, and they are family names."

"It is not a small matter; she links the names with so many absurdities, and no doubt, as she says, a name does have some influence on character. Phillis Penelope"—he rolled the names over on his tongue as if to try their flavour—"um, well; I should not like the little body to fancy we snubbed her because she was poor, and had nothing better than a patchwork quilt to give the child! She is a better Christian than some of the full-sized and full-pursed relations who look down on her. I would not wound her feelings for the world—nor yours, my tender-hearted Barbara. So, Phillis Penelope let it be, if that will content Miss Pringle, and set your mind at rest. It will please her and do the child no harm."

A kiss on the big warm hand that held her own told Barbara's husband how she thanked him for his unexpected concession. "Aunt will be delighted," she said, as the farmer, declaring he was "hungry as a hunter," went in search of his supper, and left her to repose, not sorry to have made amends for his morning brusqueness.

"Delighted!" the word is utterly inadequate to express the exuberant satisfaction of Miss Pringle. The Heathfields went up in her esteem like the mercury in a thermometer carried from an ice-house into the noonday sun.

Except for the little maid that waited upon her, she lived alone in a small, roughcast, clematis-covered cottage, outside the overgrown village of Shepperley, and barely half a mile distant from the Upland Farm, if approached by the foot-bridge and fieldpath beyond. It was fully thrice the distance by the high-road which, coming from Little Woolton, crossed the moorlands north of the farm, took a south-westerly curve past the park gates of Squire Sheperton, overleapt the brook at a single bound with an arch of solid masonry, and so on right through the village and away to Great Woolton, the manufacturing and market-town on which Shepperley was dependent.

The nearest railway station was at Little Woolton, more than three dreary miles away, and until two or three fortunate manufacturers, desirous of escape from the smoke and whirr of wheels in the larger town, built themselves country houses and villas at the west-end of the village by the main road, it had been quite a rural spot. The little wayside inn had at once a newer and more imposing rival, a row of red-brick houses with real shop fronts put the one general shop out of countenance; a chapel rose at the one end of the village, to balance the church at the other; whilst the doctor and lawyer deemed it expedient to engage assistants, as it were, to check the approach of full-blown professionals.

Miss Pringle's modest abode adjoined the rectory grounds, under the shadow of the old church spire, which marked the daylight hours on the roughcast cottage-front, like the gnomon of a dial. It stood a little back in a trimly-kept garden, the brass knocker and knob on the green door as resplendent as the paint and the one low step were speckless, whilst the

windows shone in the sun's rays as if they had been mirrors burnished to reflect his face. Even the square block of stone between the upper windows, on which Pilgrim Place was quaintly cut, might have been fresh from the mason's chisel.

The same nicety be sure prevailed within, but that forenoon there was an unusual flutter behind the red flower-pots in the parlour window.

Miss Pringle had arrayed herself in haste to go abroad. Her little breast was not sufficiently capacious to contain its own joy. She must go forth and share it, and—for she was but human—she had some desire to confound her enemies with a sight of the brief note that had come like a sunbeam to brighten her life. All it said was—

"DEAR AUNT,—Stephen has consented to call baby after you. We shall both be pleased to have you for her godmother.

"Affectionately,

"BARBARA."

With her bag over her arm she tripped across the village, calling on Mr. Townley, the lawyer, then on Miss Bradley, the milliner and dressmaker, with whom she held close consultation. Off again she went, smiling and nodding to all she met; stepped into one of the new shops, then out again and away to the west-end, and the finest of one of the fine villas, built out of shoddy by the manufacturing husband of Matilda Rivers.

All there was as new and bright as the gold James Rivers had made out of refuse. From the boy in buttons to the draperies and carpets under foot, the mirrors and lustres, the gilt cornices and picture frames, all was gorgeous and magnificent—oppressively so. Mrs. Rivers herself, in a striped silk morning-gown, distended by a crinoline, was glorious as an inverted tulip fresh from the gardens of Brobdingnag. Her reception of Miss Pringle may be gathered from the speech of the latter.

"So, Matty! polite and patronising as usual! Well, well, poor people ought not to be too proud to be patronised, and prosperity is as perilous as champagne to weak heads. Perhaps my own is a little turned this morning. Aunt Pringle's pearls are not to go a-begging any longer," and she handed Barbara's note to the lady on the gold and crimson satin lounge, who took up a double eye-glass to read what she would have found more legible without.

A mocking little affected laugh, a slight supercilious curl of the lip, the note loftily handed back, with the frigidly spoken words:

"You can tell Mrs. Heathfield I congratulate her and her infant, but at the same time they must excuse me if I decline to be a party to anything so ridiculous."

At that moment the luncheon bell rang.

"As you are here," said the grand dame, condescendingly, "perhaps you had better stay and take luncheon with us."

"Pardon me, I have had my luncheon, and will say good morning," was the reply, so calmly if promptly uttered that Mrs. Rivers sailed away to join her young family, scarcely conscious of its covert meaning.

"Poor purse-proud Matty! More pretentious than this portico!" mentally ejaculated the little old maid as she stood outside the hall-door, and descended the imposing flight of steps, flanked on either side by a stone sphinx. "Will she never grow more gracious? Perchance I was in fault to go there; I might have anticipated the reception I met. Probably she fancies poor Aunt Pringle went in pursuit of a luncheon. Ah, Phillis Penelope!" thus she apostrophised herself; "better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better the dinner of herbs under your own roof, than luncheon from a stalled ox in that mansion. Dear me! it seems but the other day since Matty's mother plied her needle for support, and snapped at brother Archie, as a lift from poverty. Poor Matty's sudden prosperity has turned wiser heads than hers; and pride is its own punishment. I can afford to bear her sneers with patience now."

But we cannot follow Miss Pringle or her soliloquy any further: we must leave her to trip to and from the Upland Farm and Miss Bradley's, and to ply an industrious needle in her own bright little parlour, surrounded by furniture that had come down to her from her grandmother, pictures and portraits of dead and gone Pringles, a shining glass cupboard full of old china, on all of which she set a value provocative of smiles from others.

"The event of this day will mark an epoch in my existence," exclaimed Miss Pringle ten days later, smiling at her own reflection in her dressing-glass. "The very sun seems to shine more gloriously, the birds to sing more sweetly, the flowers to exhale a more exquisite perfume, to welcome another Phillis Penelope Pringle into the family. It is a day of promise. There, that will do. When I have put the Pringle pearls into my pocket, and placed the marker in my prayer-book at the baptismal service, I shall be prepared—and punctual.

In a few minutes she stepped downstairs, "quite a new woman," as she observed to Ruth, her very young maid-servant, who uplifted her hands and surveyed her mistress in mute admiration New in her attire certainly, from the plum-coloured poplin dress and pelerine, to the drawn silk bonnet of the same hue, lined with white satin; all was new for the auspicious occasion, if not of new fashion; and when, in a little while, a crowd of loungers began to assemble, and she stood at her gate watching for the Heathfield conveyance, many were the free comments exchanged.

"Positively, little Pringle has gone to the extravagance of new clothes for the christening!" said one.

"I hope she will not have to pinch for it afterwards," said another.

"Well, it's a poor tale if the little body can't have a new dress once in ten years without folk talking," thrust in a labourer's wife, carrying a sickly child. "I'll warrant she don't pinch her 'poor pensioners' to pay for it."

In the midst of comments such as these the christening party had driven up, Stephen Heathfield with his wife and child in their low pony phaeton, followed by a quiet brougham in which sat John Crossley and his wife, with whom Barbara Heathfield and Miss Pringle alike claimed cousinship. He was a plain man, senior partner in a manufacturing firm of long standing, and as he alighted he shook hands with them both right cordially.

Congratulations had to be brief; the rector was already in the church, as well as a number of strangers drawn thither by curiosity. Farmer Heathfield was a man of substance and good repute, and Miss Pringle's sponsorship had been well buzzed abroad.

A faint shade of displeasure crossed the latter's face as Mrs. Heathfield, on entering the church, surrendered her babe to Mrs. Crossley as the senior godmother. "Barbara!" was all she said, but the tone of remonstrance was sufficient.

"Stephen had spoken to Cousin Crossley before I told him of your proposal," whispered conciliatory Barbara, and a smiling nod told that the reason was satisfactory.

But a greater shock was to follow. When baby, divested of hood and cloak, and arrayed in a long muslin robe Miss Pringle had spent months in embroidering, was in the clergyman's arms, and he pronounced the names "Phillis Penelope" *only*, the little godmother stood aghast, and before she could gasp out "Pringle," as an addendum, the ceremony had proceeded too far for any revision, had such been proposed.

She stood there rigid as a statue, her hands tightly folded together, her lips firmly set, too bewildered to kneel when others knelt, lost in wonder whether the omission had been deliberate, or her proposal misunderstood.

Recalled to herself by the request to "Kiss your namesake" from Mrs. Crossley, she pressed a kiss on the soft cheek of the new Phillis Penelope, then turned and left the church abruptly to conceal her fast gathering tears, a suppressed titter from an adjoining pew, where Matilda Rivers sat in state, accelerating her departure.

"Here, I say, what's gone with Aunt Pringle?" cried Mr. Heathfield, on joining the others outside the porch after seeing the baptism duly registered.

"Gone off in a huff at being so finely cheated after all," suggested Mrs. Rivers, with a low, mocking laugh, which caused Stephen to look her in the face inquiringly, and then set off through the churchyard and across the road to the roughcast cottage, at a quicker pace than ordinary.

Meanwhile his unconscious enlightener went into esctasies over the "costly and magnificent robe," which she dropped from her fingers like tinder when told whose fingers had wrought it "in readiness for her first godchild."

She began to speculate on the value of such capable fingers, and on what might have been had she been as complying as Barbara Heathfield.

(To be continued.)

PASHA.

THE STORY OF A PARROT.

My hero's first home was in a Brazilian forest. His second home was a far different one, though it was as beautiful in its way. It was an old, red-brick house, somewhere in the flat county of Lincolnshire. A large and stately house it was, too, for it was built in those famous days when good Queen Bess did rule. On the sunny side of this house was a garden—such a garden!—enclosed by high red-brick walls, as mellow and rich in colouring as the plums and apricots which used to hang on them. This garden seemed fragrant at all seasons, as if the sweets of many past summers yet lingered there. In the centre of the garden was a grass plot, where stood an ancient sun-dial. A huge mulberry tree had, in its impudence, spread so far and wide that it had thrown the old timekeeper for ever into the shade. Near the dial was a square pond, flanked with a flight of slippery green steps. Its waters used to be full of goldfish, which would crowd round scattered bread-crumbs as eagerly as the chickens in the yard, when you call "Cluck, cluck."

Indoors, the house was almost as beautiful as the garden. The rooms were dark, it is true, for the oak furniture was black with old age and with much rubbing; but sunlight or firelight caught here and there, on brass, or silver, or china, making gleams of radiance in the gloom. But, always, the brightest, cosiest room in that house was Patty's parlour. Up the broad staircase you went, reaching the corridor, where hung the portraits of Lady Patty's ancestors. Straight in front of you was a curtained door, and if you had slipped inside the room into which that door opened, you would have been almost sure to find Lady Patty herself in her parlour.

And what was her ladyship like? Tall and stately, dressed in velvet train, with a bunch of housewife's keys hanging at her girdle. The keys of mysterious cabinets which hid all manner of family secrets? Ah, no! Our Lady Patty was far different! She was but a tiny, fragile girl, with a wee, pale face and a pair of soft grey eyes. Sad eyes, withal, and no wonder, for Lady Patty could not glide about in trailing, silken gown. When she walked—which was seldom enough—you might have heard stump, stump, on the polished floor; or bump, bump, on the carpet. When she did walk, it was but at best a hobble; for Lady Patty was a cripple. As the days went by she used her crutches less and less, and seemed content to sit in the deep bow-window of her parlour. This window looked across the park, where she could see the deer flitting amongst the trees; she could watch the birds in the old elms—rooks, and starlings, and crowds of fussy sparrows. Then from a smaller window, facing south, Patty could look down into the garden, where blackbirds, and robins, and finches were busy amongst the fruit trees. But our Patty was like a caged bird all the while; she could never run along the mossy paths, or dive for warm strawberries, hiding under their green leaves. She would never make the old garden resound with childish laughter, as the children who had played there in the days gone by had done. But birds in their cages are sometimes happy enough, and so was Lady Patty. She was surrounded with dolls, and toys, and books, and, best of all, with many kind friends. But what she longed for most of all was a living, laughing playmate, for Patty had neither brother nor sister; and there were others, besides the little girl, who longed for this too.

And now I am about to introduce you to the hero of my story. There came a day when Uncle Stephen, who was a sailor, and had just returned from one of his voyages, brought his little lame niece a playfellow—a live playfellow. It was Pasha, the parrot. Such a jolly fellow was he, all decked out in red, and blue, and crimson; and so full of his tricks and his whims!

What a change the bird brought into the life of Patty! How she learnt to tease and to coax him! How she would laugh when the Pasha squeaked out—"Hurry up, me boys," or, "Wo-ho, steady all," or, "Give us a drop of port," or, "I've got my weather eye on you!"

The sailors on board Uncle Stephen's ship had taught Mr. Poll all sorts of fun, and he was so clever and knowing that hardly a week passed without his picking up some new nonsense. He made the sombre old house quite lively once more with his screams. It must be confessed he was a noisy companion, as a rule; but if his little mistress said, "Pasha must be quiet, poor Patty's head aches!" the wise bird would arch his neck, click his beak, take several deliberate steps along his perch, and finally call out solemnly, "Poor Patty." After which he would be silent for a long time, as if he knew well what his mistress wished.

Ah, happy bird! It is not given to all of us to cheer sad hearts as you cheered Lady Patty!

But at length there came a time when the Pasha missed his beloved mistress. There was no one now to tease him or to laugh at his tricks. Day after day passed, and the forlorn bird was left alone in Patty's parlour, where the summer sun, hot and bright, shot in on his gilded cage. But the world was a chilly place now to poor Polly, for the warmth of his little mistress's love was gone for ever. Lady Patty had been hushed to sleep from all her pain, and had awaked to find herself in a sunnier garden than even that one she had so often gazed at from her parlour window. The breezes that blew on her now were balmy from the fields of Paradise. But the little girl's thoughts had often been with her whimsical playfellow, even during her painful hours; and almost the last words she said here were, "Has anyone remembered to give Pasha his chillies to-day?"

The little coffin had been laid in the earth, strewed all around with flowers, and Lady Patty's father returned to a grand but solitary home. Then there came a day when his lordship decided to visit, once more, the sunny upstair parlour, which was now so very empty. He drew back the curtain from the door, and just as he stepped across the threshold, poor perplexed Polly, who for a long while past had felt himself very neglected, put his head sagely on one side, clicked his beak, and then, in a very decided way, said, "Poor Patty!"

On hearing that harsh voice call the sweet name his lordship started across the room. Was his first impulse to ring the bird's neck? If it was he did not yield to it; he rang the bell violently and stood before the mantel, with his back to the cage.

"Poor Patty!" shrieked the bird persistently, and then after a little pause, "I've got my weather eye on you!"

Before many seconds the servant appeared.

"Take that screeching brute away directly," said his lordship, pointing towards Pasha "Take him down to the lodge. Tell Jenkins to see it fed and looked after."

The man departed with the gilded cage in his arms.

Ah! Patty, did you know, dear, that your old playmate was in disgrace? So Pasha took up his abode at the park gates, and as Jenkins was deaf, and his mother, the only other inmate of the lodge, was cross, who was there that cared to make a friend of poor Polly?

But there was one who, for the love she bore Patty, took pity on the Pasha before long, and carried him away to her own house, and loved and cared for the bird, for the lame child's sake. But in time she, too, would laugh at his funny ways and his consequential airs. Yet, strange to say, after that fatal day when he had called for Patty in his lordship's presence, this curious bird was never heard to speak that name again. He talked as much as ever; he was as funny, and whimsical, and fussy as ever, but from that day forward for many years he was never known to say that sweet name. Had the faithless bird left all remembrances of past happy days behind him in Patty's parlour?

The Pasha's mistress, who has grown an elderly lady too, has lately gone to live in Patty's old home; and so, by a strange coincidence, the parrot was taken back there; for though he was on his last legs, his mistress was still very fond of the old bird. She had never forgotten Patty, though she believed he had done so long ago.

Lady Patty's parlour looked less changed than any other part of the house on the day when this lady arrived there. It was a gusty October afternoon, but the sun was making its way, by fits and starts, through the branches of the remaining elm trees, and there were plenty of birds to fuss about amongst the half-withered leaves.

"I'll take my tea up here," said the new mistress to a servant; "and bring the parrot up; he will be company to me," she added.

Her thoughts were very much with Patty this afternoon; she almost fancied she could see the little girl's pale face, and hear her and the parrot chattering with each other.

Presently the maid returned, carrying the gaudy, gilded cage with the ancient bird inside it. She placed it on the wide window seat, and proceeded to prepare the tea.

"Ah! Pasha, old boy," said his mistress, opening the cage door, "you little think where you are! Patty's parlour has no sad memories for you!"

But the old bird apparently was deep in meditations of his own. He never noticed the open door, or attempted to make a slow tour of the room, as he usually did when permission was given. What he did do was to turn round and round excitedly on his perch and to click his beak sharply. Then all suddenly he screeched out: "Poor Patty! poor Patty!"

The next minute Pasha dropped from his perch on to the floor of his cage, and the old lady, starting forward, picked up—a dead bird.

So now there is only one heart left who treasures the memory of Lady Patty.

* * * * *

From the top of an oak cabinet in Lady Patty's parlour the Pasha still surveys the room, though with a stony stare. His end was honourable, for he was stuffed by a London ornithologist and arranged in a glass case, with a wax chilli in his beak. Thus life is as whimsical as Pasha the parrot!

H. E. Gray.

MELICENT;

OR,

PARADISE GARDENS.

By SUSAN LARA HANDS, Author of "The Wrong Made Right," etc.

CHAPTER X.

TOM SPARKS.

It was only a pot of hyacinths standing on the counter, mingling their fragrance with the sickening fumes of beer and spirits; but they recalled Madge to herself, and made her think of things holy and pure.

It was but a few days since that Melicent had brought her a bunch of these delicate blooms; the pleasant little chat that they had about them, and the words that she had spoken of God's love in supplying His creatures with such beautiful gifts, flashed through Madge's mind, and saved her from yielding to the fiendish impulse to drink.

No, she would not touch a drop; she turned to the door, and, though weak and trembling, a blessed feeling of peace stole over her as she murmured a prayer for aid, and walked away with Sarah and her cart.

The battle had been fought, and Madge this time was conqueror.

In the meantime Melicent's influence began to have weight with other residents in the Gardens; even with the boy who, pale and agitated, crept past Madge Wylde's door on the night of Bill's mysterious disappearance.

About this period there was a marked difference in Tom Sparks. He was not the lad that he used to be—daring, defiant, and noisy.

His own people could make nothing of him, and as his ways did not suit them, he got nothing but rough handling in that quarter. They spent the money that he earned in the day by selling hearthstone, at the Barley Mow at night. And when Melicent called on them they said roughly, and loud enough for her to hear, that "they didn't want anyone to come a preachin' an' pryin' at 'em." But for all this the visitor continued to give them a call whenever she took the round of the Gardens.

If constant dropping will wear away a stone, unswerving perseverance is not without a like result. Though Tom Sparks' relatives did not respond to Melicent's influence, he himself began to do so.

This might have been owing to Mr. Langton's evening classes for men and youths, which he had at length consented to attend. There he heard truths that had never reached his ears before; his conscience was awakened; he desired to lead a better life, as all that was good and noble was portrayed in plain, simple language, by one who carried the hearts of his hearers with him.

It was here that many—young Tom among the rest—realised that holy living will alone make a happy deathbed. The thought of a hereafter startled him; it was a new, strange experience. He was aware of the fact that he some day would die; but that would be an end of him, for anything that he knew to the contrary. And when he heard of an eternity and his own immortal soul, he listened with uncomfortable apprehension, and for the first time in his life regretted his misdeeds.

But there were other blessed truths to be told, to which Tom and his fellows hearkened with eager ears, and clung to as drowning men cling to the raft on which they float.

It was all new; the good tidings, "Christ Jesus died for all," fell on virgin soil.

But all these influences combined in making Tom restless and uneasy. How could he begin to lead the new life while his conscience was hampered and burdened? For some nights he absented himself from the meetings, but this brought no relief, and at last he made up his mind to speak to "the lady."

But how this was to be managed he scarcely knew. True, she came to the Gardens at all times to see Madge Wylde and old Mrs. Willet, and one of these visits might be made at an hour when he was at home. At last fortune favoured him.

One bleak March afternoon, when the blustering wind was piercing every nook and corner, Tom saw Melicent enter the Gardens. None of his people were at home, and now was his opportunity; but he was very shame-faced, and it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from slipping out of sight.

Courage was fast deserting him, and if the visitor had not seen his wistful face and stepped out of her way to ask him how he was getting on, Tom Sparks would not have spoken that day.

"Would yer mind a coming in a minute?" he asked, shuffling awkwardly from the full glare of the light. "I wants to tell yer somethin'"

But when his request was complied with, and he and the lady were standing face to face in the little dark noisome room into which he led the way, Tom seemed no nearer relieving his mind than before. But at last, with a mighty effort, he broke the silence. "It is all about Bill Wylde, an' I've kept it to myself till I'm that miserable I can get on no longer."

Then young Sparks, in broken words and sentences, told Melicent his story.

CHAPTER XI.

HEROISM.

Previous to Bill Wylde's disappearance he and Tom had made up their quarrel; and on that memorable Sunday afternoon they were out together on a long-planned expedition to a park far distant from Craydensfort.

The weather was fine and the sun out when the boys started; but later on clouds gathered, it began to drizzle, and the short winter day closed in while they were yet many miles from home. They had a long weary tramp before them; their way lay through crowded districts, many of them on a par in squalor and wretchedness with their own little dwellings in Paradise Gardens.

Suddenly, as they were passing down a long narrow street, there shot forth from one of the houses a tongue of flame, followed by a dense volume of smoke. It puffed out in blinding masses, filling the air with its stifling odour, and causing alarm and panic far and near. A crowd quickly gathered, and a murmur of horror passed from mouth to mouth, as, from one of the upper windows, a girl and boy appeared; they were little, helpless-looking creatures, who gazed piteously, with terror-stricken faces, at the throng below.

A hoarse shout went forth that they were locked in the house alone and could not help themselves; numerous frantic directions were given them to throw up the window and jump. But it was all in vain; the children were either too young or too frightened to understand what was meant; in the meanwhile the smoke was gathering in blackness.

At this juncture Tom Sparks' attention was drawn to Bill, whose eyes glowed with excitement; and before his companion was aware of his purpose, he broke through the crowd, mounted some iron railings, and by means of window sills and various other small aids, reached the casement at which the children were.

There followed a moment's breathless silence as Bill slowly raised the sash, sprang into the room, and a few moments later safely lowered the little ones into the willing arms outstretched to meet them.

Then cheer after cheer rent the air; as Tom Sparks said, it was Bill's turn, and the crowd was mad to get at him. But at that moment the engines came rattling down the street, with the firemen and their burnished helmets. But they were too late; the flames burst forth, the whole house was ablaze; the roof gave way with a mighty crash, and the young hero fell with it.

"But 'e weren't killed," continued Tom, whose voice had sunk to a whisper. "No, it wor not so bad as that, but he wor badly injured, burnt, an' crippled, an' didn't know no one. They took him to the 'ospital, but I was afeard to tell 'is mother, as it was all through me 'e 'ad gone out that day."

"And have you never heard anything more of Bill?" asked Melicent.

"Never, lady; an' as I couldn't bear the secret any longer, I told it to you."

Enjoining Tom Sparks to silence, Melicent left the Gardens, and made her way to the rectory to consult with Mr. Langton as to what steps should be taken in tracing the missing boy.

By Sparks' description they knew to what hospital he had been carried; but the haunting fear that he was dead had prevented Melicent speaking to Madge Wylde that afternoon.

As soon as she had narrated her story to the rector, a ray of light overspread his countenance, as he exclaimed, "Well do I remember reading of the brave act of some boy who had rescued two children from a fire some weeks ago; but I never associated him with our lost Bill."

That evening Mr. Langton started for the L—— Hospital, in quest of the long missing hero.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

It was Sunday, the day after Melicent's interview with Tom Sparks. The Gardens were tolerably quiet, many of the children were at Sunday-school, when Madge Wylde, in a neat shawl and bonnet, entered her door. She had come from a Bible class held at the rectory on the Lord's Day. It was only for poor women like herself, whose early life had been neglected, and who eagerly listened to the blessed truths imparted to them by one who gladly worked for the Master.

Neat and tidy though it was, her little home looked very lonely, and a sigh escaped her as she prepared her tea.

"But Sally will be in soon" she told herself, and just then steps were heard pattering up the Gardens, and in another instant the girl made her appearance.

She had her meals now with Madge on a Sunday; indeed, one way and another, she spent most of her time with her.

But Sally had scarcely removed her hat when the latch of the little gate was again lifted, a light foot sounded on the path, and "the visiting lady" stood in the doorway.

It scarcely needed Madge Wylde's look of surprise to show that the visit was unexpected.

There was that in her face that made young Sarah Laws hold her breath. And when she took Madge's rough hand in hers, as though the touch of human sympathy would be needed, and gently said that she had come to tell her something, the latter intuitively felt that the "something" related to her boy.

"What is it?" she gasped; "is he dead?"

And Melicent, answered softly, "Not dead, but very ill. I have come to take you to him. You must be calm, for the sight of you may do much either one way or another."

And then she briefly told where Bill lay, how he came there, and in what condition she had found him; and when all this had been explained, and Madge understood that, though living, he was still unconscious, and had not spoken since the accident happened, she covered her face with her hands, and moaned aloud.

But it was only for a moment that her courage deserted her. Straightening her tall form, she suppressed all outward signs of agitation, and prepared to accompany Melicent.

It was a long journey; but in less than an hour, trembling in every nerve, but supported by the latter's arm, Madge Wylde was led into one of the wide, spacious wards of the L—— Hospital.

Mr. Langton was already there, and silently the three approached Bill's bed. He was lying with his eyes shut, and his arm raised above his head; a vivid scar was across his brow, and his cheeks were wan and seared.

But it was Madge Wylde's boy—there was no mistake about that; and without thinking what she was doing, she laid her head on his pillow, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

Bill moved restlessly; lifted his heavy lids and gazed long and earnestly on her face. Then gradually there came the light of recognition; a half smile curved his lips as he murmured feebly the endearing word, "Mother."

The spell was broken, reason returned; and the magic power of his mother's presence accomplished more than the skill of all the doctors.

* * * * *

One sunny morning, some months after these agitating events, a very happy party was gathered on the lawn at The Hawthorns. There were Mr. and Mrs. Carey, looking benign and genial, as they stood apart with the rector and Mrs. Ferguson, while Melicent, and those dear little grey-eyed nieces of hers, fluttered about in a state of delightful expectation.

But at last the auspicious moment for which all three had been longing arrived. A gate leading from the paddock was thrown open, and with much pomp and ceremony Mr. Ferguson led forward a beautiful, large, sleek donkey, which allowed itself to be patted and petted till other arrivals claimed the attention of her admirers.

These last were a comely-looking, comfortably-dressed woman, accompanied by a tall youth, whose face, notwithstanding the deep-seated scars across it, looked pleasant and happy. Their advent was the signal for operations to commence, and when they had been duly welcomed, and Mr. Langton had opened the proceedings by alluding to the brave act which they were assembled to commemorate that morning, Brown Molly was presented to Bill Wylde, as a substantial recognition of his heroic conduct on that occasion.

Though Madge was overcome with joy, and Bill could not find words to express his gratitude, all present understood how highly the useful gift, that was to draw the wood-cart, was appreciated.

To Melicent it was a very felicitous moment; as she heard the boy's murmured admiration of the handsome quadruped, and saw the tenderness with which he caressed it, she felt that Molly had a good master; she owned, with a smile of affection, that her savings had, indeed, assisted a good cause.

"They have, truly," assented Mrs. Ferguson; "and I think the children enjoy this event even more than they did Aunt Milly's sweetmeats."

* * * * *

Though time has brought to Melicent some changes, and she is now a happy wife and mother, she still continues her labour of love in Paradise Gardens. And when she is faint-hearted, or in danger of taking a too depressing view of things in general, and of her own little district in particular, she remembers that God blesses all work honestly done for Him. She has only to look at young Sarah Laws, Tom Sparks, and Madge and her son, to feel that her service has already been abundantly rewarded, in getting them and others to attend their church, and all other means of grace conducted by God's appointed ministers.

As "the quality of mercy," her work is "twice bless'd; it blesseth" her "that gives, and him that takes."

[THE END.]

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

AGAIN we place before our readers the names of those who have come forward with their means and their sympathy in support of the proposition made by THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on the 7th of November last.

Amongst these contributors may be found every class and condition of reader, and these by their timely help are not only making the realisation of our hopes of a Convalescent Home for tired weary girls a certainty, but are showing at the same time that they recognise the duties and responsibilities entailed upon those who derive pleasure and profit from possessing THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The sayings go that "Every privilege has its drawback" and "every bright side has its dark side." The teaching of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER goes to prove that, on the contrary, every privilege granted to us begets a privilege, and that the bright side if well-used and polished may be so bright as to penetrate and diffuse light and brightness over the darkness.

It surely is no drawback to the enjoyment of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that its readers should be asked to stretch out their hands to support the weak and weary, heal the sick, and let joy and sunlight into the dreary attics and homes of the poor.

The bright side of possessing THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can have no dark one, if by possessing it the reader has learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Let each individual reader try to realise that we cannot do without her help, her sympathy, and that it is as important to her as to us that these should be forthcoming. It is her opportunity, which, if well used, will bring a blessing with it; if neglected she will be the loser, strange as that may seem.

In the proposition made on the 7th of November we stated what the sum would be if every reader gave a penny, but that by no means meant that the gift was to be confined to a penny; we mention this, as it has been a grief to many to be restricted in their giving by what was supposed to be a hard-and-fast line.

On the contrary, we say, "Give of your abundance"; the cause is a good one and it is your own, but whether your contributions be great or small, we shall rejoice and thank you for the proof of your sympathy and your willingness to give up something that others may reap a benefit.

For the many kind and valuable letters we have received offering sites and service together with good practical advice, we beg to return our best thanks; but until the contributions reach a much higher sum we dare not commence buying, building, or appointing.

It has been suggested to us that many readers would willingly undertake collecting cards with the object of helping forward the Convalescent Home. We have therefore had some cards printed, and any one willing to share with us part of the responsibility may receive a card by applying to us at our office and giving their full name and address.

A second suggestion is that concerts, readings, or entertainments might be got up by girls in their own districts, and in their own drawing-rooms, parishes or villages all over the country for the benefit of the Girl's Own Convalescent Home.

We leave these suggestions with our readers, in the hope that here and there at least they may bring forth fruit.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged in No. 431 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £124 17s. 11½d.

M. Pennington Burns, 1s., Florence A. Verey, 2s., Millie and May, 1s. 6d., Clare Penman (collected), 2s. 6d., Emmie, 1s., Telegraphist, 3s. 6d., Sophia Twitcher (collected), 2s. 6d., Frances A. Spalding, 1s., K. D. 1s., "Our Nance," 7½d., Agnes Brown, 2s. 6d., "Esperance." 1s., J. W. P., 2s. 6d., Ida Glynn (Liverpool) (collected), 14s., Amy Linford (collected), 8s. 6d., M. J. F. (collected), 3s., H. A. B. (collected), 1s., E. G. Caine (collected), 10s., Mrs. F. E. Sawyer Brighton (collected), 12s., Frank H. (2s. per annum), 2s., Jane and Margaret Nevin, 1s., Janie P. Cowley, 1s., Kathleen, 1s., Eliza Nash, 10s., Miss A. Beale (collected) £1, Flora (Copston House) 2s., Valentine Noel, 1s. 1d., Kate Mason (collected), 12s., Magnolia (collected) 1s., R. A. P., 1s., Plough Boy, 6d., E. B., 3d., Ethel Gertrude Wikins, 5s., Edith Barker, 6d., L. J. Dowie (?), 1s. 6d., A. E. B., 3s. 6d., A Teacher (Claremont Sunday-school) (collected), 3s., Sarah McChesney, 1s., Kate and Lillie, 1s., Olive, 6d., E. P., 6d., Rosalinda B. K., 2s., Mary, 1s., A Young Mechanic's Wife, 1s. 3d., A. Davis, 1s., E. Hawkett, 6d., L. F. H. L., 6d., "Lowestoft Girl," 2s., Violet E. Grey (half-year's subscription), 10s., Daily Governess, 3s., The Misses Jackson (annual subscription), £2 2s., Sarah Gray, 2s. 6d., Ada Gill, 1s., Two Readers, 6d., A. C., 2s. 6d., Minnie Wilkinson, 1s., E. A. B., 6d., Margery, 5s., Jennie Young, 6d., Alice L. Jackson, 2s., Mary G. Neyt (Yokohama), £1 2s. 8d., B. M. D., 2s., C. Mockett, 2s., A. Hopkins, 1s., R. J., 1s., Mrs. Sutton and Friends, 10s. 6d., Kate Davidson and S. J. Evanson (collected) 6s. 6d.

Amount collected up to the 22nd March, 1888, £138 2s. 10d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDYTHA.—There are several colleges where you can be received at a moderate rate. Write to Miss Wordsworth, St. Hugh's College, 25, Norham Road, Oxford, and inquire. The expenses are said to be £60 per annum.

BACKWARD ONE.—The initial letters before the names of ancient Romans are those of what would be called their Christian names in these days, being distinctly personal. Thus, M. Antony, Marc Antony, Quintus Metellus, Q. Metellus, etc.

IRELAND must put herself into communication with some of the many associations for the benefit of teachers. In Dublin the hon. secretary of the Governesses' Association is Mrs. Seymour Burke, 3, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin. In London there is a registration office under Miss Brough, 17, Buckingham Street, Strand. Enclose stamp, and write for information. Being an LL.A., you ought to have little difficulty.

EVERGREEN.—We advise you to make yourself contented and happy as a dressmaker, where your parents have placed you. The educational profession is more laborious and worse paid (we think), besides being overstocked; a good trade is far better for both sexes, could they only see it. One can be a cultured, well-educated, well-mannered dressmaker as well as teacher. Keep up your education by joining one of the many night classes, so useful to young people.

BRIAN.—We have pleasure in acceding to your request, and drawing attention to your Home Reading and Essay Societies, of which the secretary is Miss Burney, 8, Blandford Place, Regent's Park, N.W. The essays are written once a month, and the reading is to occupy six hours in the week. The subscription amounts to one shilling each per annum, paid in advance. Prizes are given and fines exacted.

MISS THOYTS, secretary of the Sulhampstead Query Society, is anxious to obtain more members; and states that she has about seventy each term. It appears to be a useful and interesting society.

IVY.—We strongly recommend you to write to Miss Caroline G. Cavendish, Conference Hall, 143, Clapham Road, S.W., general secretary of the Christian Women's Education Union. This college prepares for the degrees of the University of London, a very considerable number of its students having matriculated with honours. Students are eligible for admission at eighteen years of age and upwards, and an entrance scholarship is offered for competition. The present address of the college is Westfield, Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.

ART.

HETTIE.—The article on Canvasine will be found at page 166, vol. v.

DAISY DIMPLE.—We should advise you to go through the whole course at the Art School; and if a special course would be of value to you, you will be wise in taking the master's advice.

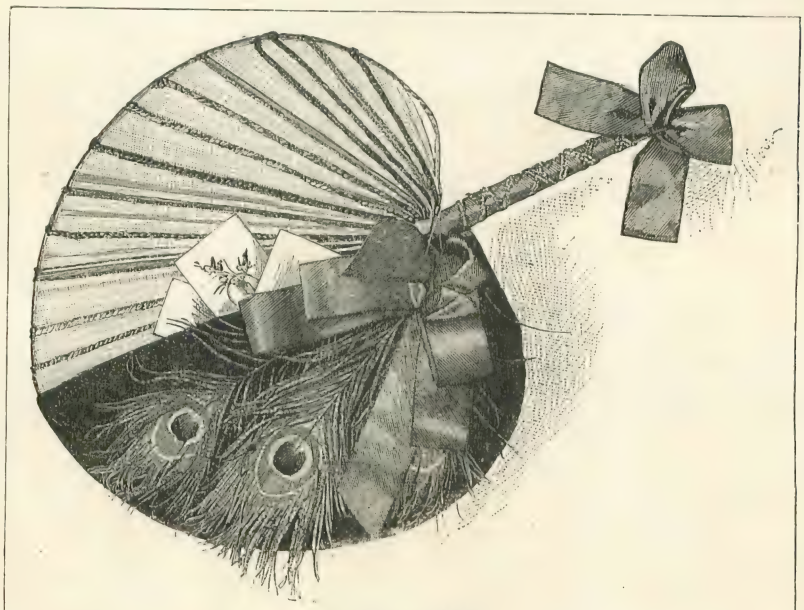
MARY FRANCIS.—There is an Art Pottery Studio at 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., under the Misses Spiers and Welby. Also, for glass and china painting, instruction is given at Messrs. Mortlock's, Orchard Street and Oxford Street, W.; Messrs. Doulton and Co.'s, Lambeth; and at the Lambeth School of Art, Millers Lane, Upper Kennington Lane, S.E.

CORIOLANUS.—Oil colours are much less difficult to *paint than* water colours, and you might begin very well by yourself if you could get a few hints from some of the many people whom you watch while painting. It would be a great help to you.

M. F.—An artist's proof in steel engraving is the first print, which is shown to the artist and signed by him. Very few of these are printed off. When taken on thin paper of a pale buff colour, prepared from bamboo stalks imported from the East Indies, they are called "India proofs," and "proofs before letters." These have the names of the artist and the engraver respectively on the left and right hand of the picture, and the publication line below the work. These are also limited as to number. Then follow the "lettered proofs," or "proofs after letters," which have the title in a scratched letter on the right hand of the spectator. These are stamped and few in number. "Prints" are the last issued, having the full name, etc., and are unlimited in number and of less value.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A SHETLAND LASSIE kindly writes from thence to inform us how Shetland shawls should be washed. "Make a strong lather of white curd-soap, washing powder, and hot water; into which put the shawl, which must not be rubbed, but drawn through the hands lightly, until clean. Repeat this process in another lather, and then rinse twice in clean warm water. Suspend it in the fumes of stick sulphur till quite pure; stiffen with starch, made very thin, and stretch on a carpet or on the grass. Before wetting the shawl a strong thread should be run through the points of the shawl very loosely, for putting the pins through when stretching, to avoid tearing the scallops. Thick shawls need no starch, coloured ones should not be put in the sulphur fumes, and fine coloured ones, or black ones, should be stiffened with thin liquid gum instead of starch. Suspending in sulphur fumes is good for all white woollen articles. It prevents their shrinking and getting discoloured and yellow. A common barrel, which can stand on a piece of metal or a flat stone, or an old tin pan, to hold the live coals and sulphur; two or three sticks on the top of the barrel, on which to hang the articles to be bleached, and a blanket or old rug, to cover over all; are the sole articles needed for the bleaching process." Many thanks for your most useful recipe. We should call the education fair. But if in trouble about spelling, why not keep a dictionary at your side?



A WALL POCKET.

JABEZ SMITH (ECCLES).—We find that a recent writer on such things, of much experience, puts down the cost of furnishing as follows: Sitting-room, £18; bedrooms (each), £11; hall, £3; kitchen, £8 14s.; back ditto, £4 2s. 3d. You could probably manage on £60, if you picked up things with judgment. All the beds should be new, however, and also the kitchen utensils. Stained and painted floors make a great difference in the purchase of carpets, and also in the cleaning of the house.

WILDA can clean ribbons with benzine, or sometimes with ammonia.

J. C. H. R. (Stanstead).—The following is the "German paste," as usually made by bird-fanciers, which keeps well and agrees best with caged birds: Two quarts pea-meal (*i.e.*, this should be peas ground small), half a pound of maw-seed, half a pint of bruised hemp, quarter of a pound of coarse sugar, quarter of a pound of treacle, half a pound of lard. Mix the dry ingredients together. Make the lard hot, and stir it into the treacle, which pour over the whole, and mix thoroughly with the hands. When cold, put away in a jar.

BIRDIE had better try to get her red cloth serge with chamois leather cleaned by the chemical process that does not require wetting, as that would spoil the leather. We are constantly giving recipes for cleaning lace. There is an excellent one on page 7, vol. vii. Your letter is most interesting. Very few people realise the real hard work of which life is made up in the colonies, and the difficulties which surround it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISTRESSED MOTHER.—First speak to the boy kindly, but very firmly, and warn him that, should he despise kind and gentle commands, you will, with much pain and regret, have to resort to measures that will enforce obedience, by application to his schoolmaster. If he prove your master in this thing, the boy will become so in matters still graver. You do not name his age. You will have to report the case to his schoolmaster, and leave him to incur punishment at school—slight at first, and severe afterwards, till he be conquered.

AU DESESPOIR says she "is a shockingly bad walker, turns in her toes, draggles her dresses, and swings along; please suggest an amendment." The only amendment that we can suggest is, that her toes be moderately turned out, her dresses shortened, and that, if she have a room without a carpet, she should practise walking on a single plank, with her head up and her chin kept well back. The early numbers of the G.O.P. are not to be had at the office. Write to the publisher, and name which you want.

GEORGIE.—Prizes and certificates are given to winners in our competitions. We do not "give them for taking in our magazine!" Perhaps you would like to obtain prizes for eating good dinners.

A. B. C.—We do not approve of straps, and object still more to any steel or iron-work in connection with them. They occasion painful fatigue and discomfort to a growing girl; thus there is a continual effort to obtain freedom by leaning to one side. We have known the spine to be forcibly curved by wearing an appliance of this kind for the projection of a shoulder-blade, while the sister only wore a backboard and faceboard for one hour daily while learning her lessons, and the shoulder (put out by learning too early to play the harp) returned to its place without injury to the spine, and a fine upright figure was the result.

LILY.—You would find Dr. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia" a most interesting book for Sunday reading. It is illustrated, and can be had at our publishing office.

A. L. B.—Some of the trees of which mention is made in the Old Testament have not been identified. Such are the "Algum," "Almug," and "Gopher." The latter, of which the ark was made, is supposed to have been some coniferous tree. The "Algum" is thought to be identical with the cypress, and the "Almug," used for musical instruments and pillars, to be the "Red Saunders" wood, or *Pterocarpus santalinus*, a large tree of the genus *Leguminosæ*. It is hard and heavy, and capable of receiving a fine polish. The trunk would be well suited to serve the purpose of a pillar, and it is employed to this day for musical instruments. The colour is of a beautiful red.

MERKUR did not put her address on the MS. she sent, nor on the letter she wrote to the Editor. We think her scruples are quite needless, and she had better make herself happy where she is, and be very thankful that God has provided a "better way" for her than being with her family, where she was so unhappy and wretched.

AN IRISHWOMAN has our best thanks for her kindness in copying so long an extract. The 18th June, 1858, was a Friday; the 18th July, 1858, was a Sunday.

MARY ANN MUGGINS.—We do not know of any difference between a bazaar, a fancy fair, or a sale of fancy work.

VOL. IX.—NO. 436.] MAY 5, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A VISIT TO "WOODEN WALLS."

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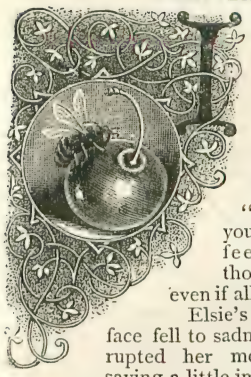
"ELSIE AND HER LUGGAGE WERE SAFELY STOWED IN IT."

CHAPTER I.



"I THINK you will like it by-and-by, Elsie."

"I — don't — quite—know. I really don't care to go, mother," Elsie Weir replied doubtfully. "I very much wish you to go, my dear. I feel you need a thorough change, and even if all shouldn't be——" Elsie's somewhat pensive face fell to sadness, and she interrupted her mother's speech by saying a little impatiently—

"It's all one to me. I don't feel that change of scene is going to do me any good, and I am quite sure I shan't get pleasure out of any visiting. But since you have set your mind on my going, of course I'll go. You know what is best for me."

Mrs. Weir looked at the girl with tenderest compassion, but she said nothing; and Elsie, glancing at her, saw tears in her eyes. Going close to her mother, Elsie laid her head on the bosom which had been her shelter through life, and sobbed out, "Oh, mother! I am so heart-sick still, and I ought not to be so, having you."

"I should not have liked to see you take your trouble lightly, my child," said the mother, as she fondled her weeping girl. "It is a very heavy trial to one so young as you. I have not expected you to rise up easily and at once under such a blow."

"Yet I fear it seems as if I were not sufficiently mindful of the blessings I have while I am so burdened by my loss."

"Our Father will make allowance for you, dear. He will not think you were ungrateful in your grief, I am sure. But I know He expects you to make every effort against the corroding weight of sorrow. We must not indulge our sorrow more than our joy. So I look to see you our bright home sunbeam as of old, in spite of all."

"I'll try, mother."

"That is my own brave daughter! I am sure your poor Jamie would not wish you to break your heart too long for loss of him."

"It is very good of—of his sister to ask me to visit her, and since you are anxious for me to have change, I think I'd rather go to Mrs. Gascoyne than to anyone else, though I have never seen her."

"I cannot help feeling sure, in spite of your natural fears, that there will be a very nice kind of pleasure for you in meeting Jamie's relatives."

"It will be most painful at first," Elsie whispered, and a shiver went through her. But her mother's caresses and sympathy restored her composure after a little time, and then she went away to write her acceptance of Mrs. Gascoyne's invitation.

Elsie Weir's home was in Edinburgh. Two years before the time of which I am telling you the Channel Fleet had come up the Forth, and Elsie had made the acquaintance of a young Englishman, a lieutenant on board the "Seamew."

Jamie Deighton was a fine specimen of the British bluejacket; frank, manly, handsome, full of fun and energy. No wonder Elsie learned to love him with all her heart, no wonder that she looked forward to his visit next summer as the happiest thing possible; no wonder she "fell to earth," crushed in spirit, when news came home that Jamie had "died for England" on the Indian Ocean.

His family, residing in Kent, knew nothing of Elsie beyond the fact that she was his betrothed, and a suitable partner for him. They had written to her, of course; and it had been arranged that she was to pay them a long visit when he came home. But his death changed all that. They wrote kindly once or twice, but nothing was said of the projected visit. They doubtless thought (Elsie supposed) that she would "soon forget"; that the tie between them being broken there was no need to keep up the acquaintance. So Elsie believed that Jamie's family and herself were never likely to meet, and she was therefore considerably surprised at receiving a letter from his married sister, begging Elsie to come to her for the ensuing Christmas holidays.

"We shall be very quiet, of course," Mrs. Gascoyne wrote, "but I think the quaint kind of life on board ship will interest you. There is something quite unique about this *ménage*, and I like it hugely. I do want to know you personally, dear Elsie, for Jamie was my favourite brother, and I am sure the girl he chose must be a girl I'd like. Do come, and we will cheer each other."

Elsie liked the letter and liked the writer, but she was too listless to care to go, and would have declined the invitation at once if her mother had not wisely pressed her to accept it.

All arrangements were made, and a few days before Christmas Elsie set out under care of a lady going to London, who promised to keep the girl "under her wing" till "called for" by the Gascoynes.

Elsie had never crossed the Border before, and had often pictured what pleasure she should have in visiting England and the home of her betrothed.

How different from those anticipations was the reality, when she found herself being carried southwards by the "Flying Scotsman" that cold December evening!

But a pleasant surprise met her at King's Cross, for when she got out of the train in the grey of early morning, a gentleman came up, a bright-faced man, with a halt in his gait as if he had seen service, but with the unmistakable flavour of the "saut sea faem" about his appearance.

"Are you not Miss Weir?" he asked.

"Yes," said Elsie, rather astonished.

Then he held out his hand. "I'm Wat Gascoyne. My wife sent me off to meet you at once. She couldn't leave the children for a whole day, and we thought you might prefer coming straight on to Sheerness instead of halting in London, unless you are very tired after travelling all night. If so, I wait your time."

A great deal of Elsie's tiredness had vanished at sight of the kind sailor, and the clasp of his strong hand.

"I am not tired," she said, "and I shall prefer going on at once if you like." Then turning to her *chaperon* (who had been looking after her luggage, satisfied that Elsie had met a friend) she said—

"This is Captain Gascoyne. Isn't it good of him to come so far to meet me; so early too?"

"Very kind indeed," the lady replied, feeling quite at home with the gentleman at once; "and how did you know Elsie so speedily? I understood you had not met before."

"We have her likeness, and I knew her by instinct. I hope you can trust her to my care."

He smiled as he spoke, and the ladies smiled. Anyone who looked at him knew he was to be entirely trusted. After a little more friendly chat, the girl bade good-bye to her lady friend, and went away in charge of the captain. The journey through Kent was made pleasant to Elsie by the intelligent talk of her companion, who pointed out all places of interest on the way, and had some amusing story to tell of every noticeable feature in the country through which they passed.

"You will see more of the country by-and-by," said he; "it is the sea and sea life you are to become acquainted with first. But when you go to Hallam Court the Deightons will take you about and give you sight of England better than we can."

"I had not thought — I am not going there," she murmured, but the Captain said—

"Mina told her people you were coming to us, and they want you very much when we've done with you, which won't be ever!"

How pleasant it was to be talked to like that! Although the gladness and glamour had gone out so much, it was very nice, Elsie said to herself, to think she should see Jamie's home and family after all; and she said so quite frankly.

The captain beamed on her, and replied—"We all feel that you are one of us. I daresay Mrs. Deighton would have written sooner, but she was dreadfully cut up; and Mina said they were not sure that you would care to be asked."

"Oh! indeed I care," the girl made answer.

After more talking Captain Gascoyne said—"Perhaps you will have a sight of the 'Seamew' while you are with us. She is expected within a week or so, but I don't know if she will come to Sheerness first. We hope she will."

Elsie hoped the reverse, but did not say so, only she wondered why the Gascoynes should wish to see Jamie's ship without Jamie. She thought it would be very trying.

It was afternoon when she found herself on the Medway, steaming out the river, and then Captain Gascoyne said—"I hope you will not find life on board ship so dull as our last city visitors did. They said it felt like being in prison, and they left us very soon! Now, I feel like being in prison when I'm on shore. You see what habit does, so one mustn't be hard on land-lubbers!"

"I am sure I shall like it," said Elsie, "but I am wondering a great deal about it! How do the little ones manage? And then there's the shopping and visiting. It must be so different in every way from living in a house."

"My wife enjoys it all immensely, and I can see by your looks that you are the sort of girl to like what my wife likes. You and Mina will freeze together, as the Yankees say, and I shall be set to one side!"

They both laughed, Elsie quite as merrily as the captain, and it would have done her mother's heart good to hear her, for that laugh of hers had not been heard for months.

When the steamboat reached Sheerness, a trim boat, manned by tars in uniform, came alongside. This was the captain's gig, and Elsie and her luggage were safely stowed in it by her companion, who was the most careful, courteous host she had ever seen.

They had not far to go, and the bit of water was swiftly and smoothly traversed by the natty little boat. As they neared a huge hulk lying anchored in line with a number of other vessels, Captain Gascoyne said—"This is our house, our castle. What do you think of it?"

"What a great ship!" Elsie exclaimed; "but where are her masts and ropes? How can she do without them?"

He laughed. "The old 'Raleigh' does not want rigging now. It is many a day since she sailed the seas, poor old thing! She's a fixture."

Then he brought up alongside. The side-boys were at their post, the oars were pointed, all was managed in ship-shape man-o'-war's style, and Elsie was led up the gangway.

When she reached the deck a lady came running from a little greenhouse aft, and putting her arms round the girl's neck looked at her with Jamie's brown eyes, and said, "Welcome to our wooden wall, dear Elsie."

It was a sweet and sisterly greeting, and Elsie's tender heart went out at once to Mrs. Gascoyne.

(*To be continued.*)

SELF-CONTROL.

In a former paper on "Impulsiveness" I endeavoured to sketch some of the partly laughable, partly serious results that arise from the lack of self-control in a girl's daily life. It forms no part of my present purpose to enlarge on the whole subject of this self-government. *Control of self*—the direction of the whole character for good and for evil—might well form the material for a huge treatise on ethics! and in its wider scope is quite beyond the limits of this essay.

It is rather "self-control" in its ordinary sense, as applied to the expression of the emotions, that I should like to make the topic of a friendly lecture. There are many good people, old and young, whom it would be incorrect to describe as utterly undisciplined, who live well-ordered lives, and recognise the voice of conscience in all the larger affairs of existence; who strive to obey duty, who would die rather than do a false, dishonest, or cruel act, however much it might be to their own worldly advantage; and who, nevertheless, fail in self-control in what may be termed (though not very correctly) the "little things" of life. Women, from the greater sensibility of their nervous system, are particularly liable to this weakness in one form or another. And therefore, even as the inscription was placed over the entrance to the temple at Delphi—

"Know Thyself,"

I should like to place in every girl's little sanctuary, in letters of gold—

"Control Thyself."

Of course individual temperament and training have largely to be taken into account in judging of the difficulty of this daily self-control. The spoiled only child, the weak, hysterical, nervous girl, will have a far harder battle to fight than the well-trained, placid, unemotional young woman, who takes life easily, and never finds her temper, her fears, her affections, getting the better of her. Still, no girl is altogether at the mercy of her own impulses. She can, if she will, try to steer her little bark, instead of letting it drift hither and thither at the will of the winds and the seas. The task may be hard; she will fail again and again, but in time success will come. And putting duty aside, her own health and comfort all through life depend largely on her efforts in this direction.

With improvement in the education of women has come an altered tone of opinion regarding "self-control" as applied to excitement, terror, and agitation of every kind. Fainting and hysterics among women have gone out of fashion. A glance at the fiction of some years ago will prove that it was considered the correct thing for a heroine, on hearing any alarming news or meeting with a shock of any kind, immediately to swoon away. It was actually a serious trouble to many romantic girls that they could not faint if they tried! It seemed an indispensable accomplishment for a woman who wished to acquit herself creditably in life. I well remember my own envy, as a child, of a friend who could faint properly, while my utmost efforts in that direction only produced what I have since seen in children of a larger growth, a kind of "walking swoon." Ridiculous as this may seem, it is perfectly true, as Mr. John Stuart Mill says, that fainting and hysterics were once fashionable. Was not "strong-minded" an epithet of reproach for women? and does not opprobrium still linger round the term? But a sounder tone of public opinion, the improved physical and mental training of girls, have done away with this unhealthy notion. It would be interesting to know how much the sale of smelling salts and sal volatile has declined since Girton and Newnham were first projected! The young lady who in any crisis instantly becomes useless by dropping into insensibility, or both useless and actively objectionable by "going off" into shrieking hysterics, is no longer regarded as fulfilling her vocation. Girls do, it is true, distinguish themselves in these ways still, but not as a rule willingly; their friends, in such cases, send for a doctor and adopt a tonic treatment, regarding it as arising from weakness of some sort, rather than as the natural and necessary outcome of refined sensibility.

The self-control of culture is now understood to be the rightful property of every lady possessing "a sound mind in a sound body," and well-bred, well-educated women prefer to leave screams, swoons, hysterics, and "fuss" of every description to their uncultivated sisters. The woman strong to help and save, like Rose Turquand in Ellice Hopkins' beautiful story, is the woman to be admired.

But, though the public ideal is changing, though authors of the highest type, and men and women whose opinion is worth having, extol the woman of quiet fortitude and strength rather than the woman who "gives way" on every occasion, there is still a great deal of misapprehension abroad on this question of self-control; and the reason is not far to seek. Intense feeling is known to belong to the noblest characters. Dante truly says—

"As the thing more perfect is,
The more it feels of pleasure and of pain."

Feeling, frankly and ingenuously expressed, is often very attractive; a wooden exterior is not! So there springs up in many minds a vague idea that to be self-controlled is to be hard, cold, uninteresting; to be uncontrolled is to be charming.

There is nothing like setting one's thoughts in order on subjects like these, and to clear the way, in the first instance it will be well to dispose of two classes of self-controlled women, who are neither to be admired nor imitated.

First of all comes a type of woman greatly to be pitied. She has lived a lonely life, or a life among uncongenial people, until repression has frozen up the very springs of her nature. She has lost the power of expressing feeling. Dull, mechanical, unattractive, she finds scarcely a friend, but she suffers keenly in her heart of hearts, and if any good angel could melt the icy barrier, and let the warm streams flow, it would be a mercy. Pity her, for she is very unhappy; help her if you can, but resolve that, God willing, circumstances shall never bind your own nature in such thick-ribbed ice; and do not fall into the mistake of regarding her as the rightful type of the self-controlled woman.

The second class, fortunately not a large one, is much more odious: of women who esteem it a duty to repress all the pleasant emotions of life, who never show any feeling themselves, and dislike its exhibition in others. They have usually strong, deep natures, and preserve a cold exterior from some wildly mistaken notion of principle. "The Crofton Boys," by Harriet Martineau, describes a mother of this stamp; a woman who, though full of love for her son, scarcely ever expressed it, disliked signs of emotion in anyone, and aimed, surely, more after a Spartan than a Christian ideal. Mrs. Stowe also in "Little Foxes"—a book that is by no means out of date in its homely, racy, sensible advice—treats admirably of this repression on principle.

She describes a New England household of thoroughly good, high-principled women, into which is brought the loving, sensitive child-wife of the only son. Her brother visits her a little while after the marriage, and thus reflects on her surroundings:—

"In making a New England visit in winter, was it ever your fortune to be put to sleep in the glacial spare chamber that had been kept from time immemorial as a refrigerator for guests—that room which no daily sunshine and daily living ever warms, whose blinds are closed the whole year round, whose fireplace knows only the complimentary blaze which is kindled a few moments before bedtime, in an atmosphere where you can see your breath? Do you remember the process of getting warm in a bed of most faultless material, with linen sheets and pillow-cases slippery and cold as ice? You did get warm at last, but you warmed your bed by giving out all the heat of your own body. Such are some families where you visit. They are of the very best quality, like your sheets, but so cold that it takes all the vitality you have to get them warmed up to the talking-point."

Such was the family that was exerting its chilling influence on the little bride; each member felt love for the others, but from a shocking and mistaken idea of duty, repressed all exhibition of tenderness.

"When you know people are so good and all that," says the child-wife, "why of course you must be thankful—be happy. It's better for me to learn to control my feelings, you know, and not to give way to impulses. They are all so good here they never give way to their feelings; they always do right."

The brother expresses himself strongly on this mode of behaviour, but he does not succeed in freeing his little sister and her husband from its petrifying influence till health and joyousness are beginning to fail her. Then Mrs. Stowe sums it up as follows:—

"And now for the moral: and that is, that life consists of two parts—Expression and Repression—each of which has its solemn duties. To love, joy, hope, faith, pity, belongs the duty of expression; to anger, envy, malice, revenge, and all uncharitableness belongs the duty of repression."

Yes, and also to many kinds of weakness. The causeless fear, or the fear that, by its display, may do harm to yourself or another; the impatient shrinking from necessary physical pain, however slight; the fretfulness arising from needless worry, the excitability that is ill-placed; these—not the emotions that make life bright and happy, not even legitimate

grief and sorrow—form the proper subject for self-control.

Thus in reply to the question, "Is feeling never to be my guide?" we obtain the answer, "Feeling is to be your guide so long as it is in accordance with a higher guide—your sense of Right and Wrong.

There may be occasions in a girl's life when, if her feelings lead her strongly in one direction, she will do well not to ask herself—

Is it prudent?
Is it thought "the correct thing?"
Is it usual?
Is it expected of me?
Is it conventional?

But only and simply, IS IT RIGHT? If her conscience says "Yes!" then let her follow the voice of feeling.

In the ideal state of society we have no room for the angry lover's pictured matron and daughter—

"O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.
'They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she herself was not exempt;
Truly, she herself had suffered'—Perish in thy self-contempt!"

Perish in thy self-contempt! we may echo to such a woman.

Having so far cleared the ground as to the sort of self-control that should not be aimed at, we see that this power of restraint is only to be applied where restraint is necessary. The expression of natural and healthy feeling, whether of joy or sorrow, should not be unduly controlled. The girl who, before showing her pleasure, her liking, her admiration, is always nervously asking herself, "Ought I to do this? Is it proper to say that?"—will disappoint her companions, and impoverish her own nature. Of course we are not dealing now with the tendency to fickle and spasmodic moods of feeling, such as the "impulsive girl" manifests, to the discomfiture of her friends. These must at all cost be regulated by a strong resolve on the part of their owner. But the ordinary genial brightness of a young girl's nature should be expressed freely and ingenuously, in the spirit of Mrs. Gatty's charming little Parable from Nature, "*Purring when you're pleased.*"

The cultivation of a true sense of right and wrong will solve the question of self-control. The consideration of other people's comfort will easily point out the cases in which temper, wilfulness, undue emotion, and excitement in daily life should be controlled.

And there is something else that should be cultivated; and that is, physical health!

Many a nervous girl, delicate and highly-strung, is in the habit of feeling irritable, and expressing it too, blaming herself bitterly afterwards. Or she is easily frightened at any little *contretemps*, and either falls into hysterics or endures agonies in trying to conceal her distress. Or she is unreasonably depressed, and is dreadfully inclined to cry, without knowing of any reason for her tears.

To such a girl it is not of much use to say "Control yourself;" the proper mode of treatment would be for her to be thoroughly taken in hand and physically braced up. Cold baths, long country walks, plenty of fresh air, change to a more invigorating climate, abundance of nourishing food—these are among the remedies that will do her more good than moral lectures. The body must be kept in a thoroughly healthy state if the nervous system is to be strong.

So, to the fretful, irritable, excitable, I would say, "Look after your health!" Then, as far as you can, strengthen your will. The wise Stoic slave, Epictetus, eighteen centuries ago, used to bid those who would live aright to strengthen the ruling faculty. "I can't help it!" is a fatal motto for a woman. If she once adopts this excuse for vagaries of temper, moods, fancies, all the apparently trivial phenomena that beset a keenly-strung nervous system—woe betide her! She will be sure to get worse as she grows older and the strain of life becomes more severe. In one way or another she must "help" these things, and the power of doing so will get gradually easier with exercise; while, if never used, it will refuse one day to come to her aid, and she will find to her terror that "I can't help it!" is true indeed for evermore.

A girl, for instance, who never forces herself to do what she does not like, who gives herself over to symptoms of hysterics or faintness in any danger, may find the life of someone dear to her, or her own life, suddenly dependent upon her self-control.

A girl I know was once making afternoon tea, or rather attempting to do so, in an Alpine forest. Her spirit lamp was very obstinate; the wick flickered dully, and would not boil the water, which she had laboriously fetched uphill from some little distance, after spilling it once on the way. The Fates were evidently unpropitious, so she resolved to give up the operation. The lamp assisted her in this decision by going out. She threw away the remaining spirit, and was preparing to join her companion, when she felt something scorching her ankle. Looking down, she saw that the treacherous lamp had not really been quite extinct—the tiny fir needles by her feet in the forest path were kindled by the spirit, and the right side of her cotton skirt was beginning to burn.

Had her nerve failed her—had she rushed away shrieking—her print frock, dry as tinder by the daily exposure to summer sun, would quickly have been in a blaze; there was no power that could have saved her in such straits. Fortunately, she was trained in self-control, and stepping out of the way of the fir needles she promptly sat down upon her burning dress. Of course this extinguished the fire, and she was soon on her way with her friend, back to the *pension* where she was staying, none the worse for the accident except that her skirt was hanging in tatters on one side, and her heart was beating more rapidly than usual on the other.

It may never fall to your lot to set fire to your dress in an Alpine forest; but there are many smaller emergencies where your presence of mind will be just as important to yourself and other people. If you fail, "I could not help it" may be a perfectly true excuse; but you could have helped it had you begun soon enough to cultivate your power.

In the same way the unguarded utterance of sharp sayings may grow to be such a habit that in some crisis of a lifetime one bitter speech will spoil all. "I could have bitten my tongue out directly afterwards" is a common saying in such circumstances. The habit of self-control was not acquired early enough, and when summoned up it fails to obey the call.

So also with the habit of wilfulness. A girl, sensible and clever, full of resource, manages everybody about her, and will not brook thwarting. This is all very well, and she gets on capitally till at some point in her life circumstances *will* thwart her: then see what a spectacle of impotent anger she becomes! Or she gets into such a condition in womanhood that she does not know what she does want, and as soon as one course of action is decided upon, like a spoiled child she cries out for another, falling into morbid depression or into violent irritability because it is impracticable. These are the snares that beset strong natures. Lack of self-control on such points as these may, strange to say, exist in a character of great excellence in other respects, fully disciplined in what may be called the cardinal points of virtue.

Physical ill-health and even insanity may sometimes be traceable to lifelong indulgence of the violent impulses of an uncontrolled character. What seems a "little thing" at first—the yielding to trivial impulses of self-will, temper, worry—grows and grows till no power can check the evil. And the feeble "giving way" that besets an opposite type of character, the indolent self-indulgence that never says "I must," the weak, nerveless yielding to every emotion, ends frequently in a bedridden old age.

Does this sound very dreadful? Well, youth is the time to prevent any of these alarming possibilities from becoming realities. It is not necessary to dilate on the need of self-control in the great crises of life—in a house on fire, in a shipwreck, in terrible and sudden illness; that is known and recognised. But if any of these catastrophes should occur, it will be too late to begin to practise self-control then. So it is in the everyday round that we beseech our girls to cultivate it; then the great crises, if they come, will take care of themselves. And no one can plead incapacity in the endeavour; for—

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, I CAN."

LILY WATSON.

VARIETIES.

JOYFUL EXPRESSION.—The joy which is caused by truth and noble thoughts shows itself in the words by which they are expressed.

CURED BY LAUGHTER.

The famous Dr. Ratcliffe was once called in to a person almost suffocated by an imposthumated swelling in the throat. The case required immediate relief, and the doctor sent his servant into the kitchen to order and bring up a large hasty-pudding.

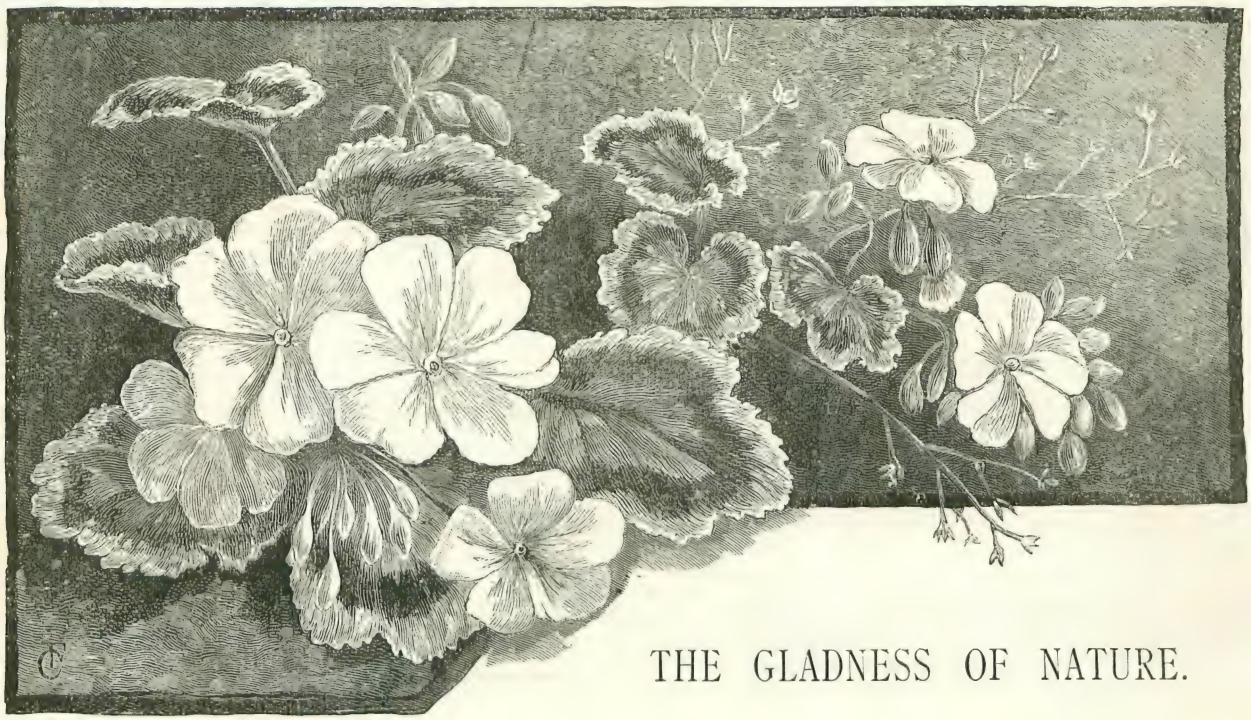
Upon its arrival, falling into a violent passion because it was not made to his mind, he flung a handful of it in the fellow's face, who returned the compliment, and an engagement ensued between them till the ammunition was all spent. The sick man, who had been raised up in his bed to see the battle, was forced into a violent fit of laughter; the imposthume broke, and the patient recovered.

A READY SACRIFICE.—When John Wesley's brother Charles urged him to vindicate himself from a newspaper calumny, he refused, saying, "Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation?"

A VENERABLE MAN.

Mr. Boggs was reading English history—"The Prince of Wales in 1798——"

Mrs. Boggs, interrupting him—"The Prince of Wales in 1798. Extraordinary! I didn't know the Prince of Wales was such an old man as that!"



THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Words by CULLEN BRYANT. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.

Allegro (♩=84).

PIANO.

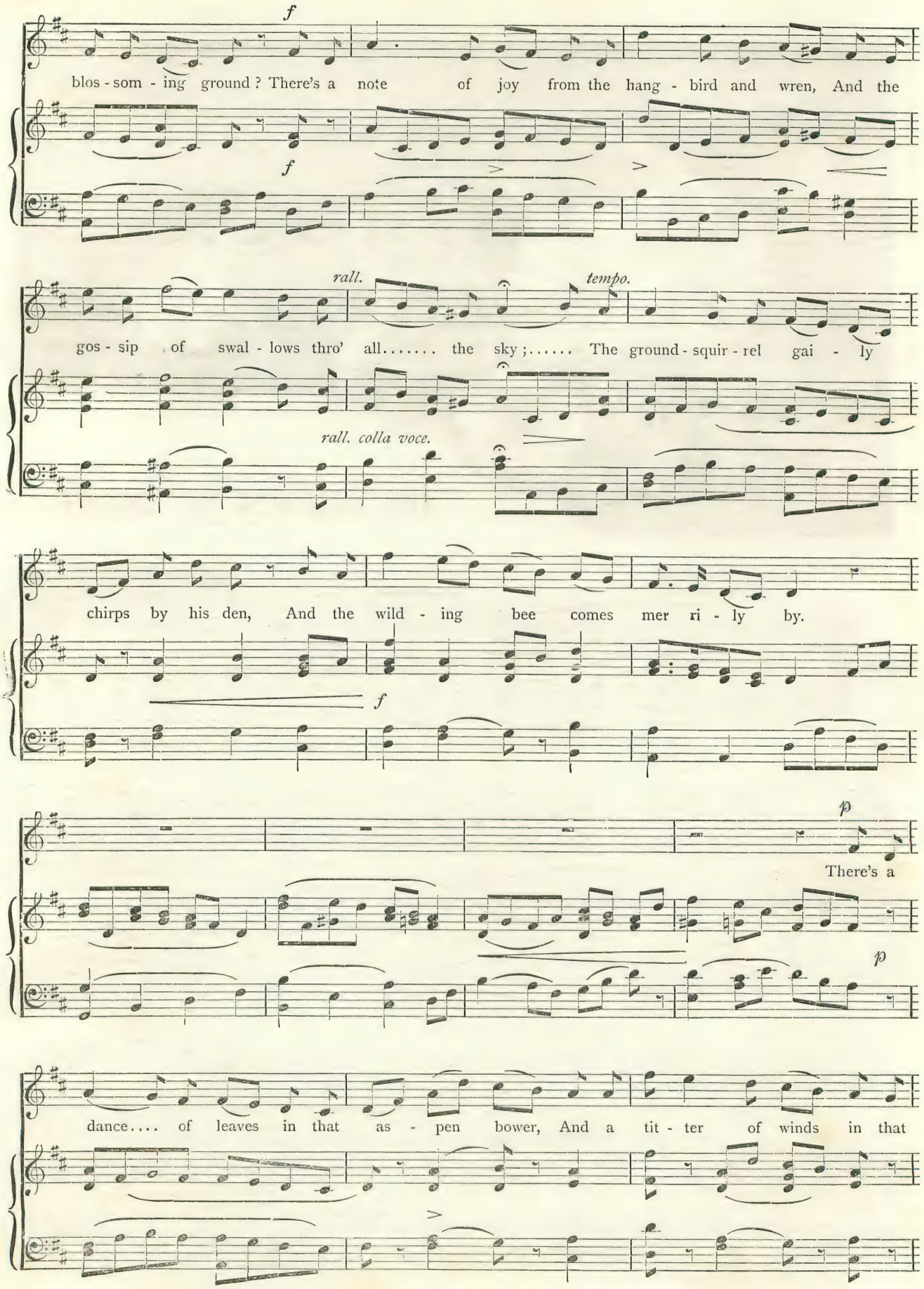
p *f*

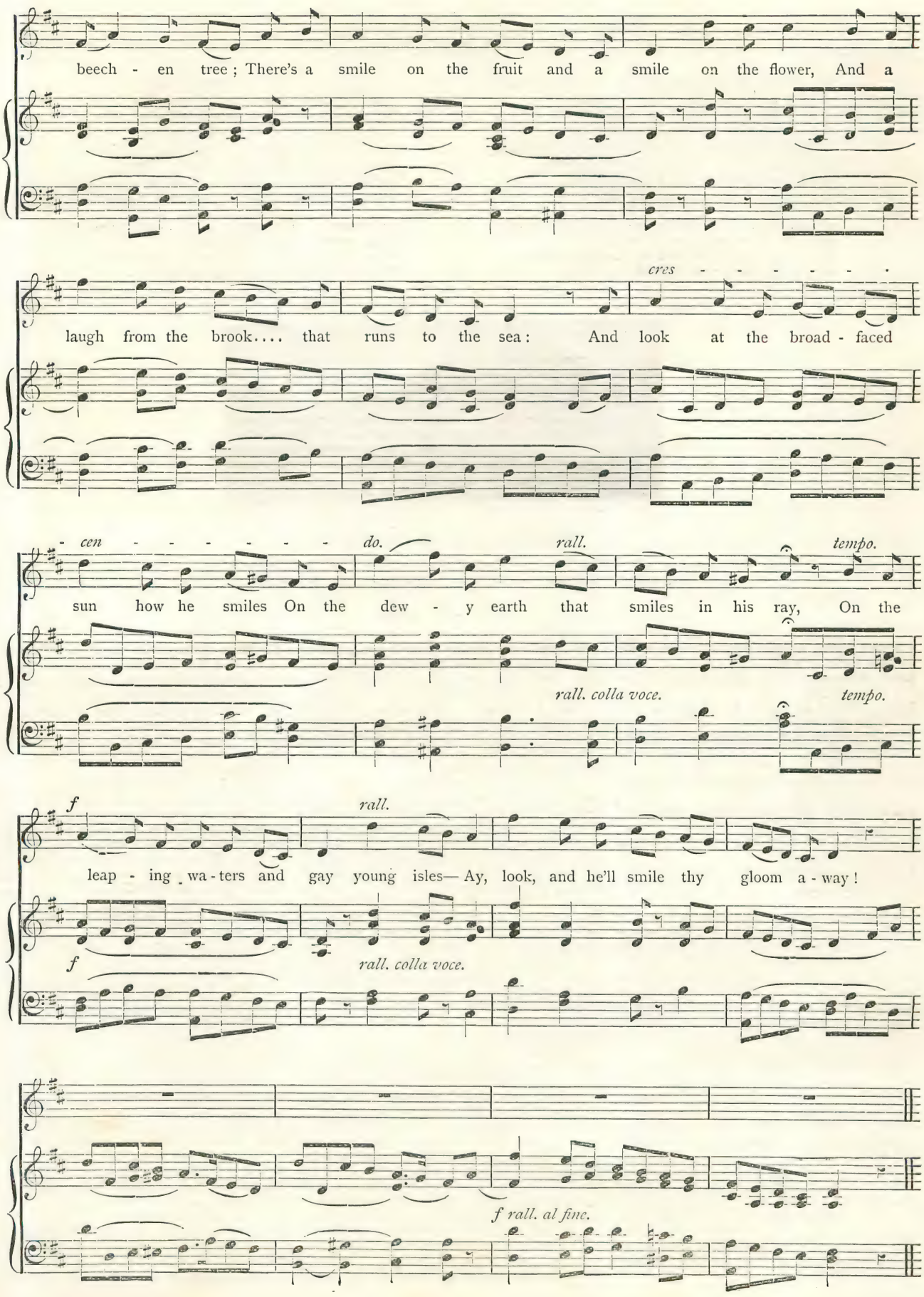
p

Oh, is this a time to look cloud - y and sad, When our Mo - ther Na - ture

p

laughs a - round, When e - ven the deep blue hea-vens look glad, And glad - ness breathes from the


f
blos - som - ing ground ? There's a note of joy from the hang - bird and wren, And the
f
rall.
tempo.
gos - sip of swal - lows thro' all..... the sky;..... The ground - squir - rel gai - ly
rall. colla voce.
chirps by his den, And the wild - ing bee comes mer ri - ly by.
f
p
There's a
p
dance.... of leaves in that as - pen bower, And a tit - ter of winds in that


beech - en tree ; There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower, And a
cres - - - - - - -
laugh from the brook.... that runs to the sea : And look at the broad - faced
- cen - - - - - - - - do. rall. tempo.
sun how he smiles On the dew - y earth that smiles in his ray, On the
rall. colla voce. tempo.
f rall.
leap - ing wa - ters and gay young isles— Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom a - way !
f rall. colla voce.
f rall. al fine.

OLD FRIENDS.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

O! FRIENDS, old friends, 'tis passing sweet
Along life's winding way to meet,
And read some heart as faithful yet
As in the days when last we met.
Though time and space have rolled between,
We cannot lose what once hath been;
And glorified the old friends stand,
In golden light of morning land.

O! friends, old friends, God bless them all!
Afar or near may fair befall;
E'en though they roam to realms above,
We hold them yet by links of love.

'Tis passing sweet to stand aside
And let life's tumult past us glide,
While we again communion hold
With one we loved in days of old.
And ye, oh! friends, whose saintly feet
Pass up and down the golden street,
When life is past, with all its pain,
How sweet to clasp your hands again!

O! friends, old friends, God bless them all!
Afar or near may fair befall;
E'en though they roam to realms above,
We hold them yet by links of love.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OR,

LOCAL NAMES FOR FAMILIAR FLOWERS.

By DARLEY DALE.

"WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint
the laughing soil,
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil,
When Winter binds in frosty chains the
fallow and the flood—
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its
Maker good.

* * *

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope
of Summer fade,
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds
forsake the shade;
The wind be lulled, the sun and moon forget
their old decree,
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will
cling to Thee."

"Call a rose by any other name and it will smell as sweet," says the proverb, and acting on this principle our country folks have found a familiar name for almost all our English wild-flowers. Some of these names are common to most parts of England, some prevail only in certain counties, some are purely local, some denote one species in one county and a totally different plant in another part, and some are evidently mere mistakes.

For instance, the wild arum is known all over England as lords-and-ladies, though, as we shall presently see, it rejoices in several other pseudonyms also. The laburnum is known in Gloucestershire, and several other counties, as golden-chain; in Warwickshire and Sussex as golden-rain—a translation of its German name of *Goldregen*; Whitsuntide-bosses for the Guelder rose is, we believe, peculiar to Gloucestershire; while kingcup in some places (Hampshire for one) means the wild marsh marigold, in others the lesser celandine, in others the bulbous crowfoot or early spring buttercups—the "gold-eyed kingcups fine" of the poet.

Some of these familiar names are very quaint, as, for example, "alleluia" for the wood sorrel, and "God's cups and saucers," the Warwickshire name for the little blue Germander speedwell *(Veronica chamædrys)*, generally known as "bird's-eye," though why birds should be credited with such intensely blue eyes we know not, unless it be because the old French rhyme declares

"Les yeux bleus vont aux cieux,"

and birds certainly go nearer to the heavens than ordinary mortals. The veronica is also known as Paul's betony. Many of these names are poetical, as "traveller's joy" for the wild clematis; and the child who first called the great ox-eye the "moon daisy," by which name it goes in many of the Midland counties, must have had a vein of poetry in its composition to liken the ordinary daisies to the stars, and the great ox-eye to the moon. Some, on the contrary, lean towards the comic, as "granny's nightcap," the Buckinghamshire name for the white campion, or "white Bobby's eyes" for the same flower in Hampshire, "Adam and Eve" for the wild arum in Kent, "hobble-gobbles" for the marsh marigold in Buckinghamshire.

The cuckoo has lent its name to a large number, but greedy and usurping as the herald of spring is, he hardly requires the extensive wardrobe the wild flowers supply him with. In Shropshire the dog-violet provides him with shoes, for its local name there is the "cuckoo's shoe"; the same county also provides him with a cap; there the "cuckoo caps" are the flowers of the *Aconitum napellus*, or common monkshood; in Sussex the birdsfoot trefoil supplies him with stockings, the "cuckoo's stockings" being one of the numerous names of this flower; and in Shropshire again he finds his boots, for there the true blue-bell or wild hyacinth is known as the "cuckoo's boots." The pretty little wood sorrel goes by the name of "cuckoo's meat" in Gloucestershire, and the "cuckoo's bread and cheese" in Buckinghamshire, and a similar name, the "cuckoo's bread and cheese tree," is given to the hawthorn in some parts of the country; while the wild arum is frequently known as the "cuckoo pint," and the "cuckoo flower" is the common name for the bitter-cress *(Cardamine pratensis)*.

Several of the wild flowers have for some strange reason been dedicated to that gentleman who is generally considered unmentionable in polite society, and who certainly does not deserve to give his name to such a pretty, graceful flower as the stellaria, which is known in Shropshire as the "devil's eyes," and in other places as "devil's corn"; the same county has given the corn crowfoot, with its deeply-cut leaves and prickly carpels, the pseudonym of the "devil's currycomb"; the *Premorse scabious* is commonly known as the "devil's bit," a name given it on account of its odd-shaped root, which appears to have been bitten off abruptly, and our ancestors thought by the devil out of envy, as it might otherwise have been useful to man; in Sussex the wild arum is called the "devil's men and women," but it also goes by the name of "cows and calves" in that part of the world; and the "naughty man's plaything" is an universal name for the stinging nettle.

Perhaps with more reason many of the wild flowers have been dedicated to the gentler sex; so we find the pretty yellow birdsfoot trefoil called very generally "ladies' fingers" or "ladies' slipper"; the "cuckoo flower" is quite as frequently known as "ladies' smock"; the quaint one-sided little orchis *(Neottia spiralis)* is commonly called "ladies' tresses"; while "lady orchis" is the English name for the *Orchis fusca* of the botanist. We have three species of the *alchemilla* or "ladies' mantle"; the root of the black briony is some-

JUNE ROSES.

times called "lady's seat," and the common "goose grass" is oftener known as "lady's bedstraw"; but in truth most of these flowers received their names before the Reformation, and are corruptions of "Our Lady's Seat," etc., the Lady meant being the Blessed Virgin.

No wild flower rejoices in more names than the *Lotus corniculatus*, or birdsfoot trefoil: it is known as "lamb's toes," "ladies' fingers," "shoes and stockings," "pattens and clogs," and "fingers and thumbs," in various parts of England; in Sussex it is called "milkmaids" and "cuckoo's stockings"; in Buckinghamshire "pettitoes," and very generally "ladies' slipper."

The wild clematis is another flower with as many names as a prince or princess; besides its charming title of "traveller's joy" given it by old Gerarde, who loved to see it "decking up the waies," it is known in autumn and winter, when the spray-like flowers have gone to seed in feathery tufts, as "old man's beard"; in Hampshire it has the somewhat silly name of "boy's bacca"; in Gloucestershire it is called "honesty," and also "withy-wind," a name given to it in other parts of England; more rarely it is known as "virgin's bower," from its trailing habits and manner of growth.

A variety of names seems to be a mark of popularity among the wild flowers, though this is a rule to which there are exceptions, notably the primrose and cowslip, both favourite flowers, but which so far as we know have no other name. The pansy, a general favourite, has a long string, besides its common name of "heartsease"; in Hampshire it is called "love in idleness"; in Buckinghamshire "kiss me" or "jump up and kiss me"; in other places "love in vain," and occasionally it is known by the quaint long title of "three faces under a hood"; and in the Midland counties as "pink of my John," while an old-fashioned name for it was "herb trinity."

The dear little wild geranium, whose pink blossoms and delicate, deeply-cut, lobed leaves gladden our eyes the whole summer and autumn, lingering on till December in mild seasons, has several names; it is generally known as "herb Robert," often as "poor Robin"; in Hampshire as "cats' eyes," and occasionally as "dragon's blood."

"The wild marsh marigolds, shining like fire, in swamps and hollows grey," with their soft glossy green leaves, their great golden-cupped flowers and succulent stems, have a variety of names, of which "kingcups" and "golden-cups" are perhaps the prettiest and most general. In Wiltshire they are called "May bubbles"; in Northamptonshire "water blobs"; in Warwickshire "mare blobs"; in some places "water bubbles," and in Buckinghamshire "hobble-gobbles," while Shakespeare called them "Mary-buds."

The pretty little ivy-leaved toadflax, with its small lilac flowers and fleshy purplish leaves, which creeps over old walls, is known in Devonshire and Cornwall as "mother of millions" or "mother of thousands," in Sussex as the "creeping sailor," and in Hampshire as the "travelling sailor."

The pretty wild spirea, with its foam-like clusters of white almond-scented blossoms, which shakes its graceful heads among the purple loosestrife and the golden stars of the common ragwort by the water-side, is justly called in Shropshire the "king of the meadow," though "meadow-sweet" is a more usual and quite as appropriate a title; in Sussex it is known as "sweet hay."

The common hoary plantain evidently owes its names to boys, with whom doubtless originated the game of knocking off the spiky heads by striking one flower stem sharply against the other, and then giving the plant its common name of "soldiers"; in Devonshire this is modified to "conquerors"; in Hampshire to "knockheads"; in Shropshire to "fighting cocks" and "black jacks," and in Kent the plant is known as "jack straws"; while the names of "ladies' gloves," "ladies' fingers," and "thimble flowers" for the tall handsome magenta-bells of the foxglove are as evidently of feminine origin. In Ireland "fairy gloves" and "fairy thimbles" are its local names, while the common English name of foxglove is a corruption of "folk's glove."

Occasionally these familiar names are somewhat too realistic to be altogether pleasing, as for instance "headache" for the beautiful scarlet poppy, a Sussex title; and the "red weed" of Hampshire for the same flower is almost as bad; while "smell foxes" for the favourite wood anemone, common in Hampshire, is nothing short of a libel, since that frail plant has none of the odour which makes Reynard so objectionable an animal; and "Dead man's hands" (Hants) and "dead man's fingers" (Bucks) are decidedly very unpleasant ideas to associate with the early purple orchis, though the odour of these flowers is very strong, and in the evening offensive.

Why the little white capsella, known as the "shepherd's purse" all over England, should be insulted by the name of "pickpocket" in Buckinghamshire we can't say, nor does there seem to be much meaning in the Devonshire name of "lamb in a pulpit" for the wild arum; and "eggs and bacon" for the wild antirrhinum is somewhat far-fetched, and more suggestive of the breakfast table than the crumbling walls and waste places on which the plant, with its pale yellow blossoms spotted with orange, grows. There is much more reason in the Norfolk name of "snowballs" for the white clusters of the guelder rose, and of "lambs' tails" for the catkins which droop so gracefully from the twigs of the hazel bushes as soon as the snow has melted in early spring.

The common cleaver, *Galium aparine*, is generally known as "goose grass," but very often as "catch weed" or "scratch weed," from the way in which its long rough straggling stems with their whorls of bright green bristly leaves catch on passers-by. In the North of England this plant goes by the name of "hair rough" or "harriff," and in some places it is called "tongue bleed" or "Robin run in the hedge"; it owes its name of "goose grass" to the supposed liking of geese for its leaves. First cousin to the common cleaver is the "lady's bedstraw" *(Galium verum)*, used in Ireland by the peasant girls as a rosary, each minute whorl of dark green leaves serving as a bead; the name "bedstraw" is a corruption of "bead-straw," and may also be due to the fact that bead-like excrescences are found on the stem.

The whortleberry is known indiscriminately as the "bilberry" and "whinberry," and in the West of England the black berries which succeed the pretty pink blossoms are called "whorts," while in Kent they are known as "hurts." *Apropos* of berries, there is a strange custom in Hampshire of calling the berriless holly "holm."

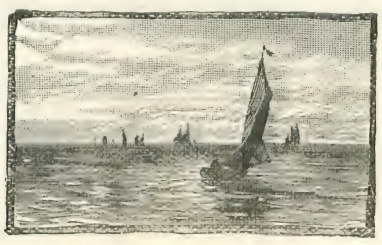
The elegant wood anemone, with its frail white blossoms often deeply tinged with mauve on the under surface, is often called the "wind flower" in England as well as in France, where its common name is *l'herbe au vent*; in Warwickshire and other counties it is known as "Moll of the woods."

The brilliant yellow blossoms of the St. John's wort family *(Hypericum)* have always been favourites in midsummer, when they are in full bloom. These flowers are known by the names of "Aaron's beard" very commonly, "Jerusalem star" in Shropshire, and formerly the perforated species was called "balm for the warrior's wound," on account of its healing properties.

The large white convolvulus—which, in spite of its handsome white bell-shaped flowers and heart-shaped leaves, is a pestilent weed in the fruit garden, where it has a great liking for currant and gooseberry bushes—is called in Shropshire "old man's nightcap"; in Yorkshire "bearbine" or "lily-bine"; its common English name is the "great bind weed," and in some counties it is known as "withy wind," though, as we have seen, this title is much more frequently given to the wild clematis. And this leads us to the conclusion that many of these local names, which are so variously applied in different parts of the country, are the result of mistaken identity, and are often neither more nor less than errors which have been handed on from generation to generation.

An odd custom has arisen of applying the word "horse" to some larger kinds of flowers; for instance, the large ox-eye daisy is known in Hampshire and other parts of the country as the "horse daisy"; the plume thistle *(Cnicus arvensis)*, which is two or three feet high, is called the "horse thistle"; that strong smelling mint *(Mentha sylvestris)* with its spikes of pale lilac flowers growing in whorls is called "horse mint"; there is also a grass (*Equisetum*) with leaves growing in whorls, and bearing cones on the top of the stems, called "horsetail grass"; and the elecampane, with its large yellow flowers, is known as "horse heal," not so much on account of its size—though the flower is almost as big as a dwarf sunflower—but because of its medicinal properties. The "horse radish" probably owed its name to its strong astringent nature.

In fact, there generally seems to be some connection between the name and the flower, though in many cases it requires the strong imagination of childhood to trace it; and on the other hand there is often a great deal in the name which shows, in some cases at least, a quick imagination, a gleam of humour, a vein of poetry, and that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."



MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST FRUITS.

IMAGINE the predicament of hearty Stephen Heathfield when, on entering Miss Pringle's parlour without ceremony, he found the blythe and precise little spinster huddled up on the nearest chair, with her hands before her face, and sobbing as if her very heart would break, utterly regardless of curls or bonnet, cap or strings.

"Why, why, Aunt Pringle, what is this? Cheer up, little woman, and tell me what is wrong," he exclaimed, in evident concern, laying his broad hand kindly on her bent shoulders. "We cannot have you so distressed, on a day like this too. Don't bestow on your godchild a baptism of tears as well as your name," he added, soberly.

He had a tender heart in his big frame; could never withstand tears, and those of this solitary little creature seemed to fall on his heart like drops of molten lead.

Her hand went into the pocket of her gown. She threw a small Indian box on the table with a sort of reckless fling.

"I had meant to bestow on the girl the Pringle Pearls," she sobbed, "but they can only be worn by—a—Pringle, a Phillis Penelope Pringle—and she is—only Phillis Penelope. I have been deceived, and—and—disappointed—and I had told every——"

"Aunt Pringle," then said the farmer, in a tone which spoke his sincerity, "I am very sorry that such a mistake has arisen. It was quite with a desire to give you pleasure that we substituted your two Christian names for that of Barbara, and I am sure neither she nor I expected either pearls or any other present from you."

"I daresay not, but I have always designed those pearls for my godchild, whoever she might be. But you see they are arranged in triplets—were my grandfather's bridal present to my grandmother; she clasped them round my neck when I was baptised; and I—— Well, the symbolic pearls may be locked up again until I can bestow them with propriety." She gulped down a final sob as she spoke, and rising pushed a neat parcel towards Mr. Heathfield, saying, with some dignity, "The cradle-quilt is another matter; that is only my own poor present."

"Aye, aye, lock them up. We want no pearls for the girl. But dry your eyes; we did not mean to disappoint you. Don't let Mrs. Rivers see you in tears," he whispered, bending his long broad back.

Her tears were already dry, but the traces remained. For a moment she turned to the window, untied the strings and placed her bonnet on a side table out of the way. Mrs. Rivers and Barbara were already in the room, and the former, who was there by her husband's orders, in spite of her pride, spying the curious straw box, had it open, and was dangling a necklace of pearls in three rows, the size of small peas, from her daintily-gloved fingers when the owner turned round.

"You need not pounce on those pearls, Matilda," she said; "they will never pass into the possession of you or yours. When they were proffered, you flung them from you with scorn. You shall not profane them now."

"Take your trumpery," cried the other, in ill-concealed vexation, flinging them down. "If they were worth anything they'd have been turned into money long ago. You'd be afraid to keep valuables by you."

"Whatever they are worth, they will pass from my custody immediately. I keep no valuables on my premises, apart from my pictures, porcelain, and my patchwork," replied the other, with calm dignity that uplifted the little figure, as she put back pearls and box into her pocket, whilst for once her hearers forgot to smile at the category of her valuables.

Remembering her duties as hostess and godmother, she desired the friends filling her small parlour to be seated; invited them to "partake such plain provision as she had provided for their temporary refreshment," touched a gong to summons her waiting-maid Ruth; offered to relieve Mrs. Crossley of "Phillis Penelope;" but all with an unusual air of constraint that sat ill upon her.

And when the good farmer reminded the others that their horses were waiting, she gave Ruth instructions to "carry the parcel from the table to the phaeton," but she neither put on her bonnet, nor offered to accompany her friends.

Mrs. Rivers had dismissed her own "carriage," and was already seated in the Crossleys' brougham before Mrs. Heathfield discovered that Aunt Pringle lagged behind. Back went Stephen into the cottage, to discover that there she meant to stay.

"I will perform every promise I have made for Phillis Penelope," she said stiffly, "but pardon me if I prefer my own parlour to yours, along with a party to whom my presence will only be provocative of mirth."

"Poor old girl, she must be grievously disappointed; I'm downright sorry," thought the farmer, and, with more than his customary sympathy and good humour, he strove to dissipate her chagrin, and induce her to make one at the christening feast.

"It's all a misunderstanding," he urged; "and you are not wont to be unreasonable. Barbara will make herself ill with fretting if you are not with us."

"Well," she argued aloud, "perhaps I am displaying a petty petulance, ill beseeming the sacred charge I have undertaken. I should remember you and Barbara are the only ones of all my kith and kin who have cared so much for me as to give even two-thirds of my name to a child. I am not ungrateful, and if only to preserve peace by placability, will put my provocation away with my pearls. I will be with you presently."

She was off upstairs with bonnet and Indian box; and in less than five minutes was seated at the back of the phaeton with "Phillis Penelope" number two on her lap; her eyes bathed, her ringlets in order, and apparently her "provocation put away with her pearls." She had fought a good fight with herself in those few minutes upstairs.

"Pardon me, Barbara, for my momentary display of personal feeling. We must preserve peace at any price on such an occasion. I must not suffer my prenomen to prefigure pique and prejudice for my godchild, but rather the placability that is not easily provoked," she said, as they drove off.

She had need of all placability during the day, for of the large family party assembled at the Upland Farm that afternoon, few besides the Crossleys and the Heathfields had any reverence for Miss Pringle, or much respect for her feelings. Mrs. Rivers, though she could not well give herself airs in the presence of John Crossley, to whom her husband mainly owed his advancement, still contrived in confidential asides to tell the story of "Miss Pringle's paltry pearls," her "absurd expectations," and "ridiculous display of chagrin on defeat," so that when, after the hearty farmhouse tea, baptismal gifts were presented one by one, and Miss Pringle produced a parcel, which, she said, contained a patchwork cradle-quilt, and which she desired might "be preserved after Phillis Penelope's infancy, as the girl's own private property," the clique exchanged sly glances and meaning smiles, one or two would-be wits "poking fun" at the little lady in sly allusions meant to be clever.

Stephen Heathfield was evidently annoyed, and so was his wife. They saw Miss Pringle's face flush, and her nostrils quiver slightly, as without any other indication of feeling she quietly unfolded a rich quilted satin patchwork coverlet with an embroidered monogram in each corner.

"Why, that is a present for a princess!" ejaculated Mrs. Crossley, in an ecstasy of admiration.

"Oh, aunt," exclaimed Barbara, "you are too good! How shall we thank you? It is beautiful!"

"Where did you get the pattern?" asked someone.

"It is my own production, pattern and needlework both," was the reply, spoken with firm deliberation.

"It is simply perfection!" cried John Crossley, with the decision of an expert. "I should know something of colour and design, and I do not hesitate to say that is the most artistic thing I have seen for a long while Miss Pringle has cast all our gifts into the shade. Mere money can buy silver spoons, and forks, and drinking cups, but something worth more than money has gone to the fashioning of that quilt or that embroidered robe, I think you call it. You must have had your heart and soul at your finger tips," he went on, addressing the giver, "and I congratulate our godchild—and you," shaking her already tremulous hand as he spoke.

Her bright, brown, bird-like eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Yes, it was a labour of love. It was prepared to cover a Phillis Penelope Pringle, the colours—primrose, purple, and pink—have their significance, as have the three capital P's which form the corner scrolls. There is a colour and a letter too much for Phillis Penelope," she said, with a sigh; "but who knows," she added briskly, in her chirrupy voice, "who knows, if well used and well preserved, it may come in to cover a Pringle yet?"

John Crossley's outspoken opinion had put down open sneering at Miss Pringle's expense, as he intended it should, and when Stephen Heathfield boldly averred that he was sorry he had misunderstood her wishes, and brought Bob and Mabel to admire her work, the little lady's satisfaction was complete. She could only hide it and relieve her feelings in kissing Barbara and Phillis Penelope, "whose only utterance was a cry."

Mrs. Rivers looked contemptuous; she was not the only one of that family party who had scouted Miss Pringle's proposals at one time or other, and who began to have doubts of their own sagacity. And when there was an adjournment of the younger people, married and single, to play croquet on the lawn, there were not wanting hints that poor Miss Pringle was going crazy over her own name and her perpetual P's.

Yet when Mr. Rivers, who came direct from his business in Great Woolton by train to Little Woolton, and thence by omnibus, arrived just in time for the early supper (a substitute for his late dinner), he found all apparently harmonious, and was utterly unaware of a jarring note, until he saw there was a cloud on the brow of his wife. That, he concluded, remained from the morning thunder-cloud when he laid on her his peremptory commands to "overlook the little slight to herself, and treat the invitation of the Heathfields with becoming civility."

He was a pompous man, lordly and patronising even to his own children, and he had "business" writ large on his brow, as if it were something not to be rid of, sleeping or waking; but he was neither overbearing nor ill-natured.

His greeting of Miss Pringle was affability itself—nay, lurking in the corners of his mouth was an unwonted attempt at jocularity, as he said in his sonorous voice: "So, Miss P., someone has gratified your wish at last. Whom shall we congratulate, you or your namesake?"

"Time will prove," the little godmother replied, her face all smiles; and then there was a move to the supper-table, set in the long room where we first saw Mrs. Heathfield.

About nine o'clock there was a general putting on of bonnets and paletots; a looking up of hats. Mrs. Rivers, arrayed in a striped white and scarlet burnous flecked with threads of gold, said "Good-night to all," and sailed away like a grand dame to the carriage in waiting, without offering a seat to Miss Pringle. That, however, had been already done by the Crossleys, who drove out of their way to set her down at her own door, although they lived six miles farther away than did the others.

And so ended an eventful day in the story of two lives. A link had been forged in a chain to bind the two for all time. The one had imposed, and the other had unconsciously received, a name that would be either a penance or a prize. Which?

Though never professing to be wholly satisfied, Miss Pringle never more paraded her discontent. The Crossleys, living close to Great Woolton, saw little of the farm or the infant they were sponsors for. A silver coral and bells, a short coat, a new frock, or as time travelled on a fine wax doll or a picture-book, went from one or other for the child, such being their estimate of their duties.

Miss Pringle "performed her promise" after another fashion. She and her purse-pouch were often seen out and about, and she crossed the fields and the foot-bridge to the Upland Farm more frequently than of old. As she said to Barbara one day, "I have a practice of popping in and out of people's places; and so I have popped in this morning to see how Phillis Penelope progresses. But if at any time my presence is obtrusive, my dear, do not hesitate to proclaim it. I shall not take offence. It would be presumptuous to presume that I was welcome at all times and seasons, even here."

"Nay, aunt, if you are not welcome, who should be? Do you ever come except to do us some service? How much darning have you not done for me? Have you not taught Mabel and Bob their letters? Have you not shelled peas and picked fruit for Hepsy? And how many hours have you relieved me of Phillis? See how the little dear puts out her arms to come to you. She welcomes you, at any rate."

"So she does, the pretty pet." But the more welcome Aunt Pringle was to "sister Phillis," the less welcome was she to Mabel and Bob.

Every servant about the farm, from Hephzibah to the cowboy, had tantalised them with the story that "their noses were put out of joint," and they gauged the truth of the fable by the excess of kisses and caresses Aunt Pringle lavished on their little sister. She was not less kind to them, but she was more than kind to Phillis. Then, she frequently sent Ruth across the fields for "Phillis Penelope" to spend the day at the cottage, an honour rarely vouchsafed to them, and one way or other, whilst watching over her own "particular pet," innocently enough, conveyed the impression that they were slighted for the other. Children are shrewd in estimating degrees of favour; but they are apt to visit their vexation on the favoured one whensoever the favourer, on the score of age, is beyond the pale of their summary jurisdiction.

Mabel and Bob were no worse than the generality of children so situated, and it was not until Phillis began to toddle about, and they were marched off day by day to a Miss Birtwhistle's school in Sheperley, that the latent feeling was fairly developed.

It was not alone that Aunt Pringle singled out her godchild by special notice, but she invariably spoke of or to the child by both her names, as she signed or referred to herself by name in full, hardly conscious, it may be, what a jest her three names had become.

At first Mabel, and imitatively Bob, thought this iteration of "Phillis Penelope" a special mark of honour not accorded to themselves; but as they grew and observed Jenny (and even Hephzibah when very much "put out") fling the two names at little Miss when she was in disgrace, they began to experiment on their own account when Phillis clung to her toys, or resented their appropriation with a sob or a clutch.

Further, when they found their schoolfellows, the Misses Rivers in particular, make a jest of the names their "mother had declined to give *them*," they began to use the double name as a weapon of offence.

Among Miss Pringle's many relics was a box of ivory letters, which, she said, she had "preserved as precious playthings for a second Phillis Penelope." These she flung on her hearthrug to the child, before speech came to the tongue. They were played with, picked up, and the old maid, busy with her patchwork, would name the letters at the child's wordless bidding. Thus it came about that Phillis was familiar with shape and sound before her lips could follow her teacher; and when about five years of age she was sent to school with her sister and brother, aged respectively nine and seven, Miss Birtwhistle declared her new pupil "quite a prodigy." She had already mounted the first rungs in the ladder of learning, as "a pastime and a pleasure," though nobody but Barbara gave Aunt Pringle the credit.

The precocity of the little black-eyed, dark-haired girl brought her no favour from schoolfellows, to whom she was held up as a model. Bigger dullards tossed their heads and looked disdainful when she was placed in their classes, and rose above them, or sewed her seams

without puckering, whilst they had to unpick theirs.

Mortification found vent in the playground, or in the street on the way home, and with the propensity to epithet dominant in schoolboys or schoolgirls, she was saluted with a drawling, mocking, "Phillis Penelope Pringle's pet," or "Precocious prodigy, Phillis Penelope," until their very reduction into a rapid "P.P.P.P." became as stinging as cantharides to the sensitive little one, until with her hands to her ears she would run from her persecutors as fast as her feet would carry her, followed by laughter, in which even Mabel was not ashamed to join.

As the boys in the fable pelted the frogs with stones, so did these schoolgirls pelt Phillis with her own names, until one day, when she had been little more than a year at school, goaded beyond endurance she rushed, her bonnet blown back, her eyes and cheeks aflame, along the High Street, past church and rectory, in at the little green gate, and round by the open back door, to take her startled godmother by storm, and upbraid her as the author of her misfortunes.

"It is your fault, your fault to give me such names! I can't bear it any longer, and I won't! It was cruel of you, Aunt Pringle; I hate my names. I won't be called 'P.P.P.P.' any longer, I won't!" and after stamping her tiny foot on the floor in a paroxysm of passion, the overtried child broke down in sobs which shook her slight frame convulsively.

And what of Miss Pringle the while?

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.

NELL'S country home lay so far distant from the church that she and her brothers could often only attend once on the Sunday, especially when the weather was bad and the roads thick with mud or snow. Consequently the time hung rather heavily on their hands sometimes, as Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were rather particular and perhaps a little old-fashioned in their observance of the Sunday. Mr. Lawrence was often away preaching in some remote village, and Mrs. Lawrence was obliged to rest in her own room, so that the boys were left to the restraint merely of their knowledge of their parents' wishes. Nell found that she must give up the quiet time she loved so much in her mother's room and devote herself to the boys once more.

At her school one of the masters had a gift for making any subject he taught interesting, and happily he had taken the Scripture lesson. He had made the Bible a book of intense and glowing interest to the girls; its characters real and vivid men and women; and its utterances true to the speakers and living for the readers.

To her brothers, on the contrary, the Bible meant a certain number of Greek verses to construe; so many chapters to be learnt for an examination; a few minutes to be endured at morning prayer; and part of the service in church. They had no idea of pleasure in its study, and were quite ignorant of its meaning or history. A boy who cared to read his Bible was as unnatural a being as one who liked to eat fat, they thought, and as rarely met. Any one of the three younger ones would have been ashamed to be seen by a schoolfellow with a Bible in his hand.

How to interest them now and persuade them to study the Bible was a problem that cost Nell anxious thought, and was a subject of serious talk with her mother.

"Of course if you and father insist, they will have to spend a certain time over it," she said to her mother, "but I do not think it will do them much good then. I wish I could persuade them to do it of their own free wills."

"Mr. Gordon used to say," she continued, after a few minutes' thought, "that there is something really interesting in the Bible for everyone. I wish I could think of just the right thing for each of the boys."

"How would one of these do, dear, to begin with?"

Nell took the magazine, which contained an article on discoveries and excavations in Egypt. It was well illustrated, and was followed by a paper on the "Treasure Cities of Egypt." The other was a book on the underground walls and passages of Jerusalem, with the adventures of the explorers. It was also well illustrated.

"This will do splendidly," Nell decided. "It brings in the different walls and gates. We must look up the builders. I am sure the boys don't know much about Nehemiah and Ezra—and Sanballat's and Tobiah's dreadful insults about their wall. And this tells of Solomon's wall and his quarry, and Hiram's workmen. Then we must find out about the later history and the siege by the Romans."

The Sunday evening after, while Will, full length on the hearthrug, was surreptitiously reading what, he uneasily felt, was not a "Sunday book," and George was romping with his little dog, Frank was suddenly startled from his dreamy cogitations before the fire by a demand from Nell to explain a "plan" to her. He came unwillingly, but was soon interested in "vertical sections," and his attention caught by other illustrations. Wanting to understand them, in his lazy way, he requested Nell to read aloud to him. This she willingly did, and soon attracted George's attention also. A little later she was only too glad to see Will's book used merely as a pillow, and then discarded altogether, as he joined the other two in looking over her shoulder at the illustrations in her book. For a Scripture reference, which the boys did not understand, Nell was ready with her little Bible, and turning up the passage read it to them. Then George asked a question which showed such dense ignorance of Bible history that even Frank was shocked, and tried to enlighten him, but, finding details troublesome, applied to Nell to finish for him. This, and what they had been reading, quickened the boys' interest to such a degree that Nell felt much encouraged in her project.

For another Sunday Nell had ready an article on the newly discovered mummy of Rameses II. and a photograph of the mighty monarch, dead for thousands of years. This, with a description of the "Treasure Cities," proved a grand success. The boys willingly listened as their sister read of the bitter groanings of the Israelites under their heavy bondage, and looked with vivid interest at the photographed face of the great Pharaoh who had so oppressed them.

Having shown the boys that there was really something in the Bible not too "dry" to think about, Nell prompted them to take a subject and follow it through the book. To gain Will's attention, she suggested "the shipping of the Bible," and when he declared there was nothing about such an interesting subject he was sure, she ran through a list that astonished him. Beginning at Noah's Ark, she mentioned Moses' bulrush cradle, Jonah's ship, the ships of Tarshish, Isaiah's mention of "galleys with oars and gallant ships," the fisherboats on the Sea of Galilee, and Paul's voyages and shipwreck.

"There are a great many more besides," she said, "but I cannot remember them without looking them up."

As the boys grew more accustomed to thinking and reading their Bibles, Nell found she had to take the longer time to prepare during the week. Their characters showed in what interested them, and their remarks often opened new phases of their subject to Nell herself. In studying the Ark, Frank was aroused to the difficulties of planning and constructing such a vessel; the ventilation and storage of food, the materials for building, and the labour and time consumed cost him much thought. Will was interested chiefly in the floating and sailing, the ballasting and steering of the Ark. George cared for none of these matters, but only thought of the animals, and wondered how they could have been collected, fed, attended, and kept from devouring each other; his idea of the interior being derived from his early toys.

The ships and boats led naturally to fishes and fishing, and after that, to suit George's taste, they took up animals and birds. These greatly exceeded the boys' expectation in number and interest, and Nell felt fully rewarded for her hard work and anxious planning when George exclaimed, his eyes round with astonishment, "I never thought the Bible was so awfully interesting."

As a rule Roger had not been present during their Bible studies, but having once listened as they argued over "Leviathan," he offered to prepare a paper, as he styled it, on "The Plants of the Bible." Nell accepted the proposal, though rather fearful that his slightly pedantic manner would damp the growing interest of the younger boys. She was mistaken happily, and was glad to hear Will's aside to George that it was not half as dry as he expected.

Among other subjects undertaken were the "Astronomy" and the "Money" of the Bible, and "Weapons used in Bible Times." The last proved most interesting to the boys, and ranged from the "Jawbone of an Ass" and the "Ox-goad" through daggers, swords, javelins, spears, bows and arrows, and many other implements of warfare, to the catapults and battering rams used by the Romans in the siege of Jerusalem.

Nell tried to vary their studies as much as possible; and with this view took sometimes one of the Bible biographies. The life of St. Paul lasted them many Sundays, and impressed them greatly. The heroic courage and calm endurance; the fiery zeal and polished manners; the tender heart and perfect tact of the great Apostle, seemed a new revelation to them, and Nell had no need to complain of want of interest over his life. Much of the interest was due to her own vivid realising and much to her teaching at school; but whatever caused it, it made her very happy. Not that it was always kept up to the same extent. Sometimes the boys were not in the mood, they said, for Bible work. Frank was lazy, Will tiresome, and George more inclined to play with his dog. Once her father took the subject for her, but he treated the boys so much like a class at school, that, though unusually quiet, a stolid indifference showed that they were not attending nor caring for what he said; and much as it grieved Nell, she agreed with him that it was better not to repeat the experiment.

Sometimes Nell and her brothers spent the time in Scripture puzzles and enigmas. In spite of Ellen Montgomery's scruples, "Scripture characters" was rather a favourite with them, especially when they began to know more Bible history. At first, when, in answer to the usual questions, George declared his "character" lived before the Flood and yet led the Children of Israel through the Red Sea, the other boys did not seem at all surprised. Mark suggested the Scripture puzzles; for hearing of their studies he sent a "Scripture Diamond."

"It is very easy," he wrote; "suited to the intellects at home. The answer in my next. Here it is:—

1—In praise. 2—Used by one of the Apostles. 3—An Apostle. 4—Number of lepers healed near Samaria. 5—In praise."

With Nell's help they solved it, however, and triumphantly sent the answer to Mark.

1— P
2— N E T
3—P E T E R
4— T E N
5— R

Fired with emulation, they agreed each to provide a puzzle for the next Sunday. Frank was very ambitious, and copied his plan from a magazine. It was called the King's Move Puzzle. He produced a piece of paper ruled into one hundred squares like a chess board. Each square was numbered and contained a letter.

O 1	T 2	T 3	A 4	H 5	B 6	L 7	K 8	U 9	V 10
E 11	H 12	C 13	M 14	O 15	S 16	E 17	L 18	K 19	D 20
J 21	W 22	I 23	O 24	E 25	L 26	B 27	A 28	K 29	I 30
O 31	B 32	N 33	S 34	U 35	M 36	O 37	A 38	V 39	O 40
P 41	U 42	I 43	E 44	H 45	A 46	S 47	D 48	H 49	R 50
A 51	E 52	L 53	I 54	J 55	N 56	I 57	R 58	I 59	A 60
T 61	D 62	N 63	E 64	O 65	H 66	A 67	A 68	S 69	M 70
E 71	M 72	A 73	Z 74	P 75	C 76	G 77	G 78	E 79	N 80
R 81	K 82	R 83	L 84	E 85	A 86	S 87	M 88	E 89	H 90
Y 91	T 92	E 93	I 94	K 95	A 96	L 97	A 98	J 99	K 100

"The King's Move, you know, in chess, is one square at a time in any direction," he explained. "You find out the first letter and then spell out the name. There are thirty-four teachers mentioned in the Bible in this one."

"What do you mean by teachers?" asked George, who was not so fond of puzzles as Frank.

"Why, prophets and people who taught," answered Frank, complacently; "but I will show you one, and you will understand better. You may only use a square once in a name, but you may use it again in another name. Take the letters in the squares numbered 14, 24, 34, 25, 16. You will find that makes 'Moses.' I shall not tell you any more; you must find them for yourselves."

Nell supplied an enigma, which she said ought to have been in poetry:—

1. The name of a king who sat by a fire and cut up a roll with his penknife.
2. A man who kept herds and gathered wild figs.
3. The wife of Hadad.
4. A man who once ploughed behind twelve yoke of oxen.
5. A man whose eyes were put out.

The initials of the whole form the name of an Apostle.

Nell had to help her brothers in finding this out; they declared she knew too much to be fair. The answers were—

1. Jehoiakim. Jer. xxxvi. 20-23.
2. Amos. Amos vii. 14.
3. Mehetabel. 1 Chron. i. 50.
4. Elisha. 1 Kings xix. 19.
5. Samson. Judges xvi. 21.

Will's puzzle was a square:—

1. A great Apostle . . P A U L
2. A name changed; the unchanged part . . . . A B R A
3. Part of Aaron's breast-plate U R I M
4. Jonathan's son's ailment . L A M E

The others did not allow that the second word was correct, but as George had a still more doubtful word it was passed, as a first attempt.

George had imitated Mark's diamond, as Nell suspected, with the help of a concordance.

1. In Solomon . . L
2. Used by an Apostle . N E T
3. A chief of the people in Nehemiah's time . . N E B A I
4. A mountain . . L E B A N O N
5. A place in Egypt . T A N I S
6. Part of a name . . I O S
7. In Solomon . . N

These puzzles lead at any rate to searching their Bibles, and Nell did her best to show her brothers the deeper meanings in what they read and learnt.

(*To be continued.*)

RESTITUTION;

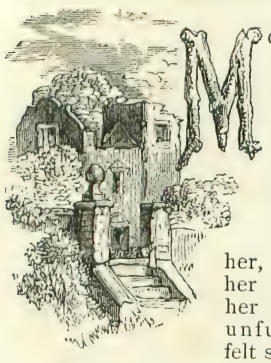
OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOT AT WHALLEY MANOR.



MORNING after morning Edith watched and waited for her step-mother's letter, but none came. She had promised to write to her, and to give her address, but her promise was unfulfilled. She felt sure, also, that her father had received no news, and she was surprised and anxious. At last she could bear the suspense no longer, and resolved to speak to him. He had been even more reserved and unapproachable than ever since his wife's departure, and had vented his spleen on his household, retrenching this expense and complaining of that, until the servants meditated giving notice *en masse*. In vain Nurse True tried to conciliate and Edith to reassure; discontent and anger reigned at the Park.

Over a week had elapsed, when Edith took courage and asked her father if he had heard from Mrs. Aspenel. They were at breakfast, but the post had not yet come.

"I did not expect to hear from her. I waited for you to give me information," he replied, frigidly.

"I have none to give. I have not heard," she said.

He frowned and reflected, then said, "Perhaps you will write to her at Sir James Whalley's, and say she must send Bruce home. I cannot allow him to lose more time. I will ask Mr. Tom Harton to fetch him, so that there shall be no delay beyond your letter. Mrs. Aspenel can do as she likes."

"Perhaps there will be a letter to-day," suggested Edith.

"We will see," he rejoined, and turned to his accounts; then suddenly resumed, looking at her, "You must take the management of house and servants into your hands while I am in town, until Mrs. Aspenel sees fit to return. We must draw in during her absence, and endeavour to put things on a more economical footing. You will only have to carry out my orders."

The arrival of the post-bag rendered

response unnecessary. There was no letter from Mrs. Aspenel or Bruce. Mr. Aspenel's frown deepened, until the lines on his forehead and between his eyes looked like railway cuttings. But he made no remark. Edith gathered up his papers as usual, and when he rose from the breakfast table said—

"I am afraid I cannot manage the servants in their present frame of mind, papa. Something has annoyed them, and they threaten to leave."

"Let them. There are plenty of others to be had. Your letter will reach Mrs. Aspenel to-morrow morning. You know Sir James Whalley's address. If she answers by return of post you will hear the following day. If she does not condescend to write, let her know that Harton, or some equally trustworthy person, will fetch Bruce on Friday, bring him home on Saturday, and so enable him to begin his studies on Monday. I cannot afford to spend money without an equivalent."

"I will write and say what you tell me, papa," said Edith.

"Thank you. You are at least obedient," he returned.

He was so moody that she did not venture to offer to kiss him as she sometimes did, but sighed heavily as she watched him from the window. She sought Nurse True, her only consoler in that great house, although all the servants loved her.

"What if Mrs. Aspenel should refuse to send Bruce back?" she asked. "Imagine the breach and scandal."

"My deary, matters must come to a head sooner or later. Your blessed mother bore her lot like an angel; Miss Janet's mother was subdued by sickness, but the present Mrs. Aspenel has a spirit of her own, and, I fear, won't submit any longer. But you had best advise her to let Bruce come without resisting, and to return herself as soon as she conveniently can. You can say that the servants rebel, and she only can keep the household together. Say that I will do my best for Master Bruce—say anything for peace."

Edith wrote her letter without delay, and followed Nurse True's advice. She worded it as discreetly as possible, and entreated for an answer by return of post. She was very restless all that day, and could scarcely fill in her diary for Janet. Doing so, however, she felt thankful that her sister was absent, and not, therefore, oppressed by the anxiety that filled her mind. She read and reread Janet's last letters, which were full of bright and encouraging matter; but she had not heard from her since Mrs. Mrs. Aspenel's departure, and longed for her opinion on so uncommon a proceeding. It was Tuesday, and she almost counted the hours that must intervene between her letter and the reply.

She need not have worried her mind, for no reply came. Three posts and not a line from Mrs. Aspenel. On the third morning her father was furious, but with a concentrated fury that found no vent.

"Tom Harton is only waiting for orders," he said, with tone and manner that frightened Edith. "He will be here almost immediately, and is ready to start for his journey. I have given him his instructions. He is to bring back Bruce."

"Suppose Mrs. Aspenel should refuse to let him come," said Edith, timidly.

"Refuse! She dare not. I should send my lawyer." He left the room and went to the library, where, as he expected, he found Tom Harton.

"Can you start immediately?" he began, in breathless anger. "I saw your valise in the hall, and can take you to the station. You can reach the Manor this evening, see Mrs. Aspenel, and bring off Bruce to-morrow. She knows you are coming. She expects you, in short."

"Does she acquiesce in your plan?" asked Tom, who, in his wish to inform himself concerning Mrs. Aspenel, had willingly undertaken the journey.

"Of course she does," replied Aspenel, evasively, for he had not told Harton the whole truth; he had only entrusted him with the care of Bruce.

Having his own views, Tom Harton did not press his inquiries, but set off with Aspenel for the station.

Edith was consoled by a long letter from Janet. It began with "Hurrah! So Mrs. Aspenel has broken loose at last. The caged lioness has rent her bars, and taken her cub with her. I hope she will enjoy herself." It went on to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of this event, and contained, besides, the usual school gossip. Janet was working with a will, and meant to astonish her admirers by her accomplishments as well as her beauty. She discussed the return of Jack and the marriage of Rebecca. "I would have given all my pocket money and jewels—worth, perhaps, a pound or so—to have seen Rebecca married," she said. "I admire constancy above anything, though I could never be constant except to you. *Entre nous*, Jack was devoted to Fan, and perhaps he has come back in search of her."

"How romantic she is!" exclaimed Nurse True, when Edith read her the letter. "I hope she won't commit any folly herself. I've no opinion of foreign parts, and wish Lady Ascham had recommended an honest Englishwoman instead of a French one."

The day wore through. Edith gave her orders quietly to the servants, backed by Nurse True, but she seemed to feel a certain underground rumbling, indicative of an earthquake. Mr. Aspenel had offended them all, individually and collectively, by bringing them to book concerning those bills which had caused his quarrel with his wife, and they "were not forced to stop, if Mrs. Aspenel was," they muttered. He was particularly aggressive the next day, which was Saturday. He did not go to town, but amused himself, instead, by roaming over his premises and plaisances, finding fault with everything and everybody. The burden of his song was that people were conspiring to ruin him.

Edith did her best to calm and please him. He was fond of music, so he had a soul somewhere—"for melody, if not for harmony," as Mrs. Aspenel once said. Edith told him at dinner that she had a new and pretty song, and asked him to hear it. He complied, and they went together to the drawing-room. He sat down not far from the piano, but he was soon on his feet again extinguishing some of the lights, which he said were unnecessary for two people. He left those on the piano, and the big room looked dark and sepulchral in its far-off corners. He himself looked gloomier still, and Edith was almost frightened by the unrelenting expression of his face. She had a sweet, sympathetic voice, and the new song contained no obnoxious allusions to love or matrimony, so he listened till his countenance cleared somewhat. She sang another and another, when she was surprised by a sort of groan. Looking round, she perceived that her father had fallen asleep, and the unpleasant sound proceeded from him. The tension of his features had relaxed, and they looked regular and handsome. She played on softly, accompanied by occasional mutterings from him, until the door was opened, and Mr. Tom Harton announced.

Aspenel started up, Edith moved towards him.

"Where is Bruce?" asked the former.

"I am very sorry, but he was not at Whalley Manor. I could not bring him," replied Harton, with hesitation for so self-possessed a man.

"Not at the Manor! Where is he then? What did Mrs. Aspenel say?"

"I did not see her. She is not at the Manor either."

The hesitation increased, and Aspenel exclaimed—

"What does all this mean? Speak out, man. Do you think anything you can say will trouble me?"

"Do sit down. You look tired," put in Edith, and Harton seated himself near Edith and opposite Aspenel, the two candles dimly giving light to the trio.

He did look both tired and worried, but he rallied himself, and started on his theme abruptly.

"I reached the Manor about seven o'clock last night. I found that Sir James and Lady Whalley were from home, and the house undergoing that abomination a spring cleaning. I inquired for Mrs. Aspenel, and the answer was that she had not been there. One or two letters had arrived addressed to her, which had been forwarded to Lady Whalley, and that was all they knew about her. I saw the housekeeper, who had not heard that Mrs. Aspenel was expected, but would make inquiries of her ladyship. In short, I went on a fool's errand, for neither telegram nor other announcement had reached the Manor of Mrs. Aspenel's visit, and Bruce, whom I was to fetch away, was unknown even by name. I got a bed at the Whalley Arms in the village, and made further inquiries, but all I could get in reply was that 'no gentlefolk had been that way for over a fortnight, for the house was a painting and a papering.' It was evident that as Sir James and Lady Whalley had been away more than that period, Mrs. Aspenel could not have been on a visit to them, so I

thought my only plan was to return here, and tell you of my unsuccessful quest."

When Tom Harton paused in his rapid speech he did not venture to look at Mr. Aspenel; but Edith did. He was deadly pale, and his face was almost diabolical in its suppressed frenzy. He did not speak; he could not apparently, neither could she. But Harton both could and did. He suggested that Mrs. Aspenel had probably gone to other friends when she found that the Whalleys were absent, and offered his services again, should anyone be required to fetch Bruce. But he was over-shooting his mark. His proposal was met by a curse—short, low, emphatic—which made Edith start, shuddering, towards her father, and caused Harton to look the deceived man in the face at last. There was not time even for a second glance, for Aspenel rose and left the room. He staggered slightly as he moved, and Edith followed; but scarcely was she in the passage leading to his study, when she heard the door shut with a tremendous bang, and knew that she was excluded. She returned to Harton. Whom else could she consult? He alone was in the secret, and through circumstances knew more than anyone else of the quarrel that had caused this painful flight, if flight it was.

What can I do?" she asked.

"You can write to Lady Whalley and make inquiries," he replied. "But I do not think Mrs. Aspenel intends her whereabouts to be known. We all want a holiday now and then, and she has managed hers admirably."

Edith felt the bitter sarcasm of his tone, and fancied there was personal pique beneath. She knew that her step-mother had made a friend and partial confidant of him, and judged rightly that he was annoyed at having been left in the dark. This did not, however, interfere with his desire to make himself necessary to Edith.

"How can we prevent the scandal—the gossip?" she asked nervously.

"They have merely gone on a visit to friends. There is nothing scandalous in that," he replied cynically.

"No. But if they do not return, that farce cannot be maintained; and my father may resort to extreme measures."

"Extreme measures are expensive. I scarcely think you need fear that. But I have some worldly experience, and am at your service in any way."

He tried to resume his usual insinuating manner, but could not get rid of some sort of under-stream of annoyed humiliation. He hated to be baffled. It was all one to him that Mr. Aspenel should be infuriated, provided he had not been his tool. Edith asked if he had dined, or if she might order refreshments, or what she could do to atone for his fruitless errand. He said he would go home to supper, as his brother would be looking for him.

"Had I better try to see my father?" asked Edith.

"I think not. He will be here to-morrow, and you will see by his manner what plan to pursue. I will call after church on some excuse or other. Church! Whatever happens we must keep up appearances, and I dare say Mr. Aspenel will. Good evening."

Fortunately for Edith, Nurse True was a better adviser than Tom Harton, and she counselled her to go to her father. She went, and knocked at the study door. The "Who's there?" assured her that nothing particular had happened.

"It is I, papa; Edith," she said. "I came to ask if I could do anything for you."

"Nothing, thank you," and somehow the brief reply reassured her.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MABEL A. HOOD will find full details on the subject of the medical profession and women, how to enter, and the course of study, in "The Englishwoman's Year Book," price 1s., Messrs. Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly, London, W.

NAOMI.—The first edition of the "Breeches Bible" is dated 1560, and is worth from £7 17s. 6d., £16 5s., to £29 10s. The edition of the same Bible by Charles Barker, dated 1578, folio, is put down in our list at 25s. We do not know its value if damaged.

ELSIE will find a full account of "Nursing" in our series of articles called "Work for All," see page 119, vol. v. The range of age is from 25 to 35 or 40 years. In the N.E. Hospital for Children, 8, Goldsmith Row, Hackney Road, E., the range is from 18 to 23 for entering; and the length of training three years. In other children's hospitals the age for entering is generally 21 years.

NORAH.—There is a Ladies' Shorthand Association, of which the secretary is Miss Constance Maris, 49, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, W. The fees for classes in town of ten lessons are £1 1s. each person, and for private lessons 3s. an hour. The work to an adept pays well, secretary-work in town being charged at half-a-crown an hour, or according to agreement. Pitman's method is employed. The patrons (amongst others) are the Right Hon. Lord Charles B. Bruce, the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Butt, and the Countess of Strafford.

M. C.—Write to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Telegraph Department, for their prospectus.

DOMESTIC (Bath) will oblige us by sending fuller particulars, with terms, etc., of her housekeeping and domestic school, when begun, with references as well. We have no doubt that, if started on the method proposed in the articles in the G.O.P. (for 1883), it will prove most useful and successful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS WHITFIELD.—"Luke and Belinda" began in the number for October 10, 1885, and ended September 18, 1886. It is now published in book form.

LITTLE GIPSY and AMY.—Many instructions will be found for preserving seaweed in the G.O.P., the most recent at page 31, vol. viii. Please consult the indexes.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—We do not think that the coins you mention are of any particular value.

PERPLEXED ONE.—In the series of articles in vol. iii., called "The Other Side of the World," by Isabella Fyvie Mayo, you will find full information about emigration to Australia, Queensland, or New Zealand.

TRIX.—If you be in any doubt use both names in signing the register of marriage, but the name you have been known by all your life is quite enough. No deceit or concealment is intended.

MURIEL JOY.—The words in italics in the Bible are those added to make the real meaning more clear.

MUNGO.—Coffee is said to allay hunger by retarding the waste in the tissues of the body; and with coffee to drink much less food is required. It is said to be an antidote to gout, and to have many medicinal virtues. Its most valuable property, however, is its power of relieving hunger and fatigue.

DEVONSHIRE LASS.—The eagle is the supporter of the lectern, because the eagle is the natural enemy of the serpent. It is also emblematic of St. John the Evangelist, because he, like the eagle, had looked on the Sun of Glory. The eagle was also one of the four figures of the cherub, Ezek. i. 10. The two outspread wings are the two Testaments.

PENNA.—The population of London, October, 1887, amounted to 4,149,533. That of Paris follows next in order of numbers; in 1876 it had reached 1,988,806. The third most populous of cities is Pekin. In 1874 it was estimated to contain 1,648,814 inhabitants. Canton is the fourth great city. In 1877 the population numbered about 1,500,000. Warsaw makes the fifth, with 1,120,770 souls in 1871; while Constantinople and Nankin make "a tie" with 1,000,000 (1872). The Pays Bas is said to be the most populous of all countries, having 1,829 inhabitants to a square league. Yet of 1,000 men and women two-thirds of each are unmarried, and the widows double the number of widowers. We have pleasure in receiving letters from the brothers of our girls.

CONSTANT READER OF THE G.O.P.—We cannot improvise any new course of treatment for the skin disease of which you complain. All that our writer "Medicus" knows about it has been already told you. Perhaps there may be something in your constitution, mode of life, or diet, that may serve to aggravate the evil, and you would do well to consult a good skin doctor (a specialist). You write a fair hand, but it would be improved if you made the strokes of the t's through them instead of a flourish at a distance.

AN ODD CHARACTER will find either a "Norfolk blouse" or a "Garibaldi loose-fronted blouse" suit her very well. The pleats may be carried to the hem of the former bodice, or not, as desired.

JILL.—Velveteen will dye beautifully, but it is best to be guided by the dyer's advice as to the colour it will take. We could give no idea as to the price of dyeing it.

LADY CONSTANCE'S little note has filled us with pleasure, particularly her assurance that she will do her present duty with cheerfulness. It is so easy to play the martyr, and make others miserable when doing so! The "Book of Common Prayer" had its origin in very early days; the Book of Sarum, 1078, A.D., being for many years the general book of offices in the kingdom. When the Reformation came, that, together with the Breviaries, Missals, and Rituals of the Roman ritual were set aside, and "The Book of Common Prayer," in which was retained much of them all, was substituted in their stead. Many of the oldest prayers and creeds date from the days of the primitive church.

HUSBAND OF ONE OF OUR GIRLS.—First, "tierce" and "pale" are not synonymous in heraldry. The former means "divided vertically into three equal parts" (see Boutell's "English Heraldry," p. 157, and p. 33, No. 35). The latter, "pale," means "set vertically, or arranged vertically one above another, as are the lions of England" (see Boutell's "English Heraldry," p. 142, and p. 33, No. 28, exemplified by the shield of England at p. 87). Secondly, the term "tierce" is employed in English Heraldry. Its French origin is no argument to the contrary, inasmuch as many other terms of the same origin are in use likewise, to wit, "chevron," "or," "argent," "vair," "sinister," "couché," "chequée," etc., etc. (see Boutell, p. 109, for chevron, and p. 33 for illustration). Lastly, the term "par" means "by, or by means of," and while we quite admit that it is correctly employed when prefixed to representations of the several parts of the shield, it is not, in every sense, of correct application. One of the articles, "a," or "the," may, and sometimes should, be substituted for it. Our correspondent himself gives us (did we need one?) a precedent for so doing. He says "tierce is a pale." Asked what device a corporal wears on his sleeve, we follow suit, and say, "a chevron, and the chevron is made of gold lace." We do not lend our pages to discussion.

BEN.—We imagine that the history in 2 Kings iii. 26 means that the King of Moab sacrificed his own son; for at verse 27 it says that "he should have reigned in his stead." The 27th November, 1872, was a Wednesday. You have our best sympathy in your trouble.

THE KING-FISHER.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 437. MAY 12, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE NEW AVIARY AT THE "ZOO".

OR,

WILD FOWL AT HOME

"THE GRAND AVIARY."

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If birds can in any way be considered happy when in confinement, surely the fate of our feathered friends at the 'Zoo' may be so styled. They have to my mind always been "in clover," there supplied not only with their natural surroundings, but with every comfort besides.

And how charming these little enclosures are! The months of June and July exhibit the ponds to the greatest advantage. If any of my young readers on entering the south gate will only devote a little time to the most charming of all the pieces of water in the grounds, I am sure he or she will find much to interest them. As a rule with visitors the prevailing notion appears to be that they must see all they can in as short a space of time as possible; but I am sure there will be many amongst my readers who are fond of bird life, and here it can be studied in a way which it would be impossible to do in a state of nature, for most birds are timid, and hence the difficulty in approaching them. Here the little things have no fear of that cruel gun, and are inclined to look upon all visitors as friends.

The one great disadvantage which all the feathered tribe have had to put up with for years past, has been the inability to use their wings; not only has this been felt as a sad deprivation of their natural mode of life, but it has seriously affected their health. The cutting

CHILIAN PINTAILS.

the flight feathers of one of the wings has naturally deprived the bird of a comfortable coat, and as a matter of course, all the vital parts of the body have been exposed to the cold on one side. The wings of a bird keep it warm, when not in the act of flying, and in health during the winter especially.

Thanks, however, to the happy thought of the society, this has been done away with to a great extent, and the grand aviary, as shown in our picture, has been opened. We may now witness one of the most beautiful sights and interesting features of the Zoological Society's Gardens: herons, storks, ducks, sea-gulls, all on the wing (the best time to see this will be feeding-time). Hours may be delightfully spent watching their various habits, and to show how it is appreciated by the birds themselves, since the enclosure has been built a couple of sacred ibises have been hatched, the mother ibis having made a comfortable nest in one of the shrubs in a retired corner of the aviary. Two quiet corners have been provided for the shy birds, as some birds are naturally shy, especially at certain periods of the year; but one can watch them making their nests, and leading the life natural to them in their own distant homes, without in the least disturbing them, as the space is considerable. Now I think you will agree with me, when you see some of these beautiful creatures, hitherto received with such passing notice as "What ugly birds!"—and will admire them when you see them on the wing.

The herons, for instance, and the beautiful white egrets, can now sport about without fear or hindrance, occasionally fighting, but very rarely doing any harm to themselves. The stupid flamingoes are particularly amusing; watch them eating and jabbering amongst themselves; we can't call it quarrelling, as they never by any chance hurt each other, but desperately interfere with each other's dinner; then in the middle of it the comic demoiselle crane makes her appearance, takes enormous delight in scattering them right and left, opening her wings, and appearing to dance round them. My space, however, will not allow me to give a detailed account of all I have seen, and which I must leave to my readers to study for themselves, but I can assure them that a great treat is in store for them now that the happy sunny days of June have come again. I have made a few sketches of a portion of the grand aviary, and of some of its pretty inhabitants, so that our readers may have some slight idea of the pleasures to come.

Before concluding this little sketch, I should, however, like to call their attention to one or two of the most interesting birds. Take, for instance the sacred ibis. This was held in great reverence by the Egyptians, and is often seen sculptured upon their monuments. There are several species of this bird; perhaps the most beautiful is the scarlet variety (*Ibis rubra*) of North America; but the most interesting, no doubt, is the one pictured. So sacred was this bird held, that no boy dare rob its nest, or naturalist capture a specimen or steal one of its eggs without all sorts of horrors being heaped on his head by the Arabs; but in the present day he has lost his sacred mission, and leads, I am afraid, a very prosaic life indeed.

The Flamingoes.

These curious birds are sometimes classed amongst the *anatidæ* or ducks, but really osteologically they come between the storks and herons. There are eight specimens known, which mostly inhabit the tropical and temperate portions of the old and new worlds. They chiefly frequent brackish lagoons and salt water lakes, and as a rule wade for food, but being web-footed can swim well, but with a peculiar action on account of their long legs, so that at first they are easily taken for swans by the inexperienced.

The Purple Heron.

These birds are seen to much greater advantage on the wing, except when in the act of fishing. No conception can be formed of them from the often huddled up figures seen in an ordinary enclosure; they are really most graceful in flight. The heron gets his living in the water; his food is fish, and a wonderful angler he is. Observe him standing knee-deep in the water; he suddenly makes a dart, his bill striking the water brings out a fish, throws his head back, swallows the dainty, and prepares for the approach of another silly little fish; but they always build in trees overlooking the water.

SPOTTED-BILLED DUCKS (INDIA) AND VARIEGATED SHELDRAKE.

The egrets are closely allied with the herons, and are constantly seen together; they are shy birds, but the white specimens are very pretty, when you can get a peep at them amongst the reeds; but in the aviary they have gained confidence.

The White Stork

is a very beautiful bird, seldom if ever seen in this country, although he migrates to Europe and is visible in Holland. The peasants encourage these storks to build on their houses, as they have a belief that where the stork builds no fire will occur. The stork is a native of Africa, and almost every Moorish hovel has its stork's nest.

I have given a few sketches of ducks. One very pretty little duck is the pintail; another the ruddy sheldrake; but of all pretty ducks, what can be prettier than the Mandarins, They are quite unique—such a variety of colour and form; but I am sure, after this little descriptive notice, my readers will be only too anxious to study ornithology for themselves, so I bid them take every opportunity of doing so at the "Zoo."

One thing always attracts and amuses visitors—that is the impudent sparrow who takes possession of the food provided for his bigger brethren. The little field mice are very pretty; very often you see a white one, with his pretty little pink eyes peeping out at you from the grass. They both have a happy time of it. If some of the black city sparrows only knew what a happy home there is not many miles off, methinks they would soon put in an appearance.

A. T. Elwes.

RESTITUTION;
OR,
MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
EDITH'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

TOM HARTON was right. Mr. Aspenel kept up appearances. He went to church as usual, and, as far as Edith could discover, was unmoved by the events of the previous day. He scarcely spoke at breakfast, and did not allude to them in the few words he said. He looked morose and moody enough, and Edith could not help contrasting his face as she had seen it in repose the previous night, with the hard, inflexible face of that Sunday morning. Although the sermon was on the text "God is love," the Rector's tender address had apparently no effect on him. After service, to Edith's surprise, he said he wished to speak to Mrs. Clarville and her son, and hurried to meet them. He told Gerard that he wanted a word with him, and would be obliged if he and his mother could call at the Park that afternoon. Edith looked so entreatingly at them, that after a little demur they promised. The truth was, the gipsies were again on Hoplands Common, and Gerard was anxious to visit them; but he did not tell Mr. Aspenel this, for fear of raking up an old grievance, and stirring up strife against Wandering Will and his allies. He and his mother were even more surprised than Edith at this attempt at renewed intimacy, though Gerard felt sure that there was some thought behind, connected with Loveridge probably, that induced it. Momentary happiness overflooded Edith's sea of troubles, and her face brightened as she shook hands with her two dear friends. Her father perceived it, and took care to tell her that what he wanted with Gerard was a mere matter of business. "He will not like to transact it on Sunday," thought Edith, but she did not venture to say so.

She went to afternoon service, and when it was over Mrs. Clarville and Gerard joined her and walked home with her, to the astonishment of the "ladies," who had been speculating on the estrangement. Mr. Aspenel met them and took possession of Gerard, carrying him off to his study when they reached the house; while Edith and his mother went to a charming room overlooking the lake, where tea was awaiting them.

"What has happened since I saw you?" asked Mrs. Clarville. "You look so ill, that you must have had some trouble beyond the unexpected absence of Mrs. Aspenel. My dear child, can I advise you or help you?"

The kind words and manner brought tears to Edith's eyes. She told Mrs. Clarville as much as she dared of what had occurred.

"She will write. She must come back. The nineteenth century means of tracing people are so easy, that no one would meditate flight under pretence of a visit. She is high-spirited, and has taken French leave."

Thus Mrs. Clarville tried to console Edith, while a very different sort of conversation went on between her son and Mr. Aspenel. It began with Loveridge, whom Gerard had seen the previous evening. He had traced him with some difficulty, for he had not chosen to meet him in Wharf Court. After some preliminary questions and answers, Gerard gave an account of his interview with him.

"I found him in a small but decent lodging not far from King William Street," he began.

"Midway between my office and the station," interposed Mr. Aspenel. "He has bad intentions."

"I think not," continued Gerard. "He looked well, both in face and dress; more of a gentleman, even, than heretofore. He was in a sitting-room, and there were actually a few flowers on the table. Primroses, I remarked, and one or two violets. I noticed some books also—a copy of Shakespeare and the Bible amongst them. I did not venture to open them, but when I glanced at the latter, he said, 'Fruits of lectures in Wharf Court;' whether truthfully or satirically I could not tell."

"Satirically, take my word for that," put in Aspenel.

"He asked how I found him out, and then I told him your proposal—or rather, inquired what he would take to leave the country. He thought it over a few minutes, and finally said, three hundred a year."

"Three—hundred—a—year!" repeated Aspenel, as if each word were a death groan. "Impossible! Why, I am nearly ruined as it is."

"I told him that you considered yourself so, and he laughed heartily. He has a very pleasant laugh, and is certainly handsome," resumed Gerard, while Aspenel scowled ominously. "He said that he would emigrate to Canada if he had a written promise from you, witnessed by me, of that sum, paid quarterly. He was so polite as to add that he would receive it at my hands, because he believed they were tolerably clean from contact with the baser metals."

Gerard smiled, and Aspenel winced slightly, exclaiming—

"Impudent rascal! how dare he make terms with me? But I will think them over, and let you know my *decision*. Meanwhile will you keep an eye upon him, and not lose his address?"

"I should be glad to be of service both to him and you, sir; but I am not a detective."

"You are the only person I can trust, and you *would* leave my service," emphasising the would.

The word *service* grated upon Gerard, yet it had been service, and was still, for that much. Besides he thought of Edith's white, anxious face, and determined to serve her father for her sake—and for Loveridge's. Indeed, he pitied Aspenel sincerely, for with all his wealth he was a miserable man.

"Had the man Loveridge a woman with him?" asked Aspenel abruptly. "His demands increase, which means woman."

"I did not see one," replied Gerard, who had himself improvised female taste at sight of the primroses.

"Woman!" repeated Aspenel with set teeth. "Man's curse and ruin. And you have tied yourself to an old woman who won't loosen you. Will you ask your Lady Ascham to do something for me. She is a personal friend of Mrs. Aspenel's and is acquainted with all the Whalley family. Will she, or you as her secretary, write to Lady Whalley and ascertain whether she has heard from Mrs. Aspenel?"

"That would be playing the spy indeed!" said Gerard.

"Not at all. You are the only man I can trust, and as you will soon learn that Mrs. Aspenel has chosen to go off visiting on false pretences, I may as well confide in you. She has taken my son Bruce with her. I don't know where they are. I don't want to employ a lawyer to hunt them out, because of the scandal, to say nothing of the expense, which I can't afford, as you know who are aware of the claims upon me. I can't afford it."

Aspenel paused, and stretched out his right arm, as if fighting an invisible foe. It pointed in the direction of the iron safe. Gerard answered deliberately—

"I will submit your request to Lady Ascham. I know she has a great regard

for Mrs. Aspenel, and have no doubt she will make any private inquiry as between friend and friend."

"Just so. You are the only man I can trust."

Gerard was pleasantly astonished by the discovery that he was considered so trustworthy by one who had snubbed him and almost insulted him frequently during his probation; but he was not unduly exalted, knowing his man, and that he could be uncommonly civil if he wanted to get anything out of a fellow creature. Still, he pitied Aspenel, and in his enthusiastic desire to bring other men to the footstool of the Most High, inwardly resolved to lead him there by such cords as Providence might hold out, were they cords of love or fear.

"Thank you for believing in me, Mr. Aspenel," he said. "I will help you if I can, conscience approving."

"And what's to pay? Stamps, paper, railway-fare, third class of course—but you have a season ticket; loss of time, only it's after hours. Let me know exactly what you demand."

"Nothing."

Gerard spoke this one word emphatically, and Aspenel instantly contrasted it with an account that lay before him. Tom Harton had brought it that morning, albeit it was Sunday. It contained the various items of his journey of the previous day, and the account of the full term for Bruce's schooling. He probably admired Harton's shrewdness more than Gerard's generosity; but he said nothing.

"My mother will be expecting me. Perhaps if you have nothing more to explain, you will allow me to join her," said Gerard, when he found that no argument followed his disclaimer.

Aspenel accompanied him, and they found Mrs. Clarville and Edith still in earnest discourse. Edith rang for fresh tea, and Mrs. Clarville chained Mr. Aspenel by producing a letter she had received from Janet. It was so amusing and descriptive, that he forgot his grievances for the moment, and allowed himself to be beguiled into a discussion as to whether she should return home, or go to Paris for the summer vacation. It ended in the words, "Paris, decidedly," which reached Edith.

She and Gerard were rejoicing in a brief interval of happiness. She was at the tea-table; he on an ottoman, cup in hand. They talked of the singing-class and Sunday-school; they were shy as the most rustic of lovers; all was as commonplace as could be; but they were near one another once more, and they were happy.

Mr. Aspenel chanced to be standing, also tea-cup in hand, with his back to them, while Mrs. Clarville was reading him passages from Janet's letter; so he had to all appearance forgotten them. But with the "Paris, decidedly," he turned and faced them, and even he could discover nothing in the least lover-like between this "trustworthy" clerk-secretary and his daughter, whom he knew to be equally trustworthy.

When Mrs. Clarville and her son left, Mr. Aspenel walked down the drive with them, and Edith watched them from the window. What a peaceful scene it was! Three people sauntering along beneath the spring foliage; the swans on the placid lake; the line of distant sea sparkling in the May sunshine. What could be more descriptive of "The Sabbath of rest," of which she chanced to have read that morning? Yet there was no real rest at Aspenel Park, though she believed that in Mrs. Clarville's humbler dwelling rest would abide. But she felt less lonely and depressed than she had done, because of this unexpected renewal of intercourse with her friends; and when she sought her only earthly haven of repose, the old nursery, where her friend True still reigned, she looked brighter than she had looked for many days.

"You must put your trust in the Lord, my dear," said that good woman. "There is no one else who can help in troublous times. I have been holding a levée, as they call it, of all the servants, and, preach as I will, I can't quiet them. They're that obstinate in determining to give notice, that all I could say at last was, 'Well, you're very unfeeling to Miss Aspenel,' and this made them say they would bide a day or two, just to see if the mistress came back."

But days crept on, and Mrs. Aspenel did not return, neither did she write. Edith exhausted all her resources in polite letters to her step-mother's relations, all worded with the utmost caution, but none of them had seen her. Lady Ascham, at Gerard's request, also wrote to Lady Whalley, and received a letter in reply, intimating that she had as good as lost sight of Mrs. Aspenel for years, and was astonished to learn that a strange report was afloat of her being on a visit to her. She had imagined that the tide of wealth had swept away the lesser streams of friendship.

As may be imagined, all this exasperated Mr. Aspenel. Not that he showed exasperation, only increased gloom and moodiness. He set private inquiries on foot, employed detectives, and even consulted his lawyer; but of this not even Edith knew anything. What she knew was that his examination of domestic matters, and his irritating surveillance of his household, induced his servants to carry out their threat of giving notice, and one by one, either to him in extreme irritation, or to Edith, with expressions of regret, the threatened notice was duly served. All but a kitchenmaid, her own maid, and Bruce's "slavey," as he called her, had resolved to depart.

"What am I to do, papa?" she asked, after a final parley with the cook-housekeeper. "Mrs. Parsons has told me that she will leave at the end of a month. All the indoor servants have given notice."

"Let them go after their mistress," replied Aspenel, with an addenda not to be quoted for ears polite.

Edith found that her courage always rose with the occasion, and circumstances were making a woman of her; so she said, with decision—

"But this establishment cannot be carried on without domestics, and you say new ones are not to be trusted. What am I to do?"

"Get charwomen in from the village. Tell the coachman and gardener they must help indoors; make that superannuated True of some use; ask Miss Lorne's old Rebecca to come as cook; we don't want luxurious living just now, and shall keep no company until Mrs. Aspenel thinks proper to return. If this won't do, we'll shut up all the house except a living-room or two for you and me. Your Nurse True can do for us with the kitchen-maid, who has not yet given notice. One servant should suffice, and True has been idle long enough. Servants are an abomination."

"True is not a servant," spoke up Edith. "She is a friend. She has had many opportunities of marrying, or otherwise improving her condition, but her promise to my mother never to leave me has kept her single and constant to us."

Edith's voice quivered, and her father rose suddenly with a "Do what you like for her; but leave me in peace. I have enough on my mind without servant worries. Mrs. Aspenel must be back soon, for she will be penniless, and she is too shrewd to let her son be disinherited. She will return when she has spent her money and her temper. Meanwhile you must help me to save; do you understand, Edith?—to save."

He waited for no answer, but strode out of the room, leaving Edith aghast with the responsibilities suddenly thrust upon her.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE AMERICAN MARCHING SONG, "JOHN BROWN."

IT has been aptly said that "the making of the song of a people is a happy accident. . . . It must be the result of fiery feeling long confined, and suddenly finding vent in burning words or moving strains. Great national lyric is the result of the conjunction of the hour and the man."

There is no better illustration of this than the popular American war song, "John Brown's Body." There is literally nobody who claims its authorship. Words and tune "grew" together in the early days of that great war between the Northern and the Southern States which settled the question of American slavery for ever.

Yet there is no song which has a better story to tell. And as there is seldom any historical period so misty to our minds as that which immediately precedes the date of our own personal histories, we are sure that there are many girls who will thank us for a glimpse of the heroism and romance which wrought out a great national drama in the days when their fathers and mothers were the young folks of the world.

We are not ambitious enough to attempt any history of the rise and development of slavery in the United States of America. We shall only attempt to set forth, as simply as we can, a few facts necessary to explain its existence and the varying influences that surrounded it, and that finally brought about its extinction.

Let it suffice to say that slavery — that supreme crime against humanity — originated in the States when they were a British colony. Therefore, the worst indictment we have any right to bring against them in this matter is, that they did not all come to a full realisation of the heinousness of this evil quite so soon as did the mother country.

Now, at the very outset of this paper we must caution our readers against an error which we would not imagine could be fallen into by educated people, had we not proved it to be so. They must realise at once that the Northern and Southern States are alike in North America, different parts of the Republic of the United States. These have nothing whatever to do with the continent of South America, with all its varying empires and republics, mostly Spanish in origin and development. We should have thought such a caution quite unnecessary, had we not heard a friend from Buenos Ayres being constantly asked "Whether the party feeling between the Northern and Southern States had now entirely passed away?"—the questioners being presumably educated people and filling respectable and indeed honourable positions in British society.

Having explained this much, we may go on to say that from the earliest days of the British colonisation of North America a vital difference arose between those States called the Northern and those afterwards grouped as the Southern.

The Northern States were founded by "The Pilgrim Fathers," who were themselves exiles from Britain for the sake of civil and religious freedom. In the communities under their influence certain religious and political theories were made of the first importance from the very beginning. They started on the path of moral progress, though the struggle for existence and the greed for material wealth soon entered in, to warp the nobler aims.

The Southern States, on the other hand, were colonised by aristocratic English adventurers, often of high character and courtly manners, but whose first aim was the profit and comfort of their immediate followers, without any special sense of responsibility towards the community at large. Thus in these Southern States a wide gulf soon yawned between the upper and lower classes. "Below the great landholders came a population largely tainted with pauperism and crime." Further, the development of the natural resources of these Southern States required masses of specially cheap labour.

How was this to be supplied?

At first, the forced labour was of white people, "criminals, beggars and vagrants" being transported there from the mother country. Orphan or friendless children became the victims of family cruelty or mercenary greed. But still the supply was insufficient for the demand.

Then these our colonies in the Southern States resolved to follow the example of our colonies in the West Indies, and to encourage the importation of negroes. The first shipload was landed in 1620, at Jamestown. In 1662, the Royal African company was incorporated, with the English King Charles II. and his brother as its chief directors, its main business to be the exportation of negroes from Africa to slavery in the plantations. The black slave soon supplanted not only the white bond-servant, but the white labourer of every kind. The Southern States became the home of a white aristocracy, a black slavery, and a desperate ruffiandom.

In 1772, a slave named Somerset, brought to England by his master, was, on account of ill-health, turned adrift. When, through the charity of Mr. Granville Sharp, he was restored to health, his master again claimed him. A suit resulted, which, mainly owing to the energy and determination of Mr. Sharp, ended in a decision that slavery could not exist in Great Britain.

Owing to the revolt against sundry British impositions, the United States declared their independence of Britain in 1776. They were recognised internationally as a distinct Government in 1783; and in 1787, the American Congress passed an unalterable article forbidding slavery in that part of their territory north-west of the Ohio. This put the Northern States on the same footing that Great Britain had already attained, while slavery still persisted in the Southern States of the Republic as it did in those West Indian colonies which remained in British possession.

Slavery finally terminated in all British possessions between the years 1833 and 1838. Its extinction cost the British nation £20,000,000.

It still lingered in the Southern States of America, and in its most frightful form. In the slavery of the antique world the masters had been content with the possession of their human chattels, often employed as tutors and guardians, and frequently attaining high rank in philosophy and learning. In Oriental slavery there had been hope. The slave to-day was often Grand Vizier to-morrow. But in America they sought to deprive the human chattel of mind, soul, and affection. To educate him was penal. He could have no family ties. The Courts of Justice were closed against him, and the curse of slavery pursued the least drop of African blood, however diluted it might be with that of the ruling race.

The advocates of slavery had two or three arguments on which they laid great stress. One was that the slave in the Southern States was generally well-treated and content, in evidence of which they told stories of domestic attachments, and brought forward his merry plantation songs. Of course, it would be going too far to say that the large majority of slaves were treated with personal violence and cruelty. They were only entirely at the mercy of their master *pro tem.*, and away from the kindest owner they might be sold any day, either at his own will, or at the will of any creditors or trustees into whose hands he chanced to fall. Among the women, wifehood and motherhood were only other names for shame and agony. It was the cruellest wrong of all if they were kept in such a low condition as to be unable to realise all the bitterness of their lot. But that many of them did escape this crowning ignominy is proved by the wildly pathetic hymns in which they cried out to God for His help and support.

Another Southern argument was, that the Northerner, though not a slave-holder, held the negro in such bitter contempt and abhorrence, that his free life in the Northern States was lacking in many of the alleviations which he often found in his Southern slavery. There is no denying this indictment. But neither do two wrongs added together amount to one right! In excuse of the Northerner, it can be pleaded that this savage nation had been poured upon his country, not for his benefit, but for the interests of his Southern brother; that the negro was a portentous appearance in those States where white labour abounded, and competition was already fierce enough. Furthermore, the negro stood to the Northerner as the outward and visible sign of the Northerner's own subjection. For Southern voices were predominant in the councils of the nation, and it was mainly through, and for slavery, that such predominance was jealously maintained.

On the side of the North we may justly urge, that whatever might be popular prejudices, it was in her States, and under influences that had made her what she was, that all true and loving help for the slave originated; the voices of the North were ever on the side of freedom. We all know Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery." Perhaps not quite so many of us are equally familiar with those of John Greenleaf Whittier,

the American Quaker poet, who, like so many of his sect, threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the slave. It is characteristic of the man, and his deathless faith and hope, that he called his outpourings "The Voices of *Freedom*." One of the best known of these is "The Christian Slave," founded on an incident at a slave auction in New Orleans, where the auctioneer recommended the woman under the hammer as "a good Christian." The indignant poet breaks forth:

"My God! can such things be?
Hast Thou not said that whatso'er is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!"

We should quote from Whittier more largely, for his works (save his translation from the German of "The Angel of Patience") were but little known in Britain a few years ago, but we refrain, since they are now widely circulated and easily procurable.

The poet Lowell, and the philosophers Emerson and Thoreau, were also active and consistent in their advocacy of the slave. But the subject of American slavery was first brought before the whole world in a strongly picturesque form in 1852, by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The enthusiasm of sympathy which it created was immense. One result was an appeal from the women of England to the women of America, which was headed by the mother of the present Duke of Sutherland, and obtained nearly six hundred thousand signatures. From that time the subject was never left at rest. Special cases of fugitives were constantly before the Northern courts. The "border" States were kept unsettled by perpetual "risings" and skirmishings between the "slave party" and the abolitionists. One such struggle in Kansas, and of considerable importance, brought to the front that indomitable hero whose name is now embalmed in the great rough Yankee war-song.

That name is

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATTOMIE.

It need hardly be said that he belonged, by descent, to the stern Puritan stock which had colonised the Northern States. He was born in Connecticut, but he was only five years old when his family moved to Ohio, then a wilderness filled with wild beasts and Indians. There he lived the hardy adventurous life of a healthy lad in a new country. By the time he was twelve years old he was often sent off alone more than a hundred miles with companies of cattle.

It was during a brief war between England and the United States (which broke out in 1812) that he was brought under influences which decided the current of his life. His father sold cattle to the American troops, and in his capacity as assistant he saw a good deal of military life, "more, perhaps, than if he had been a soldier, for he was often present at the councils of the officers." This was to prove an important element in his training for the future, but the immediate result was to disgust him with military life, so that he refused to train, and was fined in consequence. "He then resolved that he would have nothing to do with any war, unless it were a war for liberty." It was at this same period that there occurred the incident which we prefer to tell in his own words, as we find them in an autobiographical fragment written for the benefit of a young friend:—

"John was staying for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord, once a United States Marshal, who held a slave boy near John's own age, very active, intelligent and good feeling, and to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness. The master made a great pet of John, brought him to table with his first company and friends, called their attention to every little smart thing he said or did, and to the fact of his being more than a hundred miles from home with a company of cattle alone; while the negro boy, who was fully if not more than his equal, was badly clothed, poorly fed and lodged in cold weather, and beaten before his eyes with iron shovels or anything that first came to hand. This brought John to reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children, and, in the end, made him a most determined abolitionist, and led him to declare or swear eternal war with slavery," so that at last he believed he "held a commission direct from God to act against it."

His education was purely that of practical life. He learned nothing of grammar, nor of arithmetic beyond the first four rules. He had never danced; he had never used a pack of cards. But he was fond of reading, and he felt that "by reading the lives of great, wise and good men, their sayings and writings, he grew to a dislike of vain and frivolous conversation and persons." He was very familiar with the Bible, and had a most unusual memory for its contents. In business he was diligent and shrewd, but with a keen sense of honour, so that he refused to sell his leather while it retained a particle of moisture, lest his customers should be cheated in value or weight. In the course of his business he visited England. But though he was ever increasing in social weight and importance, such a man was not likely to make money. Indeed, from the year 1839 he cherished the hope of some organised attempt at the delivery of the slaves, and "from that time he engaged in no commercial speculation which he could not honourably and without serious loss to his family wind up on short notice."

As we have said already, he became prominent in the border warfare of which the State of Kansas was the arena in 1855-7. Neither the property nor the life of anybody suspected of being an abolitionist was safe, and brutal outrage on the one side occasionally provoked stern reprisals from the other. In John Brown's camp the strictest order and discipline prevailed, "no man of immoral character was allowed to stay, except as a prisoner of war." The great leader said: "He did not love warfare but peace—only acting in obedience to the will of God, and fighting God's battles for His children's sake," and therefore "he would rather have the small-pox, yellow fever, and cholera together in his camp, than a man without principles." A favourite remark was, "One man in the right, and ready to die, will chase a thousand."

The fortunes of this warfare constantly varied, but with an ever-growing force of public feeling on the abolitionist side.

It is impossible for us in this paper to follow in detail the events which led to John Brown's raid on the Arsenal of Harper's Ferry, which was to be the starting-point for a general rising of the negroes, and which he hoped, if successful, would banish slavery from the Southern States, while, if unsuccessful, he trusted at the worst to be able to force his way with his followers to British ground in Canada, and thus, at the least, to secure freedom for a large multitude.

Many of his most faithful adherents considered the scheme hopeless, but seeing that he was not to be turned from it, "could not give him up to die alone."

Before the raid, John Brown himself wrote a letter which states his own motive and expectation, and which, viewed in the light of subsequent events, seems like a prophecy.

"I have only had this one opportunity in a life of nearly sixty years. . . God has honoured but comparatively a very small part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards. *I expect* nothing but to endure hardness, but I expect to effect a mighty conquest, even though it be like the last victory of Samson."

The attempt was made and ended in—failure! It is said that the immediate cause of this was Brown's consideration for the interests of some prisoners who fell into his hands, and for whose sake he delayed in the carrying out of his original plan. He himself fell wounded, and was made prisoner, and of his little following of twenty-two, ten were killed in the conflict, five escaped, and seven were captured, tried and hanged.

History contains nothing grander than the account of John Brown as he lay in his prison awaiting trial and death by the law of his country. He had thoroughly counted the cost of his attempt beforehand, for even years earlier he had actually written—

"The trial for life of one bold, and to some extent successful, man, for defending his rights in good earnest, would arouse more sympathy throughout the nation than the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of more than three millions of our submissive coloured population."

His most adverse critics say "that the authorities hurried through his trial for treason, conspiracy, and murder with an unseemly precipitancy, almost calculated to make him seem the accuser, and the commonwealth the trembling culprit."

Meanwhile the aged and suffering prisoner was calm and content. The women whom he had left at home—his wife bereaved of several of her sons, and his daughters widowed of their husbands—did not grudge their own share in the great sacrifice. They had thrown no obstacles in its way. They had learned from him to make the cause of the oppressed their own, and had been reared in the atmosphere of the simple couplet which he had taught them all, down to the youngest, a wee maiden of five—

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Wonderful were the letters which they received from the husband and father in his condemned cell. He could cheer them by writing—

"I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky."

He was ready with advice for the future of his young unmarried daughters, reminding his wife that he had "always expressed a decided preference for a plain, but perfectly practical, education, for both sons and daughters," meaning thereby "enough of the learning of the schools to enable them to transact the common business of life, together with that thorough training in good business habits which best prepares both men and women to be useful though poor, and to meet the stern realities of life with a good grace. You well know," he writes, "that I always claimed that the music of the broom, wash-tub, needle, spindle, loom, axe, scythe, hoe, flail, &c., should first be learned at all events, and that of the piano, &c., afterwards. I put them in that order as most conducive to health of body and mind, and for obvious reasons, that, after a life of some experience and much observation, I have found ten women as well as men who have made their mark in life right, whose early training was of that plain, practical kind, to one who had a more popular and fashionable early training."

He strove to guard his family against any wrong deductions from the interest felt by most Northerners in their present tragic position.

"Let me tell you that the sympathy that is now aroused in your behalf may not always follow you. There is but little more of the romantic about helping poor widows and their children than there is about trying to relieve poor 'niggers.'"

And so little did he regret the sacrifice of his own life for the cause of freedom, that in his very last letter home he solemnly enjoined on his children, "to abhor with undying hatred, that sum of all villanies—slavery."

He made a friend of his very gaoler, and enjoyed his present opportunity of impressing his own views on the minds of many of the slavery party who visited him in prison, where he lay in the blood-stained clothes in which he had fought. He would take no credit for his own cheerfulness and fortitude, only saying with a smile, "Some can bear more than others, and not suffer so much. . . . it is only a constitutional difference, and I have been trained to hardships. . . . I have always been more afraid of being taken into an evening party of ladies and gentlemen than of meeting a company of men with guns."

Nor can there be anything more touching than the simple account of the last scene of all, when, on the 2nd of December, 1859, John Brown was led out to die. As he left the gaol, he said, "I can endure almost anything but parting from friends; that is very hard." He had refused the ministrations of clergymen since none could reach him but those who were believers in the institution of slavery, and who, therefore, as he said, stood more in need of his prayers than he of theirs. He had remarked that if he had a choice, he would prefer to be followed to the gallows by a few poor negro children than by any such chaplain. Just as he passed the prison door, a negro woman held up her little child, and then, as Whittier sings—

"The bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old
harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and
kissed the negro's child."

The procession moved on. As John Brown came upon an eminence near the gallows, he was observed to take his last look over the beautiful landscape, following with his eye the windings of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance.

"This is a beautiful country," he remarked.

"You are a game man, Captain Brown," said the undertaker who rode by his side.

"Yes," he answered, "I was so trained up; it was one of the lessons of my mother. But," he reiterated, "it is hard to part from friends, though newly made."

"You are more cheerful than I am," said his companion.

"Yes," he replied, "I ought to be."

They kept the old man standing blindfold on the scaffold while the troops in attendance went through sundry military manœuvres. What did it matter? It was but the last cruelty which slavery could inflict upon him who (little as it seemed then) had given it its deathblow.

Then all was over.

The hero's body was given to his family, and was taken back to the neighbourhood of his home within sight of the Adirondacks, where by his own desire his name was simply placed upon an old tombstone which already bore that of his grandfather.

From his portraits—not idealisations of loving reverence, but engravings from homely photos—John Brown looks at us with a grave face, which yet seems quivering with tender humour. It is said that in a bust of him a strong likeness comes out to Michael Angelo's ideal of "Moses," the great leader of another enslaved people.

Among John Brown's last words to his wife had been these—

"Those that are dead to this world are angels in another,"

and very shortly afterwards Thoreau, the philosopher, wrote—

"Of all the men who were said to be my contemporaries, it seemed to me that John Brown was the only one who *had not died*. . . I never hear of any particularly brave and earnest man, but my first thought is of John Brown, and what relation he may be to him. I meet him at every turn. He is more alive than he ever was. He has earned immortality. He is not confined now to North Elba or Kansas. He is no longer working in secret. He works in public in the clearest light that shines in the land."

And though on the dreary night of his execution there was wailed about the streets of Boston a dismal lament—

"Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
John Brown's dead"—

yet it was singular how soon the realisation of his persistent vitality entered into the popular idea. The Southerners soon discovered the truth of a poet's prophecy—

"Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever when you've
nailed his coffin down!"

Never again were the Southern States permitted to dominate the Union. Early in the following year, Abraham Lincoln, a Northerner by descent, by character, and by principle, was returned to the presidential chair, whereupon the Southern States, unwilling to obey where they had ruled so long, raised the standard of rebellion, and there broke forth the long fierce war between the Northern and Southern States, whose most striking feature was the total and entirely unconditional abolition of slavery in 1862, barely three years after John Brown's execution!

Nobody seems able to tell exactly how

"Tell John Andrew
John Brown's dead,"

developed into the rudely grand "marching song":

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in
the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in
the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in
the grave;
But his soul is marching on.
Glory, glory Hallelujah; glory, glory,
Hallelujah, &c.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true,
And he frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through;
They hung him for a traitor—themselves the traitor crew!
But his soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, &c.

John Brown died that the slave might be free,
John Brown died that the slave might be free,
John Brown died that the slave might be free;
But his soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, &c.

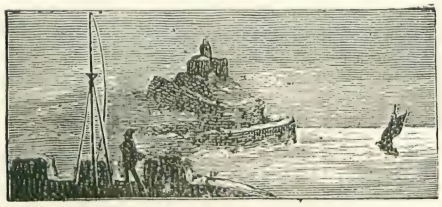
"Now has come the glorious jubilee,
Now has come the glorious jubilee,
Now has come the glorious jubilee,
When all mankind are free.
Glory, glory, &c."

One Northern military man asserts that the song was put together by a quartet of men in the second battalion quartered at Boston harbour, in April, 1861. These four men, it appears, re-enlisted in the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers, commanded by a Colonel Webster. It is an undoubted fact that Webster's regiment first adopted it as a marching song, singing it down Broadway, New York, as they went out to the front in the summer of the same year. Before a year later, the tune had been taken up by the nation at large, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers were marching forward with the name of John Brown on their lips.

Thus does

"God name differently what men name failing."

Let the simple song and its hero's brave story help to keep up our own faith and hope even when the days are darkest and triumph seems on the side of wrong. For there are still struggles to be fought out. We must not allow ourselves to think that all the giants of evil in this world are already slain for us, and that we have nothing to do but to enter into the fruits of others' victory. Evil is hydra-headed. Slavery was but one manifestation of human selfishness, and while that root remains, other manifestations as evil will spring up only the more deadly if they are less defined. Each heroism of the past is but one more stone laid in the foundation of that Kingdom of God for whose coming we all pray, but for which we must also live and labour. And let us not forget to consider the homely women who stand in the background of this national tragedy—the good mother who reared her son hardily, the good wife and daughters ready to endure hardship and accept sorrow, but not to hinder the hero in his work. It is not for us to reckon whether our tasks in life be great or small, whether they shall succeed or fail. We need answer but one question: "Ought they to be done?" If the answer is "Yes," then let us do them with our best powers. The rest is God's business, not ours.



GONE BEFORE.

AYE, our little blue-eyed Millie
  Was a bonnie lass to see,
And her blue-eyed brother Willie,
  Oh, a bonnie lad was he!
And we watched them both with gladness
  As they grew up hand in hand,
For we saw not future sadness
  Or the harvest death had planned.

Ah! they filled our hearts with pleasure
  From the morning unto night,
But the angels saw our treasure,
  And they envied our delight;
So, with summer fair declining,
  Poor young Willie sank and died,
And his sister, life resigning,
  Soon was buried by his side.

Oh, I miss the clatter, clatter
  Of their tiny little feet,
As they used to patter, patter
  Down the rambling village street;
For it was their wont to meet me
  Every eve, when toil was o'er,
And their loving smiles would greet me
  As they ne'er will greet me more

Still, in fancy and when dreaming,
  Though they both are far away,
We can see their faces beaming
  In the height of childish play;
And we hear them softly singing,
  Mingling harmony with love,
But those voices downward winging
  Are but voices from above.

The last touch of their wee fingers,
  Once a tender touch of joy,
Like a muffled memory lingers
  Undisturbed upon each toy;
And the horse, no longer rocking,
  Seems to wonder and to say,
At our saddened hearts low knocking,
  "Tell me, tell me, where are they?"

Where are they, our boy of seven,
  And our bonnie babe of three?
With the angels, up in heaven,
  Waiting by the crystal sea?
So my wife and I our sorrow
  With some resignation bear,
For we know there is a morrow
  When we both shall join them there.

G. COLLINGWOOD BANKS.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

TAKEN aback by the impetuosity of the child, Miss Pringle, calmly piecing patchwork in the parlour, dropped her work, dazed and bewildered by the unexpected onslaught.

She stared at Phillis as if unable to grasp the meaning of the words she heard.

She had not mastered more than a general impression that she was to blame for something or other, when she was roused by the girl's sobs to a consciousness that a comforter was the first thing needful.

In another moment she had her arms about the weeping one; the disordered black head was pillowed on her breast, and with the tenderest caresses she sought to soothe the distress before seeking to know more of its origin.

Resentment died in that tender clasp. Conscious only of affectionate protection, one little arm stole round the neck of the troubled godmother, as if in sorrow for the hard words hastily uttered; but it was long before the vehement sobbing wore itself down to the capacity for coherent explanation.

"They are always tormenting me over my names," she said, with many a gasp; "and Jenny and Hepsy say you gave them to me; they say father wanted to call me Barbara—and—and I'd rather have been Barbara, and then—and then—they couldn't have called me bad names."

"Bad names, my dear! Who has called you bad names, and what have they called you?" interrogated Miss Pringle, with an uneasy countenance, in which some pain was present.

"Laura Rivers, and Maud, and Jane Thorpe—and—and almost all the girls—and they pull me about, and call me 'Pringle's pearl' and 'Pringle's prodigy'—and 'P. P. P. P.'; and Mabel and Bob only laugh when I get wild and want to hit them all. It's too bad. It is! it is!" And again the poor little maid burst into irrepressible tears.

Ruth had already laid the cloth, and Miss Pringle's dinner was spoiling, but she took no heed of that. She had something of more importance on hand; the spoiling or the beautifying of a child's soul.

"Bad names, my dear! Those are good names. Only silly or ignorant girls could use them in reproach. I hope my Phillis Penelope will not let passion prevail over reason. How long have they plagued you thus?"

"Oh, almost always. Maud and Laura began it when Miss Birtwhistle said I was 'a prodigy,' but they have been ever so much worse since I won a prize at midsummer."

"Precisely so! My dear, did you ever see a pearl? Do you know what a prodigy is?"

Phillis shook her head in reply to both queries.

"If Miss Birtwhistle said you were a 'prodigy' she meant to praise you, either as much more advanced, or more attentive, or quicker in learning than others of your own age. You are but a little girl to win a prize and be called a 'prodigy.' But it is nothing to be ashamed of, and the girls who called after you were only provoked that you had the prize and the praise they had missed. Let that console you if ever they call after you again."

The child, sobbing at intervals, listened

"SHE WAS INCLINED TO BE AFFRONTED BY HIS LEVITY."

with her head on one side, as if debating the weighty question in her own young mind. Miss Pringle had held conversations with her godchild from the time she could lisp a reply. She had thus precociously developed the young mind by setting it to think. At home Phillis ran about in the house or the farmyard, played with her sister and brother, was bid to do this, or not to do that, but no one thought of holding conversation with one so young, had there been leisure. A wholesome corrective this, no doubt, serving to keep the child child-like; but she did think, and often puzzled her elders with questions they either could not answer or did not care to be troubled with. She was put off with, "Oh, don't bother. What a tiresome child you are! Ask Aunt Pringle!" and Aunt Pringle invariably answered to the best of her ability.

Now she opened the escritoire under her bookcase (where "Pringle's African Sketches," and the medical works of Sir John Pringle, M.D., P.R.S., were enshrined in glorious binding), and from some secret drawer she brought forth an old morocco ring-case.

"See, my dear," said she, as she unclosed it and displayed a lady's broad gold ring with three fine pearls, "these are pearls. Are they not beautiful?"

The child's large, black eyes expanded. "Are those pearls? Oh, they are nice!"

"This was my grandmother's ring. Now look what is written within it. Can you see?"

Phillis examined the ring at the window, and read out, "'Pearls of price—Patience, Prudence, Piety.' What does that mean, aunt?"

"It means that each pearl represents one of those three virtues. It means that those are the Pringle pearls, and that each of your names should be one or other such pearl. Some day, when you are older and can comprehend, I will tell you more. And I hope some day that ring and the pearls may be yours. But not if you are impatient and passionate and easily provoked, and ashamed of being a Pringle pearl."

Phillis hung her head. "I thought it was something ugly and disagreeable. Pearls are beautiful. I should like to have those," she said, as the ring went back into the case and the escritoire.

Miss Pringle touched her gong. "Ruth," said she, "Phillis Penelope will dine with me. Bring in the dishes."

Miss Pringle made no complaint, although the chicken was boiled to rags, and the sago pudding was dry and chippy. She cared less for her food that day than for giving a proper bent to the mind of the little one on whose path thorns had grown so soon. When dinner was over and grace devoutly said, she sprang to her feet, alert and brisk, and in a few minutes she was outside her garden gate with the child by the hand, on her way to Miss Birtwhistle's.

It was an old, three-storied Georgian house of what had once been red brick, with a pediment and a portico; and it overlooked what was by courtesy the village green, where the patches of grass had a hard struggle for existence under the crushing feet of boydom, and the tall elms at each angle looked as if their best days were over.

Pearls or no pearls, little Miss hung back, and dragged at her aunt's hand, as she was led across the green to the formidable front door, ignorant what sacrifice was to be demanded of her.

It was a wonderful relief when she discovered that Miss Pringle came not to give her up to fresh persecution, but to "denounce her persecutors as deserving of punishment," in her most prompt and precise manner.

And very wide open indeed were the ears of the "little pitcher," and the large, black eyes, and the mouth also, when, like a pigmy bearding a giant, Miss Pringle confronted spectacled Miss Birtwhistle, and said in her quick, prompt manner—

"At the least it was unwise and imprudent to set up a child so young as a 'prodigy' over the heads of older pupils. It was calculated to produce pride in the precocious one, and to provoke envy, malice, and uncharitableness in those she was supposed to supplant. If Mr. Heathfield takes my advice, Phillis Penelope will not put foot again in your schoolroom until she is old enough to resist persecution, or until her unmannerly cousins are removed. In no prejudice to you, madam."

Away marched Miss Pringle almost as hot as her little namesake had been, carrying the latter away with her, and leaving Miss Birtwhistle to lecture her "young ladies" at her leisure, and to punish them as she thought proper.

Straightway went Miss Pringle back through the village and across the fields and foot-bridge to the Upland Farm, leaving Phillis in the care of Ruth, with the old fairy-tale of "Diamonds and Toads" to amuse her. She had a store of books treasured up since her own girlhood, and these were coming out one by one for the use of her goddaughter.

It was a glorious day; the sun shone in a clear blue firmament, brightening the purple moorland; the wide brook sparkled like crystal as it rippled over the pebbles it so gently rounded and smoothed as it ran under the shade of Squire Shepperton's woods, and the row of willows Farmer Heathfield had planted by its side; birds were singing sweetly as in the spring; the hedges and the banks were gay with varicoloured flowers, amongst which the bees were industriously busy, whilst a few bright butterflies fluttered about, as if life was too brief for more than holiday. But amidst all the greenery and bloom the beech was fluttering a few yellow flags, the golden corn was bending beneath the sickle; a flock of starlings were wheeling about in the clear ether, all signs and tokens that summer was on the move.

It was not a good time to seek Farmer Heathfield. He was busy with the reapers amidst the wheat. There was no one in the house but Barbara, for even Hephzibah had gone with a pitcher of ale to the reapers.

The former was in the great kitchen whisking up eggs for a cake she was mixing. She seemed surprised to see her aunt alone.

"Why, aunt, is that you? Where is Phillis? I heard the naughty girl had flown off to your house in a passion. Where is she now? I hope you sent her off to school again this afternoon."

"No, I did not. I gave her a book to read, and left her with Ruth. And by my goodwill she will not go back to Miss Birtwhistle's until her schoolfellows learn better manners."

Mrs. Heathfield looked across the kitchen table at her aunt with a very questioning face.

"How so? I think she needs to learn good manners. Mabel told me Phillis flew in a passion and struck at Maud Rivers, and all for nothing."

"Yes, she was put in a passion, and she gave me the benefit of it; told me I was 'cruel' to give her her names, and so I may have been, if they are permitted to plague her over them."

Then Aunt Phillis, sprinkling her conversation with her customary profusion of P's, told the story of the morning, and of her interview with Miss Birtwhistle, and ended with a proposal to take the education of Phillis out of that injudicious lady's hands, at least for the present.

"It will preserve Phillis Penelope from being puffed up with pride as a prodigy, or provoked to passion by the persecution of the prejudiced or envious, and it will save Stephen's pocket at the same time. I presume you will punish Mabel and Bob for joining in the laugh against their little sister, and bringing home a false report."

"I will rebuke them, certainly, but that will be all I can do. Stephen will never hear a word said against Mabel—she is the very apple of his eye. But, aunt, you don't mean to say you are going to trouble yourself with the education of Phillis? You will find her very tiresome. She is always asking questions; and she goes into tantrums or sits in corners by herself; she is not like the other children."

"Is she treated like the other children?" asked Miss Pringle, dryly.

"I—I suppose so," answered Barbara. "I make no difference that I am aware of. The child is different."

"Yes, I know she is; Mabel is a beauty, and she is not, and she is told it. Then she is shy and sensitive, and is made a butt of. I think she will be best with me until this last tantrum blows over. Let me have a nightdress to take back with me. You can send her a change of other clothes by Jenny."

Mrs. Heathfield looked up from her cake-making. The dry, caustic tones of her aunt, so different from her ordinary lively chirp, made her pause.

"Well, aunt," she admitted, "the children do not agree. I cannot tell why—but—but perhaps you are right, and if Stephen is willing, I shall be very glad if you will take charge of her this busy time."

"I will speak to him," and without another word she was off through the front garden and up the steep lane, alongside which and beyond the private cartroad (called the bye-lane) ran the cornfield. Her nearest way from the kitchen would have been through the farmyard, and across the bye-lane to the

field-gate, but she neither cared to encounter a belligerent turkey-cock in the poultry-yard, or to soil her dainty boots in the miry slough by the cow-sheds. So up the hill she went by the side of the cool and sparkling rillet under the high bank, atop of which the hazels and blackberries were ripening, on to a ladder-like wooden stile with a hand-rail never meant for the grasp of a tiny hand like hers.

When on the level of the field, the standing wheat, almost as tall as herself, shut the reapers from her view. Keeping close to the hedgerow for a score or two of yards she came to a clearing dotted with shocks of corn. In the distance—for the field was large—she saw a party of reapers seated under the hedge eating and drinking, and Hephzibah with an empty pitcher in each hand, striding away towards the open gate. In another direction stood the burly farmer with an arm extended, as if giving directions to the foreman of the reapers. Turning, he espied and advanced to meet her, seeing that between the sharp stubble and the ridges in the ground the quaint little body found walking somewhat unpleasant.

"What brings *you* here, Miss Pringle?" he cried, in his cheery voice; "have you come to reap or to glean?" and he took her mite of a hand in his as if afraid to shake it too heartily.

The question brought in answer a repetition of the story already told to Barbara.

A burst of merry laughter was his first answer. It was "so droll, so comical," he said, he was "amused to see her look so grave over such a trifle."

Miss Pringle did look grave and amazed; she was inclined to be affronted by his levity. The name Phillis bore was her name; she felt as if he was making light of her. In fact, he was thinking, "Whew! What a fuss about nothing! This comes of giving way to Miss Pringle's whims. Better have given the child a sensible Christian name." But he only expressed his surprise that she took the matter so seriously, and advised her "not to make a mountain out of a molehill."

"Pooh! pooh! Children will be children; quarrel and kiss half-a-dozen times a day. Leave the hubbub to subside. If you hammer a nail on the head you drive it in fast. Phillis will not find her schoolfellows more amiable for our interference; and if she is to set everybody by the ears with fits of passion, she is likely to bring a hornet's nest about her own. And I'll not believe that there was any ill-nature in Mabel's laugh. She is a bonny lass, and I'll not hear a word said against her, or Bob either for that matter. Yes, yes, you can keep Phillis for a week or two, till the thing blows over. But don't you pet her up as if she had been deeply injured. People in this world must learn to take a joke. Pooh, pooh! If they were a bit ill-natured, what will it signify in the long run. She must take the rough with the smooth; and be sure, Miss Pringle, if the child's path be made too smooth, there will be tripping and stumbling later on over the stones in the rough road of life."

And so he, not pleased to have his pet Mabel classed with the unfeeling and thoughtless, combatted Miss Pringle's arguments, and was best pleased when, with head erect, she walked out of the field and left him to his business, he having given her good hints to mind hers.

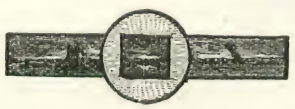
She, however, took possession of Phillis for the time being, and did her best to counteract the child's aversion to her own name. The child's education did not suffer in her hands, though her methods were not those of Miss Birtwhistle, and it was carried on in the fields and lanes and on the moors, and by cottage hearths, wherever they went for health or exercise, or kindliness that made no pretence of charity.

Weeks extended to months, and though Mr. Heathfield repeatedly urged to Barbara that it was not right to burden poor Miss Pringle with the care of a troublesome child, or to tax her with its maintenance, and though he eased his conscience with the present of a ham, or a basket of fruit, or a sack of winter potatoes, and Barbara sent Jenny with new milk and butter, or fresh-laid eggs, no one seemed over-anxious to have the little maid home again, Mabel least of all. And Phillis was perfectly content at the cottage, where no one teased her, or broke her toys, or made her name a reproach.

Winter came; a bleak and bitter one. Barbara said it was well Phillis was with her godmother. They saw her at church on the Sundays, and she was too young and delicate to be sent across the wet or frozen fields to school in all weathers.

January came, and with it, heralded by the postman's double rap on the bright brass knocker, a surprise for Miss Pringle that seemed to take her breath away. A letter, stamped in Australia, which set the little lady all in a tremble, crying and laughing alternately as she read; whilst Phillis crept to her side, wondering, with wide open eyes, what could be the matter.

(*To be continued.*)



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

PATERSON AND SONS (EDINBURGH).

To Julia weeping. I'll tend thy bower. Nos. 1 and 2 of a set of six songs by various poets, set to music by Hamish MacCunn.—To anyone who listened a few weeks back to the Cantata, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," or, later on, the ballad for orchestra, "The Ship o' the Fiend," the originality and beauty of these little songs will not form matter for surprise. Young as Mr. MacCunn is, he is undoubtedly a master of his art.

Frühlingslied. A spring song with German and English words, set to music by Alfred Gallrein.—This is a simple, fairly trite melody, with a part for cello or violin *ad libitum*.

Awake! the starry midnight hour hangs charmed. Words by Barry Cornwall, music by Francis Gibson.—The song, written in the soft splendour of D flat major, consists of just one phrase with developments and modulations, and that phrase is a most pleasant one.

The Chevalier's Lament. Song by Burns, set to music by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.—A very sympathetic setting of the well-known poem recounting the poor Chevalier's sorrows and troubles.

John Frazer. The Two Margarets. Ballads written in the old ballad fashion by Professor Blackie, and set to music by the new Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Dr. Mackenzie quite "hits off" the quaint character required.

The Skye Collection of Reels and Strathspeys.—An excellent assortment of the national dances, of which over four hundred have been collected and arranged by Keith Norman Macdonald. Of course, the same characteristics are evident throughout, so that perhaps one of the six books would be considered sufficient sample of these bagpipe melodies. There are six books!

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Young and Old. Composed by Alfred Scott Gatty, to words by the late Mrs. Craik.—A very simple song, in keys suited to both soprano and contralto voices. The words possess a greater interest than the music.

There is a Green Hill Far Away. Sacred song. Composed by Ciro Pinsuti.—We are naturally inclined to connect Mrs. Alexander's beautiful words with Gounod's masterly setting, and it is, therefore, all the more disappointing to find in the above composition only a poor imitation of Gounod, an imitation even to the phrases.

We regret to inform you that, on going to press, the news has reached England of Pinsuti's death. He will be best remembered as the composer of several charming and popular part-songs.

Songe d'Enfant is the title of a graceful *berceuse* by Harvey Löhr.—It is so simple as to be easily learnt, and would prove very effective.

Allegrezza, Rondeau for Piano. By Cecile Hartog.—Is inscribed to Pachmann, whom we can picture revelling in the light and delicate passages with which this delightful *morceau* is replete. This is more difficult than the berceuse just noticed, and better worth the trouble and practice it will involve.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

I am the Shepherd True. Words by Dr. Faber, music by John A. Macmeikan.—A pleasant composition, within a useful compass, from middle C up to E.

Minuet Caprice for Pianoforte. By W. H. Bentley. This piece, though somewhat diffuse and vague, contains some points of interest, being Mr. Bentley's opus 1. There remains hope that the future efforts of his pen may be even more interesting and musicianly.

A VISIT TO "WOODEN WALLS."

CHAPTER II.

FOR some days after her arrival on board the Raleigh Elsie wrote rather brief letters home; but at the end of that time she sent a detailed account of all she saw and did, and I think I cannot do better than let you read a few extracts from her letter:

"I am growing accustomed to the queerness of everything, and, indeed, I find it a very pleasant sort of life. I promised to tell you somewhat about it. To begin with domestic arrangements. There are only two maid-servants, the nurse and house-maid, and they are both *douce* women of thirty. Mina says she couldn't have young girls on board, and doesn't miss them. The cook is a man; a lad waits the table, opens the door, brings the hot water, scrubs the floors. Yet I never think of those lads as footmen or butlers. It reminds one more of a steamer *en voyage*. I assure you the sailor boys do those duties much more deftly, much more quietly, than women servants as a rule.

"When we want to go out shopping or calling, we order the captain's gig instead of a carriage, and we are never kept waiting. The crew and boat are ready at once. When we want to take a stroll we go and walk on the poop or quarter-deck. Captain Gascoyne has put flower-boxes all round the poop. They are quite broad, like little garden beds, and there are chrysanthemums in full flower just now, as well as other plants, in them.

"There is a capital greenhouse on the deck. It serves as a porch to the cabins aft, and makes one feel like being on shore. This will give you a small idea of the space on deck. It is quite wonderful.

"The drawing-room is such a pretty room. It is the aft cabin, and is lighted by a row of little windows in the stern. Mina has arranged some flags as curtains, and they look much more 'in keeping' than the muslin and silk draperies I have seen on board some other ships here.

"There is a narrow passage down each side of the two saloons, which divides them (as in ordinary steamers) from the sleeping cabins. These are dear little rooms, with portholes for windows, and such funny contrivances in the way of shelves, and lockers, and bunkers for saving space. I never knew before how little room is really needed for one's things if they are kept in order, and if there is a place for everything. Every place is kept beautifully clean, and the white paint gives an air of cheerfulness and purity to the whole establishment. There is nothing superfluous anywhere; no useless ornaments, no superabundance of furniture.

"There are not many people living on board the Raleigh besides Captain Gascoyne's family—just the men wanted for his boat, and a few lads. A part of the second deck is used as the church for the sailors and marines in ships near us. It is filled up with benches, and could hold many hundreds. There is a small American organ, which Mina plays, and she has taken great pains to teach her choir of sailor boys to sing. I never heard anything more delightful than the singing of those boys; and they look so smart and bright in their uniform, with their frank merry, faces and broad shoulders.

"The servants' rooms and the nurseries are on the same deck as the church; and somewhere down below everything the men keep a Nanny-goat, that sometimes comes up and plays with the children. I confess I get nervous when I see her run butting after Willie, who, however, enjoys it very much. That little scamp makes me nervous very often. He will climb up in the port-holes to peep out at us when we leave the Raleigh, and I wonder that his mother does not forbid it. But she says there is no danger, as someone is always close by him. I daresay I shall get accustomed to it, but I must own I feel like screaming when I see the child bound across the deck to meet someone at the gangway, and I can't forget—as Mina seems to do—that the sea, instead of pavement or green grass, is just outside the house door.

"Mina's babies are great pets with the sailors, who never get a greater treat than when allowed to have the children to play with. Sometimes Willie is allowed to go on shore in charge of the coxswain, and I don't know which looks most proud and important, Webster or Willie.

"Webster, by the way, is quite the essence of this establishment. He does the chief part of the marketing, the mending, the scrubbing, the thinking, and when the captain can't escort us the coxswain takes charge of the ladies. His boats are kept beautifully, and his men are picked. The baby has learned to call him by name, and it is quite pretty to see his brown face soften and beam as she leaps into his arms, crying, "Webby! Webby!" Out of his pockets come the most remarkable toys for Willie, carved by himself from bits of wood. He is very clever at sampler-work, and presented Mina with a footstool and cushion made by himself. Sailors are fond of doing sampler work, and the cabins are ornamented by useful articles which the men have sewn and given to the captain's wife. Mina is very popular.

"The guard-ship lies near us, and we amuse ourselves, when on deck, by reading the signals which are constantly flying from her masts. She is not like the Raleigh, and so many of our neighbours. The guard-ship is fully-rigged, fully-manned, armed, ready for service. So is the flag-ship, which lies anchored near the admiral's house. The sailors and marines are always being 'put through their facings,' and I like to watch them manœuvering. One

morning I got a fright. We heard the gun fired from the guard-ship, which means 'attention all.'

"Then the signal, 'Vessel on fire a mile up river' was given. In less than no time every ship had a boat out, fully equipped, officer in command, all necessary appliances on board, etc.

"The fleet of boats sped like hounds in full chase to the place indicated, then rowed back to their respective ships. There was no fire! It was only drill!

"There is always something going on, making variety and rousing interest. I find great amusement in watching the various ships passing and repassing. Some are so very, very beautiful, and look like living creatures full of grace and pride; others, such as gunboats, are bustling little bodies, full of their own importance. The ironclads look like monsters with evil intent.

"I admire the old-fashioned barges hugely; their decks are on a level with the water, which washes across them. The bargee's family live under water! They are very picturesque vessels, and I wish we had some on the Firth of Forth, but I am afraid they would soon swamp on our restless waters.

"It is strange how numerous and varied are the incidents of life here, though ruled by order, routine, drill, and red tape. It would do us shore-people good if our time were mapped out for us after man-o'-war fashion.

"We have a good many neighbours, and we make calls on the river, or drink afternoon tea on shore.

"The gentlemen who reside in some of the ships are all naval officers, many of them with shore appointments, who prefer a disabled hulk to a house in a dingy seaport.

"Some are 'on duty' on board their own ship, which may be ordered anywhere any day. Captain Gascoyne is one of the former. He got his foot badly hurt when abroad, and having done good service at the same time he was given an excellent dockyard appointment here. I am glad he will not have to go away from Mina and the little ones.

"A lady was here yesterday in great trouble. She is a lieutenant's wife, and she came to say good-bye. Her husband is ordered to service on the South African coast. They had got a vessel like the Raleigh nicely fitted up, and hoped to stay here for a year or two.

"Now she has to leave her floating home and go to live with friends in London till her husband comes back in two years' time!

"One thing I particularly like about this life, and that is the freedom from a great many irksome conventionalities.

"Although discipline is most rigidly kept up among both officers and men, there is an unrestrained easy kind of social life which is very pleasant, and in its simplicity reminds me of what I have heard of colonial life.

"I have not been to any parties, of course, but I have heard about them, and I like what I have heard. They keep early hours, wear very plain dress and inexpensive ornaments. The dinners and suppers are not the costly, elaborate affairs which make 'feeding one's friends' a terror to those who give and a bother to those who receive, in Edinburgh. City folk have much to learn from these dwellers within wooden walls.

"I put this letter hurriedly aside this morning as I was called, and I could not finish it till now.

"The interruption was this. Captain Gascoyne came into the drawing-room and said, 'Will you two come on to the poop and see a—a big ship come in?'

"He glanced from me to Mina, and we both guessed the same thing at once. She said, 'Is it the—ship we expected? Oh, Wat, is it the Seamew?'

"'Yes, dear,' he answered; 'she is coming round Garrison Point already. Come on deck, do!'

"We went, and there she was, the beautiful Seamew, with all her sails half furled as if preparing to drop her wings to rest. The long, homeward-bound pennant was trailing in the air ahead of her, like a love-cord fluttering out to greet the harbour of home.

"She exchanged greetings with the guard-ship, after saluting the admiral, and a great many cheers came from various ships among whom she passed, as men recognised on her crowded decks friends and comrades.

"She moved slowly and with such stately grace past us, and dropped anchor a little further up the river. I could not speak. I could scarcely see her for my tears. Mina came near and put her hand in mine, and we stood there together and thought of Jamie.

"By-and-by Captain Gascoyne said, 'She is in sooner than was expected by two or three days. They pushed on to be in time for Christmas, no doubt.'

"Mina answered, 'I am so glad. We shall have dear old Fred here for Christmas, like last year.'

"Her husband looked at me, I thought, with a question in his look, and replied, 'I am glad, indeed, that the Seamew has got in so soon, but—I wonder what Elsie will think of Fred?'

"'Oh, I forgot,' Mina exclaimed. 'I should have told her.'

"Then I asked, 'Who is Fred?'

"'He is my cousin,' said Mina; 'but he has always been like another brother at home. He was in the Seamew's 'consort' when—when Jamie died; and he was appointed to the Seamew after—that. We all think Fred so very like Jamie. Indeed, they were always taken for brothers.'

"'The likeness is quite remarkable,' Captain Gascoyne added.

"Mother, dear, I tried to say I should be glad to see this Fred Walford, but I couldn't. And I think they understood, for Mina kissed me, and the captain put his hand on my arm in his kind, protecting way.

"I went to my cabin soon, but after a while I began to feel vexed with myself, so I returned to Mina and told her I felt myself to be a little coward, but I hoped she would forgive me, and let me help her to welcome the sailor home.

"She was very pleased at what I said, and I think I feel happier every way now."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Meaning no Mischief.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who meant no mischief does it all.

Lady Jane's Supper.—Lady Jane Cunningham in the early part of this century gave a masquerade but no supper. A wag dressed himself as a miserable, half-starved object, and stood in a corner of the room. On being questioned by the characters as to who he was he replied, "I am Lady Jane's supper."

Honour to Teachers.—If we set a proper value on those who contribute to the prosperity of the state, we ought to place in the first rank those who teach children, whose labours influence posterity, and on whose precepts and exertions the welfare of our country in a great measure depends.—*Lorenzo de Medicis.*

A Distinction without a Difference.

An instance of a distinction *without* a difference was offered by the Irishman who, having feet of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed; but as he tried the smallest boot on his largest leg he exclaimed in a rage:—

"What a stupid fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and instead of that he has made one smaller than the other."

The Invention of Glass.—According to Pliny, we are indebted for the invention of glass to some merchants who were travelling with nitre, and who stopped near a river called Belus, flowing from Mount Carmel. As they could find no stones to support their cooking-pot they made use of some pieces of nitre. The action of the fire mixing the nitre with the sand produced a transparent substance which was in fact glass.

Correct Spelling.

An illiterate vendor of small beer wrote over his door at Harrogate, "Bear sold here!"

"He spells the word quite correctly," said Tom Hood, "if he means to apprise us that the article is his own *Bruin!*"

The Ways of the Lion.

An honourable anecdote and characteristic of that high majesty which was in her thoughts as well as in her actions, is told of Queen Elizabeth. When she came to the crown, a knight of the realm who had insolently behaved to her when Lady Elizabeth, fell upon his knees to her, and besought her pardon, suspecting that she meant to send him to the Tower. She replied mildly:—

"Do you not know that we are descended of the *lion*, whose nature is not to harm or prey upon the mouse, or any such small vermin?"

The Effects of "Hideous Pronunciation."—Dr. Fuller tells us that when Alabaster's Latin tragedy of Roxana was acted at Trinity College in Cambridge, the last words "sequar, sequar" were so "hideously pronounced" that a gentlewoman present fell distracted, and never afterwards recovered her senses.

The Harmonious Mind.—To a mind that is all harmony within, the Deity must appear like what He is, in perfect beauty, all-loving and all-lovely, without any forbidding and frightening appearances; just as a deep stream, when clear and unruffled by any storm, represents the sun and firmament in a gentler and milder lustre, far more beautiful itself by reflecting the beauties of heaven.—*Jeremiah Seed.*

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

TO THE READERS OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

NOTWITHSTANDING the amount of worry, press of business, and personal sorrow with which I have been overwhelmed of late, I have been troubled on your account, lest any of you whose acquaintance I made last year should be suffering inconvenience from the change which is coming over my family of *Stocks*.

I feel it my duty as an honourable old lady to remove this inconvenience if I can, and have therefore asked permission to write you a few lines. I would gladly have invited you to my parlour, but that I cannot get into it myself, so full is it of papers and parchments, and of clerks and servants occupied in preparing the settlements.

It is not good for me to be hustled about at my time of life, but I dare not show any sign of weakness or incapacity, or what would become of the nation?

It seems strange, even to me, that I, a woman of nearly two hundred years old, should at the present moment be the theme of every tongue alike in the Houses of Parliament, the club and the cottage—and that newspapers devote columns to me and my doings, while only a short paragraph is bestowed upon our Queen!

It is true that the newspapers are not very explicit as to the present crisis in my life's history; but they draw attention to me, which is a compliment every woman appreciates, whether she live in Threadneedle Street or the West-end.

But to business. You will remember how in making my family of Funds and Stocks known to you last year, I begged you to select for your friends two of my children, viz., "The Consols" and "Reduced Threes," rather than other members of my family; and the reason I gave you was that they were steady and reliable and did not lose their heads at critical moments of the nation's existence, as did others of my children; I daresay you gathered in fact, from my ramblings, that they were the very joy and pride of my old age.

Well, it is something that has happened to them and to a sister of theirs which is the cause of the excitement and anxiety noticeable in every class of society, and which will leave me more sad and lonely than I have felt during my long life.

This something is difficult to describe—it is not exactly a marriage, nor is it precisely a death, but it partakes of the nature of both.

This one thing, however, is certain, that in their old and familiar forms they will appear no more to those who have loved them, and their names which have stood so high in the world will be heard no more. Can you imagine the old lady of Threadneedle Street without her "Consols," her "Reduced Threes," or her "New Threes"?

The very virtues of these my dear ones have caused them to be selected as a sacrifice for the *General Good*. This is a phrase I do not like, for I have always found that it means pain, anxiety, and deprivation to the minority who are the poor or comparatively poor.

To understand the position in which we find ourselves to-day, you must call to mind what I formerly explained to you, viz., that in days past our nation was always in want of money for one thing or another, and began borrowing on a large scale through me of any of its people willing to lend.

In answer to these appeals a large number of persons came forward with their means and entrusted them to me for the nation's use, in consideration of certain advantages which would increase their income without squandering their capital.

Of course as a responsible agent I entered the name of every lender in my book, together with the sum lent, and being even then a very orderly person, I classified the lenders and their money according to the year in which the money was lent, and according to the interest given for the use of the money, which was greater or less according to the need of the borrower. These debts of the nation I classed under the titles of Consols and Reduced Threes; and the people to whom the money was due I called stockholders; so that I had everything clear before my eyes.

All this I tried to make clear to you last year, and I ventured to say then, that if ever the time should come that the nation would be able to pay off its debts, it would be a calamity to the stockholders, and not a blessing. An inkling of the truth of this may be seen in the present moment, when the dealing with an infinitesimal portion of the debt produces anxiety and fear among the lenders.

The Governments under which we live in this nineteenth century are not conspicuous for their borrowing powers; on the contrary, they are prudent and respectable, and make it a point of honour to attack the monster debt of the nation, if so be they may knock off even the fringe of it.

This can only occur when a Government possesses the advantage of a very talented Chancellor of the Exchequer. Just now there is such an one, with a head so clear and a will so determined, that I, the greatest lady in the land, have to bow my head before him and be his very humble servant.

Figures are to him playthings—he must have been nourished and brought up on figures—figures must have been his constant companions from his youth upward; his rooms must have been papered with figures—his meat, drink, and dreams must consist of figures; indeed, he is the very embodiment of figures, or he would not have turned the financial world inside out as he has done, without calling down upon his head the wrath of the nation.

It is not to be supposed that such a man would live his days of office with such a pyramid of national debt before his eyes, darkening his sunshine and hiding from him the prospect behind it. "It is built up of figures," he says, "and with figures I will begin the process of annihilation. A Chancellor of the Exchequer does not continue in office for ever, therefore what I do must be done at once." And this is what he has done.

With his army of figures well placed on the field, and held and directed by a master hand, he commenced the attack, and the first to fall were my three dear children, Consols, Reduced Threes, and New Threes.

And would you believe it, when he saw my grief and the mortification of all who had had intimate dealings with them, he said, "I pray you do not grieve; they were but made of figures, and with figures I will build you up another daughter and friend, which shall surpass these in beauty, in form, and reliability, and no change shall pass over her for thirty-five years? It is true the old forms and old names will be no longer seen or heard among you, but my 'New Consolidated Two and Three-quarters' shall be an attraction none of you will be able to withstand; but if I am to do this, you must rally round me and help me to pick up the pieces."

Let us see how we can do this, for to resist such a will as this Chancellor of the Exchequer's is to beat our heads against a stone wall.

I, your friend, have thought it all over, and were it not for the small holders of stock among you I would not grieve so much, because those of large incomes will be recompensed in a measure for any change they make, in a reduction of income-tax which is to be made at once.

It may be that many of you, having a few hundreds to spare, followed the old lady's advice and bought stock in "Consols" or "Reduced Threes," hoping thereby to get through this act £3 a year for every £100 so bought.

It may be, too, that some of you are sick, and aged, and unable to improve your income by mental or physical labour, and derive your entire means of living from the interest of a thousand or two thousand pounds in the Funds, and that with great economy and self-sacrifice you may make the two ends meet. It is upon these that the change will fall disastrously, for the borrower, which is the Government, not having so much need of your money, will for the future only give £2 15s. for every hundred you lend, instead of £3, as heretofore. In making this change certain advantages have been offered to the holders of stock in the Consols and Reduced Threes, but I fear that unless these holders have private bankers they will not see clearly what is to be done to secure these advantages.

It would be a great comfort to me if the clergymen and bankers of country towns and villages would by means of a lecture or letter make a crisis like the present clear to the poorer people among whom they live. So very few people understand the working of my household among those who should be benefited, that for the want of a little explanation they suffer loss and unrest.

As regards all who have money in the "Consols" and "Reduced Threes," it is necessary that they get a form at once from the Chief Accountant, Bank of England, and sign their assent to the transfer of their money from either of these Stocks to the *New Two and Three-quarters Consolidated*, which is being formed, and return it to him at once. Those who have bankers will find it easier, as they will receive a notice from them, and can go to them for advice.

Private bankers, I find, have already been most kind in giving help to those who have no claim upon them, and I thank them.

The advantage of assenting to the transfer is, that you get it done free of expense to you; you also get the dividend due in July paid you in April, and you get your three per cent. paid on the money for another year, beside getting a bonus of five shillings for every hundred pounds transferred.

Again, the new stock called "The Two and Three-quarters per Cent. Consolidated," into which your money will be placed, will be the most secure of any in the market, and therefore, all things considered, the loss to the holder will be much lessened if the advantages offered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer are accepted.

I quite know how difficult it is to translate the language of the Stocks and Funds in such a way that everyone may understand it, and in times like these, when that which nearly concerns us is being subjected to change, the want of knowledge is so productive of distrust and anxiety, that I may be pardoned for again expressing the hope that the School Board will see fit to have this language taught in their schools in the future.

I hope these few lines will reach you in time to be of service; at least they will show you that I, the old lady of Threadneedle Street, do not forget the friends I made last year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARTHA SAVILL.—The new idea in handwriting is the adoption of a system of perfectly upright penmanship, in preference to the old sloping style. The benefits of this are said to be increased rapidity and legibility, neatness, and no thick downward strokes are required. A set of copybooks called "The New Style Vertical-Writing Copybooks" have been issued by Sampson Low and Co., and the system, it is said, is soon going to be adopted by authority in some branches of the Civil Service. You might use it with safety at your examination, we think. It is very suitable, doubtless, for commercial and other business purposes.

A. G. O. E.—We must refer you to our series of articles on the "Rules of Good Breeding" for all information on the questions you ask. You ought not to accept gloves, &c., from any man outside your own private family, unless you are engaged to him. Say, "I hope you will not think it ungracious on my part, but I never accept presents from gentlemen. But it is kind on your part, and I thank you all the same." As to returning home at night, you should never throw yourself on a man's gallantry to escort you home, and put yourself unnecessarily under his protection. Do not go out at night if unable to secure the companionship of a female acquaintance or maid. Should the man join you both, you can politely bow him off or not, as you please. Have you no mother to teach you?

SUSAN WILSON.—Your eldest daughter is too young to be admitted as a nurse. Your own admission depends on your age and health. Perhaps you could get your daughter out as a child's nurse, or as a shop-assistant. If you go to your clergyman he might give you more practical help in putting the girls out and yourself, because he knows you personally, and could see how much and what kind of work you are all capable of doing. Consult any respectable shopkeepers of your own acquaintance.

F. KING.—We much object to taking any responsibility in the matter of advice to girls who wish to enter foreign schools. Perhaps your wisest plan would be to write direct to the English chaplain at some German city, say at Dresden or Munich, and ask for his advice. He would probably know of schools where English girls are resident for the purpose of learning the language, and might give you some respectable addresses. But on no account venture to go anywhere on the mere direction of any agency. The recommendation should be personal and private.

BLUE STOCKING, CALCUTTA.—1. Instructions of a full and exhaustive character in reference to the "Rules of Good Breeding," as exemplified under every circumstance, and those of etiquette obtaining in the highest classes of society, have already been given to our readers, in a long series of articles. "Letters of Invitation" you will find amongst these articles, by the same writer. If you can procure all our volumes, you will find this teaching exhaustive. 2. You cannot paint upon the glaze on your china. Paint first, then fire. We thank you for your gratifying letter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NERVOUS GIRL.—Make your mind quite easy about the dog's bite outside your glove, which was only a pinch, and did not draw blood. It could not inoculate you in that case. Besides, the dog went mad afterwards, not before he snapped at you. Then again, if this occurred "more than five years ago," we do not think you have the smallest cause for nervousness. Never touch little curs of any kind; keep out of their way. Terriers, collies, pampered lapdogs, and mongrel curs are the kinds most liable to hydrophobia. The French poodle is one of the safest, most intelligent, and affectionate of dogs, and least liable (we believe) of all to have that awful disease.

C. L. H.—We have pleasure in giving the solution of your riddle as follows:—"What is that which has three feet but no legs; is all body, no limbs; no toes on its feet, and no head. Moves about a great deal, but never uses its feet for that purpose; has one foot at each end of its body, and the other in the centre. Is popular, especially amongst ladies; never walks out, but goes with one foot where its head might be, drawing the other feet behind. These feet have nails, but neither toes nor heels." The riddle is a good one, and refers to a yard.

ONE OF OUR GIRLS.—The text, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," refers to the marriage of an early Christian with a Pagan. In the present day it defines the duty of Christians as regards unbelievers, infidels, deniers of our Saviour's Godhead, and such like. Remember that were our blessed Lord a mere man, His death could not avail as an atonement for the sins of the whole world; only an infinite sacrifice could prove sufficient. It is a matter of expediency, for mutual happiness' sake, that Christians should marry those of their own special communion, but there is no hard and fast law about it.

CIS.—We could not prescribe for such a "skin affection" as you describe, not being quacks. Wash your face in bran and water; whatever may be the condition of your face, it must be kept clean. Your spelling is very bad, and in addition to all these misfortunes, we are sorry to hear that you are so "intensly nevous," whatever that may be. We advise you to obtain advice at a hospital for diseases of the skin.

M. H. F.—The society whose members are known as "The King's Daughters" was the outgrowth of drawing-room Bible-readings, held in New York, and the sisters combine to work in tens in many ways of usefulness. For example, one company of ten visit sick children in hospitals, and take them little books and toys; another ten engage to hold a class for teaching poor girls to sew and to cook, etc. We advise you to write to "Fidelis," 106, High Street, Lewes, Sussex, for all further information. Many girls ask us what they can do for Christ, over and above their daily home duties, the discipline of their own hearts, their attendance on the means of grace, and the example they may set at home. Here is an opportunity, and if unable to visit hospitals or teach classes, interest in them those who can; and so, in an equally practical way, aid the good work while sitting at home.

JESSIE LINDSAY.—We see no reason why you should not belong to the society of "The King's Daughters" on account of your being married. As we have just said to "M. H. F." you will obtain all particulars from "Fidelis," 106, High Street, Lewes, Sussex. Accept our best wishes for you and yours.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You need not ask us to publish your name, as it is too illegibly written to be read. The proverb, "Speech is silver (not speed), but silence is gold," is of North American Indian origin.

A. ASHLEY.—Your mother must be your director as to what books you should read or indulge in for recreation. Certainly the most excellent of the earth read recreative (but at the same time moral) literature of the first class. You will find many answers to your query about "round shoulders and stooping," of quite recent date, in our magazine. We have not space for continual repetitions.

DISTRESSED MAIDEN.—We have no cure to offer for holes made in the skin of the face by picking at it with a needle. Some girls produce a skin as coarse-looking as orange-peel from this practice, and from using powder, thus keeping the pores continually choked up, and unable to close.

VIOLET.—Of course you should have the politeness to bow, in passing, to any man in your own position in life who is engaged with you in your Sunday-school teaching and church decorating, and to whom you are accustomed to speak on these occasions. Your cousin-german is your first cousin. Your first cousin once removed is the first cousin of either your father or mother.

A SISTER.—Your position is a difficult one, but the marriage to which you refer may perhaps help you out of it, as your father may remove elsewhere. If he left you penniless, and you be in a situation, and self-supporting, and your aunt has supplied the place of a parent to your young sister, we do not think he could claim either of you. Do not give up a certainty for an uncertainty. Remain where you are until you can secure a situation near your sister, without chance of failure, or of your proving unequal to retain it. It might be well to obtain a lawyer's opinion as to your father's powers respecting you, before you take any other step. Pray for guidance.

BAB.—In cold countries, such as Russia, Sweden and Norway, Lapland, and Siberia, ladies may smoke a little even with advantage. Where there is much exposure to severe cold they may also eat blubber and tallow-candles, etc., without incurring ridicule or being considered coarse. Here in England neither tobacco nor blubber is desirable to preserve your vital heat; and whatever toleration may be accorded to men, women are scarcely to be excused for tainting their breath in so offensive a manner, however little they may care for discolouring their teeth. Smoking special cigars on account of asthma is a different matter. People can learn to skate at any age, until their joints grow stiff.

E. H.—We have pleasure in acknowledging a subscription of four shillings towards our Girls' Home, and are gratified by your approval of our paper as being suitable to all classes, more or less; you have our best wishes for yourself and all your family.

GWYNNE.—Your verses, without much power or beauty, have the merit of being written with freedom, and express truths with which most people could sympathise.

MERVYN.—It never was incumbent on the bride and her family to supply either house-linen or furniture. It is a matter of course that the bridegroom should prepare a comfortably appointed home for his bride, suitable to their position in life; and should delay the marriage until able to provide her with at least as habitable, if not as handsome, a home as she left in her father's for his sake. Should her parents like to make her any little present of things for household use, it would be quite an act of individual pleasure, which could not have been expected.

JANET.—You seem to have quite overlooked the fact that God has bestowed on you the gift of common sense, an instinct called conscience, and the knowledge of good and evil; besides the power of free will, and the earnest invitation and encouragement to pray for His assisting grace and ever-present aid in well-doing. There is no room for self-excusing. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

BLOSSOM.—Ask your schoolmistress how to learn your lessons, or watch some girl learning who does so well. Consult your mother as to what books you may read in recreation-time. Travels and biographies of celebrated persons are more suitable to your age than most works of fiction. You write very badly. It looks ill-educated, as well as unladylike.

FLOWER.—Your writing is nearly as bad as "Blossom's." Whistling is not a well-bred accomplishment in either a man or woman. But there are rare cases of remarkable power, sweetness, and delicacy in whistling; and in such exceptional examples of skill and natural gift, the vulgarity of the accomplishment is excused. Perhaps you may be one of these exceptions.

A READER.—We do not "insert questions," but answers; which latter are our own. We do not think that a female domestic servant would be at all "sure of a situation on going to the United States." You had better apply at the office of the Girls' Friendly Society, or to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Church Emigration Society. Write to the hon. secretary, Miss Denison, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W.

EDNA J. W.—The period called "the Reformation" dates in England from 1547, was annulled by Queen Mary, 1553, and restored by Elizabeth, 1558. It was established in Scotland in 1560. Make your mind easy, and be content to enjoy the light and the privileges of the church of your parents, in which you were born and taught the truths of the Gospel of Christ.

B. N. B. (Porto Rico).—The best work on ants is that by Sir John Lubbock, Bart.—"Ants, Bees, and Wasps" (International Scientific Series, Kegan Paul, 1, Paternoster Square, E.C., price 5s.). It is a wonderful book, and a valuable addition to any library. Your kind letter appreciated.

BRISTOL.—The genealogy of the Virgin Mary is given in the Gospel according to St. Luke, under her husband's name, which was a practice commonly obtaining amongst the Jews, and frequently practised in the East to this day. Had her own name been given—as it had a right to be—instead of her husband's substituted for it, no difficulty would ever have presented itself. The two genealogies of SS. Matthew and Mark are each respectively of different branches of our Lord's parentage.

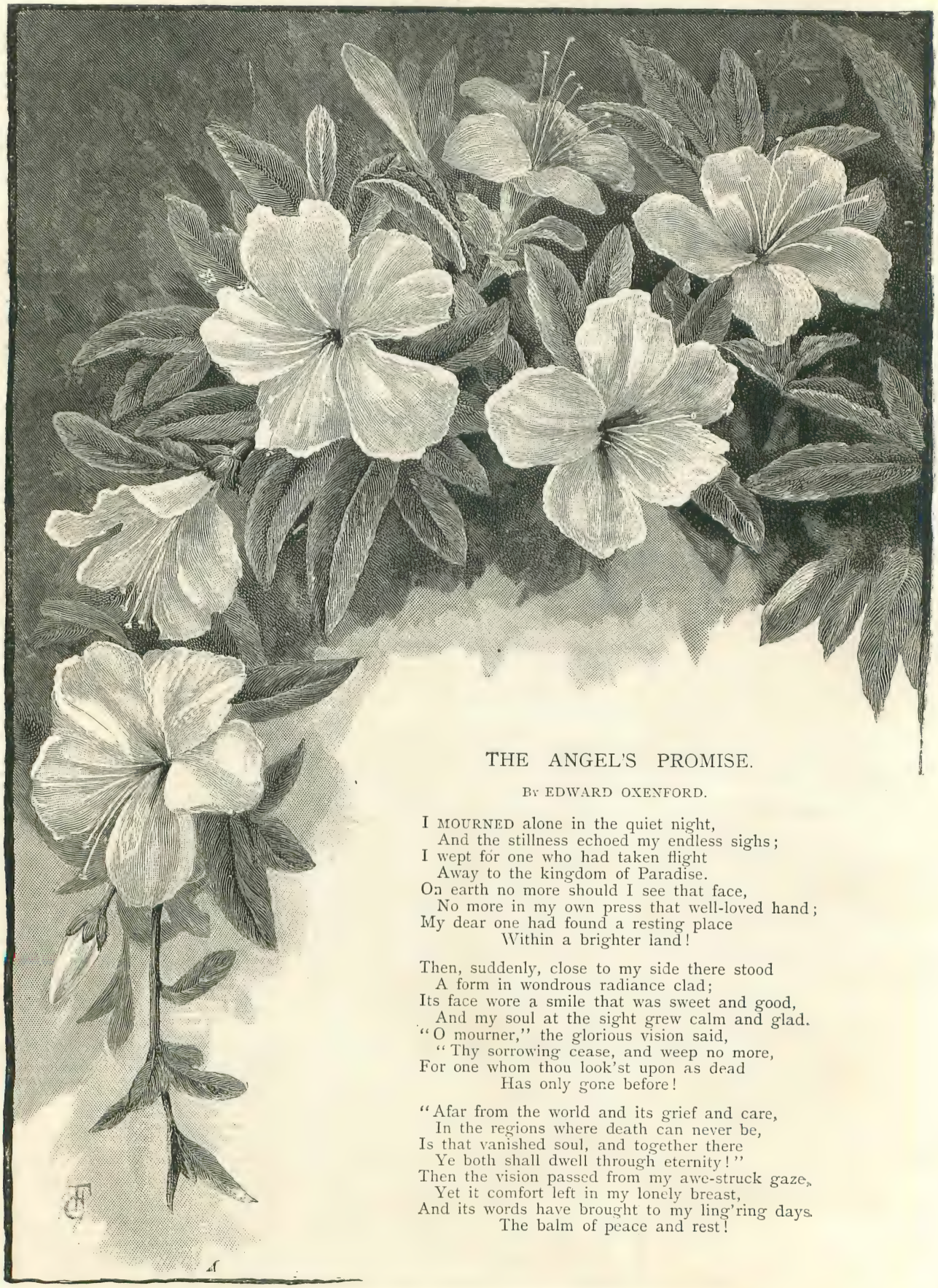
HELEN OF TROY and AMY.—1. We know of no method of taming a wild bird—if not very young—excepting by patient coaxing, and great quietness of approach to it, leaving but little food (as a rule) in the cage. If your coming were always the signal for being fed, it would sooner or later learn to welcome you. 2. Your handwriting is good, though too large. Amy's is good also, but her "f" is bad—too flourishy.

PICKLE'S SISTER cannot, we think, remove grease-stains from a dark waterproof. If a light one, she might try rubbing in powdered French chalk. Pronounce "epitome," as if four syllables, e-pit-o-me.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—The laws of England do not sanction nor permit any marriage formed under coercion. Were a girl forcibly dragged to the altar, and the ceremony begun, she always has it in her power to say "No; I refuse my consent." Never marry a man whom you "positively dislike" and cannot love, or could not respect, even if you personally liked him; it would be wicked to do so. Appeal to your relatives and friends of your family against such coercion. Of course, on the other hand, you should and could not as a minor marry anyone, however personally good and desirable as regards a family connection, against your father's wishes. Commit your way and your future to God in prayer, and be content to wait.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.—The origin of presenting a flitch of bacon to any man who can swear that for a year and a day he never has had a quarrel with his wife, nor wished himself unmarried since his wedding-day, dates back to the year 1111. It was founded by a noble lady, Juga, and was restored by Robert de Fitzwalter in 1244. A similar presentation is made at the Manor of Witchim, Staffordshire, as that at Dunmow, in Essex, which latter place has obtained greater notoriety for the practice. At Witchim the gammon of bacon is supplemented with corn.

ALBERTA.—In choosing a birthday book for a girl of sixteen, there would be little difficulty if acquainted with the special taste and turn of mind of the girl herself. It is not the giver's fancy that should be consulted. Is she fond of natural history, of poetry, of travels, of biography, of geology, or astronomy? We have recently published a charming work on the latter science; also Lord Lorne's "Canada;" both beautifully illustrated.



THE ANGEL'S PROMISE.

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

I MOURNED alone in the quiet night,
And the stillness echoed my endless sighs;
I wept for one who had taken flight
Away to the kingdom of Paradise.
On earth no more should I see that face,
No more in my own press that well-loved hand;
My dear one had found a resting place
Within a brighter land!

Then, suddenly, close to my side there stood
A form in wondrous radiance clad;
Its face wore a smile that was sweet and good,
And my soul at the sight grew calm and glad.
"O mourner," the glorious vision said,
"Thy sorrowing cease, and weep no more,
For one whom thou look'st upon as dead
Has only gone before!

"Afar from the world and its grief and care,
In the regions where death can never be,
Is that vanished soul, and together there
Ye both shall dwell through eternity!"
Then the vision passed from my awe-struck gaze,
Yet it comfort left in my lonely breast,
And its words have brought to my ling'ring days
The balm of peace and rest!

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 438.] MAY 19, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A VISIT TO "WOODEN WALLS."

CHAPTER III.

THAT evening Elsie was seated in the aft cabin, which long-shore people called the drawing-room. She had Belle Gascoyne on her knee, and the little one's golden curls were spread over the bosom of her dark grey dress.

Elsie had not felt it to be quite "the thing" to wear mourning, but she had laid aside bright-hued garments, and her pensive expression told of her heart's bereavement. She knew that Mrs. Gascoyne's cousin was on board the Raleigh, and would be brought to that room soon, and she had prepared herself to meet one whose striking resemblance to her lover was certain to cause some pangs.

As they came through the dining-saloon

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"SHE MOVED SLOWLY AND WITH STATELY GRACE." (*See p.* 525.)

Elsie heard Mrs. Gascoyne say, "Well, to be sure, it is nice to have you back, Fred."

Then a voice so like that of Jamie that it thrilled the girl's heart, made answer, "And I feel it to be nice too. Yet, Mina, I'd have gladly given my life if that could have brought Jamie in my place."

"How good he must be to feel like that," Elsie thought, and she lifted her eyes full of grateful feeling to greet the stranger as he entered.

I have not told you that Elsie Weir had what all girls of culture and deep feeling possess—beautiful sparkling eyes. Their pathos and tenderness smote upon the young man's heart at once, and won his interest as nothing else could have done.

Yes, Fred Walford was very like the lost lover; a few years older, rather more grave and matured, but the same features, the same straightforward expression, the same manly bearing. Elsie could scarcely command herself to return his subdued greeting, and was thankful that Belle, claiming Fred as an old friend, drew attention from herself.

She sat very silent while the others talked, but when the captain and some others joined them, Mr. Walford gave his attention more to Elsie, and soon drew her into the conversation.

Before the evening was over Elsie found herself talking quite cheerfully with him, the pain gone out at sight of him, and her eyes fain to linger upon the handsome face so like to that other, loved and lost.

Fred had been an orphan since childhood, and had known no home, no parents, but Hallam Court and the Deightons. He meant to go to them in a few days, but was easily persuaded to stay with Captain Gascoyne till after Christmas.

Said Mina, "Mother wants Elsie to go and visit them after New Year, so you may as well wait, and then we will all go together and cheer up the old place."

"But," said Fred, hesitating, "won't they expect me to come before that?"

"They are always glad of you, of course. But—you see, Jamie came home with you last year, and perhaps they are best left to their memories, poor things, till later."

"Yes, I'll wait," said he.

During those few days the acquaintance between Elsie Weir and Fred Walford ripened fast. Indeed, he had known her well from Jamie Deighton's incessant talk of her. And Elsie soon grew familiar with him through his likeness, both in person and character, to her lover.

But in a short time she began to discover that where Jamie had been merely "smart," Fred was talented; where Jamie had been thoughtful, Fred was wise; where Jamie had been well-meaning and good-natured, Fred was conscientious and guided by the highest of motives.

And then, in a tremor of shame and fear, the girl discovered that her heart was going out to this man in a manner which she could not justify to herself.

"Am I untrue to Jamie's memory?" she asked herself. "Oh! what does it mean? Why am I so moved by Fred's every word and look? My whole heart seems to hang upon his actions. I have not forgotten. No! No! Yet how it soothes me to hear Jamie's cousin speak in his voice; and what happiness it is to have Fred look at me with Jamie's eyes."

Then her heart fluttered and her cheeks flushed as she recalled the gaze of those same eyes. Jamie's eyes, indeed, and Jamie's love in the eyes! For, truth to tell, Fred Walford had fallen in love with Elsie, though he did not dream that she was doing the same by him.

He interpreted all her gentle words and wistful looks as Mina did, for Mina told him that Elsie, like everyone else, was struck by his marked resemblance to his cousin.

But though he believed that the girl was still engrossed by thoughts of her lost lover, he yet allowed himself to dream that perhaps on some far future day he might make her listen to his suit; and that hope kept him near her, doing all a man can to make himself agreeable.

But a letter from Mrs. Deighton tenderly upbraiding him for not coming to them woke him from his dreams. He would not have them think him neglectful for one moment, and since his presence would not bring pain he would go at once.

"I shall be off to-morrow, and you will all follow," he said, abruptly; and to-morrow he did go, not knowing how longing and sad were the eyes that followed him.

Life on board the Raleigh did not seem so pleasant to Elsie after he was gone, and her letters to her mother lost some of the brightness which had come into them, and had gladdened her mother's heart with a sure hope that Elsie was rising up from her sorrow, and would return home in good spirits and renewed health.

"I think I want to return home now, mother dear," she wrote a few days after Fred had left. She thought he could not have gone so readily and without one word more than common civility suggested, if he had cared for her more than for an ordinary friend. Love is most exacting.

But though Elsie fancied she wished to go home, she did no such thing. The truth was she was passing through the season of uncertain hopes and fears, the bitter-sweet, which follows the dawn of love, and in her secret heart she felt glad when Mrs. Gascoyne announced that they were all to go to Hallam Court in a few days.

But neither to Scotland nor Jamie's home did Elsie Weir go for many a day, and her visit within wooden walls was not only prolonged but enforced somewhat.

It happened one morning that Elsie was on the upper deck by herself. The captain and Mrs. Gascoyne had gone on shore, but she had not cared to accompany them. The gig's crew were, of course, in attendance on the captain, therefore there were not many persons on board besides Elsie, the children, and servants.

The little ones were playing as usual on the lower deck, and Elsie could hear them shouting, "Nanny! Nanny" as they chased the goat from place to place.

Suddenly there was a shriek from the nurse, then mingled cries from children and servants, bespeaking an accident,

Elsie flew down and asked "What is it? what has happened?" In horror the nurse pointed to an open porthole, near which stood the Nanny-goat, and Elsie knew in a moment what had occurred. Belle was clinging to the nurse, Willie was not. Without doubt he had climbed up when chased by the goat, and had fallen overboard.

Elsie ran on deck, sprang upon the bulwark and looked over. There he was, poor child, hanging by one foot which had caught in a loop of rope as he fell. It was only for a few moments he hung so. His struggles freed the little foot, and he dropped into the sea and was instantly swept along by the tide.

But as instantly Elsie Weir was after him!

She had learned to swim, took great delight in that most healthy exercise, and was an adept in the art.

A few strokes brought her to where Willie was struggling, and she caught him in her hand.

"Keep still, dear, and I'll save you," she said, and the little fellow, trustful as children always are when they know that the person who speaks is truthful, clung to her hand and ceased to struggle.

Elsie became aware that the current was carrying them very swiftly away from the Raleigh; the water was very cold and muddy, and she had some difficulty in keeping afloat; to stem the tide she knew was useless, so she wisely made no effort to reach the Raleigh, but let the sea bear her as it would, and trusted to help coming.

Fortunately, the screams of the servants drew the attention of an officer on the guardship, and he discerned "man overboard" in a moment.

Instantly a boat at the gangway was dispatched, and Elsie with the child was rescued; but when she was being carried, numb and helpless, on board the Raleigh, the girl's courage failed, and she fainted.

When Mrs. Gascoyne returned it was to find the ship in confusion, a doctor in attendance, her son and her guest half-drowned, and nurse in hysterics.

Willie soon recovered, but Elsie lay for days quite nervous and weak; altogether unstrung by what had happened.

She would not let them tell her mother, however, but Mina was obliged to send tidings of the accident to Hallam Court, where the Gascoynes and Elsie were expected.

We may be sure Mina enlarged upon the girl's heroism and subsequent illness, and Mrs. Deighton read the letter to Fred and the family, whereupon Fred Walford found that business called him to Sheerness on the following day.

And one evening, when Elsie had been laid on a sofa in shadow of the flag curtains, the young sailor came quietly into the room, looking a little as if he felt he had no business just then in Mrs. Gascoyne's drawing-room.

The light which leapt from Elsie's large eyes at sight of him, the flush that spread quickly from cheek to brow, the tremble in her voice, the timid, yet lingering touch of her hand, suddenly told him that perhaps the girl might learn to love him soon, for his own sake as well as for Jamie's.

Sailors are very impetuous as a rule, but Fred Walford had learned to rule his own spirit, and he waited, hoping, watching, and patient, believing in himself, like a man should.

When Elsie regained strength they all went to Hallam Court, where she was received as "one of themselves," and there was no bitterness, after all, in that visit to Jamie's home. The things we dread in anticipation are never so bad as our imaginations feared in realising.

It did not need very acute vision to perceive by that time what was likely to happen to Fred and Elsie; and all the family were pleased that it should be so.

When the time came for her return to Scotland, Fred spoke. "May I follow you soon—or when you think best—Elsie, and ask your mother to let me come in Jamie's place?"

He was modest, and anxious regarding her answer, anxious in spite of gentle tokens she had given of the state of her affections; but his heart was soon set at rest.

"Not in Jamie's place, exactly," she whispered. "No! but in your own. A place as near and dear to me as his."

"You love me, then, for myself?" he asked, enraptured; and the little all-important "Yes" was breathed in his ear.

Elsie looked bright and well when she returned to her mother's arms. Auntie Jean said she looked a girl and a half to what she did when she left.

Her sisters, twins, untwined from each other for once to set Elsie between them and to say, "She looks ever so much better and brighter." Her brother Tom deigned to leave his books and say, "Why, Elsie, you are as pretty as you used to be ages ago." And Ned put down

his rifle and patted her cheek, as he remarked, "The sea has put new life into you, lassie."

After pouring all her story into the sympathetic heart of her mother, Elsie said—"Ah! mother, dear, you were wiser than I. I little thought when I left home that God was going to give me as much—nay more (for I can't help seeing that Fred is a far nobler man than poor Jamie) than what was taken away. I thought I should never recover from that loss, and yet I am happy and content to feel that whatever God does is best."

"He brings blessing out of sorrow; gain out of loss, my dear," said the mother.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

AT ST. OLAF'S BAD.

THE EXPERIENCES OF TWO ENGLISHWOMEN IN NORWAY.

AMONGST the numbers of English people who spend some of the summer months in Norway, not many have made the experiment of living at a "sanatorium," or bath, in that country, and it may interest some of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to hear our experiences at St. Olaf's Bad at Modum, near Christiania.

On the 1st of July of last summer, my friend L. and I sailed from Tilbury, on board the Albano, for Norway. There were not very many passengers, and L. and I were the only Englishwomen of the party, the other three ladies on board being Norwegians. We felt quite adventurous when my husband left us, and we started on our journey alone. We had a comfortable cabin to ourselves, in which, however, we did not spend much of our waking hours, preferring to remain on deck, as the weather was fine, though rather cool most of the time. The captain was very kind and attentive, and we soon felt quite at home, and had our favourite seats on the deck, where we read and chatted together, sometimes joined by some of our fellow-passengers, with whom we soon became acquainted.

On Sunday we had Divine service in the saloon, which was conducted by a gentleman, a lay reader, who was one of our fellow-passengers, and who kindly offered his services, as we had no clergyman on board to officiate. In the evening a fog came on, and the early part of the night was disturbed by the melancholy fog signals, and several times we stopped altogether, losing about an hour's time, and rendering some of our number sadly anxious and alarmed.

The next morning was unfortunately gloomy and threatening as we sailed up the fjord. We were on deck pretty early, watching for the first appearance of the Norwegian coast, and enjoying the fragrance of the pines. A little after 7 a.m. we landed, and L. and I were the first of our number to make our way to the Victoria Hotel, where we were to breakfast, and remain until our train started for Vikersund.

Very much did we enjoy our breakfast of flynder, delicious coffee, rolls and butter; after which we started out to see the sights and post our letters, etc. We were anxious to see the Viking ship which is exhibited near the University. A Norwegian lady whom we spoke to most kindly brought us to the place, and explained that although it was not the time for visitors, we should be admitted on paying a small fee to the caretaker. It was well worth seeing, and we bought some photographs of it, which gave a very good idea of the ship and the wonderful state of preservation it is in.

We sauntered through the town, and bought a few silver ornaments, etc., and then took a drive through some of the best streets, and went up the water tower, from which there is an extensive view over the town and the surrounding neighbourhood.

We then returned to the "Victoria," and after an early dinner we walked to the Vestbanegaard, leaving our luggage to be sent after us. We got seats on the left side of the carriage, on which all the finest views are, and the run to Drammen was through lovely scenery; we had to change there for Vikersund, again passing through beautiful scenery. From Drammen we travelled with a Finland lady, also bound for St. Olaf's Bad; she spoke a little English, but preferred conversing in German, so we had to do our best to make ourselves agreeable in that language.

At Vikersund we were met by comfortable open carriages, in one of which we were soon seated, and, drawn by a pair of fat ponies, started for Modum along heavy sandy roads thick with dust, through a wood or rough park, and at last drew up in front of the "Kontor," or director's office, where we were received in a friendly manner by Herr Möller, whose not too perfect English sounded most musically to our lonely ears.

He had us taken to our rooms in Villa Svea, opposite the Kontor. It seemed to me as if the whole place was a mass of curious eyes watching the two strange Englishwomen, who had made their lonely way to the Norwegian baths. Herr Möller then conducted us to the dining-room, and found seats for us at one of the many tables in the large salon.

After our supper we sauntered through part of the grounds, and, guided by the rushing noise, made our way to a place from which we had a full view of the Kaggefos, a few minutes' walk from us; it was only a little after 9 p.m., but everyone seemed wending their way to their respective villas, so we followed the general example, and mounting our creaking staircase soon fell fast asleep under our *plumeaux*, being rather tired after our various experiences of the day, which had commenced at such an early hour.

Our first morning at Modum was bright and fine; we breakfasted at half-past eight on coffee, bread and butter, and smoked ham, not venturing too soon on the other novel dishes, not even the mysost, a sort of sweet goat's-milk cheese, which seemed a favourite with most of our neighbours. Then we interviewed Herr Möller, and after waiting for a considerable time for my turn, I was admitted to the senior doctor's sanctum. Our conversation was carried on in German, as I could not speak Norsk and he could not speak English; however, we understood each other very well, and after filling up my bath paper of directions, he handed me in to the junior doctor's room, where the hour for my bath was arranged, and then my medical interviews were ended.

I was not to begin the baths at once, so for a few days L. and I spent our time as we pleased, sitting out of doors and writing our home letters, and watching the various manners and ways of the patients at the baths.

The Sanatorium of Modum is in the midst of pine woods, and the guests are lodged in wooden villas scattered about through the grounds, one of the villas containing the dining-room, music salon, and reading-room for the whole community.

We were given rooms in Villa Svea, near the Kontor, and facing the approach, up which all the carriages with the new arrivals came, so that from the verandah, which ran round the outside of the villa, and on which our rooms opened, we could see everyone coming and going—the only drawback being that we were exactly opposite to the stables, where all the drivers congregated, and who were sometimes rather too noisy to be pleasant as such near neighbours. The first few days, before beginning my course of baths, we spent most of our time out of doors, in the mornings taking our writing-cases to one of the numerous tables under the trees near the house; and in the afternoons going for a walk, or settling ourselves in a cosy nook near the Kaggefos, which, strange to say, was seldom visited by the other guests, and where we could sit and read and chat in undisturbed solitude.

Another charming spot within an easy walk of the baths was the "Stille Vand"—a lake above the fos, surrounded by trees, and along the sides of which we walked over a carpet of lovely moss, and oak and beech ferns, and where everything was so calm and silent that we felt as if we were many, many miles away from the haunts of men.

We never tired of watching the pine logs rushing down the fos, and making their escape down the river, by which they eventually reached Drammen. They were shot down a slide into the lake, and were carried by the force of this push down the fos, making a booming sound as they rushed down it, and whirling round and round as they reached the river at its foot; there some got wedged in the rocks, or caught in the wooden supports of the bridge, whilst others cleared all obstacles, and rushed down the river out of sight.

If we had been inclined to moralise we might have compared the course of the pine logs to human lives, some making their way with a will, overcome by no obstacles, and others drifting aimlessly along, turned by every strong current, and finally caught between the rocks of misfortune, where they are dashed and torn to pieces without hope of escape; some, indeed, do at last force their way to freedom, and with torn and shattered bark reach the desired haven of rest. We were the only English people at Modum, and I am sure everyone wondered why we came there, two solitary units amidst the mass of Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes of whom the bath patients were composed.

Once, indeed, I returned from the spring with the exciting intelligence that I had seen

an Englishman, and heard him speak, and we were fortunate enough to sit next him at dinner, as he, like us, was placed at the table with some Norwegian gentlemen who kindly spoke to us in English, and excellent English too.

But this one Briton left the following day, so we did not long enjoy his society, not that he was particularly interesting in any way, but he was an Englishman, and that was, to use the familiar words of Mr. Gilbert, "greatly to his credit," especially amongst a foreign community.

We made the acquaintance of some charming Finland people from Helsingfors, a husband, wife, and only child—a daughter—who although not strictly speaking pretty, had a most attractive, artless manner and fresh sweet face. Her mother was a clever, well-read woman, who spoke English well, and German and French also, with fluency and ease. Her husband was suffering from his throat, a common ailment in Finland, where they have so much damp and such constant cold winds.

We experienced a great deal of kindness from this family, and when we parted it was with the hope that we might meet again at some future time; we also saw a good deal of the lady who had travelled with us to Modum, and who was very friendly and sociable.

I shall give an account of one day, as a patient at the baths, and it will describe most of the other days passed there, as, except for the occasional variety of a drive or walk through the woods, there was a great sameness about the life at Modum, which to me was far from being unpleasant or wearisome. From 7 o'clock till 8 a.m. I alternately drank the iron waters at the spring, and walked about, the band playing most of the time; at half-past eight we breakfasted on coffee, bread and butter, and smoked salmon, ham, or sausage and mysost.

From breakfast time till eleven o'clock we wrote our letters or read, and at 11 p.m. I had my bath. For my readers' benefit I must try and describe it fully.

The bath houses and inhalatoriums were at the end of a separate walk, not very near the rest of the buildings. The first day I brought down my medical bath order, and handed it to some old women, who sat knitting and chatting at the open doorway into the bath premises. They looked at the number on the paper, and the old woman whose bath-room it was at once came forward and took charge of me, and we disappeared together down a long passage with doors along one side of it, through one of which she led me into a small dressing-room, with a stove in it and a sofa, and dressing-table and chairs. My directions for my bath were put with a great many more on a file, and then she left me to undress, whilst she retired into the bath room opening off the dressing-room, and prepared my bath for me.

When all the preparations were completed she threw open the door and beckoned me in. The bath was a fixed wooden one, full of tepid brown water. My "Badkvinde" seized a bundle of green birch leaves, and washed me with it as if it were a piece of soap; it felt pleasant, and made the water quite frothy. My old woman then mounted a wooden ladder, and from the top of it threw a bucket of warm water at me, and then an icy cold one, making me dive down in the bath between the buckets. Next came the hot mud, with which I was rubbed all over (except my face), and which felt rather pleasant, and was nicer than it looked, as it was a dark brown colour, and lying in the bucket looked liked a gigantic linseed poultice mixed with turf; my bath-woman applied this mud with a strong scrubbing-brush, which was rather severe, and was only bearable on account of the thick coating of mud.

Then my attendant slapped me with the bundle of birch leaves, then she pulled back a sort of trap door above my head and gave me a warm douche, and then a painfully cold one; and also gave me douches through a long pipe which she turned on me across the room, and out of which the water came with great force. So ended the bathing process. I was dried with warm, coarse towels; and if the day happened to be cold or wet, the stove was always lighted in the little dressing-room by my attentive attendant, with whom I soon became great friends, notwithstanding the fact that she knew not one word of English, and that my stock of Norwegian was strictly limited. I was soon able to understand all her remarks and directions about the bath, and she was most patient in repeating over and over again the various sentences until I understood them. She very often gave me a bunch of flowers, gathered in the early morning in her own little garden, several miles away. She had a long walk every day to Modum, where her duties began at 7 a.m. Her pay from the baths was a few öre a day (ten öre are equal in value to a penny), her real salary being derived from the patients' fees on the completion of their baths.

She was a bright, cheery old woman, very brown and thin, with a good face, which must have been handsome in its day. Her arms were muscular and strong to a surprising degree, as her patients could testify, after their bath and scrubbing. After the bath a walk was recommended, and then a rest. I used to take a book and lie down on the rather hard sofa in my room until dinner-time, leaving L. to go to the Kontor for our letters.

The arrival of the letters was the great event of the day at Modum. A stream of people—guests and servants—used to pour into the Kontor when the hour came round, and even those who did not expect letters themselves went to see Herr Möller distributing them to the waiting multitude. He stood behind his desk and called out the name and address on each letter, so that it was a long time before they were all disposed of, and the Kontor was empty again.

After our two o'clock dinner we used to go to our room and write or read, and then prepare our afternoon tea, and after that enjoyable meal we used to start off for a walk, getting back in time for eight o'clock supper, after which we sat out of doors if it was fine, and in the salon if it was wet.

Very often some of the guests played or sang, and there was one Danish lady who sang with exquisite taste and expression, in a very sweet, well-trained voice, although not a strong one; she was most kind in singing and playing any special favourite of her listeners, and, thanks to her, many an enjoyable hour was spent in the salon.

About 9.30 everyone prepared to retire for the night, and by ten p.m. the grounds were deserted, and only the night watchman was to be seen strolling about, to guard against any outbreak of fire, a not unlikely occurrence where all the buildings are of wood.

So ends a day at the baths. Various odd moments are filled up by going to the spring, drinking the prescribed number of glasses of iron water, and strolling about between times, which is considered part of the cure; the most tiresome thing about it is walking up and down for an hour or so before breakfast.

When L. left me, to join the rest of our party on their trip northward, I felt very forlorn, and should have been more lonely, except for the kindness of my Finland friends, with whom I spent most of my spare time during the few days which elapsed between L.'s departure and the arrival of some friends from London.

The latter were most kind to me, and the remainder of my stay at Modum was very pleasantly spent in their congenial society. We made several pleasant excursions together in the vicinity of the baths, and their friendly faces were the last I saw as my train left Vikersund, on my way to join my husband.

The day I left Modum, when I was dressing in the morning, someone knocked so very energetically (or pushed, not knocked) at my door that it burst open, and in hurried my old bath-woman with a sweet bunch of flowers in her hand as a farewell gift for me. I was already provided with her photograph, and we bade each other quite a touching farewell. Next came the housemaid in charge of our rooms, who was made happy by the valuable gift of some old silk handkerchiefs, and some tea remaining from L.'s store, for our private five o'clock tea; and also a tiny blue china teapot, in addition to her fees, which are regulated according to the length of one's stay at the baths.

My visit to Modum, lasting a little over three weeks, passed very pleasantly, amongst kindly people and lovely scenery, most of our time being spent out of doors, surrounded by the pines, whose fragrance filled the air; and wandering along by the river and listening to the rush of the Kaggefos, the way of living in every way forming a complete contrast to our life at home.

Pleased as I was on leaving Modum to rejoin my husband, still I felt sorry to leave the friends I had made there, and the tokens of whose kindly thought and regard I carried away with me, as I drove off to the station, in pretty bouquets of sweet flowers, with which my hands were filled as I turned for a last and farewell glance at St. Olaf's Baths.

I should think English people will not go much to Modum until English is more spoken there, especially by the medical staff, as in case of any complication requiring special attendance it would be very unpleasant for the patient.

Herr Möller has a fair command of the English tongue, and is indefatigable in his efforts to please and amuse the guests; but he cannot do everything, however anxious he may be to render each individual's stay as enjoyable a one as possible; I have actually seen him take part in *tableaux vivants* for the amusement of a delighted audience.

As I made my adieux to him he expressed his hopes that I should return the following year, and induce many other English people to cross the sea, and spend a few weeks at that charming and health-restoring summer resort "St. Olaf's Bad." If I ever pay it a second visit, perhaps some of my readers may like to hear something more of life at Modum.

FLORENCE WILLSON.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ACK AND THE TIGRESS.

IT was now Jack Harton's turn to frequent the gipsy camp. Both openly and secretly he prosecuted his inquiries for Fan, and penetrated tent and van while making them. But he could gain no intelligence. Indeed, the gipsies themselves asked him as many questions as he asked them, for they remembered her many kind acts in previous years. There were no lollipops and bull's eyes to lure the unwary children to school, and the parents, who were beginning to feel the advantages of education, had more trouble than enough with them; and there were no pence forthcoming this year to pay the fees; for although Mr. Harton still tolerated them on his common, Fan's disappearance had hardened his heart against them. It was, in short, Fan's influence and Mr. Aspenel's hardness that had induced him to so much generosity the year before. He still loved to circumvent the Squire, and prevailed on his faithful ally, Miss Vigors, to undertake Fan's gipsy Sunday class, which she managed with such resolution and talent, that she was almost as popular as Fan. Indeed, all the ladies, with Gerard, their beloved, at their head, became interested in the gipsies, and they bid fair to be as much spoilt as they had heretofore been neglected—for discretion is just as much the better part of charity, as of valour. Mr. Austen was always preaching this, but practising the contrary; for few appeals ever came amiss to him. Indeed, Roselands would have been a hotbed of indiscretion but for Mr. Aspenel.

Summer had galloped, as the seasons are wont to do, after spring, and having overtaken her, had entirely displaced her, so that Whitsuntide had come in at *bride abattue*. Jack was astir very early on Whit Monday, having some hazy notion that Bank Holiday might help him to find Fan. Her dogs had taken to him just as if they understood what he had come home for, and followed him whenever he would let them.

"We will have a run on the common, and then return to breakfast," he said, as he strode through the back yard, up the copse, now in full leaf, and made for the encampment.

Its inmates were astir, preparing for their holiday, which meant work as well as play. The morning breezes swept the common, and disported amongst the golden lights and dreamy shadows that lay on its breast, while gorse and bracken waved, and the harebells and grasses nodded, as they sported past them.

"There she is! there she is!" exclaimed Jack, following the breezes as hard as he could tear, the dogs at his heels.

But it was not Fan, only the Tigress. She was standing in the midst of the encampment, her grizzled hair floating to those obstreperous breezes, her old red cloak inflated by them, her lips apart as if to drink them in, and her arms outspread, sibyl like. Some of the tribe were gathered round her, and as Jack drew near he heard the words, "The Lord bless and keep you all this day—in your goings out and your comings in—follow Him." Jack only waited until the last word was spoken, then ran towards her, exclaiming—

"Where's Fan?"

She was taken by surprise. She did not recognise him, and looked slightly alarmed by his onslaught.

"Who are you? How should I know?" she muttered.

"Come with me and I'll tell you all about it," cried excited Jack, seizing her by the arm.

She shook herself off and looked round as if for assistance.

"'Tis Mr. Jack Harton," whispered a bystander.

"Then come with me," she said authoritatively, leading the way to an empty tent.

She entered, and Jack and the dogs followed. She squatted down on a bed at one end; Jack found a rough seat on a bundle of skewer-wood at the other; the dogs grouped themselves between them.

"I came here for a night's rest and quiet, and you won't let me alone," she began, dreamily. "I haven't slept for weeks, for a room and the smoke smother me; last night I slept from sundown to sunrise. But since I'm converted I must do God's work, both under brick and canvas. What do you want with me, Mr. Jack Harton? Your father's son demands respect from Israelite, Egyptian, and Tartar."

"I want Fan, Mrs. Lee, for I hear that's your real name. I'm come home from Canada on purpose to find her, and find her I will."

"What do you want with Fan, sir? and what should I know of Fan? Since I'm converted I draw no horoscopes, consult no stars or palms, tell no fortunes. I've given up my living to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for me—and I used to make pounds by telling the fortunes of fine ladies whose education ought to have taught them better than to employ me. Now I'm a hawker of good books, and try to convert the ignorant, as Mr. Clarville, with the Lord's blessing, converted me. Have you passed through the fire of remorse, and the waters of penitence, and the sunshine of change of heart, and the starlight of peace?"

"I can't say that I have, Mrs. Lee, though I've seen a great many changes of climate out in Canada. But what has this to do with Fan?"

"What do you want with Fan, sir?"

"I want her for my wife, Mrs. Lee. I want to find her, and marry her, and take her back to Canada, where she'll be a sight freer and happier than in these dirty old tents. I beg your pardon, and I've no reason to abuse them, since I've been thankful enough for their shelter. But now I've got a house of my own—a log-house, to be sure, but just what Fan would like. If you know where she is, tell her I've come home on purpose to marry her, and make her mistress of a grand estate, full of trees and prairies, and all sorts of fine things, with our little house in the midst. Will you help me to find her, Mrs. Lee?"

"Shake hands, my dear lad, shake hands. You're like your father. You don't despise people because they're not born and bred exactly like yourself."

"Not a bit of it, my dear Mrs. Lee. If I did I shouldn't have got on as well as I have. Bless your heart, we've men of all the colours of the rainbow and all the tribes of Israel, to say nothing of those Egyptians and Tartars you mentioned; and our parson is a converted Chippechouck Indian — conwerted, I should say — and preaches like an Ancient Briton. If you'll come out and pay us a visit, I'll introduce you to him. He's a clergyman of the Church of England, if that's in his favour; and not a bad-looking man, I assure you. He's yellowish, but not a bit more so than many a bilious Englishman. Find me Fan, and come over and see us, and you and he together will conwert all Canada; and England, compared to Canada, is about what this encampment is in comparison to Hoplands Common. What do you say, Mrs. Lee?"

Jack and the Tigress were hand in hand during this speech. At every fresh sentence they shook afresh, for Mrs. Lee half pulled Jack from off the bundle of skewer-wood in her zeal.

"What do I say? Why, that if you're downright in earnest I'll see what I can do for you. I'll look about for Fan, and if I find her I'll let you know."

"May I come with you? Why, Mrs. Lee, with your help I should find her as sure as I'm alive. Shall we set off now?"

"That would spoil my search, Mr. Jack. She might turn up if I was alone. Besides, I'm just going to dress respectable, and hawk my books and tracts among the holiday makers. I only put on my old red cloak for a treat while I'm trying to preach to my people. They listen better to one of themselves than to anybody else, except Mr. Clarville; and the cloak must 'a been born with me, and seems part o' me. But I put it off

along with my heathenish ways when I carry forth my basket. Tell me once more what you want to do with Fan?"

"I want to marry her, with my father's consent, and if you see her, tell her so, and she'll come back to me. She'll be as grand a lady out in Canada as Miss Aspenel is at home, and it won't matter there whether she's fair or dark, a queen or a gipsy. Tell her I've worked like a horse for her. I emigrated for her sake, because out there people don't ask the number of your ancestors, but think more of the acres you have cleared. I shall be happy to receive any of her relations, and help 'em to an honest living."

"As to family, sir," said the Tigress, "we can trace ours back to the Patriarch Abraham. Ishmaelites are we—wanderers all over the face of the earth; and I often compare our ancestress, Hagar, when in the wilderness, to myself, roaming here and there for food and rest. I have found mine in the Saviour of the world. No distinction of race, or clime, or station in His kingdom. Freedom for all. Life for all. Love for all."

She got up in her excitement and went out of the tent. Jack followed, relieved, for her eyes flashed and her features worked in a way he failed to comprehend. The gipsies were variously engaged; some squatted round the big iron pot, suspended from its primitive crook over the fire, eating and drinking; others preparing for wandering over the common, and elsewhere, in search of unwary excursionists; and the rest idling, as if they meant to take a Bank Holiday. All made place for Mrs. Lee, who seated herself near the iron pot.

"Good morning, sir," she said meaningly to Jack. "Secrecy is our password. Tell your father that we thank him for his hospitality."

"You are welcome to share our meal in return, sir," said a stalwart man, with a pipe in his mouth.

"Thank you. I should like it very much if my father wasn't waiting for me," returned Jack, nodding to the Tigress and hurrying off with his dogs.

In spite of the watchword "secrecy," he told his father what had passed between him and Mrs. Lee. Instinctively he avoided making Tom also a confidant. Mr. Harton's comments were satisfactory, for he believed the Tigress knew all about Fan.

"You wouldn't object to my marrying her, father?" asked Jack.

"Find her first, and then we'll settle that matter," replied Mr. Harton.

After breakfast Jack wandered forth again. He was too restless to stay indoors, and Fan must be found somehow. Again he went to the common, the encampment first. It was nearly deserted. Men, boys, donkeys, Mrs. Lee, and some of the women had left; and only the van, an old horse or two, three women, the younger urchins, dogs and poultry remained. Hoplands Common was one of the many Bank Holiday resorts, but being some way from London, was never crowded. Mr. Aspenel would have enclosed it if he could, but that was beyond his power. Jack forgot his private affairs in watching the people; only when he encountered happy lovers he wished for Fan. Parents with their children, elderly couples, schools, solitary men and women, vendors of cakes and sweets, passed and repassed him; and when he thought that every park, heath, common, wood, and lake, within reach of the capital, was visited by crowds that day, he rejoiced that the sun shone, and that there was balm and health on the breeze.

At the far end of the common he found the gipsies and their donkeys. They were driving a fine trade. For a penny a ride the children mounted donkeys and merry-go-rounds, and gipsy men and boys attended to their own and their customers' interests.

"Where is Mrs. Lee?" he asked.

"Down by the station, a-selling her tracks," replied a man with a wink, and his thumb pointed over his shoulder.

Jack hurried off to the station, and there, standing by the wayside, he saw a respectable-looking old woman, in black gown, checked apron, plaid shawl and poked bonnet, with a large open basket before her. He did not recognise Mrs. Lee, but she it was.

"This book will suit you, sir," she said, taking a pamphlet from her basket and offering it to him.

"I couldn't have believed it," exclaimed Jack, taking sixpence from his pocket and giving it in return. "I suppose this is what you mean by conversion."

"It is," responded Mrs. Lee solemnly, offering her wares to the passers-by.

"You will not forget," he whispered. "I can't rest till I find Fan."

"Patience, young sir. Take a lesson from Mr. Clarville," she replied, and he could get no more out of her.

But he went off in search of Gerard, whom he found hard at work in his mother's little garden. It was thus he strove to throw off the work and worry of an arduous life. The trio soon went into the house, and Jack introduced the one subject ever present to his mind—the discovery of Fan. Gerard said that if Mrs. Lee had promised to help, there was a good chance of success, since if any one knew anything about her, she did. But Gerard had his personal anxieties and worries as well as Jack. He was feeling the difficulty of serving two masters, or rather, a master and a mistress, for Lady Ascham was *exigeante*, and Mr. Aspenel would not let him alone. His ready sympathy brought him more work than he bargained for, and from Roselands to The Close there was a constant strain upon it. At the former place everyone, from the Rector to Miss Vigors, had something they wanted him to do; at the latter he was beset by applications for help. Jack was the last and most persistent claimant. The past two months had tried Gerard's patience more than any of his previous life; and he began to wonder whether a Mr. Aspenel or a Lady Ascham were the easier to serve. With the former he knew when his day was done, was it late or early; with the latter he was never secure from note or telegram. Then to have Jack filling up his spare minutes with the cry of "I must find Fan," and hunting him out in his retreat, was what Mrs. Poggles called "the climebax." However, this promise of help from Mrs. Lee brought him consolation as well as Jack, and when that worthy departed he turned again to his digging and delving, until the next interruption occurred. This came in the astonishing announcement from the awe-struck Miranda, of "Please, sir, here's Mr. Aspenel."

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE CHOICE OF PIANOFORTE PIECES.

By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal College of Music.

PART IV.

Drawing-Room Music.

THERE is no doubt that of all arts music is the one best able to contribute towards social amusement, for music can show itself useful and influential under circumstances in which other arts would prove, not exactly powerless, but certainly not immediately practical. The so-called drawing-room music generally consists of pieces belonging to the romantic and lyric school, and it greatly recruits itself from dance music. We do not wish nor expect to meet in a drawing-room piece with an exhibition of the composer's scientific attainments; we merely desire to hear a short, well-written, elegant, graceful, tasteful, fascinating, melodious—at times brilliant—piece, which offers pleasure and an agreeable diversion. It often happens that a composer, lacking sufficient inventive faculty for writing a good sonata, quartett, or symphony, may yet possess enough talent to compose a charming piece acceptable for the drawing-room. Not every audience cares for long orchestral works or for sonatas with four movements. Strictly classical music does not suit everyone's taste; the public mostly desires variety, pleasure, and a certain excitement, and—generally speaking—it is the lighter style, the less scientifically constructed, easier and more comprehensible kind of music, which affords to the general listener amusement, and captivates his attention in a pleasant manner. It would be a great mistake to think that such lighter style of music must be of inferior quality with regard to artistic value, for as much as the painter of small "genre pictures" can exhibit his technical skill and superior gifts, and rival the larger productions of the painters of great historical or symbolical pictures, just so can the composer of a short nocturne or ballad show his originality and taste, and can exhibit his mastery of handling successfully a subject, although smaller and less important than that requisite for a symphony. Oliver Goldsmith's lines seem here very appropriate:—

"Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind."

The quantity of pieces written for the salon

or drawing-room is enormous. To say that there exist about half a million of such pieces is understating their number, for hundreds and hundreds—nay, thousands of pages in numerous catalogues are filled with their titles. For our immediate purpose it is therefore necessary to arrange the best of them according to a certain system, and to classify them according to a definite order, or else confusion will and must be the result. We propose to arrange them, first in fancy pieces; second, transcriptions of songs and national melodies; third, in paraphrases or brilliant arrangements (sometimes also called metamorphoses) of operatic airs; and fourth, into arrangements of national and original dances. To the class of fancy pieces undoubtedly belong nocturnes and serenades, ballads, songs without words, romanzas, impromptus, barcaroles, elegies, idyls, eclogues, and similar original, not transcribed, pieces. The form of the nocturne (Ital. *notturno, serenata*) was first used by John Field, an Irish composer and pianist (1782—1837). Of his eighteen nocturnes, one in B flat, 12-8 time, one in A, 6-8 time, generally called "Nocturne Pastoral," another in A (common time), and a beautifully singing and highly expressive one in D minor, are decidedly the best. Frédéric Chopin (1809—1849) composed nineteen nocturnes; eighteen of these were published during his lifetime, and the nineteenth appeared in the collection of his posthumous works; of these the most popular are Nos. 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13 (the last two are difficult), 15 and 18. It is advisable to begin with Nos. 2, 11, and 15, and to play the remaining numbers somewhat later. Of Sigismund Thalberg's nocturnes, the operas 21 (containing three numbers), 28 and 35 are decidedly the best; they are of moderate difficulty, but not nearly as original or poetic as those by Chopin; they are conceived more in a slightly conventional and cold style. Of Adolph Henselt (1814) the nocturnes op. 6 and op. 32, and the charming "Morgenständchen" (morning serenade, really Aubade) can be warmly recommended. We have several dozens of (rather sentimental) nocturnes by Charles Mayer (1799—1862); of these the best, although little known, are op. 81, op. 135, 136 and 176.

The nocturnes by Theodor Kullak (1818—1882), op. 9, 35, 104 (No. 1), Theodor Döhler (1814—1855), op. 24, very celebrated, op. 25 (two), 31 (two), 39 (No. 5), 52 (three), 69 and 70; Stephen Heller (1815—1888), op. 91 (three), and Anton Rubinstein (1830), op. 9 (two), op. 15 (No. 3), op. 28 (No. 1), op. 44 (No. 3), are sure to give pleasure and to be found useful. Among the more brilliant nocturnes are those by Julius Schulhoff (1825), op. 11, 19 and 40; Moritz Moszkowski (1854), op. 15 (No. 1), Xaver Scharwenka and Joseph Wieniawski and Wollenhaupt ("Rêve de Bonheur"). Anyone desirous of saving time and trouble in choosing nocturnes, may advantageously turn to Augener's Nocturne Albums, Vols. I., II., each book containing 12 carefully selected nocturnes of different composers. Of good and interesting ballades the number is small; indeed, Chopin's Ballades, No. 1 in G minor, No. 2 in F, No. 3 in A flat (this is at present the most popular one), and No. 4 in F minor; those by Johannes Brahms, op. 10 and Reinecke's Ballade, op. 20, are generally considered the best. About 1831 Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy introduced the "Lieder ohne Worte" (songs without words). The rather contradictory title—for the words are the reason of the existence of a song—was invented by a female relative of the celebrated composer, and caught at once the public fancy in such a degree that Mendelssohn reluctantly agreed to retain the title for six following collections of each, containing six songs. Only six books were published under the direction of the composer; the seventh is a posthumous collection, containing good and valuable material; whilst the eighth book, containing sketches, hastily written trifles for private albums, is merely a publisher's speculation, which would have been scouted by the excellent composer. It is but rarely that posthumous publications enhance the reputation of an author. The popularity of these beautiful musical poems is so great that it seems unnecessary to speak of them in detail. Romanzas have been written by Schumann, op. 28 (three) and op. 32, No. 3; Franz Liszt (called Consolations); Sigismund Thalberg, op. 41 and 42; Sterndale Bennett, op. 14 (three), and Geneviève, and by many less known composers. To this category of pieces belong also Adolph Jensen's poetic and interesting collection: "Erotikon," "Erinnerungen" (Recollections), and "Innere Stimmen." The most celebrated impromptus are op. 90 (four) and 142 (four), by Franz Schubert, and op. 29, 36, and 51 by Chopin. There is also the well-known and popular Fantaisie Impromptu in C sharp minor by Chopin, compiled from two sketches—the first intended for a study, the second for a nocturne—by Jules Fontana, a pupil and friend of the Polish composer. Rubinstein and Schulhoff have also composed impromptus; of the latter composer the impromptu called "Chanson à boire" has become very celebrated. With regard to form, Schumann's six intermezzi, op. 4, might also pass for impromptus. Strange to say, these—exceedingly original and highly interesting—are scarcely known and never played in public. The best barcaroles are those of Chopin, op. 60 (very difficult); Thalberg, op. 60 (highly effective); several of Rubinstein (in F, G major, A minor); Sterndale Bennett's lovely barcarole from his 4th concerto, op. 19; a barcarole by Emile Prudent, op. 44; one in A minor, op. 15, and another in G, op. 27, No. 1, by Moszkowski; barcaroles by Charles Mayer, op. 174, No. 10; Franz Bendel, op. 139; Jules Schulhoff, op. 8, No. 3; Alexander Goria, op. 17; Stephen Heller, op. 81, and Alfred Jaell, each and all deserve recommendation. Very good elegies (elegy: a poem or song expressive of sorrow and lamentation) are at hand by Schulhoff, op. 2, No. 3, op. 45, No. 1; Niels W. Gade, op. 19, No. 1, and Stephen Heller, op. 71. Eclogue and idyl are names borrowed from poetry (see Virgil's Eclogues, Gessner's Idyls), and have been adapted as a lightly-structured, somewhat simple musical form. Eclogues have been written by Wenzel Tomaschek, op. 35 and 39, and Stephen Heller (Schott and Co.); whilst idyls have been composed by Gade (op. 34) and Schulhoff, op. 23, 27 and 36. In passing to the transcriptions of songs, we may at once say that Franz Liszt's transcriptions of Beethoven's, Schumann's, Schubert's, Mendelssohn's, and Robert Franz's songs are decidedly the best; Liszt was particularly successful in elaborating the character of the song itself. Great praise deserve, likewise, Adolph Henselt's transcriptions of songs by Naroff, Glinka, Tanèef, Wielhorski, and other Russian composers. A word of commendation must likewise be accorded to Stephen Heller's brilliant transcriptions of Schubert's song "La Truite," op. 33, "La Poste," op. 35, "Eloge des Larmes," op. 36, Mendelssohn's "On song's bright pinions," Schumann's "Am fluthenreichen Ebro"; not less to Thalberg's L'art du Chant" (18 numbers); to Franz Bendel's paraphrases of songs by Franz, Brahms, Rubinstein, Jensen, etc.; furthermore to Spindler's (easier) arrangements of Schubert's songs, to Kullak's too little known but excellent "Songs of the olden time," op. 80; and lastly, Gounod's effective arrangements of his own most popular songs. In brilliant transcriptions of national songs, the palm must also be accorded to Liszt; we merely mention his respective works on Hungarian (Rhapsodies 1—15), Russian (le Rossignol), Italian (Soirée italiennes 1—6, Nuits d'été à Pansilippe 1—3), and Spanish (El Contrabandista) airs. The pianists Jaell, Schulhoff (Chanson slave, Bohemian airs), Fumagalli (Tuscan melodies), Kullak, Grieg (Norwegian airs), Gade (Danish airs), Raff, Thalberg, and Willmers have been successful in producing more or less interesting and effective transcriptions, which are also called paraphrases, metamorphoses, improvisatas. Of similar works on operatic airs, those by Liszt, Thalberg, Charles Mayer, Stephen Heller (op. 37), Raff, Henselt (transcriptions of Weber's *Freyschütz* airs), Willmers and Wollenhaupt (*Trovatore* and *Traviata*) are the most popular.

We now come to dance music. Schubert's valses have been transcribed by Liszt (under the title "Soirées de Vienne;" of these book No. 6 is the most popular); some of Strauss, jun.'s valses have been "paraphrased" by Tausig (Nouvelles Soirées de Vienne); whilst original valses have been composed by Chopin, op. 18, op. 34 (three), op. 42, op. 64 (three), and a few posthumous ones; by Thalberg, op. 47, op. 62 (Valse mélodique), and op. 64 (Les Capricieuses, most excellent); by Schulhoff, op. 6, op. 20, op. 48, and "Une Valse" (musique intime); by Joseph Wieniawski, op. 7 (very elegant); by Rubinstein, (valse Caprice, German valse); Wollenhaupt (Héléne, valse héroique, Valse de Concert in F sharp); Johannes Brahms (these are classical); M. Moszkowski, X. Scharwenka, and others. Among mazurkas (Masur, Mazurek: a dance from the Polish district Massovia, where the inhabitants are called "Masures"), those by Chopin stand highest; but excellent mazurkas have been composed by Eduard Wolff, Joseph Wieniawski, Scharwenka (Polish dances, op. 3), Schulhoff, Moszkowski, and Anton Rubinstein. Good polonaises were written by Chopin, Charles Mayer, Liszt, Rubinstein, Wolff, Wieniawski, Bennett (very pretty but not very Polish), and Reinecke. Fiery galops are to be had by Liszt (Galop Chromatique), Schulhoff, Wollenhaupt (op. 24, and op. 43), Charles Mayer (Galop Militaire No. 1), Edward Bache (L'Irresistible), Rubinstein (op. 14, No. 9), Ketterer (Flick and Flock), very cheerful, animated; and by Ch. Voss, op. 124 (Grand Galop Militaire). Good polkas (really pulka, which means half, very likely alluding to the small "half"-step) are provided by Rubinstein (op. 14, No. 6 and 7), by Schulhoff (op. 33), Wollenhaupt (La Violette, la Gazelle), J. Ascher (Vaillance), Goria (Miranda, op. 26, No. 2), by Henri Herz (op. 140, Les belles du Nord, 1-6, La Polka des Clochettes, op. 160, No. 2, La Californienne, op. 167, and La Tapada, op. 171). The two last are very effective; by Gottschalk, op. 25 and op. 27. I think my fair readers have here a selection which will last them for several years to come. The pieces named form part of the repertory I use for teaching, and thus knowing their specialities I can recommend them in good faith. Many hundreds—nay, thousands of other good pieces exist, but in as far as my aim was solely to assist the fair amateur in a proper choice of good, agreeable, effective, and brilliant music, and not to write a regular guide, the above selection will prove sufficient. I may close this paper with a remark made in my lecture on "Drawing-room Music," namely, "that the clever amateur, who has at command a large, interesting, and varied repertory, is sure to interest many persons, who would otherwise have passed him over with indifference. Indeed, the power music possesses in contributing towards social pleasure, comfort, and happiness cannot be over-estimated. Music is the universal language which everyone understands, and to be able to speak in this most eloquent language a kind and agreeable word to everyone, is an art well worth acquiring, and whose possession is worth working for, and a real pleasure to possess."

[THE END.]

"LADY BETTY IN DISTRESS."

ON THE TERRACE.

By a manor house, well builded in the days of good Queen Bess,
Stands, upon its river terrace, Lady Betty in distress;

Lonely, in that old Dutch garden, with its avenues of box,
Tall white lilies, sweet carnations, and its stately hollyhocks;

Here she waits, despised, forsaken; never will she sue for pardon,—
His the fault, and his alone (Ah! the serpent's in this garden).

Shall she meekly bow to tyrant—she his newly dowered bride?
Nay, come death, come dire disaster, ere she yields her proper pride.

So she idly gazes seaward, toying with her folded fan,
Pouting, scheming. "Oh, how weary is this world's disordered plan!"

Everything has Lady Betty, but the peace that knows content;
Seeking it in modish dresses, ever but on pleasure bent.

Losing it, may be for ever, in this day of royal June,
Letting fancies wring her spirit, throwing all things out of tune.

Up, my Lady Betty, quickly, lest you tempt too long your fate;
Playing anger often changes to a real and bitter hate.

Happiness is love and duty, else discordance fierce and strong;
Proverbs trite hold pointed morals, "Edged tools cut if played with long."

"Bear and forbear," since forgiveness is the attribute of power,
Winning love, while pride pays dearly for its tiny conquering hour.

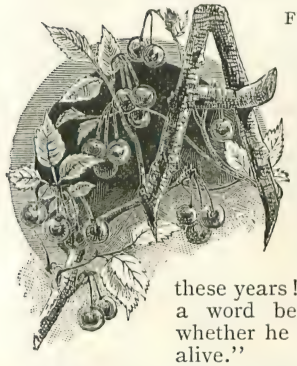
GLEESON WHITE.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE SNOW FALLS.



AFTER all these years! After all these years!" repeated Miss Pringle to herself, after the manner of people who live much alone. "After all these years! And never a word before to say whether he was dead or alive."

Then, all in a flutter of nervous excitement, she folded up her patchwork and set it aside with tremulous eagerness, saying to her god-daughter, "I have had some very pleasant news, Phillis Penelope; we must pass it on to your people at the farm. Bid Ruth put on your warm paletot and prepare you to go with me promptly."

The child was off like a shot; and away, too, tripped Miss Pringle, with her purse-pouch, as airily as if her girlhood had come back to her, to cover the faded puce silk with a wonderfully preserved thick Paisley shawl that she must have worn a quarter of a century, and to tie her face well up in her comfortable old-fashioned bonnet, for she knew the wind sweeping down from the moors was keen and cold, and might buffet them as they crossed the open fields. The longer road was not to be thought of.

Little Phillis, whose warm dark woollen frock, jacket of thick grey cloth and velvet-trimmed hat, were of the newest fashion that had reached Shepperley, must have been struck with something unusual in the appearance of her elder. Perhaps her marvellous rejuvenescence that morning made garments older in comparison, for scarcely were they over the stile and in the field than Phillis said, as if meditatively—

"Godmother, do your clothes never wear out? Mother says your clothes seem to last for ever, and she wonders how you keep them so fresh."

Miss Pringle smiled, and drew herself up as if flattered, whilst taking possession of a child-hand not very much smaller than her own.

"Mine is a very simple plan, dear. I adapt my dress to my pursuits. I wear plain prints when I make pastry or prune my plants or weed the flower-beds, not my puce silk or my poplin, and I provide proper aprons to preserve my

dress indoors; but my principal precaution is to put my clothes carefully away immediately I pull them off, and to shake or brush the dust off them before they are folded up. That preserves them."

"Oh! then that will be why you 'look as prim as if you had just come out of a bandbox,' as Hepsy says."

"Perhaps so; but I have something more to think about to-day than Hepsy's observations," was the reply. "I am expecting soon to see a friend I have not met for five-and-twenty years."

"Are you very glad?"

"Very glad, Phillis Penelope—particularly pleased!" adding, in a low murmur to herself, "Only to think, after all these years, that providence should have preserved us for each other at last!"

"What was she like?" again put the child, after a pause. "Was she nice?"

"She, my dear! The friend I expect is a gentleman; a tall, fine, handsome man, with hair and eyes as black as your mother's or yours, and one of the sweetest smiles that ever beautified a human face. There were people who said he was proud and passionate, but he was always nice to me—always. He is bringing a little boy with him, my dear," she added, as a sort of recommendation to Phillis, her own face all in a glow with expectation or excitement.

"I don't like boys; they are rude, and call names," was the comment of Phillis; and before a reply could be made she had disengaged her hand, and set off at a run towards the footbridge they were approaching. She was called back hastily.

"Pray do be prudent, child," as her hand was recaptured. "Do you not perceive the planks are slippery with sleet and frost? Take hold of the rail, or you may slip into the brook."

A very necessary precaution this, seeing that the planks were narrow and the posts supporting the single rail far apart. Yet once across, Phillis was at liberty to scamper up the hill as a courier in advance.

It was noon. The farmer had come indoors for his dinner, and almost before his hearty salutations had subsided or he could take his seat at the table, Miss Pringle had placed in his hands, open, the letter she had received that morning; a proud delight in her eyes which made her features radiant, and said as plainly as her words—

"Poor Miss Pringle, you see, was neither forsaken nor forgotten after all."

Let us look over his shoulder, as Barbara did, as he reads, half-aloud, the important communication that had set the little old maid in such a flutter. It was dated from Melbourne, South Australia, and began:—

"Melbourne, October 12th, 1866.

"My dear Phillis, if I may once more call you so,—I hear from a sure source that you are still living, and still unwedded. It is needless, after the lapse of so many years, to refer to the cruel circumstances that separated us, and sent me forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. To do so would be to blame the dead, and it is best to bury the bitter past with those who made it bitter. After wandering in South Africa, where I came across a family connection of yours, I drifted to Australia, took a farm, and led a rough, solitary life for five or six years more. Chance threw a homely English lass in my way, and I married her. She was a good wife, and better suited to the rude life on a sheep-run than the dainty little creature ever present in my dreams. But she and three of our children were carried off by fever before a doctor could be found to look at them. Only the youngest was left to me. I am bringing him to England for his education. How will you receive us both? It will depend on you, Phillis, and your reception of my boy, whether I remain in England or return here. It matters not to the man of fifty, seeking a good mother for his son, whether his early love be poor or rich. No one has a right to interfere now, and I am prosperous. I am leaving my farm in trustworthy hands, and hope to be with you almost as soon as my letter. No doubt we shall find each other changed, but the change will be outward, and I have a belief that if I return to Australia, it will not be alone. Time tries us all. I hear that you have come out of the furnace bravely. I wish I could render such a report. I have too often chafed and rebelled against the Hand that chastised me. Yet, believe me, Phillis, I am in heart, ever the same as of old, your

"HUBERT UNDERWOOD."

"Umph!" said Mr. Heathfield, as he handed back the letter, "this old sweetheart of yours has wakened up in a desperate hurry all at once. He seems to make pretty sure of you, Aunt Pringle. And how long is it since you heard from him?"

"Nearly five-and-twenty years. The last I heard of him was when Thomas Pringle, the great African traveller, came back to England from the Cape, but that was twenty years ago. I never expected the silence to be broken in this world," she said, quietly, with a suspicious moisture about her eyes.

"And would you let this Mr. Underwood, whose memory comes to him so conveniently now he wants a wife, whisk you off to Australia with no more explanation or ceremony than this?" asked the farmer, in a tone of astonishment.

"That depends," she replied, with an air of precision.

The dinner and the children coming in together served her as an excuse to set off for the removal of shawl and bonnet, and, it may be, to wipe away a gathering tear at the same time. "Ah, they don't understand, they don't understand!" was her own reflection as she went.

Conversation over the dinner table was desultory. Mabel and Bob were on their best behaviour before their father, and treated Phillis quite as a visitor, with a slight show of condescending patronage. They told her of Primrose and Brindle's two young calves, and promised to show them to her after dinner, and also a pet lamb the shepherd had shown to them only that morning in the sheep-yard.

"You will have to be quick about it, then," cried Mr. Heathfield to them. "There will be a downfall of some kind before long. It was sleeting all last night, and I should not be surprised if we had snow before morning."

"Oh, dear!" ejaculated Miss Pringle. "In that case we had better depart immediately after dinner."

"But you are not going to take Phillis away before she has seen the calves and the pretty lambkin? She mustn't, must she?" said Mabel, appealing to her father in remonstrance.

"Nay," said he, "there's no such hurry as that. There will be no snow fall till this wind drops."

"Besides," put in Phillis, thus encouraged, "you said, godmother, that you had got your patchwork pieces, and were prepared to stay all the afternoon."

Then Barbara struck in, "Of course you will stay, Aunt Pringle. We can have an early tea. Hepsy shall bake us some potato-cakes. I want a chat with you. We are thinking of sending Bob to Mr. Marsden's Academy after the vacation. And John Crossley has sent here a large parcel of traveller's patterns for your patchwork. So if the dusk comes on before tea, Roger can see you safely home with his lantern, and carry the parcel for you at the same time."

"I wish Mr. Rivers would be as thoughtful as Mr. Crossley," said Miss Pringle, as she opened the parcel of fancy woollen dress fabrics. "I find that poor people prefer the patchwork quilts I piece out of shreds of cloth, to print or even merino. You see they are warmer and do not call for the wash-tub perpetually, and that is a paramount consideration to a poor woman who has a pinch to buy bread, and fewer pence to purchase soap, and has barely a blanket to wash besides."

"Oh, aunt, you are drawing too dark a picture; none of our people about here are as badly off as that."

"None of Stephen's labourers, I suppose you mean," said Miss Pringle, settling herself to the arrangement of a border in diamonds and triangles; "but I think if you were to put your head into even their cottages sometimes, you might be surprised to discover how few of the things we regard as necessaries are to be found there—I do not say comforts. It is to me a hard problem how a poor man's pittance is sub-divided to provide for a family. My arithmetic would be at fault I know."

"Well, Aunt Pringle," put in Barbara, as if she was being called to account, "our labourers have many helps from the farm—turf and milk, and so on. Stephen is very tender-hearted."

"So much the better. But have Grimshaw's people any such help, or old Moss's?"

"Goodness, aunt, you don't go among that lot! You'll be catching a fever or something if you do."

"More probably prevent a fever. Why should I be afraid to go where whole families are not afraid to live? And how should I preach cleanliness if I was afraid to spend a few pence, or a few hours in practical demonstration? A very little goes a long way, properly applied."

"No doubt, no doubt; but what is this about you and Mr. Underwood?" said Mrs. Heathfield, anxious to change the subject, and get at the secret romance of her aunt's life, of which she had but a dim remembrance.

This had never been a topic of conversation with Miss Pringle. The subject was too sore and sacred for light handling. She was aware that conflicting gossip at the time had variously declared that either she had jilted Mr. Underwood or that Mr. Underwood had jilted her. She had neither confirmed nor contradicted either at the time. It was only in the first flush of joyous excitement at the broken silence that she had brought her letter to Stephen Heathfield, as a justification of both Hubert and herself after long years. He was six or eight years older than his wife, and was more likely to remember the cruel stories set afloat about them both.

But the feverish excitement was subsiding. All the answer she gave was, "We were parted peremptorily by the pride, passion, and prejudice of our elders. It is past; let it remain so," and without looking up she went on with her work in silence.

Her needle wanted threading. She raised her head, "Dear me, it is snowing. I thought the afternoon was darkening suddenly," she exclaimed; "I wish we had gone when I proposed."

She drew nearer to the window, and looked up uneasily at a dirty grey sky, filled with big, dirtier-looking flakes that yet fell to the ground white and pure, covering flower-beds, bushes, evergreens, hedgerows, and the bare interlacing boughs in Squire Sheperton's wood across the lane, with a filmy veil that thickened and thickened as she gazed.

"I wish I had brought my goloshes," she remarked, abstractedly, after a long pause.

"Roger can fetch them when he has done milking, or perhaps Stephen will drive you home after tea," said Mrs. Heathfield, as a consoler; but still the little lady watched the white snow falling, falling, falling, with abstraction most unusual.

There was another long pause.

"When do you expect Mr. Underwood will be here?" asked Barbara, to break the silence.

"He said almost as soon as his letter. I suppose he would follow that by the next steamer. Perhaps in a fortnight or so. It is enough that he is coming."

And still she watched and watched the darkening sky, and the big, thick flakes falling, falling, falling, until they covered up dead plants and dead leaves with a cold, white shroud. And still she stood there silent as the snow, lost in reverie; but if her thoughts had gone forth to seek the lover of her youth, she never dreamed how near he was even then—so near, and yet so far.

Barbara left her still looking as if fascinated on the thickening snow that began to whirl in eddies as the wind rose again. Then came a lamp, and tea, and chattering children, with cheeks and hands aglow and snow-crystals melting on their hair, after a merry snow-balling match with their father, who came in panting, in proof that his "boyhood's days were over," as he said.

The blinds were down, the curtains drawn. There was a roaring fire in the grate; the brass tea-kettle on the table hissed and spluttered; Hepsy's potato-cakes were hot and appetising; but Aunt Pringle seemed to have grown nervous and fidgety all at once.

"Look you, Aunt Pringle, it's no use looking disconsolate. There's no going back to Shepperley to-night for either you or Phillis," said the farmer. "The snow is blinding, and driving would not be much safer than walking. Besides, I don't care to put Bess in the shafts an evening like this without an urgent reason. Roger can carry any message you like to Ruth when he goes home, and I will drive you in the morning when the storm has subsided."

"I suppose I ought to thank you, and rest contented where I am," said the little woman, looking from one to another with her quick, bright eyes, "but I do feel so unaccountably restless and uneasy to-night. I feel as if something dreadful was to happen, and I never left Ruth alone in the house before."

"Shall Roger ask his mother to stay with Ruth?"

"Oh, yes, if she would be so kind. It would be a protection for the girl."

"Well, then, make yourself comfortable, and then my blue-eyed Mabel here"—he laid his hand caressingly on the fair curls as he spoke—"shall play over all her new pieces for you," as if he thought the young pianist's lessons would be certain to charm away Miss Pringle's nervous fancies.

Mabel opened the instrument for display; Phillis crept up beside her to listen, in admiration; the farmer left the room to see that sheep and cattle were properly foddered that wild night, and Bob followed him. Barbara, too, was called away by her household cares, and Miss Pringle, stitching industriously at her growing patchwork border, was taking her own unquiet spirit to task, and preaching patience to herself instead of giving Miss Mabel's music all the attention that much-petted pianist expected.

The marble timepiece on the mantelshelf ticked away the hours. Jenny came to say it was bed-time for the children. Then Miss Pringle, calling on them all to join her in singing "The Evening Hymn," sat down to the piano to play the accompaniment. Her voice had been well-trained, and her touch of the keys was that of a mistress. Yet Barbara had no notion her aunt could play at all.

After the children had gone to bed she remained at the instrument, and, as Barbara observed afterwards, it was easy to tell where her thoughts were wandering. Without music or words before her, she poured forth, with feeling that covered any deficiency of force, the touching hymn "For Those in Peril on the Sea," and followed it with "Be not afraid, 'tis I," a sacred song which had been her solace in the overwhelming grief of bygone years, as it had been the consolation of the composer, Flood, in his dying hours.

"There," she said, briskly, as she closed the instrument, "I feel better after that. I shall be fresh as a primrose in the morning when I have slept off my perplexing premonitions of evil."

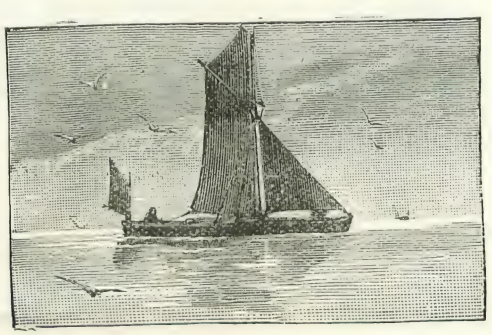
And fresh as the face of the morning was the one she presented at the hospitable breakfast table; pleasanter than that of Phillis, who crept to her side as if already needing a protector from Bob and Mabel.

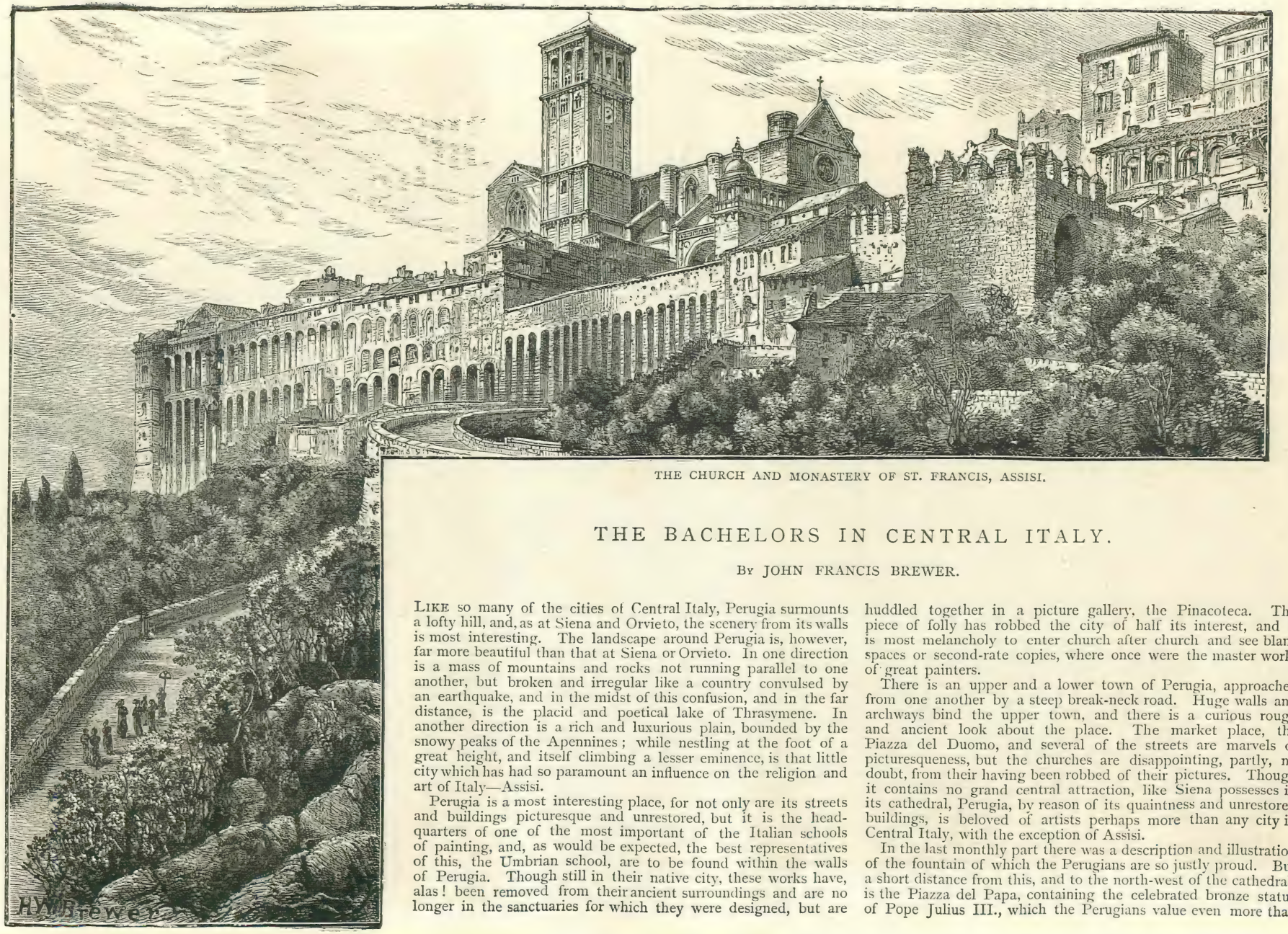
The morning air was crisp and keen, and so were their appetites. Farm-house delicacies were fast disappearing, and Stephen was laying down his plans for the day, when into the room rushed Jenny, her face white as the snow outside, and cried, in consternation—

"Oh master, master, come into the kitchen an' see what the shepherd's found in his hut on the moor."

"Here, Barbara, quick!" was heard in Stephen's voice from the kitchen two minutes later, and then there was a general rush to see what was the matter.

(*To be continued.*)





THE CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI.

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

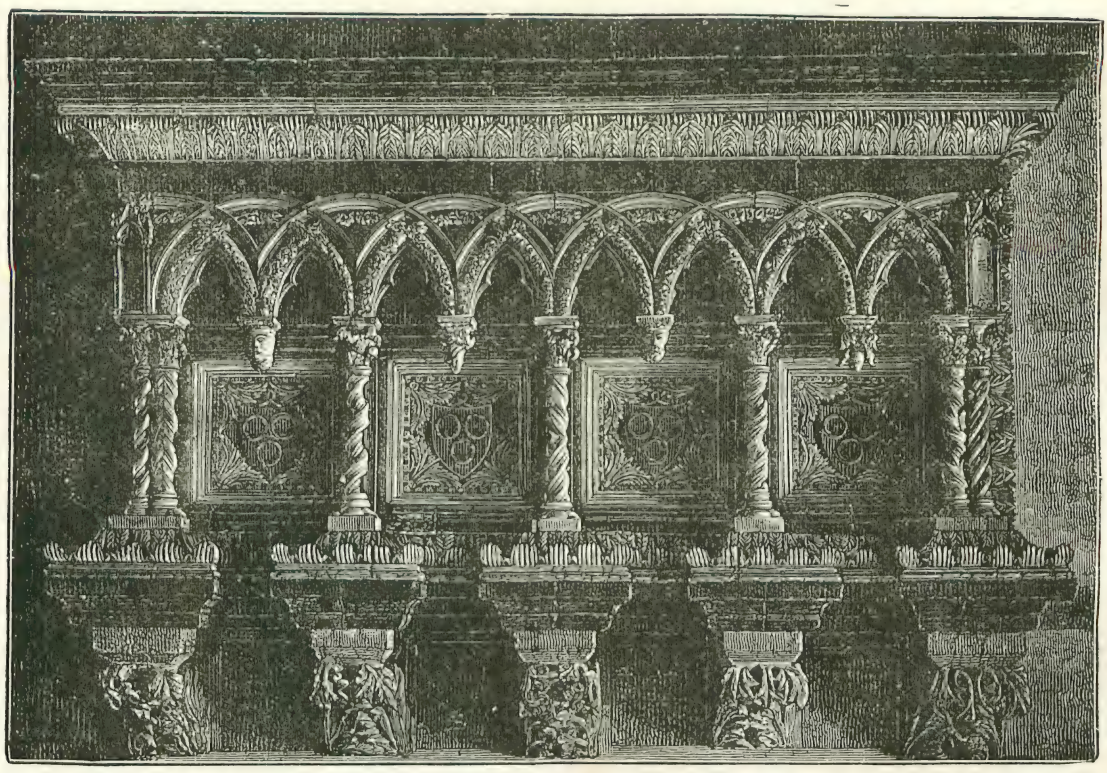
By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

Like so many of the cities of Central Italy, Perugia surmounts a lofty hill, and, as at Siena and Orvieto, the scenery from its walls is most interesting. The landscape around Perugia is, however, far more beautiful than that at Siena or Orvieto. In one direction is a mass of mountains and rocks not running parallel to one another, but broken and irregular like a country convulsed by an earthquake, and in the midst of this confusion, and in the far distance, is the placid and poetical lake of Thrasymene. In another direction is a rich and luxurious plain, bounded by the snowy peaks of the Apennines; while nestling at the foot of a great height, and itself climbing a lesser eminence, is that little city which has had so paramount an influence on the religion and art of Italy—Assisi.

Perugia is a most interesting place, for not only are its streets and buildings picturesque and unrestored, but it is the head-quarters of one of the most important of the Italian schools of painting, and, as would be expected, the best representatives of this, the Umbrian school, are to be found within the walls of Perugia. Though still in their native city, these works have, alas! been removed from their ancient surroundings and are no longer in the sanctuaries for which they were designed, but are huddled together in a picture gallery, the Pinacoteca. This piece of folly has robbed the city of half its interest, and it is most melancholy to enter church after church and see blank spaces or second-rate copies, where once were the master works of great painters.

There is an upper and a lower town of Perugia, approached from one another by a steep break-neck road. Huge walls and archways bind the upper town, and there is a curious rough and ancient look about the place. The market place, the Piazza del Duomo, and several of the streets are marvels of picturesqueness, but the churches are disappointing, partly, no doubt, from their having been robbed of their pictures. Though it contains no grand central attraction, like Siena possesses in its cathedral, Perugia, by reason of its quaintness and unrestored buildings, is beloved of artists perhaps more than any city in Central Italy, with the exception of Assisi.

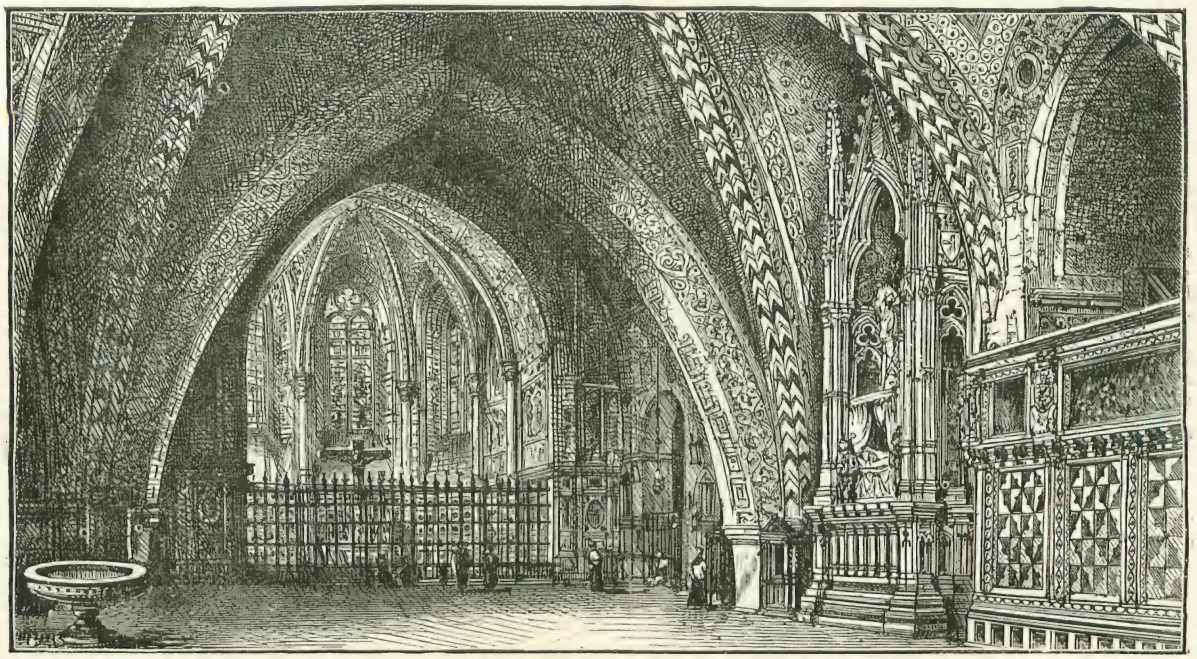
In the last monthly part there was a description and illustration of the fountain of which the Perugians are so justly proud. But a short distance from this, and to the north-west of the cathedral, is the Piazza del Papa, containing the celebrated bronze statue of Pope Julius III., which the Perugians value even more than



PART OF MONUMENT OF THE CERCHI FAMILY, ASSISI.

their fountain. No one can help being struck with this statue. The Pope is seated on a bronze chair, dressed in his pontifical robes and crowned with the tiara. His right hand is put forth in the action of benediction, and the expression of the face is kindly but majestic, and extraordinarily life-like. Placed on a pedestal, he appears to be watching over the city and guarding it, and as we gaze at the serene and beautiful countenance, it seems almost imbued with life, the mouth appears about to open and to utter those words of comfort and blessing, which the action and pose of the figure lead us to expect.

After visiting the Piazza del Papa we entered the cathedral, which is disappointing. Though of good proportions, the interior is ruined by its gaudy restoration, and though there are frescoes, they are not remarkable for Italy. From the cathedral we went to the Pinacoteca, or picture gallery, which, as before stated, contains the spoils of the churches, and is therefore the place where the work of the Umbrian masters can best be studied. All those who are interested in the Italian schools of painting will give more than a passing thought to the school of which Perugia is the headquarters. Even the most casual tourist and the most hurried traveller to Italy will at once realise that the characteristic of these Umbrian pictures is their religious tendency. And this is one of the many reasons why the removal of the pictures from the churches to the gallery is considered by some to be a mistake. Though so devotional in character, these pictures are not wanting in knowledge of form, but this is



INTERIOR OF THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI.

not made their sole aim, as it is in some of the paintings of the Florentine school.

Our readers may remember that in the first article on Florence, Cimabue and Giotto were spoken of as the most important of the inaugurators of the great art revival of the fourteenth century. Before their time what is called the Byzantine school reigned; art was greatly restricted and degenerated into mere copying of certain patterns, and Cimabue and Giotto deserve all their fame for having been so largely instrumental in breaking the fetters of conventionality. The Byzantine school was religious, but unbeautifully religious, so to speak; the figures were unnatural and the heads ugly, and thus the revivalists ushered in their school by a closer study of nature and a search after the beautiful. But this naturalistic tendency became exaggerated in after ages, and the religious spirit was forgotten in the attempts to gain complete mastery over form, and to impart physical beauty. Now the Umbrian painters, more especially Pinturicchio and Perugino, added a religious and devotional enthusiasm which was to some extent wanting in the Florentine artists, and thus their pictures are perfect examples of what religious works of art should be.

The Umbrian school is also deserving of attention for having had some influence on Raffaele, who was at one time a pupil of Perugino, and whose early works bear a great resemblance to those of his master. Raffaele is for this reason sometimes spoken of as the climax of this school. But he was more than this: he was the climax of all the Italian schools, uniting in himself all their excellences; some of his earlier works, however, may be said to belong to the Umbrian school.

I suppose that one reason that induced the government to remove the pictures from the churches to the Pinacoteca was the supposition that they would be seen by a greater number of people. When we were at the Pinacoteca, however, we saw very few people—in fact, the first time we visited it we did not come across a single soul, whereas in most of the churches there were several tourists who, like ourselves, were disappointed at finding the pictures removed from their architectural surroundings.

We found quite a different set of people congregated at the *table d'hôte* from that of the previous evening. Lady—— with all her hangers-on had left Perugia, and a few elderly and aggressively artistic women monopolised the conversation. One of these was talking rapturously about Orvieto, praising everything in that—to us—unpleasant city. I ventured to remark that the hotel there was not everything that could be desired. This angered the old lady, and she said, "It's a pity that people who have such prejudices ever leave home. Orvieto is a place for artists. Look at the cathedral!" I was hurt at this extremely impolite outburst, and said that the grandeur of the cathedral had nothing to do with the inn, which was bad, and would be bad if a dozen cathedrals were collected within a stone's throw of it. The company was, however, against me, and I was frowned at by all present.

In the lower town of Perugia there are two very interesting churches—the Gothic S. Dominico and the convent church of S. Pietro de' Casinensi—one of the most perfect basilicas to be found out of Rome. The former is the most noticeable object in the grand panorama seen from the upper town. The exterior is about as bare as it could be, and the tower, which is pierced with long windows devoid both of tracery and glass, has a singular expression about it: it looks like a weather-beaten, blind old man. Our readers may have noticed the curious lifelike look that some old towers have: our cathedral towers, for instance. Those who have been to Canterbury may have been struck with the "Bell Harry"; it looks quite human. Whether this is due to the age or the design I don't know, but I have not noticed it in modern towers.

S. Dominico contains a huge stained glass window, which is said to be one of the finest in Italy; it is so brilliant that it looks the work of yesterday, but to me it had not that subdued effect which the old windows of our cathedrals, such as York and Canterbury, possess. In addition to this window there is a glorious monument to Pope Benedict XI. in S. Dominico. This pope, who seems to have been of a peace-making and inoffensive nature, strived without success to reconcile the various factions in Florence, and had incurred the hatred of the well known Philip le Bel, King of France, who, our girls may remember, suppressed the Knights Templars with such atrocious cruelty. The king determined on the death of the pope, and carried out his intention by sending to him a servant with a basket of poisoned figs, and a message that they had come from a neighbouring convent. The pope ate the figs and died after eight days' intense suffering.

S. Pietro is quite a different kind of church from S. Dominico. It is of ancient basilica form, and has this advantage over the other churches in Perugia—it retains all its pictures. The splendid columns of granite and marble come from an ancient temple, and the space above them is covered with frescoes. An old man, a lay brother of the monks, showed us round the church, and then led us to a passage from a window of which we obtained a glorious view of the fertile valley lying between Perugia and Assisi, the latter being directly opposite, nestling at the foot of a huge mountain, and looking as if built of ivory, so white did it tell against the sombre background.

The hotel at Perugia deserves its reputation as one of the best in Italy, and if a trifle too grand, is very comfortable and not expensive. Moreover, the waiters are intelligent, and know sufficient of the country to plan excursions; they also arrange with the drivers, which saves a good deal of trouble.

The morning which witnessed our departure for Assisi was deliciously bright, and it was with the pleasantest feelings that we took our places in the comfortable little carriage, which was awaiting us at the door of the hotel. We were soon out of the city and hurrying down the steep descent which leads to the fertile vale of the Tiber. The country looked lovely; it had rained a little during the night, and the sun made the rich vegetation sparkle, and drew from the flowered hedges the most delicious fragrance. We felt quite buoyant, and sang out snatches of songs, and felt quite different beings from the hard-worked, serious bachelors of home.

When we had gone about a mile and a half from Perugia, our driver stopped near to the entrance of the famous tomb of the Volumnii, which we had been told on no account to miss. Our driver left us for a short time, and returned with a man who acts as a caretaker of the tomb, which, be it remarked, is a portion of the ancient Etruscan Necropolis of Perugia, the existence of which was unknown down to the year 1840.

Our girls may remember the Etruscans, who made so stout a resistance to the budding power of ancient Rome. Well, this is one of the most precious relics of a people and a civilisation which were ancient when the twins Romulus and Remus laid the foundations of the Eternal City. Our guide led us down a flight of steps to a wooden door, which he unlocked. We were in complete darkness, and there was a curious, damp, warm atmosphere about the place not unlike that of a hothouse. A torch was then lit, and we found ourselves in a large chamber with a high roof. From this we were led into nine others. These chambers or caves contain urns and recumbent figures; but the strangest thing in the tomb is one of the ceilings, in the centre of which is a huge Gorgon's head of hideous and startling aspect, in a perfect state of preservation. There are also other furies with ghastly countenances, and snakes darting out their tongues. There is no trace of decay, and the workmanship of the recumbent figures, urns, and horrors shows a considerable amount of skill.

It was like emerging from the dead to get back again into the open air, for this tomb, with its unpleasant atmosphere and grinning monsters, suggests the abode of the evil spirits. Fancy being locked in such a place, and left to the companionship of the snakes and fiends!

At a short distance from the tomb we reached that most historical of all rivers, the Tiber. The scenery at this point is most interesting. Three streams are seen, the Tiber and two of its tributaries, all crossed by pretty bridges. Behind us is a hilly country very fertile and glowing with colour, and in the distance, crowning a great height, Perugia stands, presenting a very bold appearance. In front is a level but rich and luxuriant plain, in the midst of which stands a huge church with a lofty dome, S. Maria degli Angeli. Assisi is as yet some distance off; but some idea of its quaint mediæval character can be gained.

It is at this point also that the intelligent traveller will feel an enthusiasm, for he is approaching a little city, the inaugurator of a religious revival, which in little more than a single generation spread over the whole of Western Christendom—a revival which was one of the indirect causes of the birth of modern art, and which led in a measure to the erection of those glorious Gothic cathedrals and churches, which have never been surpassed.

I said it was a city which was the direct cause of the religious revival, and the indirect cause of the art revival and the "building spirit" of the 13th and 14th centuries; but it is truer to say it was a man, a native of that city, who exerted this influence, and without whom the fame of Assisi might have been confined to the province of Umbria. Francis of Assisi was the most saintly, the most mystical, and the most grandly interesting man of his time. As is well-known, he was the founder of the order of monks known as the Franciscans, or mendicant friars, and whose motto, so to speak, is a triad of virtues—Poverty, obedience, and chastity.

Francis commenced his mission in his native city by preaching on the roadside, and both he and his followers begged their bread from door to door. He afterwards travelled to other cities in Italy and elsewhere, and the impetus which he and his followers gave to religious fervour led to a reformation of morals, which extended from one end of Europe to the other, and this in little more than a single generation.

And the increased religious feeling led to the erections of mighty cathedrals and churches. A glorious sanctuary was built in honour of Francis—the triple church of S. Francesco. Cimabue and his greater pupil Giotto enriched it with their frescoes; Dante sang its praises; it became the sanctuary of early Italian art, and to it flocked for inspiration the great painters of the various Italian schools. Then the propinquity of Perugia to the birthplace of Francis was undoubtedly the cause of the spiritual tendency of the Umbrian painters, and thus this simple man, to whom worldly ambition and worldly greatness were abhorrent, who preached by the wayside and begged for his bread, exerted an influence on the age, greater far than any of his contemporaries, and built for himself a reputation which will probably last till the end of time.

I am anticipating, however, for we are not at present in Assisi, but have just arrived at the important church of S. Maria degli Angeli in the plain, and some little distance from the hill which the city of Francis crowns with such wondrous beauty. A huge and cold-looking church is this S. Maria internally; but when we were there the bareness was not so apparent, for it was crowded with people, distributed in picturesque groups. It must have been a *festa*, for the peasants were attired in their best clothes, and their bright-looking shawls and stuffs added that colour which the church rather lacks.

We soon perceived that there was a central object of attraction—a chapel with a gabled roof, internally black with age, and lighted by suspended lamps. This is the famous chapel of the Porzinucula, in order to build which Francis and his seven first followers begged for money in the streets of Assisi. It has always been and is now an object of extraordinary veneration, and as we approached and gazed at this little foundation, as it were, of Francis's great success, the early history of the man came back to us, and we were reminded how small was the beginning of his eventful career.

Soon after leaving the church of S. Maria we commenced to ascend the hill of Assisi. The view of the city from this steep road is simply superb (see illustration). The great convent of S. Francesco is right above us, and seems to be built on the huge aqueducts which descend to the side of the hill; this, together with the colossal but half ruined walls, battlements, and towers, makes the approach to Assisi so singularly impressive.

Arrived at the summit of the hill, or rather at the convent of S. Francesco, we bade adieu to our driver and entered the cloistered quadrangle leading to the lower, or more properly speaking, the middle church; for S. Francesco consists of three churches, one above the other. This middle church is by far the finest. It is low and dark, solemn and beautiful, and ablaze with frescoes. As will be seen from our illustration, the roof is groined, and there are several tombs, but it is the general effect —dim, religious, and rich—which strikes us most.

By far the finest frescoes are those on the groined roof above the high altar; the subjects of which, it is said, were designed by Dante. These, the masterpieces of Giotto, are divided into four compartments, three of which are emblematical of the vows of the Franciscans—poverty, obedience, and chastity—while the fourth represents Francis in glory!

"Poverty" is Francis being wedded by the Saviour to a poor woman. Two boys are seen mocking her, and on either side of the group angels hover. "Obedience" is not so distinct; it seems to represent a robed figure, supported by two others, putting a yoke over the head of a monk. "Chastity" struck me as the most beautiful. It represents a woman in a strong fortress; Francis with his followers is on one side, and on the other is "Penance" with wings, driving away the three enemies of man—the world, the flesh, and the devil.

From these our readers will see how deeply interesting are the frescoes in the middle church; in fact, it would take days to see them properly. There was a service being conducted in the church when we arrived, and after its conclusion my friend got hold of a monk and requested him to show us the third or lowest church. He took us down a flight of steps into a dark cavernous chapel. The monk then lit a torch, and we discovered the chapel to be small, but the shrine of Francis especially, very magnificent. The monk knelt before it and spoke in a whisper, and showed us in what reverence Francis is still held by his followers.

The upper church is quite different. It is a light and graceful structure, a perfect masterpiece in its way; but bare and without the "dim religious" effect so noticeable in the middle church. The walls of the nave are covered with a double row of frescoes, the upper ones by Cimabue and the lower by Giotto; but they have been "restored," and in such a manner that they are now utterly worthless, and a libel on the memory of the original painters. Better by far that they had been removed altogether.

After visiting the triple church of S. Francesco, we found our way to the inn, and left for the morrow the other sights of Assisi.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOYLESS LAURA.—What was the meaning of the Angels' song on Christmas Eve, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men; for unto you is born a Saviour;" "Behold, we bring you good tidings," &c.? Where is your gratitude? Have you not, through your Blessed Redeemer, the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come? You must be out of health; your liver is out of order, and you probably need a doctor's advice, otherwise we should feel that you needed reproof for shutting yourself up and crying for nothing, amidst so much kindness and attention. Rouse yourself to active, busy employment, and make yourself useful to others; try to lighten their burdens, and leave any little ones of your own at your Saviour's feet, asking His pardon for your ingratitude, and help to realise your advantages and undeserved blessings. Suppose you had a broken back, or were blind and penniless, and had to go to a hospital for incurables?

JOANNA.—The word "Noon" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Non*, in Danish *Noen*, and the Latin *Nona*. With the Romans it was the ninth hour, and the time of making their chief meal. In Danish *None* also means a collation. "Noon" signifies midday, when the sun is in the meridian. We are glad of your goodwill to help our enterprise—the "Girls' Convalescent Home."

LUCY LISTER.—The quotation seems to be from some hymn. It is not from any well-known or standard poet. Englishmen usually give the left arm to a woman, for the same reason that a nurse carries an infant on that arm, leaving the right hand for its use and protection. Foreigners give the right. They also take the right side of the road in driving, while they sit, by a strange contrariety, on the left side of the box.

C. E. FRY.—We are very glad indeed to direct our readers' attention to your society, instituted to awaken and keep up an interest in missionary work. As no subscription for joining is required, anyone could undertake to unite in the daily readings, and we hope that many will send in their addresses to you (Miss Fry, 55, Chepstow Place, Bayswater, W.) The lending of books to those unable to procure them is a great boon, and of the "Missionary Intelligencer." We take this opportunity of directing special attention to the mission to the fleets of the Deep Sea Fisheries, for which, in the spring of 1883, we had all kinds of articles of warm clothing made, amongst which were 1,179 pairs of cuffs and 508 comforters, worked by our girls. We strongly recommend as one of your books for study an account of the Deep Sea Fisheries Mission, given in an illustrated work by Mr. Mather, secretary to the Thames Mission, 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. It is entitled "Nor'ard of the Dogger," and is well illustrated. (Nisbet, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.C.)

THE LIVER.—The meaning of the word "hey" as an adjunct to a name, as "Hackin Hey" and "Lancelot Hey" at Liverpool, signified "a lane." These two old lanes led up to the tithe-barn in Tithebarn Street. Old lanes so called often used to lead up to a monastery. There is "Hollin Hey" near Bolton, where two old lanes meet; and there is a spot called "Hey Brow," between Bolton and Bradshaw, which is at the bend of an ancient lane, now a good road. There is also a place called "Abbey Hey" at Manchester.

DAISY.—We are much obliged by your contribution and your little story, which we have read with interest.

SINCERITY.—The blinds are drawn down until after the funeral is over, in token of respect.

MODESTY.—The verses show much good feeling and some descriptive talent; but they are not very original in thought.

BETH is very anxious that we should inform those of our readers who have had chilblains on the nose or face, that she found touching the unbroken chilblain once or twice a day with a little paraffin on a brush has cured it completely.

TROUBLED ECILA must think less of herself and her feelings, and more of giving pleasure to others.

AGATHA.—You should not pray for a husband. How do you know that it would be for your happiness or your advantage, and not a hindrance to your usefulness and your spiritual life? Perhaps the field of labour which God designs for you is your parents' home. Pray rather that He would clearly point out the work for which He knows you most suited, and to give you wisdom, strength, and grace to do it. May He deign to employ you in however humble a vocation for His glory, as His faithful servant. If He deem you competent to fulfil the duties of a married woman worthily, and have no work for you to do at home, He will provide a suitable husband for you in His own good time. Acting on your own responsibility you cannot expect His blessing.

JENNIE.—We thank you for your subscription. You make an incorrect quotation of a passage in the book of Job. "Oh that one would hear me . . . . and that mine adversary had written a book." (xxxi. 35.)

BEATRICE.—If you want to know what prayers offered in faith are accepted, you must read for yourself, for the Bible itself is our only true guide, teaching us as well in what way and spirit to pray aright. If you wish to work for your heavenly Master's glory, the first thing is to show piety at home, and requite your parents. Over and above that, we advise you to refer to our answer given to "Anna," as you will then learn how to do more outside your home, and this to be both easy and valuable work in the Master's Vineyard. We shall always be glad to hear from you. 2. Flies, grubs, snails, spiders, etc., are all natural food for the magpie. He can find game for himself if you have a garden.

ANNA.—If you desire to do some extra "work for Christ," beyond the sphere of your own home, many fields for usefulness are open to you. The better to learn what they are, we recommend your study of a new book, by one of our staff—"Restful Work for Youthful Hands" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.).

KATIE.—We feel very sorry for your terrible affliction, and do pray that our wise and merciful Father may grant you patience and strength, with that peace which comes from a "mind stayed on Him." We do not believe that any medical advice would do you any good. Accept our best thanks for the welcome contribution of "nineteen stamps" for the good cause in hand.

MARY.—Although your brother may be "a lawyer," it does not follow that he must exactly know what he means by using the phrase, "nine points of the law." There are nine good things generally requisite to ensure your gaining your cause; which are said to be, "a good deal of money, and as much of patience, a good cause, lawyer, counsel, judge, jury, witnesses, and luck." You might, however, gain a cause without being in possession of the whole list of "points" connected with the trial. As to solicitors' fees, amounting to 13s. 4d., 6s. 8d., and 3s. 4d., the explanation is easy; for these sums severally represent the old mark, half-mark, and quarter-mark, in use in very early times. The regulation of these fixed fees dates back to several centuries ago.

LANCASHIRE WITCH.—To clean black cloth, and remove grease and other stains, take some Fullers' earth and pearlash, moisten with lemon-juice, mix well and form into balls, and scour the cloth with them.

CUMBERLAND LASSIE.—We much approve of your whole conduct so far, and of your plans for regaining your former position in life. Apprentice yourself by all means; and when you have, through God's blessing, obtained a better position, you may be able to help the less wise and thrifty. We thank you for your own and Miss Gibson's subscription to the Home of Rest.

VERDIGRIS.—The small coins seem to be of Trajan, Constantine, and Augustus Cæsar. We could not give a valuation unless we knew their condition. But it is not of very great worth.

SONNET.

LEGEND OF THE HEARTSEASE.

SWEET English flower of legendary fame,
'Tis said that Cupid's bold, unerring dart
Sped from his bow with such quick subtle aim,
Wounding so deep the centre of thy heart,
That gave thy bloom the rich deep tones it wears;
No other flower in this with thee compares.

"First 'love in idleness' yclept, then *pensées* sweet,
'Twas idle love made me grieve dolefully,"
The flower replied; "still, I'd space most meet
For purest thought, and struggling to be free,
Heartsease I found, and this, my sobriquet
And *nom de guerre* will ever with me stay;
Since love and heartsease seldom are true friends,
I'll live alone till heaven a worthy lover sends."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 439.] MAY 26, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

All rights reserved.] "THERE WAS AN ORDEAL OF QUESTIONING AND IDENTIFICATION TO BE GONE THROUGH."

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

THE big bright kitchen was all in commotion.

Jenny rushing off to her mistress for a restorative, ran against her in the doorway.

Kneeling on the hearth by the side of the long oak settle, that must have been coeval with the farm, was red-armed Hephzibah, stripping the clothes off a boy about the age of Bob, who lay there, still and white, stiff and cold almost as a corpse; Mr. Heathfield hindering rather than helping in his endeavour to find a pulse.

Roger, the farming lad, was hurrying in with a heaped can of freshly-gathered snow, and leaning over the tall back of the settle was the shepherd in his greasy smock, with a look of trouble and compassion on his homely countenance. He was saying, "When I got to the hut, there, lying on the varry fleeces as I'd gone to fetch, I found this young chap all in a heap, wi' snow frozen on his cap an' his coat, an' my heart came into my mouth, for I thought as he mun be dead too. I lifts him up, an' takes him to the door in a fright, an' then I puts my ear to his mouth, an' I think I feels his breath. So I ups an' brings him here as fast as the drifts an' clogging snow 'ud let me. Happen, mestur, after a while, you'll come an' see what's to be done wi' the other. I left Goodlad tending him."

What was it struck Miss Pringle's heart with such a sudden chill? Why did she stop short and look from one to the other with so dazed and blank a countenance?

"What other?" she gasped, pressing her hands upon her breast, and fixing the shepherd with a searching gaze.

The honest man, who knew nothing of the little lady's hopes and expectations, took her expression for ordinary curiosity or pity, and blurted out, "Whoy a poor fellow as Goodlad an' me found dead in the snow on the moor not a mile from here. Goodlad sniffed an' sniffed, an' then set off toward a bit of black atop o' th' snow, an' then began scraping the snow away like mad. I thought it was the sheep as was lost, but it was a man, an' not a poor body, for he'd a good thick coat and black gloves, an' a crape round his hat. I reckon th' lad here wor summat to him, they're as like as two peas in a pod."

Miss Pringle dropped into a chair as if she had been shot.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she gasped, covering her face with both her hands. "Oh, Hubert, is this the end after all these long years?" and her small frame shook as with a convulsive spasm.

The shepherd stared at her, but there was such a bustle in the kitchen she was scarcely heeded. Hephzibah rubbing the boy's frozen limbs with snow; Mr. Heathfield dropping a restorative from a teaspoon down his throat; Mrs. Heathfield hurrying in with blankets for Jenny to heat at the fire; Mabel and Bob eager to look on, first here, then there, in everybody's way; no one but half-frightened Phillis lingering near the inner door and clinging to her suddenly-smitten godmother.

The tender-hearted child glanced from one to another bewildered. The trickling tears and the bowed head told her that something was wrong. Her own tears were ready to start; a small arm went creeping round her godmother's neck, with infinite sympathy in its touch. She whispered low—

"Are you sorry for the poor boy, godmother? So am I, very sorry; but don't cry. He's not dead. He will be better soon. Hepsy says he's coming to himself. Oh, don't cry, don't. You make me cry, too."

Still the little lady's tears flowed silently, and Phillis, looking piteous, cried in compassion for a sorrow she could not comprehend.

Presently Mr. Heathfield straightened his bent back. "There, he'll do now. Wrap the hot blanket well round him, Hepsy, and I'll carry him to the parlour sofa. He'll be better there than in a cold bedroom, and be out of draughts."

"Yes, master, and I'll have some nice hot whey ready for him in a jiffey. That will drive out the cold and feed him too," responded the rough but warm-hearted woman.

Just then, as he was preparing to carry off the boy, the shepherd touched him on the shoulder.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I'll come and release Goodlad directly." But he turned as the man glanced and pointed across the kitchen.

In another moment he was by Miss Pringle's side.

"Why, what is this?" he cried. "Tears! The boy is all right now. With good nursing he will be fresh as a daisy in a day or two."

"But Hubert?" gasped Miss Pringle behind her trembling hands.

The farmer started. The coincidence had not struck him before.

"Hush, hush," said he, as if soothing a child. "Don't jump to conclusions so hastily. These unfortunates may be strangers. For your sake I hope so."

The hope was annihilated. The boy, reviving, looked round, and in a faint voice asked, "Where—am I? Where's—father?"

"Who is your father?" then put Mrs. Heathfield, interrogatively.

For a moment the ticking of the great clock alone broke the stillness; then in scarcely audible tones came the faltered reply, "Mr.—Under—wood."

"Why!" ejaculated Hephzibah aghast, "that's him as Miss Pr——" And then she stopped short, called to her master abruptly that "the lad was ready," and told Jenny afterwards she "felt as if she could have bitten the end of her tongue off."

To the surprise of all, Miss Pringle rose from her seat, took Phillis by the hand, seemed to choke down her tears with a strong mastery over her feelings, and followed the farmer and his burden down the wide passage to the warm living-room, or parlour.

"Pardon me, Mr. Heathfield," she said, "if I permitted my feelings to prevail over my duty. If it has pleased God in His inscrutable providence to take my Hubert to Himself, He has preserved Hubert's son for me to console and cherish. Duty should be paramount over tears."

And while Phillis and Mabel looked on with wide, wondering eyes, she set herself resolutely to her task; adjusted the boy's pillow, covered him with rugs, fed him with the hot whey, and when he fell asleep, soothed by the farmer's assurance that he was "going to look for his father," she sat and watched him with patient face, as if her weeping had been done long years before.

Presently, as he continued to sleep, she took up her sewing, and then Phillis, seated on a hassock by the fireside, looking wistfully from one to the other, broke the silence by asking in an undertone—

"Is this the little boy you expected?"

"Yes, my dear, and we shall have to be very kind to him and love him, for he has neither mother nor father now to love or care for him."

"I will love him if he will let me, and not call me names. What is his name?"

A moment's pause, as if to gather strength, before the answer, "Underwood."

"Oh, but the other name, his own name?"

"He will tell you when he is awake. Probably Hubert."

"Why?"

"That was his father's name."

Then they lapsed into silence, the young head as busy with perplexing thought as that of the elder whose long watch she sat and shared; while out in the farmyard Bob and Mabel pelted each other with snowballs, and laughed their loudest; and while the farmer and his men tramped through the thick snow on the moor, in the track of the shepherd's footprints, towards a fresh and unwelcome discovery.

They came across other footsteps besides the shepherd's, as if two men had walked abreast, but as there was a short cut across the moor from the Upland Lane to Little Woolton, no surprise was manifested, even when the tracks met the line the shepherd had taken back to the farm.

But there was consternation in their

midst when no Goodlad barked in answer to their calls, and they found the faithful collie soaked in blood beside the dead man he had striven in vain to guard. He had been shot by some dastardly hand, that had not scrupled to rifle the pockets of the dead, or to strip the body of its overcoat.

It was a doubly lamentable sight. The rough shepherd wiped his eyes with the back of his brown hand, lamenting with tears the loss of his brute companion, the sagacious guardian of his flock, all the heavy way they retrod with dog and man both on the same unhinged door. To him the dog was everything, the dead stranger comparatively nothing.

There were, however, two at the Upland Farm to whom the man had been everything, the dog nothing. Two to whom the rifling of the dead man's pockets was of serious import, changing the current of many lives. The one, sleeping hour after hour all unconscious of his irreparable loss; the other, watching by his couch all through that day and far into the night, tracing in the lineaments of the slumberer another face remembered only too well, and praying in her heart of hearts for strength to break to him the sad intelligence of his father's untimely end.

She had borne the fatal news Mr. Heathfield brought far better than he had expected. The first shock had found her unprepared, but that frail and diminutive body leaned on an unseen Arm, and carried her sorrows to that invisible Comforter who could alone sustain her.

And whilst the boy slept, and Miss Pringle watched to moisten his lips, secure a slipping rug, or keep the fire ablaze, stitching resolutely between whiles, answering the low-voiced questions put to her by Phillis and the rest, the child sat and regarded her as well as the boy, retiring to rest most reluctantly with Mabel at bedtime.

So through the night did Miss Pringle keep her solitary watch, refusing all companionship.

Hephzibah, however, indemnified herself for rejected service by a night's rest on the kitchen settle, "to be nigh hand if wanted."

It was about four in the morning when she awoke with the sound of crying and sobbing, and of voices from the parlour audible in the stillness of the hour.

She crept along the entrance hall in her stocking-feet, and when after listening awhile she quietly put in her touzled red head at the door, she beheld Miss Pringle kneeling by the side of the couch, the weeping boy's head upon her shoulder, and her tender arms clasping him in close embrace.

The boy's utterance was low and choked with sobs, but the listener caught the broken words, "Then—are—you—the—lady—father said—was to be—my new mother?"

"Yes, my poor boy, and please God, I *will* be a mother to you. If God has taken both your parents to Himself, He has not left you alone. He has brought you to me that we may wipe away each other's tears."

The rough woman slunk away as if it would be profanation to intrude on such a scene without due cause. Yet ere long she reappeared with a small basin of strong broth into which she had chopped the breast of a chicken, her only apology being, "Th' lad must be famishing;" her gratification at its disappearance being only commensurate with her satisfaction that "Little Miss Pringle had broken his awful loss to the poor lad and saved them all a world of bother."

Breakfast time brought the children to make acquaintance with "Hubert Underwood," not yet strong enough to run about; and though Bob and Mabel had laughed when Phillis told them gravely they were to "be kind to him and love him," they set themselves assiduously to amuse him, Bob bringing his humming-top, his bricks, and his tin-soldiers; Mabel her best wax-doll and her china tea-set for the purpose. He was, however, too languid, and his grief too new for dissipation by toys or games. He looked on as they were set in array before him, but he sighed and his eyes were full of tears. Phillis, whose toys had been broken in her absence, simply laid her thin, small hand pityingly on his, and he seemed to feel the sympathetic touch, for he took it in his own and kept it there, as if he were glad of some one to cling to.

He grew more cheerful as he grew stronger. But before his strength had fully returned, there was an ordeal of questioning and identification to be gone through that tried both Hubert and Miss Pringle to the uttermost, as the patience and temper of Farmer Heathfield were tried.

It was not pleasant to have a crowd of curious people, from Squire Sheperton to the village constable and the coroner, coming at untimely hours, asking unseasonable questions and interrupting the general work of the farm; to say nothing of the perplexing consideration of funeral expenses and the future maintenance of the dead man's son, seeing that, except a miniature in a locket, no property or papers of any kind had been found with the body—that of a fine, stalwart man in the very prime of life.

Questioned by the coroner and others, Hubert had answered—

"My father left our boxes at a big railway station in London to be taken care of. He only brought a few clothes and things in a black bag. He carried that in his hand when we got out of the train at the last station. It was Little—something, I don't remember what. Yes, he was carrying it when he left the coach-road to cross a rough brown clearing he called a moor, where there was nothing but grass and shrub. He said it was the nearest way to Miss Pringle's. Yes, he seemed to know his way from the station across the moor; but when the snow came on so thick it covered up the track, and blinded us besides, and it made it so hard to lift up our feet. We walked and we walked till I could go no farther. Then father took me up to carry me as well as the bag. But he could not carry me far; I was so heavy he had to let me drop. He set up a shout when we came upon the shanty, and he told me he must have lost his way, but he knew where he was then, and if I would lie down and rest he would soon bring some one to carry me from a farmhouse he knew. He struck a match to light his pipe, and then he saw the fleeces in the corner, and said they would keep me warm. And I was so sleepy I was glad to do as he told me; but I never saw him again. No, father was not a poor man. He had a handful of gold and silver in one pocket, and a lot of bank-notes and letters in a pocket-book; and he had a gold watch and a ring besides."

All this was told disjointedly and with tears. It only proved that they must have wandered in a circle; that Mr. Underwood had finally succumbed or sunk into a drift, and that he had been stripped not merely of money but of the means of communication with his friends in Australia, the boy knowing only the name of his father's farm, Roughet Run.

After the verdict, "Found dead in the snow," came up two questions for discussion. "How were the plunderers to be traced?" "What was to be done with either the dead or the living Hubert Underwood?"

Squire Sheperton, as the nearest magistrate, took the former business in charge. He also suggested a subscription to bury the dead, and an orphanage for the boy.

Miss Pringle peremptorily ignored both propositions. To the amazement of everybody, she undertook both responsibilities.

"Nonsense!" cried Farmer Heathfield, irritably. "We cannot suffer you to burden yourself so foolishly. Think of the sacrifices it will involve. People will say you are crazy."

"Possibly some people may. But that is my affair. I have a few pounds put by that will serve for present purposes. And with prudence I may probably pull on to the end without parsimony, even with poor Hubert's son to provide for. I should deserve to die penniless and unprotected if I permitted this precious opportunity to pass."

She drew herself up stiffly, and spoke in her quiet way with a prompt decision there was no gainsaying.

Farmer Heathfield shook his head, Squire Sheperton shrugged his shoulders, and all Shepperley was "astounded," but Miss Pringle "pursued her own path."

(To be continued.)

THE ART NEEDLEWORK OF BRITTANY.

I VENTURE to think my readers will forgive me if on this occasion I forego my intention of giving another paper on English art needlework.

During a recent delightful sojourn in Brittany my attention was so frequently drawn to the art work of the country, that I felt sure the lovers of embroidery in England would be interested in it, and so took every opportunity of studying the subject, and making myself acquainted with the various and distinct forms in which the work is executed.

FIG. 1.

The ladies of France have always been famous for their skill and taste in the art of needlework, especially those of the province of Normandy, which is honoured by the possession of the world-celebrated Bayeau tapestry, of which we have a perfect replica in the South Kensington Museum. And the many specimens extant—specimens often probably worked by noble Norman ladies and their attendant demoiselles—bear ample testimony to the industry which accompanied the skill.

In a bedroom of a quaint old hotel at Dinan I observed a very curious example of French needlework, but whether peculiar in style to Brittany or not I cannot tell. At first I took it to be a roughly-executed picture about twenty-four to thirty-six inches in size. It was a group of numerous figures, and the subject was difficult to interpret. A closer examination of the work proved it to be executed throughout in needlework, and almost entirely in the same stitch—tent or cross-stitch—in uniform rows, which covered even the background. The faces and hands were inserted very neatly, and were of white velvet, cleverly painted with (as far as I could judge) water-colour paint. The hair, of various shades of brown, was worked in French knots, and very much resembled wigs. I could not at all determine to what age this curious work belonged, the colours being quite fresh; but judging from the costumes of the figures depicted in the group, it must have been of rather ancient date. It was framed in black wood with a gilt beading, and hung on the wall after the manner of a painting. The figure embroidery, which is one of the national art forms of Brittany, is quite distinct from the work I have described, and is certainly the lowest and least artistic of the three different styles of art needlework.

Of this figure embroidery I give examples in designs Nos. 1 and 2.

It is mostly done on cloth, but occasionally on linen, and is used for bags, mats, and all manner of small articles. It did not, I must confess, appear to me by any means attractive, its chief recommendation being that it gives a very good idea of national costume. It is solidly worked throughout in chain-stitch in rather crude coloured silk, and roughly shaded; the faces and hands, like those in the piece of work I have mentioned above, are of skilfully inserted scraps of white velvet, on which the features, as a rule remarkably ugly, are rudely indicated in water-colour.

These two specimens, worked on black cloth, are such as would be used for bags, mats, or wall-pockets.

Figure 3 is a much prettier style of work, and a great deal of it is to be found in the shops of gay little Breton towns. It is called Quimper embroidery, from the town to which it specially belongs; it is mostly applied to slippers and the trimmings of dresses, and is usually worked in various shades of gold-coloured silk. The designs are mostly geometrical, and the entire surface is closely covered with work, the greater part of which is in satin-stitch, but workers with sufficient taste and skill introduce other stitches, and give a very artistic effect to the work.

The slipper, of which I give a sketch, is worked on brown cloth in shades of brown and gold; the centre of each geometrical figure is filled in with French knots, then come two rows of satin-stitch in different shades, whilst the tips or caps of the diamond patterns are in buttonhole-stitch.

FIG. 2.

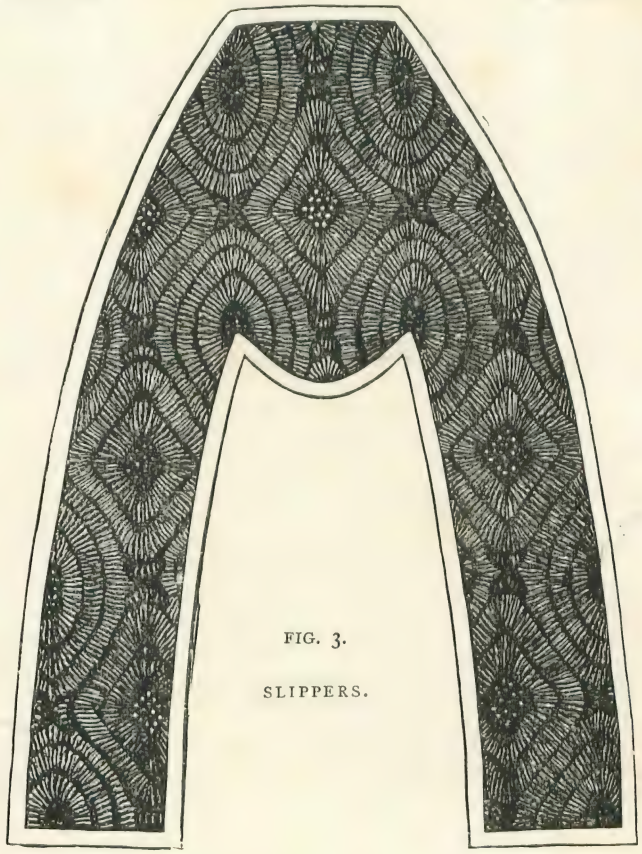


FIG. 3.

SLIPPERS.

Many of the English ladies resident in Brittany are adepts in this work, and apply it successfully to the waistcoats, collars, cuffs, panels, etc., of dresses, for which it makes a most effective trimming, and which we feel sure our girls could easily design and work for themselves.

The same town of Quimper has also a special manufacture of china, which is even prettier than the embroidery.

Fig. 4 is the last and much the handsomest form of Brittany needlework, and approaches more nearly to real art than either of the other two. It comes chiefly from Bas Breton (Lower Brittany), and the best specimens of it are quite equal, both in design and execution, to Oriental and Moresque productions.

The shawl-patterned woollen material which is so common is often used for the groundwork. The designs of these are generally good, and skilful workers use strips of them for borders and trimmings of all sorts, quite covering the stuff with rich and harmonious silk embroidery, whilst at the same time the characteristic pattern is retained. All manners of stitches are introduced, satin-chain and stem-stitch, and one corresponding to our feather, or long and short stitch, whilst the different parts are linked together, and the details filled up with the most intricate old lace stitches. For table-cloths, mantel valances, and all important pieces of work, the designs are traced on cloth, but the needlework is carried out in the same manner, and they still preserve the characteristic "shawl pattern."

A great number of brilliant and delicate shades of silk are worked into them, gold

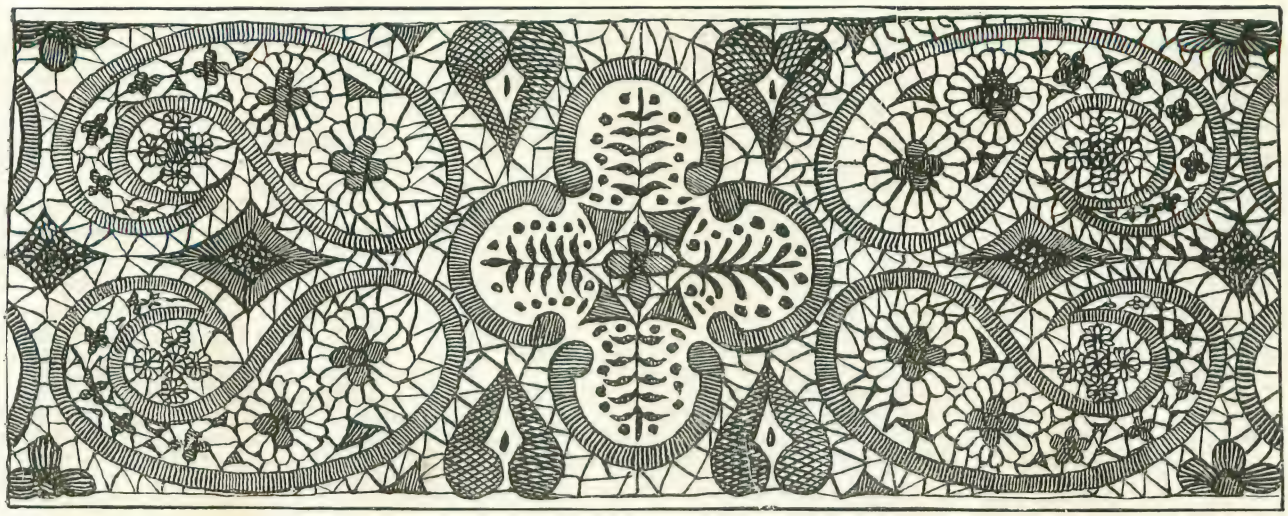


FIG. 4.

colours often predominating. Here and there I noticed Japanese gold thread introduced, but I do not think this is legitimately used for the real national work. As I remarked before, English ladies have taken it up, and whilst they have in many ways improved it, they have also practised some innovations with, I venture to think, questionable results. The pattern I give may be worked as it is for a dress trimming, or enlarged to the size of a mantel valance. It is for this I intended it; black or brown cloth would do for the ground, and it should be embroidered in red, gold, blue, and green; very pale shades should accentuate the lights, which, if cleverly put in, will bring out the little diamond and triangular bits till they have quite a gem-like appearance.

Every detail of the design should be linked together and filled up with various lace-like stitches, the choice of which may be left to the worker, as also the colours used.

It seemed to me that no special plan was laid for the colouring of these beautiful pieces of needlework, but that the embroidress works them out according to her own fancy as she goes on, two patterns being seldom to be found alike, or if fundamentally alike the colours and mode of treatment make them look quite different. I am sure that any of our girls with a taste for embroidery could easily design from an old Indian or Persian shawl a border or corner in this style, and carry it out successfully in needlework; and articles so treated are really most successful from an artistic point of view.

It was not in the shops that I found the best specimens, but in the homes of English ladies, who had worked wonders in the form of table-covers, cushions, mantel valances, etc., the rich and harmonious colouring of which had quite an Oriental appearance.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

THIS was the eighth meeting for talking things over of our three friends.

The first of the short poems set down for reading during the month had been "The Splendid Shilling" of John Philips.

"It is a mock heroic poem," remarked Lucy, "written in imitation of the verse of 'Paradise Lost.' Philips is said to have composed it by way of warning to a college friend who had not learned the value of keeping a shilling in his pocket."

"Speaking of his imitation of Milton," observed Edith, "I may as well read you this criticism on 'The Splendid Shilling' by Dr. Johnson: 'To degrade the sounding words and stately construction of Milton,' he says, 'by an application to the lowest and most trivial things, gratifies the mind with a momentary triumph over that grandeur which hitherto held its captives in admiration. The words and things are presented with a new appearance, and novelty is always grateful where it gives no pain. But the merit of such performances begins and ends with the first author.'"

"No doubt," said Florence, in a tone of disapproval, "Philips' imitation is very clever, but he was quite wrong in trying to imitate on such a subject."

The other poem they had read was "The Cry of the Children," by Mrs. Browning—the first amongst the poetesses of our country.

"It is a poem," said Edith, "which helped to quicken legislation for the well-being of factory children, who had been left uncared for and untaught, just as Tom Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' roused public interest in the pitiful condition of overworked needlewomen."

"'The Cry of the Children' has less power than 'The Song of the Shirt,'" said Lucy. "It is rather long-drawn out for one thing, but it has been very truly observed that it forms a striking illustration of Mrs. Browning's keen feeling and eloquent power as a philanthropist. She felt for all who are in any way crushed or bruised by the pressure of society, and of social distinctions or of social misfortunes."

"Galt," remarked Florence, the conversation turning now on the novel they had read, "is generally called an imitator of Scott, but the 'Annals of the Parish,' which we have just finished, existed in manuscript before 'Waverley' was published."

"The other day," said Edith, "I read an interesting notice of Galt by Mr. Thomas Gilray, in the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' 'Galt's humour,' Mr. Gilray remarks, 'is broader and more contagious than Scott's, and his pictures of the sleepy life of old Scottish towns are unrivalled in literature.' 'As Galt,' he adds, 'is pre-eminently an illustrator of West-country Scottish life, his range may be said to be narrower than Scott's; but within it he is supreme. It would be difficult

to overrate the immense services which Galt has rendered alike to the history of the manners and to the history of the language of the Scottish people.'"

"That is a correct estimate of him," remarked Florence, who had a keen relish for everything Scotch. "You two ought to pursue the reading of Galt's novels; at least, you ought never to rest contented till you have read 'The Ayrshire Legatees,' 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' 'The Entail,' 'The Provost,' and 'Lawrie Todd.'"

"Of the novel we have read," said Edith, "Mr. Gilray expresses a high opinion. 'The Annals of the Parish,' he says, 'is a splendid picture of the old-fashioned Scottish pastor and the life of a country parish; and in rich humour, genuine pathos, and truth to nature, it is unsurpassed even by Scott.'"

Thackeray's delightful "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," the biographical work they had read, Lucy mentioned had been originally delivered as a series of lectures, not only in England and Scotland, but in the United States.

"What sort of a lecturer was Thackeray, I wonder?" said Florence.

"Anthony Trollope," answered Lucy, "in his 'Life of Thackeray,' says he was told that 'he pounded along—very clearly.' From which, Trollope observes, 'I surmise that there was no special grace of eloquence, but that he was always audible. I cannot imagine that he should have been ever eloquent. He could not have taken the trouble necessary with his voice, with his cadences, or with his outward appearance.'"

A great deal of information had been collected by the three friends on the South Sea Bubble, the most monstrous commercial folly of modern times. They had also finished the "Geology" primer of Mr. Geikie, and learned to play to perfection, at least so each of them made-believe, Mendelssohn's graceful and melodious Fantasia in E major, known as the "Rivulet."

"This charming piece," said Florence, "was composed in Scotland, when, in 1829, Mendelssohn visited that land of pleasant streams."

"I have met with this criticism of it," remarked Edith. "'Its form,' says the writer, 'is as regular and symmetrical as that of an *andante* by Mozart or Dussek, and the poetical significance of its title is as evident from the beginning as that of the second movement in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which conveys the great "tone-poet's" impressions while slowly wandering by the brook side—abstract music, in short, requiring no extraneous aids to make it immediately felt and understood.'"

"The sound of running water has apparently an inspiring influence on poets and musicians," said Florence, and she repeated these lines from Burns—

> "The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel' he learned to wander
> Adown some burnie's sweet meander,
> And no think 't lang."

The calendar of foods in season, the study of the important subject of ventilation and fresh air, and the essay on "Seizing Opportunities," had filled up the rest of the girls' spare time for the month, and when they had spoken about these items in their programme they set to work arranging for the future.

The programme for June was soon settled, as instead of discussing each item separately they adopted a plan which had occurred to Lucy:—each one wrote her suggestions on a slip of paper, and then they drew lots as to whose list of subjects was to be chosen. This appeal to fortune ended in the adoption of the list drawn up by Florence, which was as follows:—

In poetry, Florence's choice had fallen on the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," by Thomas Gray, and "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Lord Byron.

The work of fiction they were to read was Thackeray's famous "Vanity Fair."

The biographical subject was a good one, "The Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold," by Dean Stanley.

Their historical reading was to be illustrative of that great event in the Scottish war of independence—the battle of Bannockburn.

In science they were to begin the primer on "Chemistry," by Sir Henry E. Roscoe.

The selection in the field of music was Brahms's Rhapsodie in B minor, op. 79.

They were to prepare the usual calendar of foods in season, and to study as a special domestic economy subject how food is adulterated.

The subject of the essay was to be "a few reasons for self-reliance."

Here follow the thoughts for each day of the month—on cheerfulness and content, this time—and the useful and suggestive anniversary calendar for the month of June.

Thoughts on Cheerfulness and Content for the Girls' Year.

I. *A sign of wisdom.* The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—*Montaigne.*

II. *Advantages of cheerfulness.* Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose. It enables nature to recruit its strength, whereas worry and discontent debilitate it, involving constant wear and tear.

III. *The seat of happiness.*

True happiness is to no place confined,
But still is found with a contented mind.

IV. *On life's journey.* Since time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honour him with mirth and cheerfulness while he his passing.—*Goethe.*

V. *Health and disease.* Cheerfulness is health; the opposite melancholy is disease.—*Haliburton.*

VI. *The best cordial.* Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits, wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.—*Fuller.*

VII. *A useful art.* The art of happiness is the art of limiting one's wants.

VIII. *In praise of mirth.*

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine or sleep or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

IX. *Occasional amusement.* The mind ought sometimes to be amused that it may the better return to thought and to itself.—*Phædrus.*

X. *Rational enjoyment.* Whilst you are on earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy and wish yourself in heaven.—*Selden.*

XI. *Keeping up one's spirits.*

Confide ye aye in providence, for providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind;
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.
—James Ballantyne.

XII. *Other people.* If one only wished to be happy this would be readily accomplished, but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.—*Montesquieu.*

XIII. *Perpetual cheerfulness secured.* She who lives under a habitual sense of the Divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper.

XIV. *Small attentions and kind words.* If you compute the sum of human happiness in any given day you will find that it was composed of small attentions and kind words, which made the heart swell and stirred into health that sour, rancid film of misanthropy which is apt to coagulate upon the stream of our inward life, as surely as we live in heart apart from our fellow creatures.

XV. *The best pleasures.* The most delicate and the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—*La Bruyère.*

XVI. *Cheerful looks.*

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.
—Massinger.

XVII. *A difficulty.* The difficult part of good temper consists in forbearance and accommodation to the ill-humour of others.—*Empson.*

XVIII. *Low diet.* Grumbling is food of little nourishment.—*Icelandic Proverb.*

XIX. *Anxiety of mind.* I shall add to my list as the eighth deadly sin, that of anxiety of mind, and resolve not to be pining and miserable when I ought to be grateful and happy.—*Sir Thomas Barnard.*

XX. *Not expensive.* True happiness is cheap, did we apply to the right merchant for it.

XXI. *Pleased with everything.* Learn to be pleased with everything: with wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty for not having much to care for; and with obscurity for being unenvied.—*Plutarch.*

XXII. *Innocent and quiet minds.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Or iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.—*Lovelace.*

XXIII. *Always occupied.* Fit objects to employ the intervals of time are amongst the greatest aids to contentment that any one can possess.—*Helps.*

XXIV. *Their own fault.* Whenever people get out of happiness and ease into wretchedness and disease, it is almost always sure to be their own fault and the result of their own doings.

XXV. *Doing good.* Doing good is the only certain happy act of one's life.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

XXVI. *In joy and sorrow.* Enjoy the blessings of the day if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for the day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

XXVII. *The true philosopher.* It is easy to be merry when the heart is light, but the true philosopher is she who can make sunshine on a cloudy day.

XXVIII. *Consolation.*

Tell her who is oppressed with care, that it will pass away:
As happiness passeth away, so passeth away anxiety.—*From the Arabic.*

XXIX. *Truly contented.*—Though I have nothing here that may give me true content, yet I will learn to be truly contented here with what I have. What care I though I have not much? I have as much as I desire if I have as much as I want. I have as much as the most if I have as much as I desire.—*Warwick.*

XXX. *The joyful traveller.*

With motives pure and heart that's gay
Man travels quickly on his way.—*Goethe.*

June Anniversaries of the Girls' Year.

1. Anne of Brittany, born in 1476. She was the daughter of the last Duke of Brittany. In 1491 she was forced to marry Charles VIII. of France, and thus the duchy was annexed to the French crown.

2. Madelaine de Scudéry, died in 1701. She was very plain, but had wit and good sense, and during the last half of the seventeenth century was acknowledged as the first blue-stocking of France and of the world. Amongst her celebrated, interminable and decorous romances are "Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus," "Clélie," "Ibrahim, ou l'Illustre Bassa," and "Almahide."

3. Frances Ridley Havergal, who by her writings in prose and verse "being dead yet speaketh," died in 1879. Her last moments are thus described by her sister: "She looked up steadfastly as if she saw the Lord; and surely nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes we watched that almost visible meeting with the King, and her countenance was so glad, as if she were already talking to Him. Then she tried to sing, but after one sweet high note, 'He'— her voice failed; and as her brother commended her soul into her Redeemer's hand she passed away."

4. Margaret Roper, the eldest and favourite daughter of Sir Thomas More, born in 1508. She was well skilled in Greek, Latin, and other languages, proficient in the arts and sciences, as then known, and a woman of great determination and strength of character.

5. Shakspeare's eldest daughter Susanna, who seems to have inherited something of her father's genius, married in 1607. She married Dr. John Hall, a medical man of more than average knowledge and ability, who had a considerable practice in the neighbourhood of Stratford, and who was deservedly held in high repute.

6. Valeria, Empress of Rome, daughter of the Emperor Diocletian, beheaded in 315. She married Galerius in 292, but after his death was sentenced to exile, and subsequently executed.

7. Madame Junot, afterwards Duchesse d'Abrantes, died in 1838. She married Junot, one of Napoleon's devoted officers, "a blustering but loveable creature with a pugnacious disposition." After her husband's death she devoted herself with much zeal to literature, taking social recollections from her own life as her chief subject.

8. Mademoiselle Natalie Janotha, a well-known pianoforte player, born at Warsaw in 1856, her father being a professor at the Conservatorium there. She studied under Madame Schumann, and made her first appearance in England in April, 1874. Her birthday by a pleasant coincidence is the same as that of Robert Schumann, that celebrated composer having been born on the 8th of June, 1810.

9. Elizabeth of Austria, wife of Charles IX. of France, born in 1555. When sixteen years old she was granted in marriage to Charles, who had not long passed his twentieth year. After her husband's death in 1574 her life was devoted to pious exercises, deeds of charity, and literary pursuits.

10. Clara Anastasia Novello, a famous singer, born in 1818. Her greatest successes were in oratorio, particularly in devotional songs, and "she enjoys the distinction of having drawn praise from Charles Lamb, notwithstanding his insensibility to music."

11. Caterina Fieschi Adorni, Italian poetess and philanthropist, born in 1447.

12. Angelica Catalani, vocalist, died at Paris in 1849. Her voice was one of extraordinary purity, force, and compass, going with a sweet clear tone to G in altissimo, and she had also great velocity and correctness of execution. She was as remarkable for the simplicity and purity of her manners as for her piety, modesty, and generosity.

13. Fanny Burney, afterwards Madame d'Arblay, born in 1752. Speaking of her as a novel writer Lord Macaulay says:—"Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble promise of letters."

14. Ayesha, the most beloved of all the wives of Mahomet, born in 611. All Mahomet's wives singularly enough were widows, excepting only Ayesha. Her youth, beauty, and spirit gave her a superior position over the others; she was not only beloved but trusted by the prophet, and after his death she was long revered as the mother of the faithful.

15. Blanche, Lady Arundel, born in 1583. She is famous for the courage and spirit with which she defended Wardour Castle against the Parliamentary army during the Civil Wars in the reign of Charles I. Aided by a few men, she held the castle for nine days, and then delivered it up on honourable terms.

16. Agrippina, the daughter of Agrippa and wife of Germanicus, born B.C. 12. She was among the most illustrious ladies of Rome. Her virtues and her faults assumed alike a masculine character. After her death, by voluntary starvation, in 33, Tiberius ordered the day which gave her birth to be placed in the catalogue of those that were accounted unfortunate.

17. The Countess of Huntingdon, leader of a sect of Calvinistic Methodists, died in 1791. She exercised an active and even an autocratic superintendence over her chapels and chaplains, and maintained her position "as well by her genuine earnest piety and force of character as by her high social position and generous liberality."

18. Henriette Sontag, Countess Rossi, a famous singer, died in 1854. Her beauty, charming voice, and exquisite style excited sometimes the most extravagant admiration. At Göttingen on one occasion her carriage was thrown into the river by the enthusiastic crowd, no one being deemed worthy to use it after her. Her marriage to Count Rossi was singularly happy. "Rossi," says her brother, Carl Sontag, "made my sister happy in the truest sense of the word. Up to the day of her death they loved each other as on their wedding-day."

19. Henriette Clémentine Lalande, vocalist, born in 1798. After acquiring a great reputation she came in 1830 to England. Much was expected of her, but, according to Mr. Chorley, "she arrived in this country too late," and gave little satisfaction.

20. Accession of Queen Victoria in 1837. William IV. died at Windsor Castle at about half-past two on the morning of this day, and the crown passed to the Princess Victoria, who had only four weeks before celebrated her eighteenth birthday. On this day, after she had held her first council, Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk to the Council, writes: "Nothing can be more favourable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do."

21. Madame Mary Bruneau des Loges, a distinguished Frenchwoman, born in 1579. She was remarkable for her talents and her zeal for the Protestant religion. Towards the close of her life she experienced many domestic afflictions, which she supported with exemplary fortitude.

22. Catherine Macaulay, historian, died in 1791. "Catherine," says J. Wilson Croker, "though now forgotten by an ungrateful public, made quite as much noise in her day as Thomas [Macaulay] does in ours." Dr. Wilson, the rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, carried his admiration of Mrs. Macaulay so far that he placed her statue, while she was still living, in his church.

23. Mary Tudor, Queen of France and daughter of Henry VII. of England, died in 1533. She married Louis XII. of France in 1514.

24. Mary Lecksinska, Queen of France and daughter of Stanislaus, King of Poland, died in 1768. She was as famous for her good deeds as for her high position. "The most beautiful feature in the character of this good queen," says one of her biographers, "was her deep sense of the patriarchal character of royalty, and the fidelity with which she carried out this touching and holy feeling."

25. Placidia, Roman Empress, born in 389. She was the daughter of Theodosius the Great.

26. Josephina Grassini, a contralto vocalist, born in Lombardy in 1773, of very humble parents. De Quincey, speaking of her voice, says it was "delightful beyond all that he had ever heard."

27. Harriet Martineau, author, died in 1876. In an auto-biographical sketch she with truth and candour thus criticises her own abilities: "Her original power was nothing more than was due to earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. With small imaginative and suggestive powers, and, therefore, nothing approaching to genius, she could see clearly what she did see, and give a clear expression to what she had to say. In short, she could popularise while she could neither discover nor invent."

28. Queen Victoria, crowned in 1838, in Westminster Abbey. Half-a-million of Her Majesty's subjects, it is said, flocked from the country to London on this day, all animated by the desire to see their new sovereign on her way to take up the crown of her ancestors. The public paid for seats commanding a view of the procession no less a sum than £200,000.

29. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the most distinguished poet of her sex that England has produced, died in 1861. "Mrs. Browning," says Dr. Robert Chambers, "wrote much and rapidly, and her poetry partakes largely of that mystical obscurity which is the fault of so much of the verse produced in the present age. Indeed, it would be easy to quote many passages from her writings which might be set as puzzles for solution by the ingenious. At the same time, there is much in her poetry which for high imagination, subtlety, and delicacy of thought, force, music, and happy diction, is certainly unsurpassed by anything that ever woman wrote."

30. Katharina Cavaliere, dramatic singer, died in 1801. Mozart, in one of his letters, speaks of her as "a singer of whom Germany might well be proud." She had no personal attractions to boast of, but her manners were fascinating.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE PARK.

SPRING JACKETS AND FULL LACE FRONTS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

A CLEVER writer has recently commented on the change in the meaning of the word "fashion" which has come about in the last few years. In the dictionary we find it given as "the prevailing mode or style, especially the prevailing mode of dress," meaning, of course, one style preferred to others. To-day, however, the word "fashion" has come to designate novelty alone; for there are many co-existent styles, and a much larger if not inexhaustible latitude allowed to individual choice. We must also remember, says our writer, the cheapness and abundance of materials; the enormous number of magazines on dress matters, or giving articles on them, and the introduction of sewing machines, has given every woman, be she mistress or maid, opportunities of exercising her taste and choice on her own clothing in a way that was neither customary nor possible ten years ago.

This change is very remarkable in the present spring, when we find bodices—vest bodices, jersey bodices, and polonaises of all kinds—will be worn together, and all in apparently equal estimation so far as "fashion" is concerned, though some are more novel, and the last named—the polonaise—has returned very decidedly into use from a partial eclipse of some years. There is no doubt that it was a most useful garment, and looked well on most people, besides giving one power to wear out old skirts without re-draping them. The new polonaises are of all kinds, some quite plain, some full in front, and others gathered on the shoulders, or even open all the way down the bodice and front too.

Jersey bodices are of immense variety, and are sometimes made of their original stockingette, either in silk or wool, or of soft silks, which may be twilled or plain. Many of them are handsomely beaded or braided all over, and yokes, full fronts, and plain Norfolk blouses with pleats are all worn. The silk ones have small tucked yokes, and the tops of the sleeves the same; or else the newest styles are smocked also on the shoulders and wrists nearly as far as the elbow. The basque of these silk Garibaldis is of the same length as the Norfolk jackets, and the fulness is sometimes attached to a belt inside, but not always. The expense of smocking will prevent these jerseys from growing common, and they are very elegant for young girls' use, though by no means confined to them alone, as they have been found too convenient and comfortable by their seniors.

For washing dresses, polonaises as well as full bodices of various kinds will be used. These are almost universally gathered on the shoulders, and brought down to be gathered again in front of the dress. I do not know how far we shall see the Directoire or Empire style adopted, with its plain skirts, short high waists, and wide sash, but if it really comes in there will be an end to tight-lacing, as it would not be possible with the waist under the arms. From Paris I hear that it meets with great approval, and to those who watch political signs it seems a strange thing to see the style of dress of the end of the first Republic reappearing at what seems like the end of the second Republic, a hundred years later. The wide sash at the back we have cordially adopted here in England, and our skirts seem growing scantier in size and drapery also; but whether we shall adopt the scanty lines of our grandmothers, *i.e.*, plain skirts, or with a deep flounce, or else embroidered at the edge and with a pointed piece of embroidery up the front to the waist, remains doubtful. The sleeves are either *gigot* or "leg of mutton," full elbow sleeves or short puffed ones, shoes with sandals to them of black ribbon, and the hair dressed high, generally with a comb at the back or sides.

The full lace jabots now worn are also a legacy from the last century, when gentlemen were the wearers, not ladies. In the sketch of "Spring jackets and full lace fronts," I have shown two methods of putting them on. A mantle and a bodice—the bodice jabot is simply a lace frill tacked on inside the upper front, at the edge of the button-holes. Sometimes this arrangement is varied by a very wide lace frill, which is put on the same way, but only reaches half-way to the waist. We have also from the same date the crossed-over fichu and cape of lace, or muslin and lace, which was worn by the ladies, and this is a very excellent addition to our wardrobe, as it is pretty, easily put on, and turns a simple morning dress into an elegant evening costume without any other change than the pretty fichu. The spring jackets show the two most liked, and the two most youthful of the small mantelettes that I could see. Striped jackets will be as much used as they were last year, I think, many of them having hats to match, or

bonnets with the crowns of the stripe, and velvet fronts. The bonnets and hats in this sketch have been very carefully selected with a view to showing the best and least extreme shapes, which should be youthful and ladylike, and suitable for all hours of the day.

All the new mantles are black. I have not seen any coloured ones amongst those new this year. Plain silk or a corded one is used, and there is a great abundance of jet trimming,

NEW POLONAISE.

lace, and embroidery on them. Of course this abundance of trimming makes them very expensive, but one always has the consolation that a well-chosen mantle, of the latest cut at the time of its purchase, will last for three summers at least, and never look old-fashioned, or "tell its age," and a good thing does not grow shabby.

"In the Park" sketch I have tried to give the newest and prettiest shapes for the larger cloaks for bad rainy days or for travelling. The one on the extreme right, with the long plain fronts, made double, with the armhole between the two fronts, is the most novel shape, and is very graceful, except in a gale of wind, when it blows out like a balloon. The other two cloaks are rather more elderly in style, and both depend on the way they are trimmed for their elegance and beauty.

The introduction of woven borders to woollen dresses is a very good one; it is so long since we had them that they have all the charm of novelty. Canvas and alpaca have woven borders as well as ladies' cloth, vigogne, and tweed, and the new cottons with borders are so pretty and so numberless that they are really past describing; the colours are pure and clear; blues, pinks, and reds are all mixed with white, but not with other colours, and the borders are mostly stripes of plain colour, darker in some cases than the colour of the material. Zephyr is the most popular cotton stuff, but there are some very pretty linens, which are so glossy as to look like silk. Embroidered batistes are still worn, the embroidery on them looking like lace. Lace is much used to trim all kinds of cottons and linens also.

In thin transparent and semi-transparent woollens there is a great selection, and some very pretty materials. Silk stripes woven in them are of different widths, and some of these are intended to look as if ribbon had been run on in stripes; others have lace-like patterns in thick tambour silk. These dresses are the most useful as well as the most safe for our changeable and uncertain climate, where one always runs the risk of catching cold in adopting dresses of linen or cotton. They have always been popular in America and in France, where a dress of the sort is thought a necessity for the summer wardrobe.

Plain materials are used with fancy ones as much as they were, but silk and wool are more used than any other combination. The treatment of the edges of the drapery is another novelty, for sometimes the selvedge is left as a finish without anything additional; pinked edges with a pinked out strip of another colour stitched underneath is another way of finishing. Some of the new materials have striped edges not intended to be hemmed with a selvedge. When there is a hem, it should be at least two inches wide, and at the top two rows of machine stitching a little apart.

In consequence of the Court mourning, grey is decidedly the most popular hue, and the summer greys are a charming mixture of lilac, when they are not decidedly of a blue grey shade. Many of the cottons are a pretty mixture of pink and grey, which is very becoming. Cream is hardly seen, all the whites being really white, especially where bridal dresses are concerned. There are several very good reds, one in particular named flamingo in some shops is handsome and not dazzling; another is an Indian red, and a third a greyer red, which is quieter, and I daresay will be used for cotton dresses a great deal. In other colours there is sandalwood, a golden brown; leopard, a dark brown; a mignonette of very grey green shade, and an army of shot silks in all kinds of mixtures, green and red, brown and gold, sky blue and grey, cherry colour and golden brown, and green and pale pink. Mignonette seems popular in silk and cloth, and so do several other greens; and the colours are generally quiet, though from the description of the shot silks one might fancy they were very much the reverse; but colours look so different together. Most of these hues are extremely delicate; even the emerald green that is so popular for all the new millinery is not too vivid and seems becoming mixed with black to most complexions.

Bonnets and hats are decidedly less extreme and more ladylike than they have been for some time. Hats are large generally, and turn up "all over," sometimes in the back, with brims wider at the back than the front, while some are turned up at one side and turned under at the other. It is quite impossible to describe what the hat will end in before it goes to the trimmer, as it will reappear in such an altered form. Crinoline, black and white, either lined or unlined, is used for both hats and bonnets, but for ordinary use the kind most is vogue is fine Dunstable straw, dyed in nearly all colours.

Some of the new bonnets are of drawn crape and lisse, on wires. Black is the favourite for the mount, but white and light colours will be seen later on. Embroidered crêpes are much used for trimming bonnets, and also pleated lace, which is often used for complete brims. There is also embroidered lisse, muslin, and cloth, all of which are applied to bonnets and hats, the embroidery being in spots round or in the shape of a flower or insect. All bonnets are high, but the sides are much compressed, and the shape is smaller than during the winter season. On some of them the trimming is placed at the back, arranged very high, and looks quite absurd. The two upright loops, called "donkey's ears," make both bonnets and hats look stiff. Bonnets are worn to match the colour of the dress, and are trimmed with the same colour. Ribbons are very handsome and in wonderful variety; the picot edges appear to have vanished. Very wide ribbons are used for the trimming of both hats and bonnets, but the strings of bonnets are narrower and shorter. Numbers of black bonnets trimmed with white, or with purple violets, lilacs in white and mauve, violet primulas, and wisterias, are seen, making quite a fashion in half mourning; the mixture of black and white is popular in everything this year. Ivy is much used for mixing with flowers on bonnets, and also mignonette. I see fewer feathers now the season has advanced, but the new stiffened ostrich feathers, which are so ugly and unnatural, continue to be worn, looking like exaggerated cock's feathers. Metallic arrows, pins, feathers, daggers, and swords are of great size, and continue to be used for the trimming of hats, where their five or six inches of glitter look out of place. All the head trimmings of this year seem somewhat heavy and large, because the bonnets themselves are small.

The paper pattern selected for this month is the polonaise represented at page 424 G.O.P., the fifth figure in the picture of "Afternoon Visitors." We have had so many demands for this pattern, and, as it is of the very best shape and style, we have thought it best to select it for this month's pattern. The under dress in the picture is of moire, the polonaise only forming the upper part. It is most suitable for the thin materials of the summer, and can be utilised over any dress which may be a little worn. It consists of seven pieces, and will require about eight yards of material to make it, according to the width of the stuff. As will be seen, it is open in front, but may be fastened at the waist by a clasp, or tied in, in the new way, by ribbons, which are fastened in under the arms, at the waist. Price 1s.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.," price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoast (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice, and new spring mantle.

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

VII.—PERSONAL ATTENTIONS TO THE INVALID.

THE personal attentions to the invalid which attach to the position of a nurse may be conveniently arranged under three heads; first, those that are hygienic, or directed towards the general health and well-being of the patient; second, those that are curative, and intended to have a remedial action; and third, those that are palliative, and mainly designed to add to the comfort of the patient.

We have already, in previous articles, dealt with the general hygiene of the sick-room, in which is included the temperature, the ventilation, and the sanitation. Of that personal to the invalid the most important details are those of food, clothing, and cleanliness. The question of food, including both what should be eaten and what should be taken to drink, I propose to leave over to a future article.

Patients when confined to bed are generally clothed in either linen, cotton, flannel, merino, or silk. In whatever material they may be clad, it is always necessary that the dress should be changed with sufficient frequency to prevent it becoming disagreeably charged with the secretions of the skin. We have already explained that these secretions are partly in the form of vapour and partly fluid. Both these forms of secretion are absorbed by the dress, and produce in time a disagreeable and injurious odour. They are absorbed more rapidly and in greater amount by porous materials, such as merino and silk, than by articles of close fibre, such as linen and cotton. If the dress after removal from the patient is suspended in a current of fresh air, or before a fire, the vaporous secretion will be driven off, but the fluid secretion will remain, and must be removed by washing. To allow of the frequent removal of this gaseous impurity, it is always desirable that invalids when confined entirely to bed should have two separate dresses, one for the day and one for the night, and that each should be aired well before being put on. In this way the prejudicial influence of a dress whose pores are closed with impure secretions will be avoided. As the secretions of the skin consist largely of water, it must always be borne in mind that garments which have been removed require to be dried well, as well as ventilated thoroughly. They should always be aired at a fire before being again placed on the patient.

The material in which it is best to dress an invalid must vary to some extent with the age, with the disease from which the patient may be suffering, and with the season of the year. From whatever illness young children may be suffering, it is always best to dress them in flannel, which may be thin or thick, according to circumstances. The skin of children is exceedingly sensitive to cold, which, by arresting temporarily the secretions and deranging the circulation, may cause serious complications of illness; so that the material which is most protective from cold is the most eligible. Children are very apt to be restless during illness, and to become accidentally uncovered; a satisfactory method to prevent this is to make their dress about a foot longer than themselves, and to tie a string round the feet, so as to close it as if it were a sack.

In the case of adults, although merino, silk, or flannel is always the more desirable material of dress, cotton or linen may be allowed when the disease is not one likely to be injuriously affected by changes of temperature of the skin, and when the secretion of the skin is not materially increased. The two objects of clothing are to maintain a sufficient degree of heat in the skin, and to absorb and transmit the cutaneous secretion; and the material which best fulfils both these ends is the most eligible. If the maintenance of uniform temperature alone were considered, a material of very close fibre, and a bad conductor of heat, would be best, such as a very closely woven flannel; but when the latter object is also kept in view, a more porous fabric allows of better transmission of cutaneous vapour; while if the pores are very minute, as in merino or silk gauze, a very uniform temperature is easily maintained.

In all cases of illness where no special reason exists to the contrary, the invalid should be sponged completely twice a day, morning and evening. This can be most conveniently done at the time when the clothing is changed; and great care should be taken that during the process the patient is not unnecessarily exposed to cold. Each part of the body should be taken successively, carefully washed with soap and warm water, and then dried before the succeeding part is commenced. In a few cases complete sponging once a day may suffice, especially where the patient is rather weak, and easily fatigued; but a good nurse is usually able to carry out the washing in such a way as to cause almost no fatigue to the invalid; and very often it will be found that sponging in the evening as well as the morning is the most efficacious way of ensuring quiet sleep during the night. Great care must always be taken that the patient is most thoroughly dried after the sponging; and the towels used for drying should always be slightly warmed. This care is more especially necessary in cases where any tendency to what is known as bed-sores exists; the slightest neglect in such cases may result in a sore which may give the patient very great discomfort, and reflect much discredit on the nurse. To attain a greater degree of dryness, especially with children whose skins are very tender, it is usual after drying carefully with a warm soft towel, to dust the skin with some dry absorbent powder such as powdered starch or fuller's earth. After washing, the hair ought to be brushed and dressed, and the invalid generally made as "tidy" as possible. A general appearance of neatness and comfort in the patient will always reflect credit on the nurse.

Of the various curative measures which the nurse in the course of her duties has to carry out, among the most frequent and important are the external application of heat and cold in various forms. Heat is applied externally to invalids for various objects. Applied in the mildest form, it may be used simply for the purpose of maintaining or restoring the natural temperature of any part of the body. For this purpose it is usual to make use of flannels heated at the fire, or rolled round a hot brick, or round a bottle filled with warm water. Sometimes it will be found more convenient to use small bags filled with sand or with salt, which has been heated in an oven previously to being poured into the bags. These bags can be more closely adjusted to the surface of the skin than bottles or bricks covered with flannel. When heat in any of these forms is applied to patients who are more or less unconscious, or to very young children, great care must be taken that the amount of heat is not sufficient to do any injury. Even good nurses sometimes make mistakes in this way, and I have seen occasionally large ulcers result from applying bricks too much heated to the legs of an unconscious patient. The nurse should always test the temperature with her cheek or with the back of her hand, keeping in mind that the heat takes a little time to penetrate through a few thick folds of flannel. Where there is any doubt the temperature may be exactly estimated with a clinical thermometer placed within the outside fold of flannel for a few minutes; any temperature over 110° F is unsafe, and for a child it should not exceed 100° F.

A second object of the application of heat is to afford relief from pain, by relaxing the blood vessels of the skin, and facilitating consequently the circulation of the blood through them. It is found that when heat is applied to any part of the body, the minute blood-vessels, including the smaller arteries, the smaller veins, and the capillaries which connect these become dilated, and accordingly allow a greater quantity of blood to pass through them, or rather allow the same quantity to pass more quickly. In the process of inflammation there is a tendency of the blood to stagnate in its passage through the small vessels, and the application of heat obviates this tendency, and thus contributes both to recovery and to relief from inflammatory pain.

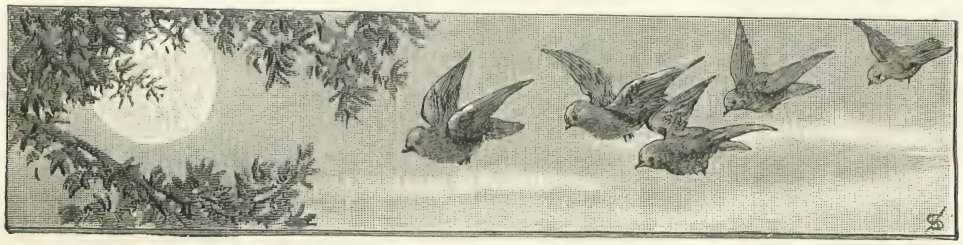
Heat applied either in a dry or moist form will effect this purpose more or less; but when applied moist an additional result is gained by what is known as transudation of fluid from the blood-vessels. When moisture is applied to the neighbourhood of capillary blood-vessels, some of the fluid of the blood exudes through the microscopically minute pores in their walls, and thus emptying them partially, tends still further to facilitate the flow of blood and to prevent the stagnation which is associated with the process of inflammation. It is probable, also, that the application of heat has a direct sedative effect upon the nerves of the skin, in addition to the indirect effect it exercises upon them through its influence on the circulation. Moist heat intended for this purpose is usually applied by means of flannels which have been immersed in hot water and wrung partially dry, or by poultices of various kinds. If flannel is to be used, a piece large enough to be folded three or four times on itself is taken. After being folded to the size required, it is laid upon a strong towel which has been placed across an empty basin, and boiling water is poured over it until the flannel is saturated, any surplus water running off through the towel into the basin beneath it. Each end of the towel is then taken hold of and twisted so that the flannel is wrung out within the twists of the towel. The towel is then untwisted, and the flannel taken out and applied to the invalid, after the nurse has satisfied herself that it is of proper temperature. The flannel is immediately covered with a piece of waterproof or oiled silk, so as to prevent evaporation and consequent rapid cooling, and to protect the dress of the patient from moisture. When applied efficiently in this manner, flannel often affords great comfort and is preferred by many invalids to poultices, on account of its being cleaner as well as lighter in weight. On the other hand, it does not retain its heat so long, and requires, consequently, to be more frequently

replaced. Speaking generally, moist applications of warm flannel to be thoroughly effective should be renewed every half hour. They ought always to be prepared in the immediate vicinity of the patient, otherwise they are apt to cool rapidly in being carried to them.

The more common method of applying heat with moisture is by means of poultices of different materials. Bread, linseed meal, oatmeal, bran, starch, and rice are all used under different circumstances; by far the most common material, however, used in England is linseed meal, and we shall confine our description to poultices made of this material alone, and in combination with mustard.

To make an ordinary linseed meal poultice well it should be made quickly, and to enable one to do this all the materials must be ready before the actual process of making commences. To begin with, there must be something as a basis on which the poultice is to be spread. In home nursing the material most commonly made use of is old linen or cotton, a piece of which is cut rather larger than the size of the poultice it is intended to receive. Thick brown paper does fairly well for the purpose, but the edges are apt to be felt slightly rough by the patient. In some hospitals ordinary tow is used. A bowl or basin, proportioned in size to the poultice to be made, is also necessary, as well as a wooden or metal spoon for stirring the poultice well. A little hot water in another basin or cup is also desirable, and a kettle filled with absolutely boiling water must be available. Everything being now prepared, a certain quantity of boiling water is poured into the basin, the quantity depending upon the size of poultice required, and being learned only by experience. The nurse then takes the spoon in one hand, and some linseed meal in the other, and lets the meal fall rapidly into the water while she stirs continually with the spoon. Enough meal is added to make the poultice of fair consistency, and the mixing should be completed when the whole of the meal has been added. The mixture thus made is then spread on the linen or cotton prepared for it, and the surface smoothed over by the spoon dipped into the hot water in the other basin or cup. The edges of the linen or cotton are then doubled over so as to cover the edges of the poultice, which is now ready for use. Nurses differ to some extent in the thickness with which they spread the poultice; and one or two considerations have to be kept in view in deciding the matter. The more thickly it is spread the longer it will retain its warmth; but its weight will of course be greater; and if the poultice is at all a large one, and placed on a part where the weight will be felt, as in the front of the chest, the weight may be of some importance. In children especially, if there exists any difficulty of breathing, the pressure of a weighty poultice on the chest may do material injury. As a general rule, about half an inch will be found a convenient thickness in ordinary poultices used for adults; in those of exceptional size, or when to be used for children, a thickness of a quarter of an inch will be sufficient. Linseed poultices should always be applied without anything intervening between the linseed and the skin; and the two best tests of a well-made linseed poultice are that it can be rolled up on itself and unrolled again without any damage to its surface, and that it can be applied to the skin and afterwards removed without any of the poultice remaining adherent to the skin. Sometimes, when the linseed meal is rather dry, a little olive or linseed oil will require to be added to the poultice after it has been thoroughly mixed, in order to attain the degree of perfection indicated.

(*To be continued.*)



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We have decided to issue collecting cards in connection with our scheme for providing poor working girls with a Convalescent Home, and shall be pleased to forward a copy by post to any kind reader applying to us for one. Write to us at 56, Paternoster Row, London, enclosing directed envelope, and may God prosper you in His purpose!

Subscription List.

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THE GIRLS' OWN

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RESTITUTION;

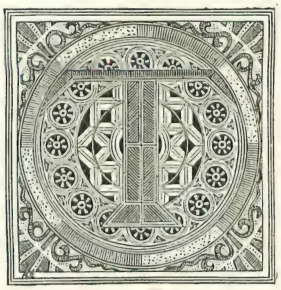
OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A BANK HOLIDAY



"THESE confounded Bank Holidays demoralise the world," said Mr. Aspenel, as Gerard joined him in the little drawing-room. "Nothing but play. Clerks, shopmen, servants, all alike. The Common swarming with these human pests who ought to be at work, while employers are ruined by the thousand."

"It is a difficult question," responded Gerard, who knew he was expected to say something.

"I came to you instead of asking you to come to me," resumed Aspenel, "because I thought we might be safe from listeners and onlookers. Since I have reduced my establishment, or it has reduced itself, I meet these village-helps at every corner, their ears, I believe, at every door. Are we safe?"

He got up, and opening the door, glanced down the staircase into the tiny hall. No sound met him, but he started, nevertheless, for Mrs. Clarville's big cat leapt past him into the room.

"My mother is out, and the servant is busy in the kitchen. We are safe from eavesdroppers," said Gerard.

Aspenel went close to him and began a whispered conversation.

"I have had another threatening letter, and I believe it is from Loveridge," he said. "You told him that I couldn't possibly agree to the three hundred a year?"

"Yes, and he said he would not expatriate himself for less," returned Gerard. "I also told him that he was quite capable of managing his own affairs, and that I wondered at his not transacting them in person."

"You did!" shrieked Aspenel. "Then that accounts for the letter. If you give up, my life isn't safe."

"I have never before done any underhand work, sir; and I think you may trust this man if you deal fairly with him. He gives me to understand that there is a secret between you which places you in each other's power."

"The fool! What right had he to say that?"

"It slipped out, but it is safe with me. I should be happy to be witness between you and him, if a meeting, understanding, reconciliation, could be effected."

Aspenel's face grew dark, and he looked keenly at Gerard.

"Have you wormed yourself into his secrets, sir?" he asked, savagely.

"I know nothing of him save that he is desirous to begin a new life either at home or abroad."

"Do you believe him? Then you are less shrewd than I take you to be. See him once more, and tell him my ultimatum is two hundred a year. If he won't take that, let him starve. Let him do his worst, and I'll do mine."

"He says he would wish to meet you and make friends with you," suggested Gerard, carefully. "I know I have no right to interfere, but perhaps if you saw him as he now is you might overlook the past, whatever that may be. He owns to having wronged you, and would like forgiveness as well as money before he leaves the country for ever."

"Wronged me! Was that all?"

"He intimated that he had also something to forgive. He is wonderfully changed since I first saw him in Wharf Court, both in manner, person, and mind."

"Your preaching, I suppose?" sarcastically.

"No, I cannot take that unction to myself. He makes no profession of religion."

"He is an ungrateful scoundrel, and I never wish to set eyes on him again as long as I live."

Aspenel uttered this last sentence calmly, coldly, deliberately. Then, as if attacked by a sudden fear, once more looked out into the passage. No one was to be seen, and a distant culinary chopping alone was heard. He did not reseat himself, but changed the subject, standing for the moment as if to look out of the window.

"I suppose your mother and the other annuitants don't want more money spent on their palace?" he said, hoarsely. "If so, I am too poor to spend it. They may believe it now that they see how I have been compelled to reduce my establishment. Woman's work. Have nothing to do with the sex. How can you put up with Lady Ascham? Has she heard anything of Mrs. Aspenel?"

"Nothing."

"What does the world say?"

Gerard could not help laughing at this abrupt question, and thought of the old game of "Consequences," which wound up with "What the world said about it." He merely shook his head in intimation that he had not heard Mrs. Grundy's opinion, and Aspenel looked offended.

"I will try to see Loveridge to-morrow and bring him to a decision; after which, perhaps, I may be excused from further interference," said Gerard, cautiously.

"I shall be glad to refund any money you may have disbursed on my account," said Aspenel, more cautiously still.

"You used to say 'Time is money,' sir; and although I cannot agree with you as regards myself, I do as regards Lady Ascham and her clients."

"Ha, ha! her ladyship turns an honest penny out of her charities. I always said nobody would undertake them for nothing. A percentage, I suppose?"

"Yes. She has found a wonderful investment, and looks upon me as her broker. That is why I mentioned Time as so necessary to manage all her affairs."

"A wonderful investment? What? Where?"

Mr. Aspenel clutched Gerard's arm and gazed eagerly into his face. The young man, fearing to offend or annoy him, changed his tone, which had been that of slight banter, never understood by the elder.

"I spoke metaphorically, as Rowland Hill is said to have done. Lady Ascham has literally invested all she possesses where the securities are safe. I mean in the Treasury of the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Cant! verbiage! hypocrisy!" muttered Aspenel, averting his face from Gerard's. "Good-day. When you have seen Loveridge come to my office; not to the Park—not to the Park."

Gerard's face flushed, and an irritable reply rose to his lips, but he suppressed it.

"It must be my last interview, for, as I said, my time is now Lady Ascham's," he returned, rather haughtily, and accompanied Aspenel to the door.

He watched him hurry through the enclosure, and thought of Edith. All his irritation vanished, and for the hundredth time he resolved to do what he could honestly for the father, for the sake of the daughter. Nearly two months had elapsed since he and his mother paid their last visit to the Park, on an occasion named in a former chapter. Rumour had been busy, and he knew that Edith must have a difficult part to play. Mrs. Aspenel and Bruce were still absent, and the general belief was that the wife had left the husband with no intention of returning. The servants had, for the most part, resigned and departed; and the village helps who supplied their place gossiped furiously. This was all that Gerard knew for a certainty, and this was enough. His mother sometimes met Nurse True, who was singularly reticent, and learned from her that Edith was well, and received good accounts of Janet, and that they would like to see Mrs. Clarville. But neither she nor Gerard chose to frequent the Park uninvited by its master.

A summons to tea put an end to Gerard's temporary sentiment, after which the customary walk with his mother, and domiciliary visits to friends, brought his luxurious Bank Holiday to a close. Mrs. Lucy was absent on a visit, and her rooms were placed at his service, so he had arranged to sleep there instead of at the Rectory, which chanced to be unusually occupied by Mr. Austen's friends.

It was past ten o'clock, and he was wishing his mother good-night, when there was a modest tap at the hall door. Miranda had gone to bed, so Gerard answered it. He was confronted by the man Loveridge.

"May I have a word with you in private, sir?" he said, breathlessly. "It will save your time and mine."

Gerard bade him wait a few moments while he spoke to his mother. Mrs. Clarville was not a nervous woman, but such a visitor at such an hour terrified her. Gerard's acquaintance with him was known to her only in part, for he had not betrayed Mr. Aspenel's confidence, even to her. However, she proposed that while Gerard spoke to him she should warn Mrs. Lucy's little maid that he might be late. She accordingly waited in her bedroom while he brought Loveridge upstairs, then she slipped out and returned, but she did not attempt to retire to rest. She was only alarmed by the lateness of the hour, for she knew her son to be strong and brave.

"Neither you nor Mrs. Clarville need fear me," began Loveridge. "But I had business in this neighbourhood, and being, as you know, one of the workers, I took my Bank Holiday with my fellow toilers. I couldn't call on you in broad daylight because of your mutual friend, the autocrat of the Park; so I took the liberty of doing so at this hour, when 'The owls do sing, tywhit tywhoo.' I have been listening to the nightingales. What a concert they are giving us!"

Their marvellous song was, indeed, waking up the silent night as Loveridge spoke.

Gerard could not help smiling; but he asked his loquacious friend what his business was, as the nightingales reminded him of the hour.

"I am in a terrible fix. I want money," he replied. "I must have money, if I am to maintain my *rôle* of respectability. You see, I took those gorgeous rooms on the understanding that our miser-millionaire would come down with the needful. I mean, I located myself in them for certain reasons which you shall know as soon as our business is settled. I am ready to start for Canada on receiving the first instalment of my little annuity, but while the respectable donor has been haggling over the amount, I have been eating my *blé en herbe*, as our light-hearted friends across the Channel say. I have got myself up; I have 'dwelt in marble halls;' I have begun a new life; and I have—spent all my money. I must have more. Aspenel wants to be rid of me; why doesn't he promise me that modest three hundred a year—a grain of sand in his heaps of gold dust?"

"He offers you two hundred. He will promise no more."

"It won't do! I can't reform under three."

"Then you are moved by mammon, not change of heart."

"God forbid. One of us is sacrifice enough"——

Loveridge paused, and Gerard wondered what he meant. He argued with him, and persuaded him to accept the offered sum, which seemed to him handsome, saying that it was the amount of his own income. But the man remained firm.

"Circumstances have occurred which make an increase of my income absolutely necessary," he persisted. "Tell him that I cannot set up for a gentleman under three hundred a year. I might take off a percentage for ready money if he were not so enormously rich, but I can't sacrifice country, home, kindred, society, amusements, art, popular actors, and, above all, popular preachers, for nothing."

He bowed to Gerard, put himself in an attitude, and burst out laughing. Gerard joined, in spite of his efforts to be serious. What was there between this man and Aspenel? What tie between the money-jobber and the spendthrift? What had Aspenel done to place him in the power of two men who seemed to haunt him like spectres? This latter thought recalled to his memory the struggle he had witnessed between him and Wandering Will, and he hazarded a question.

"Perhaps while I am negotiating between you and Mr. Aspenel, you might help us here at Roselands. We are in search of a young girl supposed to be decoyed away by a gipsy fellow known as Wandering Will. Have you ever seen or heard of him?"

"I seem to know the name. What is he like?"

Gerard described Wandering Will as minutely as he could, examining Loveridge's face the while. He fancied there was a smile at the corners of his mouth, but he could discover no symptom of consciousness of previous acquaintanceship.

"There are so many fellows answering your description," he said, the smile broadening into a laugh, "that it would be difficult to spot your man. But I will be on the look-out both for him and the young lady. What is she like?"

Gerard described Fan, adding that her friends would spare no money to discover her. Loveridge listened attentively, but instantly appeared to forget her in himself. He resumed the subject of money, asking how he was to live while Aspenel was making up his mind.

"I have not a *sou* to pay for a night's lodging. I could get one in the village if you would advance me a few shillings. You see it costs money to grow good all of a sudden, and my transformation is all but complete. A pound or so would finish me up. On the honour of a gentleman you shall have it back as soon as I receive my first quarter, and you will have the pleasure of testing my reformation."

Gerard emptied his pocket of the few silver coins it contained, saying that he was heartily welcome to them. Loveridge grasped the hand that gave them, and declared that the donor's unselfish love for his fellow men had done more to make a believer of him than all the sermons he had ever heard.

"And I have tried to listen to many in my time," he added with a laugh. "But you and your mother will be glad to get rid of me. Good-night. Tell your Squire that if he doesn't have a care I will do my worst. Fear will go farther with him than persuasion."

He put the money in his pocket and hurried off. Gerard hastily took leave of his mother, and followed his example.

He found Mrs. Lucy's little maid half asleep, and went to bed wondering what his feelings would have been if she had tumbled into the fire and set the Cottages ablaze.

He fell asleep himself with this idea in his mind, the warblings of the nightingales in his ears, and the stars in their courses looking in upon him. He always drew up his blind that he might awake with the sun, and as the sleeping apartments of the Cottages looked due east, there would be no difficulty on the present occasion.

He slept heavily for several hours, when he was aroused by what seemed a flood of sunlight. He thought he must have overslept himself, and quickly jumped out of bed. But the strange light bewildered him, as it flickered and wandered about the room. He looked out of the window towards the eastern sky. No sun appeared. He gazed round his restricted world, through the tall elms and stalwart oaks, up the avenue and parkland to the great house. A part of it was always visible, as it stood on its eminence, to the gazer from the humbler Cottages. It was unusually visible at the moment, for from the roof issued jets of flame. Aspenel Park was on fire.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

No one has as yet sent us particulars of any great heroic deed done by a girl. Pray, readers, do not let any such incident pass unrecognised. We are ready on our part to investigate the case and award our gold medal. Although such events are not of everyday occurrence, we must always be ready to recognise merit when we come across it. Suggestions can be sent to us by post.

Already acknowledged in No. 431 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £16 0s. 1d.

K. D., 1s., D. Martindale, 1d., Etta, 1s., Ada Gill, 1s., Alice L. Jackson, 2s., Annie Smithson, 6d., Four Friends, 6d., A Working Girl, 1s., L. M. Depledge, 2s.

Total amount received up to April, 19, 1888, £16 9s. 2d.

A NOVEL HOLIDAY.

A REAL EXPERIENCE.

IN this age, the prevailing characteristic of which is said with some degree of truth to be a love of variety and change, when men and women, boys and girls have "rages" for amusements and crazes for new inventions, when tile painting is followed by crystoleum painting, and that again after a few months has become a thing of the past; when the streets during one week are crowded with boys on stilts, and the next by boys with whip-tops—one is doing a kindness to one's fellow creatures if one can give them information concerning any new and pleasant experience which one has passed through, and which they too, at least some among them, may pass through also if they will.

Perhaps there is nothing which a girl feels to be so enjoyable as, for a time, altering her ordinary mode of life and her ordinary surroundings; the more complete the change the pleasanter it is. It must be only for a time, however. Very soon the desire for what one has been born and bred to, whatever it may be, is felt. The cottager is charmed to leave his little house for a visit to a large one. For a time the leisure, the luxury, and comfort of the servants' hall is delicious, but before long it palls, and the little cottage is the only home-like and thoroughly habitable place. It is the old story which Tennyson has told us in the "Lord of Burleigh." In the same way, to those who are habitually waited upon, whose work is rather that of the head than of the hand, there is a great delight in trying what manual labour is like. For the benefit of those who feel interested in hearing the result of such an experiment, I write this account of a week in a cottage.

It was at the end of June that the idea was first started that four of us girls should take a cottage while its owner was away on a holiday, and should live there for a week, doing everything for ourselves, and keeping the place clean without any help from outsiders. Much amusement was expressed by our friends and relations at the new game we were going to play, for we all looked upon it in the light of a joke, though we intended to do our work thoroughly well. It was an intensely hot afternoon when we arrived at our destination, and in my mind, at any rate, there was a wish, which of course I would not have expressed on any account, that it might not on that day be my fate to cook the dinner. We had not abandoned, you see, our usual habits in the matter of dining late, and I am inclined to think that here perhaps we made a mistake, for the amount of washing up which dinner entailed kept the kitchenmaid busy until far on into the evening. The cottage looked very attractive when we reached it—it was one of the more modern kind—red brick and gable ended, with pretty lattice windows, and the rooms were large and airy. It was situated close to a lane, but hardly visible from it—away from other cottages—surrounded by corn fields, so that neither our appearance nor our doings could be criticised by more experienced rustics. One thing that struck us at once was that the heat in the cottage was far more intense than in a larger house, especially in the bedrooms, which had the orthodox sloping roofs. The first thing to do was to get ourselves into suitable garb for work; and when we had attired ourselves in print dresses, caps, and aprons, we felt completely transformed into servants and equal to anything. Then came the division of labour. Of course we were each to have our turn at every kind of work—kitchenmaid's, cook's, and housemaid's. As there were four of us, we had to have two housemaids, but by embarking on a good deal of scrubbing and cleaning we found plenty for them to do. We were none of us quite novices at household work. Two of the party knew a good deal about cooking, and we gave them up the kitchen for the first two days, the result being eminently satisfactory. Meanwhile the remaining two of us set to work to make the beds and prepare the bedrooms for the night. The jugs had to be filled with water, and here the first of our difficulties presented itself. In vain we hunted for a pump or tap from which to draw the water; none was to be found; and, rather to our dismay, we at length discovered that all the water must be brought up in a pail from a deep well in the garden. However, it was primitive, and after all the correct thing in a cottage, so we did our best to enjoy standing in the burning heat while we wound up the rope. It needed a very long and strong pull before we landed the bucket safely at the top, often to find that it contained a wriggling frog or several beetles. I need hardly say that we contrived a means of procuring our drinking water elsewhere.

Well, to return. A good deal of time was necessarily occupied in examining the resources of the cottage. Darkness would be coming on soon, and lamps and candles had to be found. Then the dinner table was laid in the kitchen, for we kept the parlour for visitors, and we sat down, the cook for the day taking the head of the table, and the kitchenmaid clearing away after the courses, and carrying off the plates and dishes to the scullery. The best of the cooks could make excellent soup, and under her direction we made several different kinds, and learnt a good deal. We went in for small dishes rather than joints, partly because they gave us an opportunity of showing our powers in the cooking way, and gave us more variety; moreover, in such hot weather we preferred salmon mayonnaise, salads, and cold dishes of all sorts. I was initiated into the mysteries of mayonnaise sauce, and though I found it sufficiently easy to learn how to make it, it was extremely wearisome, and the more I see and know of cooking the greater is my surprise at and admiration of the patience of cooks. We had very little difficulty in the matter of puddings, for it was a time when there was abundance of fruit, raspberries, gooseberries, and cherries, and of these we never got tired. We were very proud of having no absolute failures in cooking. I don't think much food was wasted or thrown away. On one occasion certainly, when we made our first batch of bread, the result was not as satisfactory as it ought to have been. There was something wrong with the yeast, and, moreover, I grieve to state, that I had the care of it in the oven while cook was out, and I was so busy shelling peas and talking under the verandah that I left it in an hour too long. One misfortune did certainly befall us, which might have proved serious. There was a fifth inhabitant of the cottage whom I have not mentioned before—a big collie, who was not of much assistance to us in our work—except in eating up the scraps, but was a protection to us, as far as we needed any, and was allowed to roam about at night as he chose. It happened one evening that we had lamb for dinner, rather a large joint, for there were some visitors who came to inspect us in our new quarters, and the remainder of the meat was carefully put away by the cook in the larder, with a view to luncheon the next day; in fact, we depended upon this joint for our midday meal. But it was not to be allowed us. The following morning at six o'clock the remains of the lamb—that is to say the bone, for there was little else—were found on the kitchen floor. The larder door had not been shut in the general lock-up at night, and the temptation, doubtless resisted for some time (for the dog was well brought up), had in the end proved too strong. Fortunately we were not far from friends, and we all went out to luncheon. This was really our only *contretemps*.

It soon appeared that our plan of constantly changing our work was a very good one. Not only did we learn more, but it distributed the work more equally. The kitchenmaid's place soon proved to be much the hardest. Her work never seemed to be done, if she was properly particular about leaving pots and pans in good order, and the scullery clean. Then, too, it was her duty to get up and clean the kitchen grate and light the fire, and in order to do all this and get water boiling for coffee by half-past eight, she had to be down stairs soon after six; and work before breakfast on a hot morning, without any early cup of tea, is most exhausting. Cleaning out frying pans and saucepans is a task that needs energy, and is not altogether pleasant, but by dint of using a good deal of sand and soda we became very expert in the art. The cook did no washing up. Her time was spent in preparing the food and watching it on the fire. The kitchenmaid washed up the plates and dishes, but the housemaid had to do the silver, which, I believe, is the correct arrangement. The housemaids of course had the care of the bedrooms. They made the beds together, and then the upper housemaid or parlourmaid cleared away breakfast and dusted the parlour, while the under housemaid scrubbed the staircase or one of the bedrooms. Scrubbing was work we all had a fancy for, but we were so energetic that we soon got wearied; we also liked cleaning the steps with hearthstone, it was such satisfactory work, and, as they say, paid one for one's trouble. In the early morning it fell to the lot of the under housemaid to clean the boots and knives. Naturally there was no knife-machine at the cottage, so they had to be cleaned on a board, and until one has tried it, it is impossible to judge what a long and tiresome task it is. The middle of the knives get cleaned long before the tops do, and one cannot get rid of the little black dirty patches near the handles. The boots were a much easier matter.

Comparing ourselves with professionals, we found that we got through our work in the house more quickly than they do; we had usually finished everything we could think of in the way of cleaning by half-past eleven, but then the consequence of rushing through our work was, that we were utterly tired out—in body only—for our spirits never flagged, whereas professionals take their work more calmly, and spread it over a longer period.

One effect of our hard work was that we thoroughly enjoyed a holiday. I never before fully appreciated what it was to have a Sunday out; and when our time was over, and we mourned over parting and leaving the cottage, I confess that our sorrow was tempered by joy at the thought that we were going to sleep in beds which we should not have to make, and to eat off plates which we need not wash up.

For those who are inclined to criticise the work of their subordinates without understanding its difficulties, I would strongly recommend a holiday week of this kind, which I can promise them will prove enjoyable and instructive, for we all felt that we came away wiser though certainly not sadder women.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

"INEXPERIENCE" having read some articles which appeared some little time back in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on "Housekeeping on £250 a Year," writes to ask whether she would be wise to marry with only £300 a year to keep house on. She says that clothes would not have to come out of that sum, but that she and her intended husband have been accustomed to somewhat luxurious homes. I think that young people should not wait to marry until they can begin where their parents leave off, but should determine to commence their married life in a way suited to their incomes, spending less than the income the first year, or the second year they may be much inconvenienced if unavoidable expenses come. Where a man has been spending his entire income on himself, naturally if he marries without an increase of money he must exercise some self-denial, for which one hopes he would be more than compensated—though I have heard men say that it cost them less to live after they were married than before, and that they have not given up anything that they cared for. This has been where home has been so attractive that hardly anything has been spent on out-of-door amusements. "Inexperience" proposes to live in a house value £45 per annum, and pay £38 a year wages (cook £20, house-parlour-maid £18). She says she knows so little that she would require thorough servants. There is a good deal in this. At the same time I think the wages are too high, especially for the housemaid, for she must remember that in a small house with two in family, the gentleman out all day, and very little company, the work would be so light that she could get good servants who would appreciate a quiet home for less money. Country servants do very well where the work is not very heavy. I do not think they are as suitable where there is much to do; they do not seem to understand the constant dusting and cleaning required in a large London house. A good London servant gets higher wages, but I think gets through more (well done) work in the day. There is a difficulty with servants who have been accustomed to large houses if you take them into small. The pretty little houses that are now so sought after are as a rule most inconvenient. One is shown many improvements and conveniences by the owners, but practically they are too cramped in the kitchen department, frequently a cellar large enough for half-a-ton of coals only, or one placed so that the coals are carried through the house, a cupboard joining a warm kitchen for a larder, no place to stow a cask of ale, a kitchen too small to take necessary cooking utensils, no pantry, and in fact only accommodation for one servant. This is a great grievance if you keep two. In choosing a house it is well to consider this, as a mistress won't be comfortable if her servants are not; it is also well to add the difference of cost in railway season tickets to town on to the rent when looking at suburban houses, and it is necessary to have very definite information as to rates. A friend of mine recently took a house in a suburb; the agent told her the rates were about a quarter the rent, instead of which she finds they come to half the rent—10s. in the pound. As to the question of suburban houses, a vision comes to me of one or two suburbs with Queen Anne houses with no basements, where back gardens join other back gardens on three sides, with walls low enough to allow of gossips over them. The first time I visited a friend in one of these all looked very well—the snow was on the ground. The next time I went it was a warm summer day, and shall I ever forget the sight from the dining-room window of all those back gardens full of garments drying! The neighbours' servants, too, seemed musical, judging by the singing and humming that one heard through the open windows; and the kitchens being built out on a level with the sitting-rooms, we had all the benefit of the noises. Remembering this, I advise the inexperienced to notice the surroundings of the houses they fancy. As to the expense of food, supposing my correspondent orders at the door there is really not much difference in the prices whether she lives in the North, South, or West district, but if she means to keep house properly, and occupy her mornings by going to the shops, choosing what she requires, and paying cash, it will make a difference, for then one buys at a lower rate where there are plenty of shops and consequently much competition. In the articles in the "G.O.P." on living on £250 a year, it was intended to get the utmost value for the money spent, and it requires thought to do this. I hardly think £125 would go farther in providing for two upstairs and two down than it did for three upstairs and one and a girl downstairs, for one provides rather differently for two good servants to what one does for a servant and a girl who would and could eat up anything. The quantity of coal required for a kitchen range depends so much on the make and size of the stove that it is not possible for me to say how much should be burnt. I burn steam coals in my kitchener. I find gas more expensive than coal for cooking. I might not do so if I did my own cooking, but servants are apt to forget to turn out the gas the moment the stove is not in use. We burn no oil or candles, and are careful with gas, turning it very low when we leave a room, and only burning the least little bit in the bedrooms during the evening. We drink no wine, and think it quite unnecessary for cooking. I have very good soups, gravies, and all kinds of made dishes without it, so I think "Inexperience" may strike "wine for kitchen use" out of her list. With regard to 3s. a week for laundress, reference to the paper will show that part of the washing was done at home. Where all goes out, laundresses contract for women servants' washing at from 1s. to 1s. 3d. each; servants then send everything. One could not allow less than 7s. a week for the washing for two, with two servants' and house linen, exclusive of white curtains and lady's washing dresses—heavy items in a washing bill. I do not think it makes much difference whether tea or coffee is drunk. 1oz. of coffee is sufficient for half a pint of water, so if it is known how many cups are wanted, it is easy to calculate how much coffee will be used in a week. No, I do not think coffee after dinner an extravagance. With many coffee machines measures are sold, which facilitate the right quantity of coffee being used. Let me advise "Inexperience" to learn cooking as soon as she can, not with a view to ever doing any herself, for I do not advocate ladies spending their time in the kitchen unless it is absolutely necessary, but to gain an insight as to what ought to be used in a house. It is more satisfactory for both mistress and servant when the former understands housekeeping.—

Mary Pocock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FANNETTA.—We thank you for your subscription. We have given advice as to the pressing of flowers so often, and stated in our indexes where it was to be found, that in this, as in many other matters, we have ceased to repeat ourselves. See p. 79, vol. viii. The blotting paper should be many times changed, and a little gum-water carefully brushed over the flowers when the process of pressing is over. We return all your kind wishes very sincerely.

H. P. H.—Soak the new sponge in cold water, squeezing the water in and out, and changing the same as often as any appearance of sand may render it necessary. Sponge powder is to be had at any chemists for cleaning them when they become slimy. You probably put yours in soapy water: this will always spoil them.

"ONE (VERY JUSTLY) PUNISHED."—Your parents were right in being very angry with you for playing such a trick on your little sister. She did not know what she had to expect, as she had never seen the "ghost" which you older children had been entertained with at the party, and might have been frightened into fits and made an idiot for life! You would not have hidden in the cupboard when your father came, unless you had been quite aware that you had been doing wrong.

MUSICA.—Autumn is the time for planting rose trees. 2. You are right, the mistake was ours; *con sordini* means without dampers, and, therefore, with the so-called loud pedal which lifts the dampers.

"ROSEBUD GARDEN:"

("ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS."—*Tennyson.*)

BEING THE

EXTRA SUMMER PART

OF THE

"GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

will be Published on Monday, June 25th.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 440.] JUNE 2, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FIRE AT THE PARK.

GERARD dressed as quickly as terror would let him, bewildered by thoughts of Loveridge, Aspenel, and, above all, Edith. He ran to his mother's cottage. She had also been aroused by the unusual stream of light, and had discovered its cause. She was in the act of opening the front door just as he was about to knock.

"Rouse up everyone and spread the alarm, while I go to the house," he said. "Send to the village and Hoplands. I will wake up Simmons at the Lodge. Stir up all the ladies and let them help."

Even as he spoke, they heard a distant cry of "Fire! Fire!" so it must have been discovered in the village. Mrs. Clarville was more self-possessed than Gerard, and, while he hurried away, proceeded to arouse her neighbours. He knocked up the people at the Lodge, and bade the keeper go to the church and see after the fire-engine; but while they were parleying, the church bell began to toll, and this warning of fire resounded far and near. But he was the first to reach the house. None of the inmates seemed to have been aroused, and the flames were spreading rapidly, somewhere at the back, or side of the house. He knocked and rang frantically at the hall bell, and was rewarded by hearing a sash thrown up, and seeing a head thrust out, followed by a "Who's there?" in Mr. Aspenel's voice.

"Fire! Fire! the house is on fire!" shouted Gerard.

His cry was echoed from within, and in another moment Aspenel opened the hall door, shouting, "Where is it?" He had not stopped to put on any outer garment.

"On the west side or at the back," cried Gerard, darting past him, and running up the staircase to the corridor, where he knew Edith's apartments were.

He knocked at every door until he was answered by Nurse True. He saw the flames through the window at the end of the corridor. Shouts were arising on all sides, so he knew that everyone was awakened, and there could be no danger of loss of life, if only people chose to save themselves.

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"FIRE! FIRE!"

"Make haste; come out. Tell Miss Aspenel to come at once. The fire is spreading, and it is on this side. There is not a moment to lose," he cried, as Nurse True appeared in some costume improvised at the moment.

Crash went the window at the end of the corridor, and in leapt the flames.

"What is the matter?" asked a gentle voice, and Edith came from her room, her fair hair falling over a loose dressing-gown.

The flame seemed to pursue her up the passage, and Gerard caught her in his arms, bidding Nurse True follow.

"My father—where is my father?" asked the astonished girl.

"I have just seen him. He is safe," replied Gerard, while Edith's maid, the sole other occupant of the corridor, appeared, aroused by Nurse True. She had a birdcage in her hand.

"I cannot leave the house, cousin Gerard," said Edith, struggling to free herself from his hold.

"You must," returned Gerard, running down the long wide passage to the head of the stairs, followed by the half-clad, terrified women, and pursued by the tongues of flame that threatened to lick them all into the jaws of the fire.

"I will see to them, lovey. Save her, Mr. Gerard, save her," cried Nurse True, pausing at the foot of the stairs, where no flames had as yet penetrated.

"And I have your bullfinch, Miss," said the maid, keeping close to Gerard's heels.

Heedless of Edith's resistance and her cries for her father, scarcely hearing the confused noise of voices and the outcry at the back of the house, passing by the breathless people who came to help, with a shout of "In the west wing," he bore his precious burden across the hay to the Lodge, by which he had entered. It was empty now; the big gates were thrown open, and the villagers were making their way to the house, carrying buckets, pitchers, or such water vessels as they first laid hold of. The dawn was breaking, and when they fancied they recognised Edith, they blessed him for saving her, and added, "Make haste back, Mr. Gerard; make haste back." Had he saved her? he asked himself, for after her vain struggles she lay passive in his arms. She had fainted.

In another minute she was with his mother, her terrified maid by her side; but no Nurse True. The neighbours were there also, and Gerard knew that he left her with those who loved her. He laid her on the sofa without a word, and literally raced back again to the scene of the fire. As he ran up the drive he saw that the heavens were aglow, and the dawn was put out by the ever-increasing flames. The birds were awakened before their time, and were dashing into a half-frightened, half-jubilant chorus; the cocks were uttering their shrill clarion call far and near, as if aroused to unexpected warfare; and the cattle were calling to one another in unusual amazement. The Hoplands' dogs and horses barked and neighed as if rivalling one another, while their master, his sons, and servants were working like slaves.

Gerard encountered Jack.

"We can't find Aspenel," he cried, breathlessly.

"He must be safe. I saw him with my own eyes," said Gerard. "He let me in. Perhaps he went to his study."

"God forbid. The fire broke out there—is raging there," shrieked Jack.

"Come and see," shouted Gerard, leading the way into the hall, still intact, and thence to the passage which led to Aspenel's den. Here they were arrested by a door, locked or bolted, apparently, from within. They tried to force it open.

"Break it down. Push. Save us. We shall be burnt to death," sounded from inside, in a voice of agony. "It is blocked, and I cannot move."

It was simply a baize door, and when the two young men put their backs to it, and pushed with all their force, the hinges gave way, and it fell inward. There was still an obstacle, but the voice, which Gerard fancied he recognised as Loveridge's, said—

"Nearly missed us. Here we are, dead or alive."

They stooped and saw what seemed to them two corpses; only they knew that dead men do not speak. To Gerard's horror and amazement they were Aspenel, tightly clasped in the arms of his enemy Loveridge. Both were cruelly burnt, but whether Aspenel lived or not it was impossible to say. One of his hands clutched Loveridge's arm, the other a handful of gold.

"He wouldn't be saved. Lust is stronger than death. Bring something to ease this awful burning," cried Loveridge.

They dragged them into the hall, and shouted for help. We spare the reader a description of the sight—horrors are not in our line; but Gerard was sure that Aspenel's lips moved. They brought buckets of water from the flaming wing and dashed over them. It was useless. The doctor of the union was on the spot, and came. Mr. Austen also appeared, and other of the terrified helpers, all pale and awe-struck.

"Take them to the Rectory," said Mr. Austen.

"Hoplands is much nearer. The flames are gaining ground. We are not safe here. Put them on the baize door and carry them to Hoplands," shouted Jack, who was, perhaps, the most strong-minded of the party, having already seen fires, and fires.

At this moment Nurse True came on the scene, armed with sheets of cotton wool, oil, and other appliances. She had managed to see that all the household was saved, thanking God that it was so small; and also to get dressed.

"Is my darling safe?" she asked of Gerard; and being satisfied, accompanied the stretcher which held the two injured men to Hoplands.

They had succeeded in loosening the miser's grip of Loveridge, and in laying them side by side.

"I shall see you again," said Loveridge to Gerard. "Our negotiations are brought to a strange end. God's will is stronger than man's."

"Only say you had nothing to do with this," whispered Gerard, stooping over him.

"Nothing, on my honour as a gentleman," replied Loveridge.

Gerard had no time to question either this strange man or his own preconceived opinion of him. At first he believed that he had followed his threat by setting fire to the Park, but if so, he could scarcely have run the risk of losing his own life by going right into the flames; unless, indeed, it were in search of gold. He turned from the melancholy procession to go round to the place where the fire was raging, where engines were plying, and men mounting ladders, and spectators shouting, and wood and masonry falling, as is usual on such fearful occasions.

"Master must have set the place on fire himself," said the coachman. "I saw a light in his study as late as twelve o'clock. I was up with one of the horses."

"They are safe?" asked Gerard. "Miss Aspenel's mare, that she is so fond of?"

"They're all right, sir. 'Tis a judgment on the squire for his goings on."

These opinions circulated among the horror-stricken, who yet had no time for calculations, since every one worked with a will to stay the course of the flames. The Hartons, father and sons, were amongst the foremost, and, thanks to their exertions and forethought, engines arrived from the county town, with firemen better used to their work than were the villagers or the two policemen.

Gerard was soon mounting a ladder and aiding as much as he could. He ascertained that the fire had originated in the west wing: whether in Mr. Aspenel's study or not was uncertain; but as it was situated below the corridors whence he had rescued Edith, and where the flames had done their worst, he fancied it had begun thereabouts. Incendiarism was suggested by some who knew how unpopular Aspenel was; but there was little time for speculation, seeing that minds and bodies were bent on at least saving part of the grand old house. So long as the frontage remained intact, people dragged forth pictures, furniture, ornaments, and whatever they could lay their hands on, all of which strewed the park and drive; but the corridors containing Mrs. Aspenel's particular rooms, and those appropriated to the young people, were soon gutted. Measures were taken to keep the flames at bay by means of the engines, and they were not quite unsuccessful; still, all save the front portion of Aspenel Park was a ruin.

Before the fire was got under, crowds came from far and near; for the flames were visible at a great distance, the house standing on an eminence. It was now that bystanders began to gossip, and round about his falling mansion to talk of the owner and his ways. If they did so with bated breath, it was because he was reported as burnt to death, and they had a superstitious awe at so fearful a calamity. There was no personal regret for the man, only horror at his end. The gipsies were there from the

common, but the policemen sent them off by the assurance that if they didn't have a care, they would be had up for setting the place on fire, so they returned to the safety of their tents, and watched from a distance. If they were guilty of unholy loot, it was known only to themselves. The destruction of property was great enough to satisfy the most determined enemy; but when real affliction arrives, enemies become friends.

Old Harton exemplified this. He forgot rheumatism and personal animosity together, and worked till, as he afterwards said, all aches, mental and bodily, oozed out at every pore.

"I wish I had shaken hands with him. I was too stiff-necked," he said to Gerard.

"You may yet have the opportunity. I am sure he was not dead," returned Gerard, with a shudder.

"Spared to repent. I pray God he may be spared to repent," said Mr. Austen, who was near.

Men, women and children forgot themselves—forgot their work—forgot their breakfast; and we all know that it is only some special emergency that makes one oblivious of the cravings of hunger. It was between nine and ten o'clock when down came a torrent of rain. This was more effectual than the engines, and finally extinguished the fire. Haymakers suddenly remembered their hay, waiting to be carried; others their clothes about to be soaked, their meals ready to be eaten.

"God is good!" they exclaimed. "He is stronger than the engines. But the fine furniture will be spoilt, and what will Madam Aspenel do when she comes home?" "She'll never come back again, take my word for it. But Miss Edith, and Miss Janet, and the boy. What's to become of them?"

As the flames subsided, the people scuttled off to their homes, leaving comparatively few behind to help and encourage the firemen, who, as they always do, had shown heroic courage and self-abnegation.

The Hartons, Mr. Austen, and Gerard were among those who remained; that is to say, Tom Harton and his father, for Jack did not return.

"Where is Miss Aspenel?" asked Harton, senior.

"With my mother at the Cottages," replied Gerard.

"How did she get there?" asked Tom.

"I took her," returned Gerard, and Tom frowned.

Was there ever a calamity whence jealousy is excluded?

Edith, meanwhile, lay shivering in Mrs. Clarville's bed, watched tenderly by that kind lady. It will be remembered that Gerard left her in a fainting fit in his mother's care. When she revived, she declared her intention of returning to the scene of the fire in search of her father; but her slight, delicate frame forbade. She could not stand, and the kind friends who surrounded her carried her from sofa to bed, almost as if she were an infant. This was the culminating point of all her troublous anxiety, and she burst into passionate weeping. Mrs. Clarville drew the curtains and darkened the room, to exclude, as much as possible, the reflection of the flames, but all her cry was for her father and True.

"I will go and see after them," volunteered Miss Vigors to Mrs. Clarville. "Mr. Gerard said her father was safe, but did not name that infinitely more estimable person, Mrs. Trueman."

Miss Vigors took Mrs. Clarville's large gardening hat from off its peg in the hall, and started, while Miranda stood shivering and shaking at the door, watching the flames.

"Shall we be burned, Miss—shall we?" she asked, but Miss Vigors did not condescend to answer. "She do look funny; that she do," apostrophised the girl, watching the round, active figure through the gates.

But Miranda was ordered to light the fire, boil the kettle, make tea for Edith, and otherwise occupy herself during Miss Vigors' absence, so when that lady returned she did not see her horror-stricken face, or discover that the strong-minded woman had grown weak of a sudden. Mrs. Clarville stole out of Edith's room.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" she asked, her own face almost reflecting her friend's.

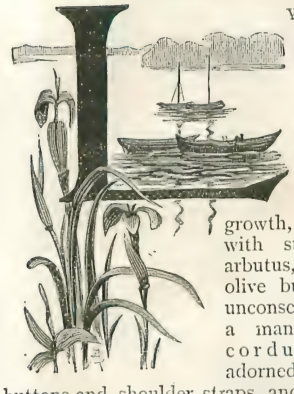
"Tell her that her father and Nurse True are at Hoplands. I saw them going there. Oh! a fire is an awful sight. I was never so near one before," was all the answer Miss Vigors gave.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPHINE.

A TALE OF THE VENDETTA.

CHAPTER I.



LYING at the foot of a steep bank, the rugged sides of which are covered with a straggling undergrowth, interspersed with stunted cork, arbutus, juniper, and olive bushes, is the unconscious figure of a man. His loose corduroy suit, adorned with brass buttons and shoulder straps, and his swarthy skin and tightly-curling black hair, suggest that it is a southern sun which is shining so brightly upon the scene. Bending over him, in an attitude of distress and fear, is a girl of about seventeen. Her large, almond-shaped blue eyes are wide with an anguish of terror which has driven all the colour from her cheek.

"Speak to me, my father! Ah, he is dead! What shall I do?" she exclaims, springing to her feet and gazing despairingly around as no response comes to the loving words she has been addressing to the mute form beside her. Across the rough road to the left stretches a thick cork forest, above the bank to the right, forest again, until the trees dwindle in size and are replaced by the "macchi," as the stunted growth of the wild, uncultivated land is termed in Corsica; to be in its turn replaced by the ridge of mountains which runs along the centre of the island. No sign of any human presence save their own meets her distracted gaze; they are a long distance from home, and she knows it may be hours before anyone passes. Shall she leave him to go in search of assistance? But supposing he should regain consciousness during her absence, and make an effort to rise, what harm might he not do himself, for he is a tall, stout, heavy man, and has fallen from such a height that she cannot tell the extent of the injuries he may have sustained. While she is standing thus irresolute, from the forest on her left comes the faint echo of voices. With a glad cry she speeds across the road, flying with rapid footsteps in the direction from which the sounds seem to come. Nearer and nearer the voices approach, until with a thrill of surprise she recognises the fact that someone is singing in a cultivated voice an air from one of the operas then in vogue at Nice. She stops with a feeling of bewilderment, for here people seldom move far from their own homes. Is it all a dream? Is she really in the native land of which she has thought and dreamed through the long five years of her school life on the Continent? Yes! upon her memory rushes the scene of three days ago. The narrow strip of sandy beach washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean and fringed by the "macchi"; the square white house with its roof of red and green tiles; the comely figure and fair agitated face of her mother standing expectant outside gazing down the rough road along which the ill-groomed Corsican pony was bearing her child at full gallop; the group of domestics, the women with their best head-dresses—a silk handkerchief knotted under the chin, and their short skirts revealing the roughly-clad limbs; the men, all of them except steward and house servant, wearing a costume in every respect the counterpart of her father's. No, this is indeed no dream, but a sad reality, and she starts forward again, this time raising her voice in loud cries for help. Presently an answering "Hola!" falls upon her ear, and she stops, raising her voice now and again in order to direct whoever it may be to the spot. At length from the recesses of the wood emerges a young man, running. He stops short with an air of surprise when he sees her, which would no doubt have been reflected in her own countenance had not her mind been so thoroughly occupied by her father's accident and her own powerlessness to aid him. For though the new comer wore the ordinary costume of the place, his clothes seemed to be worn with an air which distinguished him from the companions who quickly joined him. Instead, however, of the limp linen rag which there generally does duty for a collar, he wore a

white silk handkerchief, arranged with evident care and secured by a jewelled pin. These little differences, however, she noted afterwards: now her one thought was her father.

"What is it, mademoiselle? How can I help you?" he asked, as he reached her side. "Have you missed the way?"

"It is my father! he is hurt—unconscious. I cannot restore him!" explained Josephine in hurried agitated tones.

"Ah! an accident. Do not fear, mademoiselle! We will arrange him. I am a student of medicine," he replied.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Josephine, clasping her hands, and regarding with an air of trust and relief the dark, intelligent face of her companion. "This way."

"Come then, Guillaume, my friend, and you, Louis," he said, "I may need your assistance. And you, mademoiselle, shall tell me how it happened as we walk."

"But, Jacques," interposed the friend he had addressed as Guillaume, "do you know who it is? It is—it must be Horace de Roccaserra. This," he continued, turning to Josephine with a courteous gesture, "is certainly mademoiselle his daughter."

"Yes, yes!" interposed Josephine, impatiently, as a momentary expression of doubt and surprise passed over the young man's face. It quickly vanished, however, as he replied.

"Peace, I pray you, my friend," and turning to her continued—"Mademoiselle my cousin has then a double claim upon my assistance."

"Are you mad, Jacques?" asked Guillaume and Louis, drawing him aside. Both seemed to remonstrate with him in lowered tones, while Josephine, sick at heart, knew not what to say. For suddenly it had flashed into her mind that this was her unknown kinsman, the son of the man whose happiness and fortune had been so grievously affected by her father's enmity.

"SHE STOPS WITH A FEELING OF BEWILDERMENT."

"Surely, surely," she cried at last, in impassioned tones, "you will not let him die for want of assistance!"

"Calm yourself, mademoiselle," he returned, kindly. "I cannot refuse you. For myself I do not fear; and I know my father's kind heart will approve my action. Come! How did it happen?"

In broken, incoherent sentences, as they hurried along, Josephine told her cousin that while climbing the bank her father had stopped and handed her his gun, that he might shelter from the light breeze with his broad-leafed felt hat, against the face of the bank, a cigarette he wished to light. She, nervous of and unaccustomed to firearms, having felt after she had taken it a sudden fear that it might explode, had dropped the weapon; it had lodged amongst some straggling branches. Ashamed that her father should understand her timidity, she had tried to recover it with one hand, the other being engaged in holding on to the nearly perpendicular face of the bank by a bush. Then, she knew not how, what she feared had taken place, and her father, starting round alarmed for her safety at the sound of the report, had lost his footing and fallen to the bottom.

When they arrived at the scene of the accident, Jacques proceeded to ascertain the nature of the injuries his kinsman had received, and was soon able to assure his cousin that, so far as the imperfect examination possible under the circumstances allowed him to judge, a broken leg was the worst damage he had sustained. He was also stunned by the violence with which his head had struck the ground, but soon began to show signs of returning consciousness after the application of a handkerchief that Guillaume had dipped in a stream, which, though hidden from sight, passed on its downward course to the sea, at a little distance from the spot.

The moment Jacques had expressed his determination to go to his kinsman's assistance, his friends had both seemed willing and anxious to lend their aid also; but now that his eyes unclosed, and he began to murmur a few confused and broken words, they all drew aside and began to consult over the best means of conveying him to his home, leaving to Josephine, who was now more composed, the task of explaining to him, so soon as he should be sufficiently recovered, the condition in which he found himself.

"But where, then, is this 'good friend' who comes to my help? Let him approach that I may thank him!" said Roccaserra, with the kindly condescension of one who lives amongst those who regard his gratitude as sufficient reward for any service rendered. He made an effort to rise to a sitting posture as he spoke, but sank back again with a groan, while a spasm of agony convulsed his face.

"Ah, my father! There is something else!" cried Josephine, clasping her hands in dismay. "I beg of you, do not try to move," she continued, waving her cousin back as he came forward.

"I cannot—no use," muttered Roccaserra, faintly. Then after a pause he asked, "Are we far from home, my daughter?"

"Hélas! yes," she replied; "but fear nothing; we shall find means to take you there!"

"Have you, then, sent for Péluche?"

"No!"

"Quick, then. Why do you wait? Come, receive my directions," he exclaimed in tones of impatient surprise.

"Rest quietly, I beg of you, my father! Our kind friends have gone to fetch a carriage of some sort," said Josephine, again trying to prevent Jacques from approaching.

"A carriage, foolish one! You forget; we are at Porto Vecchio!" returned her father querulously, closing his eyes with an impatient sigh.

"Pardon, mademoiselle!" said Jacques, coming forward, in spite of her repeated signs not to do so. "I must explain."

As he spoke, Roccaserra was evidently struck by the tones of his voice, for he unclosed his eyes, and with a wondering, startled look, exclaimed—

"Ah! who is this?"

"Jacques de Roccaserra, your kinsman," replied the young man, drawing himself up proudly.

"Ah, I thought so!" muttered Roccaserra with a heavy frown. "Enough! I will not accept your assistance. Some of my own people. . . Between us it is enmity!"

"But an honourable one," returned Jacques, flushing and biting his lip. "You need fear no treachery. I would not harm the defenceless! Another time if you will, under different circumstances. A thousand pardons, mademoiselle," he interrupted himself to exclaim, as a low, startled cry broke from the girl, "I had forgotten your presence."

A flush mounted to Roccaserra's swarthy brow as he listened to his young cousin's spirited reply to his ungracious speech.

"Ah, my father; I beg, I entreat you, not to speak so ungratefully; but for my cousin's assistance——" began Josephine, an agony of deprecation in the glance she directed towards Jacques.

"As you will," interrupted her father, moodily. "It is the fortune of war. I cannot help myself."

"*A la bonheur!* behold here those who can!" returned Jacques, quickly forgetting his momentary resentment. "You see," he continued, as his friends came in sight, "it would take too long to send to Belleville, and even then I doubt if Péluche could arrange for you better than myself. Here is an impromptu litter, which, borne by us, will be an easier mode of conveyance than any other at our disposal."

"Ah, my cousin, how kind you are, and how clever!" exclaimed Josephine, gratefully.

"Pardon, mademoiselle; it is nothing!" he replied, in gratified tones. "What more simple than to take a door from its hinges, and to fasten two narrow planks down its entire length so as to form handles? Besides, it is my friends who have arranged it for me."

"A thousand thanks, messieurs," said Josephine, turning to them. "You think it quite safe? My father is heavy."

"But yes, mademoiselle," replied one of them respectfully. "Have no fear. It was monsieur your cousin who instructed us!"

This reply seeming to satisfy Josephine, one coat was rolled up and placed as a pillow for the patient's head, the others spread over the rough bed, and they proceeded to lift him on to it. His groans during the process occasioned Josephine great alarm, but when he was once more still, they ceased, and she was able to give undivided attention to her cousin's instructions concerning the manner in which they should step, in order to secure an easy motion, for she was to be one of the bearers, as they had failed to find a fourth to help them.

"I hope soon to meet someone who will take your place," her cousin remarked; "I fear, fatigued, agitated as you are, the task is beyond your strength."

"The good God will give me strength to do a daughter's duty," she replied, cheerfully; and so the little party set out on their sad and troublesome journey, Josephine and her cousin, who were the taller couple, being stationed at the head of the conveyance. At first all her attention was concentrated upon her manner of walking, but as the mode of progression became more familiar, she from time to time addressed to her father anxious questions as to his comfort.

"I think, my daughter, I can sleep," he said, presently; "but you? Rest a little."

"I am not yet fatigued; let us continue," she replied, seeking, with a glance, her cousin's sympathy in her relief from anxiety. Her father could not be suffering the agony she had imagined, if he could sleep; and he did so, although his slumbers seemed broken and disturbed.

"Do you know whence comes this machine which is doing us such good service?" Jacques presently asked, in low, guarded tones.

"Pardon, my cousin! You spoke?" asked Josephine, arousing herself from a train of troubled thought.

"I was about to tell you, mademoiselle, that this was the door of the burial-place of my family!"

This statement will become comprehensible to my readers when they learn that these burying places are simply small square rooms with pointed roofs, each surmounted by a cross, and furnished with a rough wooden door. They are built over the family grave, and are situated at some distance from the town, generally by the roadside.

"You are indeed noble!" exclaimed Josephine, with tears of emotion in her eyes. "My father shall know. You shame us! But do not judge us too harshly. My mother was telling me. Ah, my poor mother!" And she stopped, overwhelmed with the idea of her consternation when she should see them return thus.

"None would idly desecrate the last resting-place of a fellow-creature," remarked Jacques; "but it was the first thing that offered. "And it is a good omen, is it not, that from the resting-place of our family assistance should arise to yours?"

"Truly, it is a beautiful idea. An omen of peace, I hope," she returned, in low, fervent tones. "And yet—ah, my cousin!—you spoke words that I understood only too well, in answer to my father's hasty speech."

"That is true, mademoiselle," he replied, quickly, "for though we do not seek your enmity, yet will I defend my own and my father's honour with my life, if need be! I should be a coward otherwise!"

"But you desire peace. And your father? Ah, he has suffered much! Yet I cannot altogether blame my father; in all else he is so good, so amiable; but he is a Corsican, and——"

"Mademoiselle, it is for my father that I feel, and until to-day, I must admit, I have desired that he should seek his enemy and settle the quarrel in an honourable manner, with sword or pistol; and had my father fallen I would have taken his place, but our kinsman would perhaps have refused us this honour, as should he fall, there is no son to——"

He stopped himself abruptly, for Josephine was trembling so that she could hardly walk.

"Fool! idiot, that I am! I have alarmed you," he said, remorsefully. "Since you desire it, let us hope to arrive at the end of this sad quarrel by gentler means. Ah! stop, my friends. Mademoiselle must rest, and by good chance here approaches someone. He shall take your place. We must speak of this matter again," he added, hurriedly, as the new comer drew near. He, after a few words of explanation from Jacques, willingly consented to assist them when they should resume their journey. The cessation of motion aroused Roccaserra, but he soon seemed to fall back again into his uneasy slumbers, and Josephine, leaving him with grateful confidence to her cousin's care, went on to prepare her mother for their arrival.

In spite of anxiety for her father, and sorrow for her dear mother awaiting in unconscious happiness their return, the girl's excited brain would occupy itself with the quarrel to which

her cousin had alluded, and of which only the day before she had heard the outline from her mother's lips. Our readers will better understand the causes of her anxiety if we tell them the story. The quarrel had begun with Hector de Roccaserra's grandfather, who had induced his cousin's *fiancée* to break her promise and marry him, but his treachery had cost him his life; not, however, before a son was growing up to avenge him, which he did by stabbing the father of Lucien de Roccaserra in a duel, leaving his son Hector, after his own death by Lucien's hand, to represent the injuring side. For many reasons Hector, who was naturally of an upright, amiable disposition, wished to let the matter drop. His father had fallen in a fair fight which he himself had provoked, besides which he acknowledged that the feud had originated in his grandfather's treachery; but Lucien, his cousin, was a fierce, vindictive man, and pursued him with unrelenting hatred, making no secret of his intention to kill him at the first opportunity. One night when Hector was to return from Bastia at a certain hour, his cousin waylaid him, and, in the presence of a friend, attempted to stab him, and it was not until after he had received a severe wound that Hector, in self-defence, shot his would-be assassin. His first impulse was to allow the law to decide the measure of his guilt, but the conviction of family and friends, that should he be acquitted, Horace de Roccaserra would feel bound in honour to avenge his brother's death, decided him to go into hiding. And he was right in doing so. Josephine's father had been a gainer by his brother's death, and for that reason more than from any feeling of personal enmity to his cousin, he vowed to avenge him. But three years had passed, and although he occasionally visited his family in secret, Hector had hitherto found himself able to elude the vigilance both of his enemy and of the gendarmes charged to arrest him. Some people attributed this fact to the influence of Horace's French wife, who, as they knew, regarded the vendetta with abhorrence; others looked wise and declared that he was quietly awaiting his opportunity, and that preferring that his wife should not try to change his determination, he had ceased to speak to her on the subject, for as their proverb said, "Lommi hanu più mane che lingua, e donne hanu più lingua che mane" (men have more hands than tongue, and women have more tongue than hands). Of course these were those who judged his sentiments by their own, and would have been sorry to believe that Madame de Roccaserra's influence was strong enough to prevent his compliance with the national custom. But his wife had more influence with him than he admitted or she herself was aware; she had earned it by an amiability, patience, and tact, which had also won her golden opinions from the people amongst whom her lot had been cast. When her husband had brought his bride home, everything had seemed so strange, so different from the life to which she had been accustomed, that she almost despaired of adapting herself to her new one. She soon, however, learnt woman's most important lesson—to yield; and at the same time found she had earned woman's most dearly prized reward—the esteem and affection of those of her little world, and the ever-increasing love and confidence of her husband. But although she had been contented to concede in all matters that affected herself only to the prejudices and customs of the people amongst whom she lived, she had determined that the little daughter who was born seven years after their marriage should not grow up without the advantages she herself had enjoyed. For the first twelve years of the child's life Madame de Roccaserra had been first nurse, then preceptress and companion to little Josephine; in the thirteenth she had, after much persuasion, induced her husband to send her to a good school at Nice, until she should reach her seventeenth year. During that interval the child had only twice revisited her home; afterwards her parents visited her at stated intervals. Thus she had acquired at the time our tale opens a taste for the refinements of civilised life, which was calculated to make her future anything but enviable, should it be spent at Porto Vecchio.

But Josephine had never forgotten that she was a Corsican, and had formed a romantic determination to raise the standard of progress and improvement in her little corner of the island. There was some excuse for the boldness of the idea in the earnest, loving spirit which prompted it, and the position and influence of her father, who was the wealthiest and most important man in the place. Her mother had once had some such idea, but had so far accepted failure; when, however, Josephine confided to her her dreams, she began to hope that what she, a foreigner, had failed to effect, her husband's daughter might be permitted to accomplish. Amongst all her concessions there was one point which Madame de Roccaserra would never yield, and that was her conviction of the wickedness of the vendetta. Josephine had naturally imbibed the same sentiments, and it was with the greatest horror she had heard that her father not only countenanced the practice of it by others, but seemed also willing to follow it himself when the opportunity should occur As yet he had not attempted his cousin's life, although he had by his enmity ruined his prospects and brought the family to poverty. His wife's influence, as well as his own naturally kind heart, made him regret this, but he never admitted it to her, and deemed himself bound to challenge Hector to an encounter which would only end in the death of one of them, so soon as he should openly quit the shelter of the macchi. This was an event which Josephine believed might happen any day now, for surely the unfortunate Hector could not much longer retain his sorely-tried patience, and it was with a feeling of positive relief the poor girl remembered that this accident would doubtless keep her father in his room for at least six weeks, a period which would, perhaps, suffice to lessen the gossip and conjecture aroused in the little community by the recent arrival of her cousin Jacques. He had returned a few days before herself, to take charge of his father's affairs, full of resentment against the kinsman whose enmity had brought them to such a condition as to necessitate the step, and people naturally occupied themselves in wondering what attitude he would take in the affair. Rumours had reached the ears of Madame de Roccaserra and her daughter which had made them feel as if they were living at the edge of a volcano. They feared that the gossip might arouse Roccaserra to vindicate himself from the hints which were being circulated, that had not his brother's death brought him additional wealth he would have been more eager to punish the man who had killed him. Mother and daughter had taken every possible means to prevent this insinuation from reaching his ears, and had arranged that one or the other of them should be his constant companion. Madame de Roccaserra had been in the habit of accompanying him on his shooting expeditions, and Josephine had on this eventful day taken her place, although she was dreadfully afraid of firearms. But she had been charged not to allow her father to perceive her timidity, as he would ascribe it to her French education, which he had at first strongly opposed. There was, therefore, an element of self-reproach in the girl's troubled thoughts as she hurried along on her sad errand. How she accomplished her task she scarcely knew, but her mother's distress, the hurried preparations for the arrival, the sight of her father's form borne helpless into the house, were events she never afterwards forgot. Through it all her cousin's presence seemed to be the one source of human help, comfort, and hope. No wonder, then, that mother and daughter were full of gratitude to him, and that, in spite of the anxiety she felt for her father, her cousin occupied a large share of Josephine's thoughts, and was regarded by her not only as an injured hero, but was endowed by her romantic imagination with qualities which he certainly did not possess. More bitterly than ever did she reprobate the custom which had implanted enmity in her father's heart against those whose kinship should have claimed forbearance, or at least justice, at his hands.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

MAKING THE MOST OF THINGS.—In order to effect the utmost possible, we must be careful not to throw away our strength in straining after the impossible and the unattainable.

FRIENDSHIP.—Charity commands us, when we know no ill, to think well of all; but friendship, that always goes a step higher, gives us a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of our friends.

HEALTHFUL CHANGE.—Human nature will not flourish any more than a potato if it be planted and replanted for too long a series of generations, in the same worn-out soil.—*Hawthorne.*

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—A happy anagram on a person's name might have a moral effect on the feelings; as there is reason to believe that certain celebrated names have had some influence on the personal character. When one Martha Nicholson was found out to be *soon calm in heart*, the anagram, in becoming familiar to her, might afford an opportune admonition whenever she was out of temper.

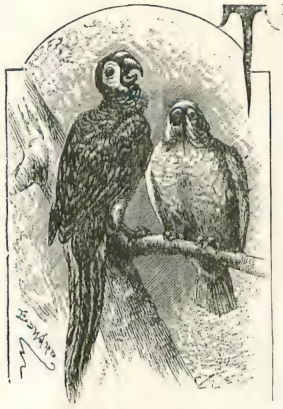
THE FOWLER AND THE BIRDS.

A fowler, in a sharp frosty morning, having taken many little birds for which he had long watched, began to take up his nets, and nipping the birds on the head, laid them down.

A young thrush, espying the tears trickling down his cheeks by reason of the extreme cold, said to her mother that certainly the man was very merciful and compassionate, who wept so bitterly over the calamity of the poor birds.

But her mother told her more wisely, that she might better judge of the man's disposition by his hand than by his eye; and if the hands do strike treacherously, he can never be admitted to friendship who speaks fairly and weeps pitifully.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE STRUGGLES OF A LADY JOURNALIST.



THE future of our lives undoubtedly reveals many a hidden secret of the past, accounts for many curious traits of character, bents of mind, which were misunderstood whilst their development was in process, and explains the reason of many a temporary failure by awarding the success which is granted to persevering effort.

So, at least, later experience has taught me to believe.

From my earliest infancy I had a predilection for scribbling. When I was a child I was considered an *enfant terrible* on account of the realistic letters I wrote, the copious diary, upon stray half sheets, which I kept. Being an orphan, I clung to many people from whom circumstances had separated me, and now, in my mature age, I well understand the pain I caused both to those who had the care of me, and to others at a distance, by the vivid description my juvenile pen conveyed of the suffering my lonely lot caused me. But at the time of course I had no idea of this, and only sought the relief of scribbling, as children of different temperaments seek the comfort of shedding tears.

At the age of fifteen my brain was flooded with visions of future greatness as an authoress. My younger brother wrote poetry, and wrote it well; but the solidity of prose was what I aspired to, although at the time religious sentimentality pervaded my whole being, and the result may be imagined!

In the day time my faculties were given up to the conjugation of German verbs, to fragmentary French conversation, hours of pianoforte practice, and those mild excitements which, during the hunting and shooting seasons, even the strictest duenna cannot banish entirely from a country schoolroom. But when night arrived, and I was free to retire to rest, the puppets of my brain held high revel, and at the age of sixteen I wrote a story.

Even now I redden when I think of the terrible twaddle it was, and yet it was accepted by a monthly magazine!

In confidence I read the manuscript to my younger brother, for our surroundings were not literary, and I shrank from my first step upon the ladder of independence becoming known. So, my maiden effort approved by my juvenile critic, I sallied forth to the village post office, and, with a beating heart, dropped it into the letter box. In the course of a week a letter, acknowledging its receipt and offering a low sum for the MS., reached me, and I do not believe anyone guilty of a crime, whose discovery meant penal servitude, could have been more terrified at the prospect in front of them than I was at the idea of my private thoughts—for heart and soul I had thrown myself into the writing of this story—appearing in print. I mention this because my people were well off, and perhaps my very ignorance of everything connected with literary work may lead to my "Struggles" being of greater use to others who, like myself, have only received an ordinary education qualifying them to fulfil the usual duties of society.

Well, that note of the editor never was answered, for my courage failed me, and my dearest hope was that I never again might hear of the MS. But a year afterwards, when I was going through my first London season, a bulky letter, forwarded on from home, reached me. All unsuspicious, I opened it, and, to my horror, out tumbled the proofs of my tale.

To say that I wished the ground would open and swallow me up would be but to convey a faint idea of my feelings, for unless I had received a guarantee that I was to be hidden away in the centre of our globe, I do not think I should have derived any satisfaction from the escape; a few feet of sod alone would not have felt to be a sufficient covering to my confusion.

What was the meaning of the editor's polite invitation to me to "correct my proofs"? I could not imagine, and my guilty conscience construed it into a tacit reproof for my rudeness in not having replied to his original letter; so I wrote a humble reply, saying I felt sure all he did was right, that I would rather not take any money for my story, and that I was very sorry he had been put to the trouble of sending it to me! In due time a copy of the magazine, containing my story, reached me, and, for all my fright, it was a proud moment when for the first time I saw myself in the glory of print. Fear of ridicule, however, kept me in those days from again contributing to any publication, and for several years I confined my efforts to writing essays, and to character delineation, which latter occupation gave me an unconscious training—so I subsequently found—for writing social and critical articles for the press.

We were in the habit of staying about a great deal during the winter months in large country houses, and whenever we met any noted person, I made myself, by way of an exercise, write down my impression of him or her on retiring to my room at night; and the habits of careful attention to detail, of character analysis and of minute study of peculiarities of speech, and other personal idiosyncrasies which this custom engendered in me, have proved in later times of enforced bread-winning invaluable. Of course there is a danger to amateurs in the method, as it opens out a path for ill nature to tread, but where done conscientiously from the motive of teaching oneself to be accurate in reproducing studies from life in fiction, it is full of advantages.

My literary efforts were, however, still at a dead-lock when circumstances, which do not concern the outside world, led me to undertake the correspondence and to keep the books and accounts of a home, where a large amount of work went on, and a good sum of money was disbursed amongst the poor.

I allude to this episode with intent, because to the nine months' training I received in that institution I trace the development of those powers of organisation which have enabled me to carry on the work which has since fallen to my share. Many may say that I am altogether lowering the professional status of lady journalists by stating it as my firm opinion that no woman will really prove herself successful in this branch of literary work who is not also thoroughly efficient as a woman of business, and well versed in commercial affairs, at least if they aspire to the much-coveted position of editress of a paper.

So many in these days can write, so few, owing to their social positions and similar causes, can put themselves in touch with the City men by whose intellect the vast money-making machinery of our wholesale and retail firms is set in motion! This is why I have it so at heart to tell my own struggles, because I hope, in the near future, we women journalists may band together, and by some concerted action render it possible for women writers to be trained so that, by combining commercial knowledge with literary ability, they may obtain remunerative employment in the field where at present so many labour for nothing.

A few years later on the accident of life brought me into connection with a newspaper which was about to be launched. Its name, its size, its shape, all were of my originating; it owed its creation to me and to one besides, and though, as many another proud young mother has found before me, my devotion to this my first-born has been ill-requited, yet in helping to rear it I have the reward which comes of added knowledge.

The joyous moment when the telegram came from the editor to say that the paper was published—when the morning's post brought me the first number ever turned off the printing press!

The hopes and fears, the excitement and almost delirious happiness of bringing such a venture safely to birth, cannot be described, but many a one can testify to its being a supreme moment in one's life.

All who know anything of this kind of work are aware that the originators of a new journal have much greater need of their faculties of organisation than of their literary ability, there never being any difficulty in getting people to write for a young paper which is believed to be well backed. Authors of note are generous in this way. They give the new venture a chance at first, but later on it must stand or fall according to its merits, and woe betide that paper which lets the good writers slip who rallied round it in the beginning. The public are quick to note this falling off, and the circulation is bound to suffer.

Probably many a lady journalist will bear me out in saying that where you have the interests of a newly-launched paper at heart, a woman on its staff with a large commercial connection can do more to insure its success, if she will, than anyone else connected with it.

But there is a need of generosity, of a willingness to wait until some measure of success is insured; the desire to gain personal advantage at the outset, to grasp commission at the beginning, being a fatal mistake. And also, tact, courtesy, the gracious manner which prompts you to treat all—for the time being—as equals, no matter how inferior to you by birth those you are brought into business contact with may be, are absolutely necessary to the success of such work. Many a lady journalist who possesses the highest literary ability being unfortunately not gifted with these attributes, hence the difficulty of their fulfilling the onerous task of editing a paper. Even the highest born amongst English men is noted for never allowing an inferior to feel his inferiority; but it will take time before the general run of ladies, forced by straitened incomes to take to work which throws them amongst those beneath them in the social scale, will cease ruffling up their feathers, and showing that they dislike having to do with those to whom after all they owe their bread; and on their parts it is a great mistake.

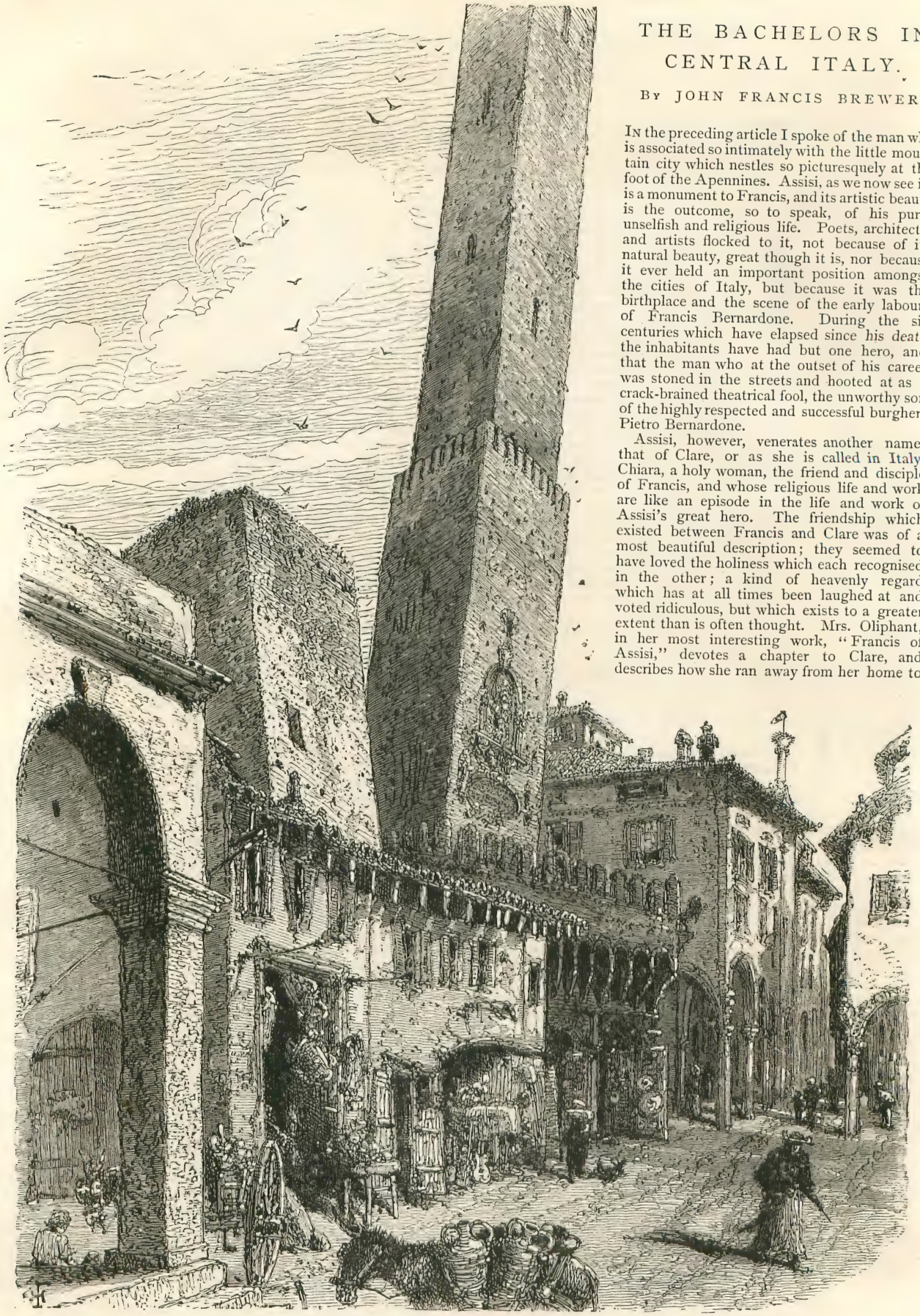
(To be continued.)

THE BACHELORS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

In the preceding article I spoke of the man who is associated so intimately with the little mountain city which nestles so picturesquely at the foot of the Apennines. Assisi, as we now see it, is a monument to Francis, and its artistic beauty is the outcome, so to speak, of his pure, unselfish and religious life. Poets, architects, and artists flocked to it, not because of its natural beauty, great though it is, nor because it ever held an important position amongst the cities of Italy, but because it was the birthplace and the scene of the early labours of Francis Bernardone. During the six centuries which have elapsed since his death the inhabitants have had but one hero, and that the man who at the outset of his career was stoned in the streets and hooted at as a crack-brained theatrical fool, the unworthy son of the highly respected and successful burgher, Pietro Bernardone.

Assisi, however, venerates another name, that of Clare, or as she is called in Italy, Chiara, a holy woman, the friend and disciple of Francis, and whose religious life and work are like an episode in the life and work of Assisi's great hero. The friendship which existed between Francis and Clare was of a most beautiful description; they seemed to have loved the holiness which each recognised in the other; a kind of heavenly regard which has at all times been laughed at and voted ridiculous, but which exists to a greater extent than is often thought. Mrs. Oliphant, in her most interesting work, "Francis of Assisi," devotes a chapter to Clare, and describes how she ran away from her home to



THE LEANING TOWERS, BOLOGNA.

ST. CECILIA. [*Raphael.*

become a nun. Mrs. Oliphant writes, "We have all learned for generations to take it for granted that the life of the convent was a cowardly running away from the perils of ordinary existence—a compulsory innocence, if not an hypocrisy. But very different was the intention of Francis, very different the meaning which Clare in her youth gave up the world. That sacrifice of all pleasantness, comfort and enjoyment; that giving up of love and friends; that voluntary begging and renunciation was to them the renewed and continual offering upon the altar for the sins of the world. It was Christ's sacrifice over again; not like His one grand redemption, but yet a type after, not before the event, a repetition in more precious flesh and blood, of the spotless lamb offered by Israel, which all pointed to the Lamb to come. Clare, too, bent her young head and annihilated herself, that the world might remember how He made of Himself the one effectual offering."

Assisi struck us as a clean town, but very quiet. It seemed but sparsely populated, and we saw little begging. In fact, it is exactly what we would wish it to be, and is like a very old man, grave, venerable, and beautiful, full of past history and associations; restful and passive now, and not willing or able to bear the worry and turmoil of younger days.

We visited the triple church of S. Francesco a second time, and found that the impressiveness of the middle church struck us even more than when first we had seen it. This time we left S. Francesco from the upper church and emerged on a piazza, for the hill upon which Assisi is built rises rapidly, and both the upper and the middle church are nearly on a level with the ground. From S. Francesco a very steep road leads to the top of the hill or Grand Piazza of Assisi, where there is the church of S. Maria della Minerva, which contains a portico once belonging to an old temple dedicated to Minerva, a perfect gem of old Roman architecture. Goethe describes this as one of the reasons which induced him to visit Assisi, and adds that he did not see the interior of the church, not wishing that Christian association should spoil the effect which the grand portico had upon him. An impious idea in one who was presumably a Christian.

The Cathedral of Assisi would not be particularly interesting but for the fact that it was the place where Francis, who had by this time got to be venerated as a man of great sanctity, preached with such infinite tenderness on the passion of the Saviour, and exhorted his hearers to repent and lead holy lives. As we were leaving the building a bright-looking boy spied us and insisted upon accompanying us wherever we went. No amount of persuasion would get rid of him, and the little urchin dogged our footsteps for about three hours. He offered his services as guide, but we said we did not want him, and told him to go; seeing that was no good, we threatened him, at which he burst out laughing. If we went into a church, he followed us; if we sat down, he did so also; if we took out a guide book and commenced to read, he looked over our shoulders and read with us, and every now and again he would hold out his hand for money with such an imploring look. Though a great nuisance, it was difficult to be angry with such a merry little fellow. He talked a good deal, and seemed to think us very stupid not to understand him; in fact, I really believe he followed us more for amusement than for an idea of gain.

At a short distance from the cathedral is the church dedicated to the memory of Clare, and thither we betook ourselves, followed by our little persecutor. Huge flying buttresses cross the road and give to the church an appearance of great solidity; but the interior is even more interesting. There are frescoes by Giottino (a pupil of Giotto), and in a crypt under the high altar, approached from the church by a steep flight of steps, is the body of the beloved friend of Francis. We descended into the crypt and found ourselves in complete darkness. After awhile a screen was drawn aside by someone we did not see, and there in a little chapel which was lit up, was the body of Clare in the robe of the second order of Francis. How picturesque, how Italian, how interesting all this is! The old church, the dark crypt, the lighted inner chapel, at first hidden and then revealed to us by the drawing aside of the screen by an invisible hand!

The grand triple church of S. Francesco, the interesting building erected to the memory of Clare, contain, indeed, the bodies of the saints of whom Assisi is still so proud; but of course neither Francis nor Clare ever themselves saw the temples afterwards to be erected to their memory. How we wonder, for instance, what Francis would have thought had he known that but two years after his death a great architect from far off Germany would have approached the little mountain city and laid the foundations of the glorious church of S. Francesco, afterwards to be covered with frescoes by the inaugurators of the greatest of all schools of painting! But Assisi as we see it now is chiefly commemorative; two spots there are, however, which are intimately connected with the lives of Francis and Clare—respectively, S. Francesco delle Carcere and S. Damiano, situated at some little distance from the city, and so interesting that they ought not to be missed by travellers.

Unfortunately we were pressed for time and could not visit both, so we chose S. Damiano, it being the nearer, and commenced to descend the steep hill which leaves the city close to the church of S. Chiara. Our little follower was still with us; all our persuasions and threats had failed to get rid of him, and we had begun to regard him as a kind of unavoidable nuisance. He on his part seemed quite happy, and had given up asking for money and talking, but his interest in us did not appear to diminish.

The convent of S. Damiano remains pretty much as it was left six centuries ago by Clare, and there are innumerable relics of her and the miracles which tradition ascribes to her prayers. The choir, the refectory, and the dormitory are absolutely unaltered, and the old wooden desks, the seats, and the large tables are the same which were used by Clare and her followers. S. Damiano became after a time a monastery for monks, but was suppressed by the Italian Government, and would probably have been turned into a barracks or pulled down, had it not been for the Marquis of Ripon, who purchased it and thus probably saved a most interesting historical relic.

We had to hurry back to Assisi to get our carriage ready, for our time was getting short, and we were due in Perugia in two or three hours, besides which the weather, which had been as hot as we have it in midsummer, had got suddenly quite cold, and a drive in an open carriage on an icy evening is anything but pleasant. Our little companion waited until we had got into the carriage and seemed even to meditate following us to Perugia! Thinking better of it, however, he turned away with a look of the utmost sorrow. We were quite touched by such devotion (or what appeared as such), and calling him back gave him a little money, and the last we saw of him was when a turn in the road gave us a view of the starting place, and there was the little fellow still watching the carriage and waving his cap to us.

Our holiday was now drawing to a close, and, with the exception of Milan, which we had seen before, one city only, Bologna, was on our list. We had to take the train from Perugia to Florence, stay about an hour at the latter, and then go straight on to Bologna, crossing the range of the Apennines. The journey the whole way is most interesting, and until we draw near to Bologna we are never out of a mountainous district. Castle-crowned hills, luxurious beautiful country, and picturesque towns are seen in abundance between Perugia and Florence, and the important city of Arezzo is passed. But the journey is a long one, and by the time we drew near to Florence, we were famishingly hungry. The train was very late, and we found to our dismay that but a short time would be allowed us at Florence. My friend rushed out of the train to order a meal at the restaurant, leaving me in charge of the luggage. Everywhere in the station there was bustle and confusion, and it took me about ten minutes to find my friend, and another five minutes was wasted in waiting for our food. After allowing ourselves a few minutes to satisfy the pangs of hunger, we called for the bill, as it is a bad plan to allow too little time for settling accounts in these Italian station *buffets*. The charge for our simple meal was absurdly high, and my friend, whose chief fault, perhaps, is to give way to rather violent fits of anger, literally stormed with rage. He had been too long without food, and what with the cold and the waiting about, and the attempted extortion, there was some little excuse for his temper. We looked at our watches and found we had still about five minutes left us to dispute the bill. My friend went up to the counter and protested against the prices; but the server simply shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Oh, very well," said my friend, "then we won't pay at all," and shouldering our luggage we prepared to leave the station. This brought the server to his senses, and it was amusing to see his excitement after his careless manner when first we had questioned the bill. Evidently he was not accustomed to such determined tourists. When just about to leave the station, the server called one or two waiters, and rushing up to us they began to seize our luggage and to gesticulate in a very violent manner. The other people in the restaurant thought there would be a fight, and I believe there would have been, had I not persuaded my friend to come to terms and avoid a disturbance. My friend refused to pay more than half the amount charged, and after an angry discussion, these terms were agreed to, and we left the station, feeling that we had not only benefited ourselves but the community at large by protesting against extortion.

It was night by the time our train arrived at Pistoia and commenced to cross the range of the Apennines. The full moon showed us the scenery, which, though not so bold and magnificent as that to be seen from the railways which cross the Alps, is yet romantic and beautiful. But it was so cold, and we became so hungry, that we were right glad when the seemingly interminable journey was over, and we arrived at Bologna. Though past midnight, we found an omnibus at the station to convey us to the Hotel Brun, where a light meal was ready for us. A huge dreary building is this Hotel Brun, but the proprietor, a German, is very attentive, and looks after the comfort of his customers, and moreover possesses a fund of information concerning the art, antiquities, and history of Bologna.

Our readers may have heard of the University of Bologna, which has always been the most important in Italy. Philosophy, medicine, and jurisprudence have always been deeply studied by its inhabitants; there is an intellectual ring about the place, and even now the upper classes are said to be remarkable for their scientific attainments. The present aspect of the city is sombre and dull, and we felt it was emphatically the place we should not choose to live in. Like at Padua, all the streets are arcaded, and perhaps this helps to give the sombre effect. Bologna

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Purity.

is, however, picturesque, and a perfect museum of mediæval architecture; and perhaps the reason of our not appreciating it was that our time was so limited. To see properly so large a city, and one which contains one hundred and thirty churches, innumerable old palaces, and twenty monasteries, in a few hours is obviously an impossibility.

The two leaning towers, of which we give an illustration, are so curious as to be quite a feature of the city. As can be seen, they differ greatly in height and lean different ways, but unlike their more celebrated brother at Pisa, they possess but little artistic beauty. Close to them is a pile of seven churches, known collectively as S. Stefano. We just glanced at these and then hurried on to the huge church of S. Petronio, only the nave and aisles of which are built, but so colossal are these that if the church was completed on the same scale, it would be probably the largest ecclesiastical edifice in the world. The proportions of this mighty building alone make it striking, for the general effect is cold and much of the detail is ugly.

Bologna boasts a most interesting picture gallery, the Accademia delle Belle Arti, where the Bolognese school of painting is finely represented. The vast gallery, however, is not devoted to one school only, but contains splendid works of many of the princes of painting, and I would call my readers' attention to the engraving after the picture of S. Cecilia by Raffaele, which has been considered by many judges to be one of the finest pictures in existence; it is far the most valuable art treasure in Bologna, and even the most casual observer would recognise it as the gem of the Accademia delle Belle Arti. Of all the Bolognese school, Francesco Francia (see illustration) is far the greatest, and the girls who are interested in art and have visited our National Gallery, must have been struck by the "Pieta" of this master, an exquisite picture full of religious fervour and most perfect execution.

Bologna is also celebrated in the history of art as the home of the Eclectic school, whose adherents threw over the mannerism into which Italian painting had fallen after all the great masters had passed away, and by a careful study of the principles of their art, and above all a thorough knowledge of the works of the golden age of Italian artists, endeavoured to bring about a revival of taste and to give to painting an impetus in the right direction. The most eminent of this later Bolognese school were the Caracci, Dominichino, and Guido Reni. Our readers must understand that these artists are not comparable for a moment to the great geniuses of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth centuries; but they produced an immense number of good pictures, and will always be interesting as the last masters who upheld the supremacy of Italian art, and they represent the last page in the history of what may collectively be called the great Italian school of painting inaugurated by the Florentines, Cimabue and Giotto.

With the stay at Bologna our tour in Central Italy came to a close. One day remained for us, however, which we spent in Milan; we then proceeded by the S. Gotthard Railway to Switzerland, and thence home by the Bâle and Calais route.

It may be suggested that in these papers too much space has been devoted to the artistic treasures, to the history, and to the scenery of Central Italy, and too little to the adventures and narrative of our travel. We can imagine a girl looking at the title "The Bachelors in Central Italy," and saying to herself, "Ah! I will read those articles, for I shall find descriptions of the difficulties and funny little experiences that two unfortunate bachelors will have to undergo in Italy. Won't they be cheated!" etc. Such a girl after reading one or two of the papers would be likely to turn to her friend and say, "Those articles on Italy are very dry—all about art and history and that sort of thing, don't you know."

But our girls must remember that these papers, like so many that appear in this magazine, are intended to instruct as well as to amuse. We hope that those of our readers who may travel to Italy will like to know something of the art and history of that fascinating land; while those who are not so fortunate as to be able to travel, will obtain a better idea of a country by reading descriptions of its scenery, its buildings and pictures, and the history which they embody, than a racy and smart account of the troubles and petty exigencies of touring and satirical remarks on the characteristics of a foreign people—remarks which so often show the egotism and narrow-mindedness of a writer, unable or unwilling to understand and appreciate anything which is un-English and contrary to his or her experience.

FRANCESCO FRANCIA.

What makes Italy the most interesting country in the world is the extraordinary way in which it recovers its existence after overwhelming disaster. We speak of the *renaissance* in Italy, and apply the expression to its great revival in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But is not the whole history of Italy that of *renaissance*, or re-birth? Here is a country that was highly civilised and excelled in all the arts before history was written. Of the Etruscan civilisation we know absolutely nothing, except that it goes back far into the dim past. Of the very language the people spoke we are in entire ignorance; one word only, has, I believe, been deciphered. Whether the rock-cut structures of Central Italy are contemporary with similar works in Egypt, or whether they date from a period shortly before the Roman conquest, or whether they are works spread over many ages, it is at present impossible to say, knowing as we do nothing of the language, and the inscriptions being therefore literally a dead letter to us.

Could we read aright these relics of the far distant past, they might tell us of states and of kingdoms which grew up and disappeared, and upon whose ruins later civilisations and monarchies arose, as far removed from and as ignorant of the original possessors of the soil as we are of them.

Be this as it may, there were certainly highly civilised communities in Italy before the Roman power was established. Italy then rules the world as the great Pagan power. Apparent annihilation follows the break-up of the power of Imperial Rome; but Italy rises again and takes an important place in the Christian civilisation, while in the later middle ages the Italians, partly by a profound study of the art and literature of classic times, were chiefly instrumental in bringing about what is always called the *renaissance*—a revival or reconstruction in art, literature, sculpture, architecture and thought, and this spirit of the *renaissance* spread over the whole of Europe. In our own days, after having almost disappeared from the political horizon, Italy again becomes a first-rate power. Like all the *renaissances*, however, the good is not unmixed with evil, for with this new life and new vigour a strong inclination is manifest to break too much with the past, to ignore great works of former times, and to sacrifice to present commercial enterprise the glorious monuments of antiquity.

Our girls must look upon a town in Italy as a lesson, and one which cannot be learnt without some little previous study. The history, the genius, the characteristics of the people of Italy are built up with the bricks and stones of its glorious buildings, and are reflected in its frescoes and pictures. Innumerable lessons of success and failure of the greatness and weakness of Italy's *past* can be read by the intelligent traveller in Italy's *present*.

But this history and these lessons are lost to the careless and ignorant. Even to these, however, a tour in Italy is productive of much pleasure and interest. The country is a long way off; its inhabitants and customs are different in many respects from our own; it is approached by railways tunnelled through and

carried over the seemingly impenetrable barrier of the Alps; the climate there is a good deal warmer, and the vegetation richer than in England; there are a great many pretty buildings, some altogether different from any in our own country, and there are miles of pictures. These are undoubtedly interesting facts which are patent to everyone, but the girl who wishes that an Italian tour shall be to her, as it should to everyone, an event in a lifetime and an experience never to be forgotten, will not be contented with such self-evident facts. If to such a one these papers have been a little help, and above all if those girls who cannot hope to travel have, by reading the accounts of the tour of the two London bachelors, obtained some idea of what is to be seen and learnt in the old cities of Italy, our chief object has been secured.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

HER PROTEGE.

THE snow still lay thick and white upon the ground, but the coming and going of many feet had beaten down a path between the farm and Shepperley. So without more ado Miss Pringle prepared to go home, taking Hubert by the hand, much to the discomfiture of Master Bob, who had made sure of a playmate for some days to come.

"Phillis Penelope had better remain at the farm pending the funeral," she said to her niece. "She is best kept apart from the depressing influence of our predominant sorrow. In a week or so, when all is over, I shall be glad of her enlivening presence to cheer poor Hubert."

"Don't you think Bob would be better?" questioned Barbara. "Boys are the best companions for boys; they take to each other's ways more naturally."

"Probably so, when they are in equally high spirits. With your permission, Hubert would prefer Phillis Penelope whilst his terrible loss is paramount. Besides, having taken her education in hand, we must proceed with that,—eh, my dear?" to the dark-eyed girl clinging to her side.

"I don't know," began Barbara, as she stood on the doorstep to watch them depart, whilst Phillis kissed her godmother and gave her hand shyly to Hubert; "I am afraid, aunt, you are undertaking too much." But she said no more then, and when Bob had given sad-looking Hubert a parting slap on the back, and Mabel had said "Good-bye," offering her palm with a coquettish simper, Miss Pringle and the boy she had adopted took their way down-hill over the slippery snow, linked together by a love and a loss common to both.

The following was anything but an idle week for dapper Ruth, now a brisk damsel of eighteen. The blinds were closely drawn and there was sadness at the cottage, if there was not the hush of a dread presence in a closed room. She was despatched in all haste to Lawyer Townley, to Miss Bradley, and to Jonathan Holroyd the tailor. And between the comings and goings of these functionaries, and of Mrs. Rivers and others to remonstrate with Miss Pringle on the folly of embarrassing herself to maintain and educate a great boy whilst there were public charities for such purposes, the bright brass knocker was kept going, and busy Ruth likewise.

Hubert, though not quite ten years of age, was old enough to think, and he sat silently behind the red flower-pots in the darkened parlour window, contemplating the coal fire with a sorrowful countenance, thinking of his far Australian home, of the voyage, of that fatal struggle through the snow, of the kind strangers who had taken care of him, of the three young Heathfields; of Bob, whose boisterous ways had somewhat irritated his raw wound; of the pretty girl with the fair hair and blue eyes who spoke so pleasantly; of her darker little sister, who seemed so sorry for him; mixed with wonderings if the men who had stolen his father's money would be caught; if that Mr. Townley, who asked so many questions, could find his father's luggage, and through all would come the face of his dead father as he had seen it lying in Mr. Heathfield's outhouse.

Miss Pringle talked to him at times, but she also was inclined for reflection. So, to keep the boy from brooding, she brought forth from her bookcase a volume of her rare treasure, "Pringle's African Sketches," with many injunctions for its careful use. But he was not much of a reader; inaction was burdensome; his surroundings were strange; he strove to keep back tears as unmanly, and feeling, without the power of expression, that all life was a tangle, his handsome face had an aspect of care and trouble, sad to see on one so young.

A large concourse of spectators assembled in Shepperley churchyard to witness the funeral of the dead Hubert Underwood, the following Wednesday, when the boy Hubert and Miss Pringle followed as mourners.

Many were the comments of the crowd on the superfine quality of the new mourning she had provided for the boy as well as for herself, and her folly in taxing her small means for such a purpose. Scraps of the story had found their way with the jury into Shepperley, brushing up the memories of old people to re-tell what they knew of Miss Pringle's broken-off match with that very Mr. Underwood.

But no one, except the old rector and close-lipped Mr. Townley, had a word of approval or encouragement for the course she had taken.

The latter, a short wiry man with eyes that blinked and twinkled, lips close shut as if to keep in secrets and to keep down irrepressible mirth, and a head inclining

to one side as if constant listening had made the attitude habitual, was a bachelor, popularly supposed to have more than a friendly feeling for poor Miss Pringle, he treated her with so much more deference than did anyone else. And he got credit for gratuitous acts of professional service to the little lady—such, for instance, as funeral arrangements, inquiries for the Australian's luggage—which did him no harm with clients well able to pay.

His rebuke to gossip had been, "If Miss Pringle for the sake of friendship and humanity is willing to make sacrifices alike of coin and domestic quiet, she is more to be commended than blamed. She sets an example to Shepperley."

"Ah, sir," added the rector, "I wish I had a few more such practical Christians in my flock. She may have fanciful ideas respecting her own name, and queer ways of doing good; but she *does* it."

"Yes, and if she lives she will make a man of that boy, whether his property be recovered or not."

"Well," struck in Farmer Heathfield, "she considers herself bound by her baptismal promises to relieve us of all care for Phillis, but I have set my face against the girl going back to stay with her. To say nothing of the queer notions she might give the child, I feel it would be taking a dishonourable advantage, especially as matters now stand. And I still maintain that she is foolish to burden her life and means with a boy of whose habits and disposition she knows nothing."

Days and weeks went by. Nothing was heard of the thieves, or the property they had stolen. Detectives set to work by Mr. Townley discovered, after long search, that a large portmanteau and a packing-case, marked and labelled "H. Underwood, passenger from Melbourne to London," had been left at the Euston Station, and three days afterwards had been delivered to a person who presented the company's ticket, a person who had a dark beard and black overcoat, such as had been worn by the depositor, and who was called "Underwood" by his companion, a rough sort of man. They had a light cart in waiting, and all trace was lost when they drove off. Then a letter went from Jasper Townley to "Mr. William Jessop, Roughet Run, South Australia," relating the facts of the case and inviting correspondence. Twelve months later the letter was returned to the writer covered with initials and the significant words "Address insufficient."

That put a conclusive end to the search. And it left Miss Pringle in undisputed possession of the fatherless and friendless Hubert, to her evident content and that of the boy also.

At first, the continuous presence under her roof of a high-spirited boy whose habits were none too orderly, whose manners and language lacked refinement, was a trial to the precise little old maid only to be understood in childless ultra-neat habitations.

To scrape or wipe the mud or snow off his boots before crossing the clean kitchen floor, to hang up his cap or overcoat, to put books and slate, tops and marbles in their places, to wash his hands before meals, to dine or take tea without soiling the table-cloth or upsetting the salt, or to wait for grace to be said, were all things to be learned, and the teaching was, by Miss Pringle's own confession, "a painful process."

But he had *not* to learn to speak the truth, to act honourably, or to reverence his elders. He was brave and generous to a fault, but he had a quick temper, and was prone to resent an insult.

His education had been wofully neglected. He was at once sent to Dr. Marsden's classical and commercial academy along with Robert Heathfield. His own deficiency was palpable, and made him ashamed, but he was quick, and had such a patient helper over his lessons at home in Miss Pringle, and so much encouragement from Phillis, that he soon pulled himself alongside boys of his own age. At first they were inclined to jeer at him for his ignorance of familiar things, plants and trees, flowers and fruits and singing birds, and he was laughed at when he said that birds in Australia did not sing, but were prettier to look at, and that cherry-stones grew outside the fruit. But he had the laugh on his side when he talked of kangaroos and oppossums, bushmen, stock-drivers, native Australians as familiar to him, and spoke of trees twice as tall as Shepperley spire, and had his statements confirmed by the master. Soon he became a general favourite on account of the adventurous tales he could tell, boy as he was. Then he had crossed the wide ocean, and life on shipboard was a perpetual fund to draw upon.

Bob and he were soon fast friends, though they had come nigh quarrelling when the farmer showing Hubert over his father's farm with some pride was asked if those twelve cows were all they had, coupled with the addendum, "My father had more than two hundred."

"I don't believe it," cried Bob; "but my father has nearly two hundred sheep." "My father had more than two thousand," was the reply, whereat Bob grew red in the face and rushed indignantly to acquaint his father "what big stories Hubert was telling," and was scarcely calmed by Stephen Heathfield's "Very likely, Bob; Australian farms are larger than ours."

Of course the girls came in for their share of the wonderful tales, and listened with different degrees of interest, and as these were generally recounted in the big farm kitchen, Hepsy and Jenny would listen too with open-mouthed astonishment.

As time went on Bob and Hubert became almost inseparable; the latter spent most of his holiday afternoons at the farm, or on the moor. The girls would sometimes join them in the harvest fields, or nutting or blackberrying with one or two other companions.

Thus coming and going, in course of time Hubert could but observe the different positions occupied by Mabel and Phillis in their own home.

There was no distinction in dress. Mrs. Heathfield, with a latent desire for even-handed dealing with her children, dressed both her girls alike, but Mabel, as the elder, served as the model, and that which set off to advantage her transparent pink-and-white complexion, her long fair hair and china-blue eyes, her tall figure, only accentuated the contrast between her conscious beauty and her thin and pale younger sister, who had little in face or figure to attract except her large wistful black eyes, and a mass of unmanageable black hair.

"Dear me," obtuse Barbara was heard to say more than once, "I don't know how it is, but no matter what clothes those girls have on—and I dress them both alike—Mabel's things always look well, while there is no setting off Phillis."

Hubert was not old enough to note subtle effects of colour and materials on complexions and figures, but he had eyes to see Mr. Heathfield stroke the fair head of Mabel, or pat her dimpled cheek or her plump round shoulder, and he had ears to hear him call her his "queen," his "bonny Mabel," "the flower of his flock," whilst Phillis, close at hand, looked on unnoticed, as if longing for caresses she did not share.

He observed, too, that whilst Mabel spent hours at the piano, or with her dolls or her books, Phillis was at everyone's beck and call.

It was, "Phillis, come here," "Phillis, go there," "Phillis, fetch this," "Phillis, bring that," even Mabel and Bob exacting her services, to say nothing of Hephzibah, who seemed to have a notion that little limbs could never tire. She had always some "nice little job for Phillis"—peas to shell, gooseberries or currants to pick, toast to make, butter or eggs to fetch from the dairy, or little matters of glass and china to wash or put away.

He had seen Phillis put down her book or her skipping rope, and run without demur to perform little services for her mother or the maids when pretty Miss Mabel had shaken her shoulders and slipped out of the errand with a "Dear me, can't you send Phillis?" or "Oh, I am tired," or "I am busy—ask Phillis."

But the impression was only momentary, and he was as ready as the rest to excuse Mabel for the sake of her winning ways and her prettiness.

Miss Pringle's observation was a little more keen, and once or twice she remonstrated with Barbara on the danger of spoiling the elder girl.

All the answer she got was, "Why, aunt Pringle, how can you say so? I am sure I do not spoil Mabel, if Stephen does. I do not make any difference between the children. Then, what with her lessons and music, Mabel has very little time, and you know Phillis is such a willing little body and so steady we can trust her to do things Mabel has not patience for. I tell Stephen she is the bee and Mabel the butterfly."

"Prettily compared, but painful if prophetic," replied Miss Pringle in her primest chirp, chirp, looking up from the brown and pink hexagons she was adjusting for a patchwork cushion. "I am pleased that Phillis Penelope should

learn to be *useful*, provided she is not put upon. But a butterfly!"—and oh, the contempt in her tone—"surely neither you nor Stephen would be content for a poor, painted, fluttering butterfly to prefigure Mabel to the end of her days?"

"Nay, nay, aunt, you take one up too seriously. Stephen says Mabel is too charming to be spoiled with common household occupations; nature never intended her for drudgery, and with our means it is not necessary. The days are past when farmers' daughters milked the cows and sold the butter. Maud and Laura Rivers are scarcely allowed to soil their fingers lest it should spoil their hands for the piano. Matilda says they have sufficient work with their education. And I'm sure Mabel has; Miss Birtwhistle takes care of that. And as for being idle! are not those crochet antimacassars and this tatting-collar her work?"

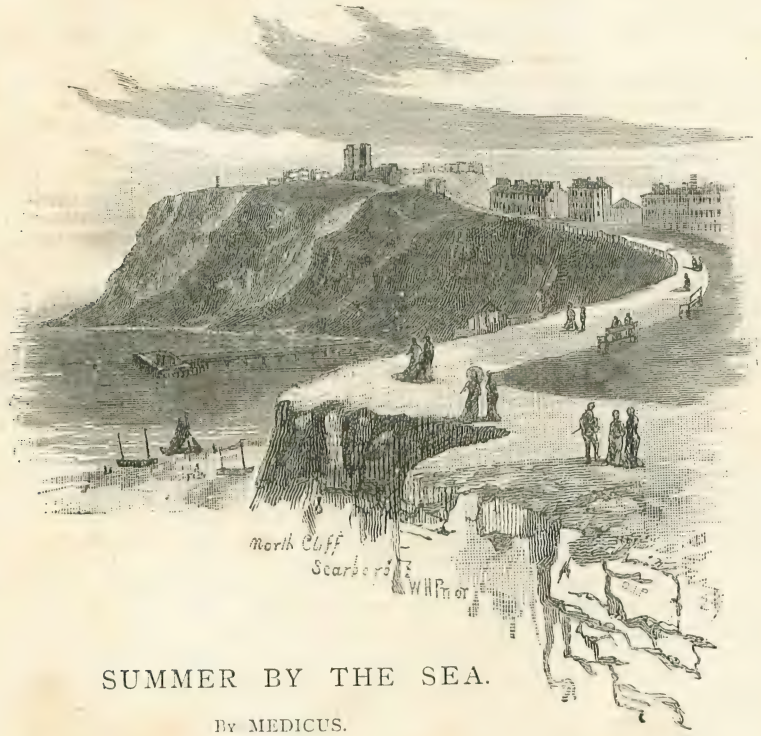
Miss Pringle pursed up her lips during this speech. At the close she said, as if tapping in tacks with a liliputian hammer, "All life is serious. Nature never designed girls to be useless. The education that begins and ends at school, and subordinates utility to display, is no preparation for the part a girl may have to play in life. I may have cause to pity Mabel more than Phillis Penelope."

Mrs. Heathfield lifted her head from her needlework, and, with wide-open uncomprehending eyes, stared across the room at her black-robed little aunt.

She began: "Why should you pity either?" when the garden gate flew open and in rushed Mabel, then thirteen years of age, with a colour like a damask rose, her fair hair floating loose behind, and close at her heels Phillis, carrying books and slates for both, the mottled traces of recent tears on her pale face.

"Oh, mamma," cried the former, breathlessly, unobservant of Miss Pringle, who sat against the wall, where the open door shut her from sight. "Oh, mamma, Hubert Underwood's been quarrelling and fighting with Arthur Rivers and our Bob; and it's all through Phillis!"

(To be continued.)



SUMMER BY THE SEA.

By MEDICUS.

"I'M going to try the effects of a month or two by the seaside this summer, doctor," said a gentleman to me the other day.

"See if it won't brace me up a bit, you know," he added, as I did not reply immediately. "I want it badly; don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes, you certainly want bracing up badly enough; there is no doubt on that point."

"Well, but you don't seem very sweet over my notion of spending summer by the sea. It is bound to do good, isn't it?"

I laughed.

"That all depends," I said, "on how you try to do the good. If you could leave all your cares, work, and worry behind you——"

"So I will. I don't mean to write a letter, or think of work all the time I'm away."

"But even then you won't be happy."

"Why, I do declare, doctor, you're a Job's comforter!"

"I don't care what you call me; I'm speaking the truth when I tell you that you never will be well till you have learned to be calm, and quite indifferent to the state of nervous indigestion into which, working too hard and worrying too much over the game of chance called 'making a living,' has plunged you."

"Calm and indifferent, doctor?"

"Yes, calm and indifferent, if you can be so; then going to the seaside in summer will make you double the individual, mentally and physically, in a month's time. If you can't, you may as well stay at home."

My patient, reader, is a man of the world, as the world wags to-day. He sails with the stream, he runs with the rush, and though he has no evil habits that mar his health, he has been living too excitedly, just as millions of men and women both do live, till brain and nerves give out, and general debility comes on. What do people of this great class do after that? Why, they turn all their excited thought-work internally, and worry over their condition till matters are ten times worse. They doctor their poor livers one day, and their nerves the next, and then they dose their unhappy stomachs. They eat strengthening food, and use tonics to improve their condition, and marvel to find not an atom of benefit therefrom.

A good sailor in a sea-way will not let his boat get broadside on to the waves if he can help it, nor will he carry too great a press of canvas. He will take in a reef or two, and if he cannot run, why, he'll lay to and face it out. But the good sailor will remain calm. The bad sailor will not know what to do first. He will become excited; he will lose all control over himself and over his boat as well, and ten to one she will be swamped, even if she is not sunk entirely.

Now, mind you, I succeeded in getting my friend to adopt calmness; though goodness knows repose is not a part of his nature, and he is now doing well by the sea. It was the continual thinking about his troubles that was sending him to his grave. Whenever now he begins to think of or revert to his symptoms of indigestion, he snatches up a book or a newspaper, or goes for a walk or a sail, and thought flies away.

It is all nonsense to say you cannot command your thoughts. Try it. You never know what you can do till you try.

Thousands who read this paper are probably quite as nervous and dyspeptic and weak as my patient was, and if they can adopt calmness and indifference, six weeks by the sea

"YOU MUST ENDEAVOUR TO MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR STAY BY THE WATER-SIDE."

See "Summer by the Sea," p. 574.

will work wonders, and they will come home refreshed and well.

Of course you must endeavour to make the best of your stay by the water-side. Plain living and regular habits are essential to begin with. But do not ever let living by rule worry you too much, for the keynote to your care lies in one word—"Vegetate." Live without thinking on anything the least disagreeable, and you will flourish like a green bay-tree. All the blood that was wont to surge and rage through your poor brain and nerves will be better employed in strengthening the muscles of your heart and limbs and of your stomach and all the digestive organs.

I do not wish you, however, to become lazy altogether, though you must never carry either exercise or pleasure to the verge of fatigue.

Can you aid your cure by taking medicine? I think not, unless you really are under the care of some medical man. If you be not so, you will find that the only physic required will be a gentle aperient about twice a week. The liquid extract of *Cascara sagrada*, a kind of buckthorn, is the safest, and a teaspoonful is the dose taken at night in a little water. This for a grown-up girl. The tonic you should take ought to be simply the infusion of quassia, an ounce before dinner with ten drops of diluted phosphoric acid in it. This tones the coats of the stomach, acts gently upon the liver and nerves, but does not bind the system as many bitter tonics do.

You must rise early, breakfast early, live abstemiously, avoid anything indigestible, and take oceans of exercise. Yes, on the ocean if you like! Sailing does good, especially if you can fish. How delightful is the sail to the fishing-ground, and back home when the sport is all over! And with what a delightful appetite one does return, to be sure!

If you are anywhere at the seaside where hot salt water baths can be had, go in for a course, by all manner of means. The attendants will advise you as to the temperature and the length of time to stay in them. But they are delightfully calming and toning to the whole system. They induce gentle sleep and improve the appetite, while they ease all kinds of chronic pains.

You may be inclined to sleep after taking your dip in the sea itself. Ought you to do so? Most certainly; just forty winks, extending over half-an-hour if you please, on the couch. Throw something over your feet, then take up THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, read a bit, and when drowsy place the paper over your head. Are you aware that a paper so placed acts as a narcotic? It does really; try it.

Beware of catching cold. Dress always warmly while by the sea. Let your feet and legs be extra comfortable. A chest-protector should be worn, especially to cover that most vulnerable part in a girl's body—the space between the shoulders. When on the water wrap something round the neck and wear a pretty cap of some kind rather than a hat or bonnet. A Tam o' Shanter, for example, is not only healthy and comfortable but becoming, and sometimes even bewitching. In fact, I am told it was a witch who first brought these "bonnets" into fashion as a female head-dress. Not an old beldame, mind you. No; the story dates back to Burns's Tam o' Shanter. Well, the beautiful young witch who chased Tammy over the bridge found his "bonnet," which he had dropped, and at once adopted it.

But the fisherman cap is also becoming and healthy. A hat is not suited to fishing or sailing; besides, it is apt to blow away.

If one is strong and well while at the seaside, and only requires bracing up, the best exercises that can be taken are tricycling and rowing. I have already written a paper or two on cycling for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. On rowing I have not yet had my say, but should like to some of these days. I'll catch our Editor after afternoon tea and buttonhole him. "An article on rowing from a Medicus point of view," I shall say, "will suit our girls excellently well." And he will doubtless reply, "All right; write it."

But let me say one word here. Both cycling and rowing are apt, if you are not hard and in good form, to cause perspiration. This damps the underclothing, after which a chill is apt to be taken. If you have been perspiring, then, by reason of these or any other exercises, do not, as you value your health, stand about, but hurry home and change. After this have a little cup of coffee or cocoatina, then rest a little. If you do so, instead of this extra exercise being injurious it will be positively beneficial.

Well, as rowing and cycling are the best forms of exercise for the strong, so is walking for the delicate. Be calm herein also. Walking must not be a penance. Better to lounge and saunter, if at all apt to be fatigued, than hurry along and heat yourself.

Hurry is to be avoided in everything. It was hurry and his brother worry that made you ill, if you are ill. You must not, therefore, expect hurry to make you well. Yet this is the grand fault with all nervous patients. They may be patients, but they are certainly not patient patients. They forget that they took quite a long time getting ill. It was a tedious business, and in the same way a cure will not be hurried. You will get well by imperceptibly slow degrees. Yet if you were, while following out my instructions to the letter, to note down your symptoms at the beginning of a fortnight and read them over at the end, your feelings would then tell you that several had gone, never, it is to be hoped, to return any more.

I am particularly wishful that you should not catch a chill while by the sea. It may not be a dangerous one which you get, but even a slight chill will affect the nerves and stomach, though it may spare the lungs. Night air if you are well wrapped up is no more to be dreaded than the air of day, only do not be on the water after gloaming, and if on the shore or on the pier keep moving about.

The feet should be kept very comfortable, and woollen underclothing always worn.

I am old-wife enough to believe in the virtues of a piece of new flannel worn next the skin on certain occasions. Here is a remedy for a simple cold or chill which I think some of my readers will have occasion to thank me for. It is of use in cutting a cold short.

The first thing to be done is to make an anti-catarrhal flannel jacket. This is made instantaneously; a glance at the figure below will show how. Take a piece of warm soft

yard-wide flannel, new from the shop, let it be long enough to envelop the body, overlapping in front. Measure the breadth of the back from A to C, tear down about six or seven inches from A to B and C to D. Now tack together at A and C points, and lo, the armholes are completed and the jacket is made. Throw it over a chair near the fire to warm at bedtime, and after you have taken a hot bath put it on next the skin; put an extra covering on the bed that night and take a basin of thin gruel. Take a pill next night, wear the flannel for several days, and your cold will have flown over the seas and far away. This useful flannel jacket may be used against many other little ailments or irregularities. Perhaps after having tested it some of my readers will kindly write to our Editor and tell me their experiences, which I feel sure will be happy ones.

I have before in these columns given directions for sea-bathing. Let me briefly recapitulate. 1. Take the cold sponge bath before breakfast. 2. Five or ten minutes' walk before sitting down to that meal. 3. Eat sparingly. 4. Bathe in the sea two hours after breakfast. 5. Keep moving about while in the water. 6. Do not stop in over five minutes the first day, and never over ten unless you are strong and can swim. 7. Rub well down and dress; saunter homewards, and if hungry take a cup of cocoatina, a tiny biscuit, and afterwards forty winks if required. 8. Be as much in the open air all day as possible. 9. Sunshine is health. 10. So is exercise. 11. Calmness of mind; 12. and sleep, if natural and not forced by any form of drug, cordial, or stimulant.

Now I should like to offer a few hints to those who can afford the time and money to go farther from home in order to enjoy a thoroughly bracing and healthy summer by the sea. Simply going to the most frequented seaside resorts of England is not in many cases change enough. Besides, at many of these there is too much bustle and noise and stir; the city or town element prevails to far too great an extent.

Rothesay, in the Firth of Clyde, is a healthy and most delightful place, an island of romance and beauty, and all too little known. The route is by Glasgow, and it is best to take steamer there instead of going to Greenock by train and shipping thence. The sail down the beautiful broad river will be much enjoyed. June, July, and August are the best months. Rooms are cheap and living far from expensive.

A month or six weeks might be well spent in Aberdeen, the city of granite. The links form a very nice promenade, and the sea-bathing is very excellent. Tourists' return ticket costs £2 16s., I think. Living is cheap in Aberdeen, and fish very abundant.

Or a fortnight might be spent in Aberdeen, then tracks made for some of the sweet wee towns on the Moray Firth.

You may go farther and fare even better. A summer in Skye, or ever half a summer, is about the most invigorating holiday for a work-weary or brain-fagged patient I can propose. Skye is reached either by train through Inverness and Ross to the ferry, or, better still, by steamer from Glasgow.

The Shetland Islands, if perfect quiet, bracing air, and calm enjoyment are desirable, should be visited. I should not dawdle about the Orkneys, but go straight on to Lerwick. Living here is not expensive, and if you are fond of nature you will indeed be rewarded. The steamer goes from Aberdeen once a week to Lerwick. First class fare one guinea; time about twenty-four hours. You see that in taking these little trips the invalid has the benefit of the sea voyage, as well as the bracing air of the country she visits, so that she has a double chance of getting well and returning home hard and rosy.

I should never think of advising a nervous person to go southwards in summer. Let her try her own country first at all events; she will have better and more wholesome food, less worry, and fewer insects. I hope some of the hints I have now given will be adopted; benefit is sure to follow.

EDUCATIONAL.

MABEL A. HOOD will find full details on the subject of the medical profession and women, how to enter, and the course of study, in "The Englishwoman's Year Book," price 1s., Messrs. Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly, London, W.

NAOMI.—The first edition of the "Breeches Bible" is dated 1560, and is worth from £7 17s. 6d., £16 5s., to £29 10s. The edition of the same Bible by Charles Barker, dated 1578, folio, is put down in our list at 25s. We do not know its value if damaged.

ELSIE will find a full account of "Nursing" in our series of articles called "Work for All;" see page 119, vol. v. The range of age is from 25 to 35 or 40 years. In the N.E. Hospital for Children, 8, Goldsmith Row, Hackney Road, E., the range is from 18 to 23 for entering; and the length of training three years. In other children's hospitals the age for entering is generally 21 years.

NORAH.—There is a Ladies' Shorthand Association, of which the secretary is Miss Constance Maris, 49, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, W. The fees for classes (in town) of ten lessons are £1 1s. each person, and for private lessons 3s. an hour. The work to an adept pays well, secretary-work in town being charged at half-a-crown an hour, or according to agreement. Pitman's method is employed. The patrons (amongst others) are the Right Hon. Lord Charles B. Bruce, the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Butt, and the Countess of Strafford.

M. C.—Write to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Telegraph Department, for their prospectus.

DOMESTIC (Bath) will oblige us by sending fuller particulars, with terms, etc., of her housekeeping and domestic school, when begun, with references as well. We have no doubt that, if started on the method proposed in the articles in the G.O.P. (for 1883), it will prove most useful and successful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS WHITFIELD.—"Luke and Belinda" began in the number for October 10, 1885, and ended September 18, 1886. It is now published in book form.

LITTLE GIPSY and AMY.—Many instructions will be found for preserving seaweed in the G.O.P., the most recent at page 31, vol. viii. Please consult the indexes.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—We do not think that the coins you mention are of any particular value.

PERPLEXED ONE.—In the series of articles in vol. iii., called "The Other Side of the World," by Isabella Fyvie Mayo, you will find full information about emigration to Australia, Queensland, or New Zealand.

TRIX.—If you be in any doubt use both names in signing the register of marriage, but the name you have been known by all your life is quite enough. No deceit or concealment is intended.

MURIEL JOY.—The words in italics in the Bible are those added to make the real meaning more clear.

MUNGO.—Coffee is said to allay hunger by retarding the waste in the tissues of the body; and with coffee to drink much less food is required. It is said to be an antidote to gout, and to have many medicinal virtues. Its most valuable property, however, is its power of relieving hunger and fatigue.

DEVONSHIRE LASS.—The eagle is the supporter of the lectern, because the eagle is the natural enemy of the serpent. It is also emblematic of St. John the Evangelist, because he, like the eagle, had looked on the Sun of Glory. The eagle was also one of the four figures of the cherub, Ezek. i. 10. The two outspread wings are the two Testaments.

PENNA.—The population of London, October, 1887, amounted to 4,149,533. That of Paris follows next in order of numbers; in 1876 it had reached 1,988,806. The third most populous of cities is Pekin. In 1874 it was estimated to contain 1,648,814 inhabitants. Canton is the fourth great city. In 1877 the population numbered about 1,500,000. Warsaw makes the fifth, with 1,120,770 souls in 1871; while Constantinople and Nankin make "a tie" with 1,000,000 (1872). The Pays Bas is said to be the most populous of all countries, having 1,829 inhabitants to a square league. Yet of 1,000 men and women two-thirds of each are unmarried, and the widows double the number of widowers. We have pleasure in receiving letters from the brothers of our girls.

CONSTANT READER OF THE G.O.P.—We cannot improvise any new course of treatment for the skin disease of which you complain. All that our writer "Medicus" knows about it has been already told you. Perhaps there may be something in your constitution, mode of life, or diet, that may serve to aggravate the evil, and you would do well to consult a good skin doctor (a specialist). You write a fair hand, but it would be improved if you made the strokes of the t's through them instead of a flourish at a distance.

ONE WHO IS IN EARNEST does not appear to see that God does not make her responsible for her father's actions, nor is she her father's judge. Her best plan is to learn to be a good daughter at home, and mind her own business in that way. Any money her father leaves her can be re-invested in any manner she chooses, when she gets it. We must live in subjection to our parents so long as we are young and dependent on them for their love and support, and we must rely more on their judgment than our own. The words of a chance passer-by, of extreme views, must not weigh with us more than the judgment of those who have given us years of love and cherishing. "Obedience is better than sacrifice," you must remember, and no opinions will override our duty to our earthly parents.

A. W.—The word *phylactery* is derived from Greek; and, correctly speaking, means a preservative, or an amulet, such as the Pagans carried about with them to guarantee them from evils of all kinds, sickness and danger. They were composed of pieces of metal or stone, which were engraved under certain aspects of the planets. In the East people wear them to this day, not only for self-preservation, but also for their animals. We thank you for your good opinion of our paper.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—Your young friend who is living so disreputable a life would not go into "a home" were there one suitable to her case. You had better lay all the particulars before her family, and if they can think of no plan for her reformation, it would be well to consult your minister. Much depends on her age. Perhaps you could send her to some friend in the country.

PERPLEXED may make herself quite happy, no one can force her into marrying anyone she does not like in England. The paper is quite worthless.

A GERMAN GIRL.—As your hair is of different lengths, you had better have it cut properly or singed by a hairdresser. We think you should join the new prize competition, as it will improve your knowledge of English, even if you do not get a prize. "Foolscap" is a certain sized paper for manuscripts.

NELLY SCOTT.—As we have before told our correspondents, we could not devote space, in our answers to questions, for long directions for knitting vests and such like large garments, utterly uninteresting to the majority of our readers. Little manuals are sold, with instructions for knitting. Get one of these.

DOLLY.—The writing is not pretty, but is legible. François Rabelais, the famous French wit and satirist, was born at Chinon in Touraine, in 1483. He was first a Benedictine monk, but, on being punished for some fault, left the order and became a doctor. He afterwards was appointed to the rectory of Mendon. As a parish priest he seems to have been exemplary. He taught the children sacred music, and used his medical skill for the service of his people; he died 1553. He wrote several works, but is now only known by one, a romance called "The Lives, Heroic Deeds, and Sayings of Gargantua and Pantagruel," an extravagant satire on the various classes of people in his day.

READER.—*Qué tiempo hace hoy?* is a Spanish sentence, and means, literally "What weather makes it to-day?" The initals V, VV, or VS, in Spanish, is the method of writing or printing the word "Usted" and "Ustedes," the polite form of expressing "you" in the singular and plural, with the peculiarity that in both cases the verb is not used in the second person, but in the third person singular or plural. Near relations use "thou," but even with servants the "Usted" is always used.

CLYTIE was a water nymph, who was in love with Apollo. She met with no return to her love, and was changed into a sunflower, or rather a *tournesol*, which always turns to the sun throughout his daily course. Thus the busts are represented as rising out of the leaves of a sunflower. But the tale of the sunflower turning to the sun is a poetical fiction. The true cause of the sunflower's name is that it resembles a pictured sun.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.—Edinburgh is called the modern Athens, on account of its resemblance to the Acropolis, when viewed from the sea opposite.

ASLANGA must wear a well-fitting petticoat bodice, and have a few bones put into it, if she does not wish to wear stays, and cannot make her jersey bodice fit without wrinkles.

HELESTIE.—We sympathise much with your sufferings. You should be as much in the fresh air as possible, and take all the exercise you can; you will find that your best doctor. Your lines are very good indeed, so far as the sentiments are concerned, but they are not very originally treated, nor are they correct in the metre; but if they amuse you in the writing, go on—everyone needs some outlet for her feelings of devotion, praise, and prayer.

AURORA.—The origin of the appellation "Reines Blanches" appears to be the following fact. In the old times the French queens dowagers used to wear white for mourning, which procured them this pretty name. But a change of custom was inaugurated by Anne of Bretagne (1513), the unwilling wife of Charles VIII., who, desiring to add her hereditary possessions to his own, wooed her sword in hand. Queen Anne survived him (and was afterwards married to Louis XII.), and as a widow she departed from the established custom which obtained in reference to royal and queenly widows, and wore black instead of white.

G. O. P.—Swelling of the ankles may be due to poorness of blood. You need medical advice. Some asthmatic people find St. Leonards-on-Sea a suitable climate for their complaint; and a sea voyage is often prescribed for hay-fever. So we should think that a residence at the sea coast might be of much service to you. The former complaint could never exist in the Island of Sark (Channel Islands), so we have been told. Your writing is legible, and not too bad-looking.

ELLEN WRIGHT.—The meaning of the term *cabbala* is traditional. It is Hebrew; and among the Jews it signifies the mystical interpretations of their Scriptures handed down by tradition. It is, according to them, their oral law; and it was to these interpretations of the divinely given written law that our Lord's censures were directed when He said that the Jews "made their commandments of God of none effect through their traditions." The first kind of *cabbala* consisted in taking letters as figures, and explaining words by the arithmetical value of the letters of which they were composed. As, for instance, the Hebrew letters *Jabo Schiloh*, or "Shiloh shall come," make up the same arithmetical number as Messiach, or "the Messiah;" from which they conclude that Shiloh signified Messiah. The second kind consisted of taking each particular letter of a word for an entire diction. For instance, the first word in Genesis is *Bereschith*, which is composed of the letters B R A S C H J T; they make *Bara-Rakia-arez-scha-maim-Jam-Tehomoth*, viz., "He created the firmament, the earth, the heavens, the sea, and the deep;" or in forming one entire diction out of the initial letters of many; thus, in *Atah-Gibbor-Leholam-Adonai*, "Thou art strong for ever, O Lord." There is a third kind, but space will not allow us to explain further. The Jews regard the *cabbala* as a profound science, conducting men to the most profound truths. We are indebted to Dr. Hook for this information.

LAKE ARROW.—We do not consider your lover has behaved well in speaking to you of his love if he did not intend to marry you. The only thing you can do is to get your guardian to find out what the impediment really is for you, and if your marriage be really impossible you had better think no more of him. It is probably his poverty that he alluded to.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 441.] JUNE 9, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CONSULTATION OF DOCTORS.

AS we have already seen, Miss Vigors was a woman of action. No sooner had she sent her message to Edith than she marched off again to Hoplands. She wished to be of use to her friend Mr. Harton, and she said so. She arrived whilst Jack was giving orders to the bewildered maids, who had just scuttled home from the fire. The stretcher with its terrible burden had been carried upstairs, and the burnt and suffering Loveridge had been laid on Jack's bed, while the insensible, if not absolutely dead, Aspenel was placed on that in the spare room. Nurse True was with the latter; Miss Vigors assumed, for the moment, the superintendence of the former. The doctor had as much as he could do between them. Jack was beside himself, and having been the agent in thus burdening his father, knew not what to do with those he had helped to rescue. But Mr. Harton and Gerard soon came, and the former took the matter into his own hands.

"We must telegraph for other medical men," he said. "The responsibility is awful."

"I will telegraph," said Gerard. "I must send a telegram to Lady Ascham, as I cannot possibly go today. I will just see the doctor first."

He strode upstairs and met Dr. Richards, who told him

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"'WILL HE RECOVER?' ASKED EDITH."

that Mr. Aspenel was alive, but happily unconscious, and that Loveridge, although frightfully burnt, was, he hoped, not mortally injured. He forbade his seeing either patient, and Gerard hearing Loveridge's fearful groans, was thankful for the prohibition. He hastened off to the station, promising to return later on; and sent telegrams to Lady Ascham and two celebrated surgeons, one in London, the other in the county town. Then he went, where his heart already was, to inquire for Edith.

Miranda met him open-mouthed, with the news that she was as bad as could be, while Miss Lilyton tripped downstairs with the announcement that she slept. Which was he to believe? His mother did not appear, for she was watching silently by Edith. He swallowed a cup of tea at Miss Lilyton's request, for he was quite exhausted, then asked Miranda to turn out a suit of clothes which was kept in a cupboard in the hall for an exigency, took them to Mrs. Lucy's, and changed his soaked garments for dry ones. This done, he returned to the scene of the fire.

The rain had ceased, and so, virtually, had the fire, which had raged for five or six hours. As yet the cause had not been discovered, but the house was all but a ruin. The façade, and therewith the principal front rooms, was not much injured, but the back and sides were roofless and gutted. Such furniture as had been saved was drenched, and the sound of falling beams and rafters and the occasional cracking of smouldering embers, completed the desolation. No lives were lost; no accident had happened to anyone save the owner and his rescuer.

Gerard stood surveying the melancholy scene. The sun suddenly reappeared, and shone through the trees, turning each dripping leaf into gold; a thrush instantly began a long-drawn warble, which was taken up by its neighhours, and soon Nature triumphed again over the aroused and angry elements.

"Are they dead?" were words that startled Gerard from his reverie.

They were spoken by Tom Harton.

He told him all he knew, and they went together to make inquiries elsewhere. All sorts of reports were already spreading, and Tom Harton was inclined to believe that the fire was the work of an incendiary, though he allowed that it would have been impossible for a stranger to penetrate into Aspenel's room.

"I have seen the locks and bars, and watched his vigilant eyes," he said, "and nobody could have entered from without. If those two charred individuals are to be kept at Hoplands, I shall depart from it."

There was nothing more to be done, so the young men walked together to the Lodge, and separated. Gerard was now met by his mother, who told him that she feared Edith was really ill, and that he had better ask Dr. Richards to call and see her. She was hysterical, and inquiring incessantly for her father. Gerard suggested that they should await the arrival of the medical men, one of whom had attended at the Park, and they set Miranda to watch for the first cab from the station to Hoplands. But Gerard could not rest, and wandered forth himself in quest of he scarcely knew what.

The doctors did not arrive till late in the afternoon, and he speedily followed them to Mr. Harton's. He was received by Jack, who made short work of the medical portion of the history.

"They are swathed in cotton wool, and oiled all over. You can't see an inch of 'em. Only their eyes and mouths are visible, like the Laplanders. They look awful. I bought up all the wadding and oil in Roselands, and Richards hadn't enough. That old True's a brick. She sticks to her master just as if she loved him, and he only just alive. The other does nothing but ask for you, when he's sensible. But you should see Miss Vigors! She manages him like a baby. She wouldn't make a bad sort of a stepmother after all."

"My dear Jack, how can you jest at such a time," cried Gerard, whose imagination carried him to the scene upstairs.

"No good to cry. Nobody enjoys a joke like Fan. I wish she were here, if it was only to console father. He's awfully concerned."

Mr. Harton joined them, and declared himself delighted to see Gerard, who "had more sense and feeling than all the rest put together."

"But," he added with a chuckle, "you've ruined your prospects by sending for two doctors. If Aspenel pulls through he'll never forgive your extravagance. Who on earth is the man who rescued him at the risk of his own life—if rescue it may be called?"

"His name is Loveridge. I have seen him before," returned Gerard.

When the consultation of medical men was over, and they came downstairs, they had not much to say. As usually happens in such cases, they said that all had been done that could be done; that Loveridge would probably recover, as all his burns were superficial, but that it was impossible to decide in the case of Aspenel. They feared the fire had reached some vital part; but he was conscious, and would possibly regain the speech, paralysed by terror. The hand and arm that clutched the gold was fearfully excoriated, etc., etc. In short, no verdict could be much worse.

"I am afraid you must wait for your fee, gentlemen, but you will take some refreshment," said Mr. Harton, leading the way to the dining-room.

Gerard was called away to Nurse True, who met him on the landing.

"Tell my darling that I will not leave her father, God granting me strength to nurse him," she said. "She must on no account come to him yet. It would kill her, and do no good. Mrs. Clarville will be a mother to her, I know. Someone must write to Miss Janet in Paris; but she is best away. My love to my darling. Take care of her, Mr. Gerard."

"I will," said Gerard emphatically.

Fortunately True had not time to inquire into Edith's state, or she would have felt her task more difficult than it was. She was summoned back to the sick room by Dr. Richards, who overwhelmed her with directions; while Jack came to tell Gerard that his father insisted on his eating and drinking. This gave him the opportunity of requesting one of the medical men to call and see Edith. At the same time he inquired if it would be safe for him to visit Loveridge, who requested to see him.

"Better wait till to-morrow," said Dr. Sant.

"I shall not be here to-morrow," returned Gerard.

Dr. Sant went again to Loveridge before he left Hoplands, and told Gerard that he might visit him for a short time that evening.

"Keep him as quiet as you can; but in his case the excitement of expectation is almost worse than that of saying what he wants to say," he remarked. Then Gerard spoke of Edith, and related her rescue and subsequent hysteria, and he—Dr. Sant—consented to delay his departure in order to see her. The other physician hurried off to catch the train.

Event succeeded event so rapidly that Gerard scarcely knew how either to follow or accompany them. However, he walked with the doctor to the Cottages, promising Mr. Harton and Jack to return as soon as possible; for somehow everybody wanted Gerard.

Mrs. Clarville took Dr. Sant at once to Edith. She was quite composed, and declared herself well enough to go to her father. With the prescience of skill he combated her wish quietly.

"You will be of more use eventually if you leave him to his excellent nurse, and recover your own energy first," he said; "sudden shocks prostrate more than illness, and you must get over yours."

"Will he recover?" asked Edith.

"Life is in God's hands, my dear young lady," he replied evasively. "We must be thankful that he escaped."

"I am, I am. But he has now no one but me."

This idea had taken possession of Edith, and late events at the Park had tended to convince her that she was necessary to her father. But Dr. Sant argued, "In the present emergency, the excellent woman whom I remember at the Park in your own mother's time, and who was your nurse, is a more effectual help than you could be. You must remain here for the present."

"I am putting dear Mrs. Clarville to inconvenience—turning her out of her room—giving trouble to everyone. Isn't it strange that we should be homeless, and my father so rich, so rich! Ah! I see the flames! Where is Gerard? Cousin Gerard, save my father!"

Dr. Sant soon discovered that Edith was not only hysterical but slightly delirious. She put her hands before her eyes as if to shut out the fire, and sobbed quietly.

He beckoned Mrs. Clarville from the room, and she, being replaced by Miss Lilyton, told him that she feared that Edith had had too much on her mind since the sudden departure of Mrs. Aspenel. She recapitulated all she knew of Mr. Aspenel's proceedings during the past months, and Dr. Sant, who was well

acquainted with him and his penurious ways, was not slow to perceive that the fire was the crowning point in the delicate girl's troubles. Dr. Richards arrived while this was passing, and the two medical men held a long and anxious consultation on their three patients, in the drawing-room, Mrs. Clarville returning to Edith. They found all sorts of cordials and restoratives in the small apartment, turned into a surgery and general store-room by the good ladies of the Homes. They and their maids had emptied their boxes for linen and the Roselands shops for ætherous medicines, in order to aid Mrs. Clarville; and even Miss Short had stumped into her hall to offer to put up Edith's maid, who was more hysterical than her mistress, as maids not unfrequently are.

The neighbours, high and low, had swarmed about the tiny abode, and Miranda had never been so important, or enjoyed herself so much, since she had been in Mrs. Clarville's service. It quite reminded her of London, she said.

Gerard walked to the station with Dr. Sant. He was anxious to have his real opinion of his patients, and especially to learn something of his beloved Edith. Since he had held her in his arms that morning, and perhaps saved her life, he had been in a tumult of varied feelings. Would she be shy of him and annoyed with him, for forcibly carrying her away from her father, and taking her to his mother? She had called him by the old familiar name, caught from Janet, of Cousin Gerard, and that comforted him; still he dreaded her awakening to the recollection of his flight across the Park. Dr. Sant reassured him as to her bodily state, but said her mental organisation was so delicate, that the greatest care was necessary to avert brain fever. He asked Gerard to call on him, if possible, on the morrow, and report the effect of his interview with Loveridge. He said the man showed a marvellous courage and endurance, and he wanted to know more of him. But Gerard gave him a short sketch of what was expected of himself by Lady Ascham, which made the doctor laugh heartily, and say that he might be a medical man, since he seemed to be at everybody's beck and call.

This was not far from the truth, for no sooner was he at home again, and seated in the hall, enjoying a cup of tea with his admirer, Miss Lilyton, than Jack arrived, breathless, declaring that "there was no quieting that fellow Loveridge ever since the doctor had promised him a visit from Gerard." So Gerard gulped down his tea too hot, while Miss Lilyton remonstrated, and Jack entreated him not to scald himself to death, since one pair of scorched fellow-creatures was enough at a time.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOARDER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

GERARD found Loveridge as Jack had described him, encased in cotton wool. He had often visited his poorer brethren in hospitals, so the sight was not so strangely grotesque as it was to Jack; still, it told of suffering and danger. Loveridge, however, did not give him time to think of this, and began in some excitement to explain himself.

"I want to assure you, Mr. Clarville, that I had no more to do with the origin of the fire than you had. I am afraid my threat when I left you last night may have led you to believe that I was an incendiary. Not so bad as that. God forbid! I only wanted to frighten you into frightening my—Aspenel to comply with my demands. That matter is settled without your interference. When I heard the cry of 'Fire at the Park,' I got up and hurried there. I know the place better than you may imagine, and I have been more than once into that awful Gehenna. I felt instinctively—you would say Providence inspired me—that the fire began there, and I made for it. I found the hall door open, and I got into the passage leading to his den. It was full of smoke that half suffocated me. The door was ajar, and I saw—oh, awful sight!—I saw him clutching at gold out of what seemed a cupboard. He was surrounded by flames. I rushed through them and seized him round the waist. He gave a fearful cry, and resisted; but I was the stronger of the two. Could it be that greed and gold overpowered the sense of burning? I dragged him out of the flames into the passage, and I should have saved him but for that door. I stumbled against it and fell with my ghastly burden. It was open when I went and must have swung to after me. We should both have been burnt to tinder but for you and Jack. As it is—is he—my—is Aspenel alive?"

"He is certainly alive," put in Gerard. "But what is the secret of such dire enmity and such unselfish devotion?"

"I cannot tell you without his consent. We have both sinned grievously; he as hoarder, I as spendthrift; but I pray to God—oh, pray with me and for me, that he may be spared so that we may meet and be reconciled. He does not know that it was I who risked my life to save him; but I did, and would do it again and again. He was not all bad. Only so near—so near. Pray for us as I have heard you pray for others not so wicked as we two. Here at my side, so that I may join. I can move my lips if not my hands."

Gerard knelt down, and prayed as he had never prayed before, for those two injured men. Loveridge followed him, emphasising every word. Gerard had the gift of extempore prayer, and spoke as "the spirit gave him utterance."

"Ask for a blessing on the master of this house, and on all whom he loves," broke in Loveridge.

Gerard did so, and then prayed for the wife and children of the stricken Aspenel, his heart full of Edith. For the first time the recollection of Mrs. Aspenel and Bruce flashed upon him, and he silently supplicated the return of the wanderers. No one had thought of them during that fearful day, which seemed to Gerard many days in one.

"Pray on, pray on, it eases my heart," said Loveridge; and Gerard poured out his soul to God.

When he rose from his knees the injured man was calm. Gerard asked if he could be of further service.

"In two ways," he said. "Will you ask Mr. Harton's son Jack, who helped to save us, to be with me instead of that lady—Miss Vigors, I mean—until I can get away; and will you try and find Mrs. Lee whom they call the 'Tigress,' and bring her here. I must see her. She was selling tracts on the common yesterday morning, and cannot be far off."

"I will do my best," replied overweighted Gerard, who felt as if, for the present, he could do no more.

Dr. Richards came to see Loveridge, and broke up the interview. Gerard took his leave, and asked Richards if he might see Nurse True. The doctor at once called her from Aspenel's room. The good woman inquired for her darling, and bade Gerard give her such comfort as he could.

"My master has made an effort to speak," she said, "and I think he knows me. Dr. Sant promised to come again to-night. I don't think he had any hopes of him this morning; but I pray God may spare him to repent. It is an awful tragedy, and my mistress nobody knows where. Tell my darling that her nurse will take care of her father, and that she need not trouble about that. Only keep her away till—till he isn't quite so bad."

Gerard promised everything, and went downstairs to where many anxious friends awaited him. He was glad to see that Miss Vigors was entertaining Harton, senior, with some favourite argument, and that Mr. Austen was talking to his sons. He whispered Loveridge's request to Jack, who whispered back—

"My stepmother has frightened him to death. She's too strong-minded. He wants a dull fellow like me. Well, I'm his man, and I'll go and tell him so."

He disappeared, and Tom took up the *rôle*.

"I was just talking to Mr. Austen about Mrs. Aspenel and Bruce. They must be traced, and I will undertake the work."

"Mrs. Aspenel will hear of the fire through the public papers wherever she may be," said Gerard. "It will probably bring her back and save you the trouble."

Tom frowned and left the room, as he generally did when contradicted. This gave Gerard an opportunity to ask Mr. Austen to set on foot an inquiry for Mrs. Lee, who was somewhere in the neighbourhood. The Rector had been superintending the replacing of the furniture in the unburnt rooms, and fancied he had seen her. But all was such confusion that no one had clear ideas of any person or thing. As to poor Mr. Harton, he was quite dumbfoundered, and declared that he knew not whether he was at home or abroad, in his own or a hired house, in the flesh or in the spirit.

"I am entertaining mine enemy unawares. Will he prove an angel? Here is matter for your sermon next Sunday, Austen. I hope you will put up prayers for us all," he said.

"I shall do so," returned the Rector. "If ever we wanted Divine guidance it is now."

Nurse True came in unsummoned and unannounced. "It must be something extraordinary to make her forget her manners," thought Harton.

"My master has suddenly recovered speech and consciousness," she said. "He is asking for Mr. Clarville, and will not be satisfied until he is sent for. Dr. Richards says he had better not be crossed, and I am thankful you are still here, Mr. Gerard."

"I am thankful too, if I can be of any use," replied Gerard, following Nurse True upstairs, and followed by questioning speeches from his friends.

"Leave us alone," greeted Gerard, in a hollow voice.

It was, of course, Mr. Aspenel who spoke, and the room was so darkened that Gerard could not see. He was glad of this, for he dreaded a repetition of Loveridge's wool-encased frame. He took the seat vacated by Nurse True at the pillow of the sufferer.

"I want to know who dragged me through the fire. Was it you? It was you who roused me first," said Aspenel, in sepulchral tones scarcely audible.

"It was Loveridge who saved your life, sir, not I," replied Gerard, very quietly and distinctly.

"How?"

"He got into the house after you had opened the door; penetrated to your study, and rescued you, thanks be to Almighty God."

"Is he alive or dead?"

"Alive, and in this house."

"Bid him come to me at once."

"He cannot. Like you, he is a prisoner. He is confined to his bed. I have just seen him."

"Where are we?"

"At Hoplands. Mr. Harton is glad that you are here, and is doing all he can for Loveridge."

"Where is Edith? Who rescued her?"

"I did. She is with my mother. She would be here with you, but the doctors forbid just now, because of the late shock to her nerves."

"Tell me all. Tell me everything."

Gerard perceived, from the failure of his voice, that he could ask no more questions, so he recounted, as briefly and cautiously as he could, the course of events. Occasional groans alone interrupted him, and whether they were called forth by mental or bodily anguish he could not discover. He concluded with—"No lives are lost, and the frontage of the house and much of the furniture are saved. Let us thank God."

"My life is lost—my gold, my deeds, are gone," muttered Aspenel, almost inaudibly; then, as if rousing himself, he added, "Tell Lady Ascham that I will spare you no longer. You must now work for me—for me."

"I will do what I can," said Gerard, feeling that this was no time for contradiction.

"Tell—tell Loveridge, that—I promise the three hundred," he gasped. "Go; do it at once."

Gerard went out upon the landing, and was met by Dr. Sant, who forbade further interviews with either patient. Gerard, thankful for the prohibition, rejoined the party in the dining-room, who overwhelmed him with questions that he dared not answer.

The close of this terrible day was approaching, and those who had been up before the dawn were tired out, Gerard amongst them. The arrangements at Hoplands for the night were made by the doctors, one of whom was to remain. Jack undertook Loveridge, with the aid of a female servant, and Miss Vigors returned to her house; Nurse True remained with Aspenel; Mr. Harton was prevailed upon to go to bed; while Tom, who was essentially selfish, invited himself to the Rectory, upon plea of sacrificing his room to the doctor.

It was late before all these matters were settled, and not only Hoplands but the village was astir till near midnight. Police patrolled the Park and guarded the ruined house, while inquisitive strangers came from afar to look on, for where the honey of excitement is thither swarm the wasps and drones. The few servants who were left at the Park, after the summary notice given by the upper ones, were quartered in the village or at the Rectory, and by degrees peace fell on troubled Roselands.

Mr. Austen was the last person to leave Hoplands, and he went thence to perambulate the village and the precincts of the great house in order to see that his parishioners were honest, and had not purloined their neighbours' goods. Happily, the gipsies were in their tents and the police on the watch.

Gerard was consoled at last by half an hour's talk with his mother. He told her everything. She foresaw complications for him on all sides, but knew that straightforward conduct was sure to bring a man through any labyrinth. They settled that he should go to London on the morrow, and return in the evening. Edith was better, though unusually excitable, and nothing but sudden bodily prostration kept her from going to her father in spite of prohibition. Mrs. Clarville believed that for her individually the fire was a rescue from a state of intolerable mental strain.

Gerard slept well, unconscious even of the nightingales. He breakfasted with his mother, who had alternately watched by Edith and dozed in an easy chair all night, and who did not give a satisfactory account of her patient. But Gerard had no time to lose, and was obliged to cut short, not only this subject that interested him so deeply, but inquiries from the ladies, who were watching for him, and from everyone else whom he met on his way to the station. He could see the roofs of the great house in the distance, and it looked like a house cut in two; half of it uninjured, half open to the "owls and the bats." A melancholy sight, truly.

Much to Gerard's relief and surprise he found Mrs. Lee with Lady Ascham. Lady Ascham was going to give a tea to the gipsies, and Mrs. Lee had promised to recount to her wandering brethren the results of her conversion. Others of her tribe would do the same, but it was anticipated that none would have the same effect as the old "Tigress" and well-known fortune teller. She had come to London from Roselands the previous evening, expressly to see Lady Ascham, whose zeal in all home missionary works was unbounded. Her ladyship believed in "Teas," followed by religious addresses; and knew by experience, as did Gerard, the good results often produced at such gatherings, by homely relations of spiritual good received by individuals present at the entertainment. The gain of a meal was not large enough to create the hypocrite, so they put faith in the poor souls benefited. The treat was to be given the following week, and arrangements were in progress.

Lady Ascham overwhelmed Gerard with inquiries about the fire and its consequences, and he replied as briefly and clearly as he could. He knew that he could trust Lady Ascham, so he mentioned the part Loveridge had played, and without naming him told Mrs. Lee that he had expressed a wish to see her.

"He seems to know you, for he said you were on the Common selling tracts on Whit Monday," he said.

"I saw him. He is one to sacrifice himself. Reckless of life and friends and character," exclaimed Mrs. Lee, in much excitement, rising and spreading forth her arms.

She had been seated face to face with Lady Ascham, her hawker's basket at her feet, a subdued light in her fiery eyes; now the fierce glance returned, and she was the "Tigress" again.

"I must go to him. Perhaps I shall learn from him what he refused to tell me on the Common. Shall I go at once?" she proceeded.

"Come to my lodging at seven o'clock this evening, and we will decide," replied Gerard.

"I cannot wait so long. I can be at Hoplands and back by then. Starvation, death, destruction, must be averted. I must go—I must go. My lady, I will be at the treat; I will relate my conwersion; I will testify for the Lord; but if this man wants me, I must not delay lest he die. God bless your ladyship and you, Gerard Clarville, for spending yourselves for the like of us."

She waved her outstretched arms, took up her basket, and hurried away. Gerard followed her. He led her into his office, and told her that she must be cautious, as excitement might injure Loveridge. He advised her to inquire for Jack—advice which she seized upon at once. She promised to do nothing without Jack's consent. She would appoint a meeting with him, and send a message to Loveridge, but "there was no time to lose—no time to lose," she cried, with all her force of will; and again invoking a blessing on Gerard, finally departed.

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.

EORGE, if you cannot keep your dog out of my room, I shall have it drowned. This is the third time I have found it on my bed."

Roger appeared in the play-room (or as the boys preferred to call it, the "workshop") one evening, bearing in one hand the remains of a pair of gloves and in the other the limp body of George's pet.

"And look at these gloves," he added, advancing towards George, who promptly took refuge behind Nell. Happily for him she was present, or Roger would have proceeded to administer as severe punishment to his little brother as he had already done to the dog. It was one of his maxims, however, never to use violence in the presence of a lady; "and," he often added with dignity when trying to stop the sparring and quarrels of his brothers, "I consider my sister just as much a lady as any other fellow's sister."

On this occasion George escaped quietly and speedily with his dog, leaving Roger to harangue the rest on the grievance of the number of pets George was allowed to keep, and the nuisance resulting to the rest of the family.

At boarding-school the boys had not been allowed to keep pets, and in the reaction to a country life at home George had collected a small menagerie about him. His rabbits and guineapigs lived in hutches in a barn, where also the magpie and jackdaw found refuge at night. He kept a tiny field-mouse in a pocket of his jacket, but his latest treasures, a family of white rats, had their home in the "workshop," causing Nell much anxiety whenever she entered the room lest they should have escaped from their cage. In the same room the squirrel's cage hung on the wall, with the dormouse's box near it.

In the first ardour of possession he had fed them all too plentifully and too often. When the cold winter mornings came, however, he yielded to his besetting weakness, and lay in bed so late that he had only time to fling on his clothes, snatch a hasty breakfast, and run after his brothers, who had already started for school. In consequence, his pets were neglected, and, unless someone attended to them for him, left hungry until evening, as the boys did not come home in the middle of the day. Of course this could not be allowed to continue, and Mr. Lawrence threatened to forbid all pet animals if they were not regularly fed and attended. Still, day after day they were left unfed; Mr. Lawrence was much vexed, and George pleaded with tears in his eyes for just one more chance.

"I don't know how it is; I think my alarm clock has got out of order. It never goes off now, though I always wind it up," he said, talking the matter over with Nell.

"Indeed it does, though," she answered, "for I hear it every morning myself, and wish anything would stop it. But if you will promise on your honour to do your part, I have a plan that I think will work. Remember, father is really vexed now, and it is your last chance."

Nell's plan involved a struggle with herself, for she shared George's weakness and liked to lie in bed till the last minute. His room was next to hers, and she resolved to waken him herself, if he would promise to get up at once and not go to sleep again. She found it needed so much energy to rouse him thoroughly that she was quite too wide awake herself to go back to bed. She had to acknowledge that the change had as good effect on the comfort of the general breakfast as on the welfare of George's animals, for now she was down first instead of last, and ready with her cheerful greeting for each as they came in.

George's greatest trouble and anxiety was caused by his dog. It was very young when it was given him, and he intended to train it into a model of obedience and good behaviour. He read many papers on the subject, and formed theories from them on its education and upbringing. Unfortunately, Pinto's intelligence seemed slow in developing, and his master's frequent absences made the training still slower.

"If you please, Miss Eleanor, will you just look at this poor little thing," said the cook, one day; "Master George is awful angry if we give it anything to eat in the day time, but it's regularly starving, and Master George, he knows no more about puppies than he does about babies, whatever his book says."

The little animal was crouching on the floor with one paw doubled under it, whimpering to itself. It hardly moved when Nell called to it, but ate the biscuit she brought ravenously.

"Two good meals of biscuit and a clean bone may be enough in the day," she said, doubtfully, to her mother, "but when the first is omitted for want of time and the second forgotten, I do not think poor little Pin can be blamed for eating what he can find, in spite of his master's theories."

The difficulties of Pinto's education were so many that finally George came to Nell with a proposition he considered truly generous. It was that Nell should feed and train the dog while George was at school, and that when he returned in the afternoon he should carry on the education. In consideration of her help she was to become part owner of the dog. She did not seem quite as impressed as George expected, but consented, for Pinto's sake, and received from him a list of rules culled from the various books he had consulted.

1. The meals must be at regular times, one in the morning, say at 8 o'clock, the other at 8 p.m. He must have nothing between, but occasionally a bare bone.

2. Insist on perfect obedience from the very beginning.

3. Never frighten your dog or speak harshly to him. Be kind but firm. When he commits a fault punish him at once, but be sure he understands what the punishment is for.

The next rule bore traces of George's own composition.

4. Do not let your dog beat you. If you tell him to do anything, you must make him do it, if you have to stay with him all day making him.

5. He must have regular exercise. Not just a few minutes' run, but a good long walk, to keep him in health.

Nell smiled over these rules, perceiving the common masculine delusion, that as she neither went to school nor business she had nothing to do all day. Whether the dog's training was perfect or not, Pinto was much happier under the new *régime*, and his digestion did not seem fatally injured, in spite of the mid-day lunch, which Nell never had the heart to deny him. He never showed particular obedience or intelligence, but was devoted to Nell, and proved a pleasant companion in her walks. With the perversity of young animals, he had taken a great fancy to Roger, bounded to meet him when he came home from business, and jumped up at him, leaving muddy marks and white hairs on the clothes of that most particular mortal.

Nell thought that Roger was growing more precise and fastidious every day. He was always scolding her for some fancied neglect of her own dress, a bow awry, or a tress of hair loose. He complained of their family sitting-room, of which Nell was privately rather proud. It was always untidy, he said, and never fit for callers to see, and when Nell laughingly told him he was the old maid of the family, he retorted with unaccustomed irritability that he only wanted the place fit to be seen. Nell wondered, but bore his trying moods patiently, until one of her younger brothers unconsciously gave her a clue. It was after an unusual fit of fault-finding that she heard Will remark to Frank—

"He thinks everything is wrong that isn't exactly like the Grange. Miss Clare is a jolly enough girl, but I don't see that old Roger need make such a fuss about her."

Frank only growled in reply, but Nell sat down with a gasp. Miss Vyvyan was the only child left at home at the Grange, and her mother being dead and her father much occupied, she herself was rather lonely. She and Nell had struck up a warm friendship, in spite of, or perhaps because of, their dissimilar characters and homes. Clare loved to sit by Mrs. Lawrence's couch and listen to the lively chatter and chaff going on between Nell and her brothers, but she rarely joined in it. She was extremely shy and quiet, reserved and diffident. She had taken a sudden liking for Nell on first sight, and wooed her as patiently and persistently as Roger was now courting herself, and with much the same tactics.

Nell was ready enough to be won, and glad to have a girl friend. But it was always as her own friend that she had thought of her, and not in relation to her brothers. Mark was very susceptible, he told her, and in a chronic state of mild flirtation, but Roger was too superior in his own eyes, and too particular to show attention lightly to any lady.

Nell would not have been human if she had not triumphed over the abject condition of her most superior brother, but she did not let him see it. She could not resist teasing him a little, though she listened patiently to his hopes and fears, his ecstasies and apprehensions. She never approached the subject with Clare, in spite of Roger's secret hopes that she would plead for him. She was deeply interested in his love affair, and in the course of their long talks learnt more of his real character than she had ever known before.

During this time Nell had been kept so busy with Roger's demands on her time and helping George about his pets that she had rather neglected her correspondence with Mark. He bore it patiently for a time, but tiring, at last, of her short notes, he wrote a long reproachful letter.

"Your notes," he wrote, "(you never waste a letter on me) always begin with apologies for not writing sooner; end 'in greatest haste'; and are filled with reasons for the shortness of the present specimen. I will take those remarks for granted in your next, and should like a little news of home instead. I know mother cannot write much, and no one else at home remembers my existence. What about

our fine schemes for your Greek? I do not see why you should not go on with it and send me your exercises to correct. If you do that at all, you must do it regularly, and then I should be sure of something from you pretty often."

Nell, full of compunction, carried her letter to her mother.

"It seems as if I could never be fair to all the boys," she said, penitently; "when Mark was at home you told me I neglected the others for him. Now, when he is away from home and possibly in all kinds of temptations, I slight him and leave him to himself."

"Do not reproach yourself too much," was her mother's answer, "but make up for it now. When we were in India you had to write to us regularly on mail-day. Why should you not make one day in the week Mark's mail-day, and consider that a fixed engagement?"

"I will, I will," cried Nell, fervently, "and I will work hard at my Greek and send him a lot to correct, as he seems to like that idea."

Mark had no more need to complain of the length or regularity of Nell's letters; but having once begun to criticise, he did not stop, and delivered a series of brotherly lectures on "letter writing."

"You seem to think," ran one of these, "that you show great affection by always beginning your letters 'Dearest Mark'; but you do nothing of the sort. You only know two others of my name; I do not believe you have seen Uncle Mark more than half-a-dozen times, and you do not pretend even to like old Mark the gamekeeper. To be 'dearest' of this trio does not count for much. If you began 'Dearest Brother,' I should consider it a much greater token of affection."

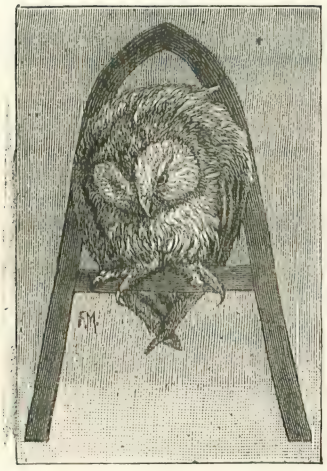
When they cared to do so, both Nell and Mark excelled in writing bright, chatty letters, and the present lively correspondence greatly amused their mother. In spite of difficulties, Nell never let Mark's mail-day pass without a note or letter, grave or gay, and if she could have known all those epistles were to her brother, she would have grudged still less the time and care she spent on them; for the thought of the letter that would surely come, and that must be answered, often lent him needed help in times of temptation.

(*To be continued.*)

JOSEPHINE.

A TALE OF THE VENDETTA.

CHAPTER II.



LUXURIOUSLY furnished dining-room in an English country house. A well-appointed breakfast-table spread with every dainty that can tempt the appetite. Soft-footed domestics noiselessly anticipating every desire of the little party, engaged in discussing the first meal of the day. At the head of the table sits Dorothy Ford, brown-eyed, brown-headed, *petite*. At the opposite end, Sir Hugh, her father, the very picture of a British merchant—portly, sagacious looking, well-pleased with himself and his surroundings—is employed in distributing the contents of the post-bag, which has just been laid beside him. The remainder of the party consists of Mrs. Porter, Dorothy's companion, and two young men, the younger in every respect what one might expect in his father's son. The elder bears just sufficient likeness to the young girl to suggest relationship; there is the same regularity of feature and brightness of colouring, deepened in him to a ruddy brown, evidently by exposure to the weather, for where the brow has been protected by the head-covering, the skin is as delicately fair as that of a woman. For the rest, he is of the spare, muscular figure which suggests an active habit of life, and has a grave and watchful, though kindly, expression.

"Well, Pussie," says the master of the house, separating two or three epistles from the rest. "There's your batch. None for you, Dick! I suppose you hardly expected any yet though!"

"Neither yet nor presently," responded the young man addressed as Dick; "they are not much given to letter writing on the sheep runs of Australia."

"I cannot think what induced you to throw it up and come to England. Were you not doing well?" asked Sir Hugh.

"Yes, well enough; but I have a fancy for trying my hand at farming in England; and I thought I should like to see my sister," he replied, glancing wistfully at Dorothy, who seemed deeply interested in her correspondence.

"Farming is an expensive amusement in these days; where do you expect to get the capital?" asked Sir Hugh.

"I have saved a little, you know, and I do not mean to go in for anything very big," Dick replied, gravely. "I have worked too hard for it to risk it carelessly."

"Well, you know your own business," replied Sir Hugh, "but it's a losing game by all accounts, and it's no position."

"That will never trouble me," he returned carelessly. "I shall take time to look around; if I think the prospect too poor, I can always go back to Australia, or take up something else; I shall not settle in this country."

"Well, my boy, make yourself quite at home while you are here," returned Sir Hugh with sufficient cordiality; "I do not suppose it will be for long. Dorothy, you know, is not very strong, and Brown says she must winter abroad. I suppose it would be no use asking you to come with us?"

"No, I think not, thank you," returned Dick, with a wistful glance at his sister.

"No, that's hardly Dick's form, I should imagine," remarked the younger man, with rather a supercilious air. "Now if I had the chance, sir, I should jump at it!"

"I have not the slightest doubt of that, Digby," replied his father, with an amused, indulgent smile; "but in a day or two more you are due at Oxford, and you'll please to stick to your books, sir! Your turn has not come yet."

"What are you all talking about?" asked Dorothy, looking up from the closely-written sheet of foreign letter paper she had been reading.

"I was telling Dick that in a week or ten days we shall be starting for the Riviera," replied her father; "he says he cannot accompany us."

"Never mind what he says; that's all nonsense!" replied Dorothy, gaily. "I'll settle all that by-and-by. Papa, you remember my friend Josephine at the *pension?*" she asked.

"You mean the tall, fair, French girl who was your bosom friend?"

"Yes, but she is only half French; her father is a Corsican."

"Ah well, it makes very little difference, Dolly."

"It makes all the difference in this case," returned Dorothy, eagerly. "Of course you have all heard of the Corsican vendetta."

"To be sure," returned her father; "but no such thing is permitted now, I believe."

"There you are mistaken. I used to think so. I had a hazy notion that during the middle ages, men used to go about there with daggers hidden under long cloaks, and stab one another in the dark. Did not you think so too, Mrs. Porter?"

"Well, yes, I believe I did," acquiesced that lady, with a smile.

"I never would believe Josephine when she assured me that the custom still existed," continued Dorothy, "but it's true for all that. And the account she gives me of a vendetta going on in her own family, at the present moment—at least it was a year ago, only she has stopped it—is most romantic and exciting. She and her cousin—the son of her father's enemy—are engaged. Of course, her father did not like it, but he had to give in, although there was a terrible upset at first. She was ill with fretting about it—her father is devoted to her; so of course that was the end of the matter."

"A very pretty story indeed," remarked Mrs. Porter.

"Shows how these girls get their way 'by hook or by crook,'" remarked Sir Hugh, smiling. "So she was ill about it; artful that, very!"

"There is not a simpler, more innocent girl breathing," began Dorothy.

"Never mind," she continued, perceiving that her father was trying to tease her. "Of course we get our way," and jumping up she came and perched herself upon his knee. "Of course we do," she continued, laying her soft cheek caressingly against Sir Hugh's, "and you are going to be a dear, dutiful parent, and give it me now, I know. I want while we are away at Nice to go and see Josephine at Porto Vecchio."

"What, to be stabbed with a dagger, from beneath a long cloak?" asked her father, laughing and patting her cheek fondly.

"No, you dear silly old papa; they never stab women," she replied, confidently.

"Do they not? Well, as there will be a woman at the bottom of the quarrel, I have no doubt they punish them some other way," he returned, mischievously.

"But I am not likely to be in any quarrel. Do let me go," persisted Dorothy.

"Then I must go too. You do not think I would trust you in such an uncivilised place without me, do you?" he asked. "I daresay we may take a trip over there, and if there's a decent hotel in the place we might stay a day or two."

"There is no hotel at all, I am sure," replied Dorothy, quickly; "but we could live on the yacht, you know."

"Ah, I see, you have arranged it all in your own mind," returned her father.

"And, papa, dear, Dick must come with us; I do not want to leave England if he is to be left behind."

"Dick can do as he pleases, my dear," he replied; "but he has his own plans, which perhaps cannot be deferred so long. You know we shall be away till May."

"And perhaps by the time we are back he will be gone. I may not see him again for years; he could at least stay with us till he makes up his mind where he is going," urged the girl, with a suspicious moisture in her brown eyes.

"Well, Dick, what do you say?" asked Sir Hugh.

"If you really wish it," he returned, with a quick flush of pleasure. "I have no settled plans yet."

"That's a dear, darling old Dick," cried Dorothy, leaving her father's knee to bestow upon him an enthusiastic hug. "Of course we wish it! And now that is settled, come and let us read Josephine's letter, Mrs. Porter, for I am sure it is more interesting than any novel that ever was written!"

As we are already acquainted with the greater part of the news it contains, we will only give an extract from it, and will then glance back to find out how the engagement was brought about.

"Picture to yourself, then, my beloved friend," she wrote, "my joy, that to me it should have been permitted to make peace between my father and his kinsman. No longer need I tremble during each absence of his, with the fear that he may either become the victim of the vengeance he has done so much to provoke, or with the equally frightful apprehension that he may return to us with the stain of blood upon his hands. For my sake, my dear father has permitted the voice of his own noble heart to speak in defiance of the prejudices of a lifetime. The only cloud that shadowed my joy was the fear that my parents, who love me more than I deserve, would be inconsolable when the time of my departure should arrive. This fear torments me no more, for a fortnight ago a dear little brother was born. Oh, the beautiful boy! How proud are my dear parents! I can assure you, dearest Dorothy, it is the prettiest of pictures to see my father, so big, so strong, bending over the cradle of his youngest born, yielding his large brown finger so tenderly to the clasp of that weak baby hand! Sometimes I feel a little jealous when I think that in the coming parting it is I who shall suffer most; but this is a selfish sentiment, and must be conquered. Truly, I ought to feel myself a fortunate girl; my *fiancé* is always at great pains to please me. I can never be grateful enough to him for the kindness he showed at the time of my father's terrible accident, and for the forbearance and delicacy of conduct with which he awaited his consent to his proposal for my hand. It is almost a year that I am affianced, and at Easter I am to be married. If I could only see you once more! But alas! I fear your father would not permit you, the child of wealth and luxury, to visit me in my simple island home. Yet it would be a thing so agreeable to speak to you of all that is in my heart, instead of to write."

"I wonder," said Dorothy, with a momentary gravity clouding her bright face as she unfolded the letter, "I wonder whether her heart is at all concerned in the matter!"

"What makes you doubt it?" asked Mrs. Porter. "I am sure the whole affair is so very romantic."

"Well, for one thing she says so little about 'him,' but perhaps she thinks it would not be 'comme il faut' for 'une jeune fille bien élevée' to show any feeling about him. French notions are so odd! What fun it will be ordering the things for her trousseau. She will have plenty of opportunity, for the Sea Nymph can go backwards and forwards as often as she likes; of course, everything must be bought at Nice. We shall have so much to interest us that papa and Dick will not feel that we depend on them for amusement, so they will be free to follow their own inclinations."

"I wonder Mr. Ford cares to go abroad again so soon," remarked Mrs. Porter.

"Dick, do you mean?" returned Dorothy. "Oh, he is not a Ford at all. He is my half-brother; his name is Wharton. He's so fond of me, you know; that's why he wants to go. He is such a dear old fellow. But Digby and he used not to agree very well. He ran away from home soon after dear mamma died—went to sea, and we heard nothing of him for six months. Papa was very angry; he wanted him to go to college with Digby, but Dick is terribly independent—he would not. He had a little money from mamma; he took that, but he would not let papa 'be at any more expense on his account.'"

"Perhaps he was wise," replied Mrs. Porter, "as he had his fortune to make, if he could not afford the expense of the University, to choose his career early."

"But it must have been so miserable for him," replied the girl; "and there was no need of it; he might have been brought up like other gentlemen's sons. I am so glad he has decided to come south with us; he wants a little polish; it has made him odd, the life he has lived out there. I think it is so provoking when people will not take the good things within their reach! I always do, and I wish everybody else to do the same. Only fancy, Mrs. Porter, in a week's time we shall be off to Marseilles. There the Sea Nymph will be waiting for us! Next thing will be Nice; then hurrah for Corsica and Josephine!"

But we must now leave the happy Dorothy to her bright anticipations, and return to Jacques. When he left his kinsman's dwelling, which he had entered that day for the first time within his remembrance, he was thoroughly well pleased with himself and his adventure. He felt that he had behaved well, and that his conduct must appear in a favourable light to all personally interested in the matter. There is no doubt that the romantic element of Josephine's presence, and her appeal to him for assistance, had very much modified the feelings of resentment with which he had naturally regarded his own and his father's enemy. It would otherwise have been impossible to him to forget that the kinsman who needed his aid, was the man whose enmity had placed his father in his present unfortunate position, and had ruined his own prospect of entering upon the career he had chosen. For it had been in order to rescue his family from a poverty which was daily becoming more insupportable that he had returned home. Partly because there were no means to defray the expense attending the course of study he had entered upon, in the hope of qualifying himself for the post of surgeon in the French army, and partly because there was no one but himself to superintend his father's affairs. When he had first contemplated the step, he had regarded it as a sacrifice, but he had not understood until it had been taken how great that sacrifice would be. The very day of his return home, a week before Josephine's arrival, he had begun to perceive that the habits and tastes he had acquired on the Continent would make life in this primitive spot a very poor prospect indeed for him. But now that he had made the acquaintance of his charming cousin, he thought it might become more tolerable, did his branch of the family possess wealth and influence equal to that her parents enjoyed. "Why should they not?" he asked himself impulsively. "Our kinsman has been our ruin; it is only just that he and his should be the means of raising us again. It is a grand idea," he said to himself, and with the impetuosity of youth he determined to act upon it at once. Suddenly altering the direction of his steps, he left the town behind him. The night was closing in when after a long rough walk he reached his destination. The spot where he halted was wild and desolate. Macchi, as far as the eye could reach in one direction, consisting chiefly of a tangled growth of juniper, arbutus, and the holly-like foliage of the cork-tree. In the opposite direction the bushes became more stunted as the ground grew rougher; rising now in rocky terraces, now by a smoother and more gradual ascent, towards a ridge of mountains, which stood out distinctly against the silvery sky.

After looking cautiously round, Jacques uttered an imitation of the peacock's harsh cry; a repetition of the signal was answered by a muffled "Hola!" A bush which grew against the side of the ascent began to move, and from behind it a man stepped out into the moonlight.

"Welcome, my son, welcome!" he exclaimed, gladly, saluting him on both cheeks. "I am alone; the devoted Paul has gone to seek wine and food!"

"He will find it ready, my father," replied Jacques. "Let us enter; I have much to tell. But tell me—does all go well with you?"

"As well as may be," returned his father, with a sigh. Then lifting aside the branches of the bush, which was rooted in an overhanging ledge of ground, he disclosed a narrow tunnel-like opening, into which they disappeared, carefully replacing the branches in their old position. A couple of yards from the entrance the passage grew wider and higher, forming an apartment of considerable size. In the centre of it a fire was burning, the smoke of which, or at least some of it, escaped from a hole cut in the roof. At a short distance from the fire a heap of dry leaves and small twigs, covered by a horse-cloth, formed a rough bed. Lying on the ground was a coarse earthen pan containing the remains of a frugal repast of macaroni stewed with olives. Beside it stood a gourd, hollowed out so as to form a drinking vessel. Two guns, besides the one he held in his hands, lay beside the couch from which he had evidently just arisen to greet his son.

"And now," began the latter, "are you not impatient to hear my news? It is great news, good news! and will perhaps lead to a release for you from this insupportable life."

"What, has fortune smiled upon me at last?" exclaimed his father, with an incredulous smile. "Say, then, what has happened."

"I have had an adventure," replied Jacques, gaily; and he proceeded with much excitement and gesticulation to relate the events of the morning. "And, my father," he continued, "I have an idea! My cousin Josephine! ah, she is beautiful! she is good! From everyone I hear how her father is devoted to her. If she would honour me with her hand! If he knew her happiness to be concerned, do you think he could resist her pleadings? Never! Thus the quarrel might be ended, and you happily restored to your family and friends!"

"But, my son, you forget. What have you to offer her?" asked his father, thoughtfully.

"Myself!" replied Jacques, drawing him-

self up with a proud smile. "Am I not young, strong, with the world before me? Remember, too, Horace de Roccaserra has no son. Should Mademoiselle Josephine marry otherwise, his property would go out of the family."

"True, and who else is there for her to marry?" returned his father. "It is a romantic idea, but Mademoiselle Josephine—would she be willing?"

"I think so; she is romantic—she already thinks well of me. Above all things she desires to see the end of this quarrel. Ah, my father, she is an angel of pity. Through your goodness I have had an opportunity of acquiring tastes with which her education will lead her to sympathise. Already I flatter myself I am not disagreeable to her."

"A strange thing that," laughed his father, gazing admiringly at his son's dark, handsome face, and tall, graceful figure. "Well, Jacques, do as you will, but remember always our honour is in your keeping."

"It is impossible for me to forget that," Jacques replied proudly. Had Horace de Roccaserra known the means he was about to employ to gain his ends, it is questionable whether he would have shared this opinion. Jacques certainly never attempted to see Josephine save in her mother's presence, but it was easy enough to convey to the girl's mind on the few occasions when, with Madame de Roccaserra's permission, he called to inquire after her husband's progress, the conviction of his admiring devotion. His next step was to consult the good curé before making a formal proposal to the mother for the daughter's hand. She in her turn consulted him also, before opening the matter to her husband; he advised her to find out what mademoiselle's inclinations were, declaring that could such a marriage be arranged it would certainly receive the approval of heaven. Of course a young, romantic, impressionable girl like Josephine found this idea very attractive, and soon began to believe herself the instrument appointed to end the quarrel which had been such a source of misery and anxiety in the family. Her father refused to take this view of the question, and forbade his wife to receive or allow Josephine to see Jacques. Wife and daughter were both too dutiful to dream of disobedience, but from the moment that her father's decision was made known to her she began to droop, to lose her spirits and health. Nor was it at all wonderful that, suddenly withdrawn from the busy routine of life at the *pension*, with no absorbing interest or occupation to prevent her mind from dwelling upon her disappointment, she should believe it to be greater than it really was. From time to time her pity was stirred, too, by accounts that reached her of the despair of her rejected suitor. She began to think of her cousin quite as much as of her mission, and at last worried herself into an illness, which so alarmed her father, that during the time when his heart was full of gratitude for his own recovery from a tedious illness, resulting from his accident, he yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and acceded to his daughter's desire. It was arranged that Jacques, so soon as his father should be able to spare him, should learn under Palucio, the steward, the management of the estate, which consisted of several large cork forests; that in due course he should be taken into partnership; that at his kinsman's death it should be left, subject to certain charges on his wife's account, to Josephine.

This was the state of affairs when the Sea Nymph anchored within sight of Belleville, bringing to Josephine the ardently desired opportunity of once more enjoying her friend's companionship. Little did she dream what else it was to bring! Neither did Jacques, although he had already learnt that his prospects were changed by the advent of the little son at Belleville, dream what further changes the future held for him.

(*To be continued.*)

WAITING AT THE FERRY.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

I REMEMBER—I remember,
One June morning long ago,
When we waited at the ferry
Till the tide began to flow;
And the wind that fanned our faces,
Blew bright azure open spaces
In the pearly clouds, that o'er us
Drifted sleepily and slow.

I remember how the thrushes
Warbled in the hawthorn tree,
Just beyond the sweep of moorland
Where the river meets the sea;
Where between the dusky beeches
Shine the silver far sea reaches,
And the gulls that wheel and circle
On their pinions strong and free.

'Twas the day that Alice left us,
When she went away to town;
Ah! the hawthorn blushed with berries,
And the beech was golden brown;
And the wedding-bells rang merry
From the church across the ferry,
When we waited next with Alice,
And she wore a bridal gown.

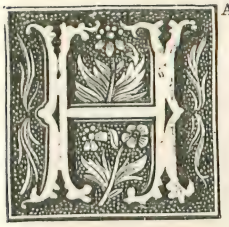
You and I have often rested
At the stepping stones since then,
With a troop of lads and lasses,
When we gipsied in the glen;
But beside the crystal river,
Flowing from the throne for ever,
Dwells our Alice, in the country
Far beyond our mortal ken.

Other friends we loved have left us,—
One by one they went away,—
And the old home nest is empty,
Save for our two selves to-day;
But the distant silver reaches
Shine between the dusky beeches,
As of old in golden noontides,
And in evening's quiet grey.

We shall soon be crossing over
The dread river, cold and wide,
But a loving welcome waits us
On the heavenly further side.
Ah! the well-belovèd faces,
Long a-missing from their places,
We shall find with sweetest Alice,
Where God's ransomed souls abide.

WAITING AT THE FERRY.

THE STRUGGLES OF A LADY JOURNALIST.



AVING thrown myself into the work of helping on our paper, I developed almost unawares into a fully-fledged lady journalist. I had the advantage of being trained under those well qualified for the work, and no pains were spared to insure me a thoroughly good journalistic education. So that, after gaining the experience which practice alone can give, I grew accustomed to writing to order, and could turn off smart paragraphs, theatrical criticisms, articles on social and other topics of the day, at a moment's notice. Added to this I qualified to publish the paper, and mastered all the intricacies of the advertisement department, for I consider no lady journalist has learnt her trade properly until she has become versed in all the details of editing, printing, and publishing a paper. In these matters we shall be wise to take pattern by the work our sisters on the other side of the Atlantic so ably perform.

Being looked up to as part and parcel of the special organ with which I was so intimately associated, I could have made a very good thing at that time out of a literary career. For, as with everything else in this world, when you are up people will help you on, when you are down they will try and keep you under, and so long as you manage to keep in the literary or journalistic swim, you never have any difficulty in getting plenty of employment. But if for an instant the billows of adversity sweep you under, it will verily be as well if, in times of prosperity, you "made friends"—to quote biblical language—"of the mammon of unrighteousness."

And, all unconsciously, I did this very thing, which has hindered my being borne away ruthlessly on the current of despair.

Mercifully—as things have turned out—I possess an innate and uncomfortable consciousness that most mundane matters are transitory.

Holding the old woman's belief that it is wiser not to carry all your eggs in one basket, I made up my mind to try my hand at writing "a lady's letter." We all know the topics this is supposed to deal with, and the particular one I am now alluding to must have contained very ordinary information, for its news as to the fashions was derived wholly and solely from the shop windows; yet on its being sent in to a well-known lady's journal, it brought forth a request for my address, and led up to my gaining employment on another staff as well. This time my journalistic instruction was supplemented by the acquirement of a good deal of commercial information; and the knowledge I thus obtained induced me to start a series of ladies' letters in the paper which was my "first love."

When I undertook to supply the article, treating on matters of interest to feminine minds, regularly every week, it became necessary, for the sake of my giving the very latest intelligence, and influencing the advertisements connected with the subjects I mentioned, for me to remove to London.

In view of the terrible struggles which I then was in happy ignorance of my having before me, as well as of the deliverance I have met with from them, I tell the little incident which occurred on the occasion.

We—that is my companion, whose knowledge of the City has been since of untold value to me, and I—had agreed to go temporarily into apartments. Not being very strong at the time, the weariness and fatigue which hunting for satisfactory ones brought about rendered me cross; and turning back twice, I irritably vowed I would return from whence we came. The power of foreseeing things, possessed by my friend, enabled her to construe my vacillating conduct into a happy omen. "Turn again, turn again, Whittington; thrice Lord Mayor of London," she cheerily remarked, quoting the hackneyed words as an encouragement to me to continue our route; and although in part my "Struggles as a Lady Journalist" may be attributed to my sojourn in London, yet my having overcome them is undoubtedly due to my having followed my companion's advice, and taken up my abode on the scene of my later labours.

Once established in London, as the solitary lady on the staff of the paper whose interests I held perhaps too much at heart, we worked like slaves, and had the reward of the amusement which abounds in such an occupation when it is well carried out.

The curious samples that came for review, and when I was out of town occasionally got opened at the office, it would take up too much space to tell of. Once I remember four wire dress-improvers were sent for me to notice, and being away at the time the editorial staff was greatly exercised as to their use. But tales like this can be told by the score at most newspaper offices. What occasioned me most fun was, I think, the letters I received from correspondents. One girl wrote to me for advice as to how she should dress, and that I might the better enlighten her on the subject, described herself as being "twenty years old, but looking much younger," and went on to inform me that her "dressmaker fell into the mistake of making her a childish dress, instead of one which would heighten the effect of her childish face." Another equally guileless young woman was sorely perplexed as to how to prevent the tip of her nose presenting a shiny appearance during the violent exercise of waltzing in a very hot atmosphere! Then there were the many many amateurs who thought the world would be the better for knowing what they wore when they sang at a concert held for the benefit of their local charities in the national schoolroom of their parish. Whilst, lastly, not to make the list too long, there were the foolish young men who wished for confidential advice as to the presents they should give their young ladies, treating one to minute accounts of the latters' tastes; and there were the other gilded youths who put "private" on the corners of their envelopes and begged to be told something which would assist them in the cultivation of their moustaches!

These questions have all been asked, and the answers given, and the amusement they have caused has been genuine enough.

But there are difficulties to contend against even in the career of a prosperous lady journalist, and though at the time I never thought to experience the struggles of one, nor to see the darker side of the shield as regards employment in literary work, I yet had many a day in which I did not feel equal to my self-imposed task, grudged the amount of labour I had bound myself to expend on what after all was more or less hack work, and sorely wished, with sighs dedicated to the memory of my first poor little sentimental tale, that I had time to devote to the writing of fiction, and more chance of realising my girlish day-dream of some day becoming an authoress.

With the few, journalism is a profitable pursuit, but it is seldom an elevating one; women who practise it for bread-winning purposes having to confine their attentions principally to writing on the subjects which will pay, keeping their ideal theories for the benefit of mankind in the background; and, ill or well, tired or fresh, having to force themselves to write to order upon subjects which after a time become wearisome enough.

No woman should adopt the profession of journalism unless she has a most light-hearted disposition, most sanguine temperament, and is prepared to send in her copy to time, no matter what the physical odds against her doing so may be. Unless you are prepared to spend yourself in the service of the journal on whose staff you are engaged, you will never thrive as a press woman; but there never was work in which genuine merit was more readily appreciated, and as a rule more fairly paid.

As an instance of what I mean, one year when I had knocked up and gone to the sea for change, the editor—who remained in London—was suddenly taken ill; and, to cover some of his deficiencies, I promised faithfully to post a certain amount of copy to the sub-editor on the eve of their going to press. Work for me on the day my MS. should have been sent up was out of the question, but it was a case of positive necessity; and, grieved though my companion was to wake me out of the refreshing slumber into which I had fallen, she had to call me at 2 a.m. the following morning, and my task completed shortly before seven o'clock, to leave me exhausted and feverish in order to travel up to London by the 7.30 express, and give my manuscript in at the office in time to save the sub-editor from distraction. Strains such as these upon their strength all women who adopt the profession of journalism must be prepared to encounter.

But this was the halcyon time when I was working for love of the paper I had helped to create.

There came a bitter day when this could no longer be. The uprightness of mere innocence is no safeguard against the wiles of speculators. Having believed in the cajolery of one of the tribe; having accepted his repeated assurances that "his word was his bond;" having been led away by his alluring promises of high remuneration for my "invaluable services," I reaped the benefit of my mistaken confidence, and, with poverty staring me in the face, bewailed the broken promises of one who had made use of me only to betray my trust in him.

Women who are forced into business against their wills are very apt to be outwitted by unscrupulous practitioners, and hard though such an experience must necessarily be, sharp though the lesson is, I yet think if it teaches one to listen to one's lawyer and intrust one's business affairs to him ever after, it may yet become, though dearly purchased, a valuable piece of knowledge to carry through life; and if the experience has the double advantage of being gained early enough in life for your energies to recover from the shock, you may in many respects be the better for it.

If you have any spirit, any strength of character, it must show itself in such a crisis of your fate. Self-reliance came to my rescue, and instead of giving way to a morbid, brooding state of mind, which the treatment I had been subjected to was enough to inculcate, I turned to hard and redoubled work as a panacea for my woes and my salvation from all forms of hysteria. Collecting all my faculties for the task, I determined that what I had drifted into doing for pleasure I would now undertake in real earnest, and that I would become a professional writer.

At this period the fungus of poverty struggled so successfully with the pride of birth in me, that I stripped off my social fetters, and, as many a one has had to do before, I went into the arena where all who work for their living meet on the common ground of equality.

My testimonials consisted of two flattering letters from editors of other papers besides our own, a pile of grateful acknowledgments from shops whose novelties I had at various times written up, and copies of all my articles which had ever appeared in print. Armed with these, I intended to commence life over again as a lady journalist.

My first move was to provide myself with a newspaper guide; and I believe I am not exaggerating in saying that I wrote upwards of a hundred and fifty letters to the editors of London and Provincial papers, proprietors of weekly journals, and others, telling them of my varied and all-round experience, and offering them my services in any way they chose, if only they would engage me permanently on their staffs, or failing this, grant me temporary employment.

I must say, from one and all I received the most civil replies, but each answer as it arrived was more discouraging than the last, till at length my heart used literally to sink within me when I heard the postman's knock at our door.

Some editors said they had "no opening at present," others informed me that all their "town gossip and fashionable news came through press agencies," whilst the generality laconically announced that their "staffs were full."

After a time I became convinced there was no opening in these directions, and with the recollection of my one attempt at fiction, which got itself accepted by a sixpenny monthly magazine in the years gone by, I scribbled off a story, which I purposed offering to the editor of some present day periodical.

Need I say that I was again disappointed? That my tale was rejected on all hands, and that in each instance I was informed—although with the utmost courtesy—that the editors were overstocked with matter (some of them still had MSS. lying crowded in the pigeon-holes of their office shelves which had never even been glanced through yet), and it was rather a mark of favour towards me than otherwise that I should be told plain and straight tales of the kind I submitted were simply a drug in the market nowadays. Interest here and there might get one taken, or occasionally a lady with a handle to her name got her stories accepted as she could make their acceptance good; but if you were a nobody, who had never hitherto written anything to attract the notice of the critics and command reviews, you had no chance whatever of getting your stories read, let alone taken.

What was I to do? Journalists are not in the habit of reviewing one another's scissors and paste productions; the most able article, the smartest par, does not live in the memory of press men, in these rapid days, much beyond the week in which it is printed; and the triumph of the greatest leader writer is ephemeral compared to that of the writer of one successful novel.

I was conscious of the need to make money somehow. I knew if only I could tide on, the testimonials I could show, the proofs of my capacity as an experienced journalist which I could produce, would in time enable me to gain a livelihood somehow. But meanwhile? Why, I might starve.

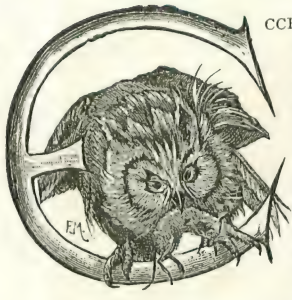
(*To be concluded.*)

ODD CHARACTERS.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

By NANETTE MASON.

VI.—LADY HATTON.



ECCENTRICITY in single women is bad enough, but when married women have a turn that way, may providence doubly befriend all who live under the same roof with them! Take the case of the "strange lady," as an old writer calls her, whose story we have now to tell.

About the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one of the interesting figures at Court was a beautiful young widow, about twenty years old, with no children, and possessed of an immense fortune. Her family connections were highly respectable, she being the daughter of Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter. But she was now known as Lady Hatton, her husband having been Sir William Hatton, the nephew of Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's famous Chancellor. He had died in 1597.

Young, beautiful, and wealthy she certainly was, but it is just as sure that in temper she was a regular vixen. Her "gentle blood," in which she prided herself, never appeared in the softening of her character; she was heartless, overbearing, and vindictive. In the gaieties of the Court—hawking, balls, masques, and such like—she took great pleasure, as was natural at her years, and it was noticed that not only whilst engaging in such amusements, but in everything else, she was greedy of admiration.

The powerful family relations and large fortune of Lady Hatton brought a host of suitors to her feet, all of them so dazzled by her money and good looks that they had no eyes for her mental failings. Amongst them came the illustrious Francis Bacon, then in the beginning of his career, who was assisted in his wooing by his ever faithful friend the unfortunate Earl of Essex.

An old proverb says that "he who would the daughter win must with the mother first begin," so we find Essex exerting his eloquence on Lady Burleigh. "If she were my sister or my daughter," he says in one of his letters, "I protest I would as confidently resolve to further the match as I now persuade you." And in another epistle he adds, "If my faith be anything, I protest if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him than with men of far greater titles."

But Bacon was not to have her. The prize, such as it was, was to fall to Edward Coke, his rival in law as well as in love, who, like him, had cast a longing eye on the widow's great possessions. Coke was one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived in this country, but he was hardly the husband one would have expected a gay young widow to select. He was fifty years of age, which to twenty usually appears about the number of the years of Methuselah. To his family there was really nothing to object, he being able to trace his ancestors as far back as the twelfth century. But a great deal was to be said against his proving himself a husband who could manage the wayward will of a spoiled, whimsical young woman.

He had an overruling nature to begin with, an arrogant manner, and a bad temper, which showed itself not only at the bar but at his own fireside. For the poetry of life he had no relish, he was seldom enthusiastic about anything, and never showed much sympathy for other people. He was simply a lawyer devoted to his briefs, and heartily detesting all gaiety and expense. His habits were very simple. When the sun set he went to bed, and on most mornings he rose at three o'clock. He took regular exercise, sometimes riding and sometimes walking, and his only amusement was an occasional game at bowls.

This cold-blooded lawyer had been married before. His first wife was an heiress, by whom he had about £30,000, and with her, as she was sensible and affectionate, he had lived happily. She died in 1598, and Coke mourned her loss even more than one would have expected in a man of his peculiar temperament. In a memorandum book kept for his own exclusive use we find this entry on the day of her death:—"Most beloved and most excellent wife, she well and happily lived, and as a true handmaid of the Lord fell asleep in the Lord, and now lives and reigns in heaven." She left ten of a family—seven sons and three daughters.

Before she had been long in the grave her husband set what affections he was possessed of on Lady Hatton, and proposed to enter with her into another matrimonial speculation. How he obtained her consent we do not know, but the probability is she was urged to the match by her relations. No one seemed to see the folly of her marrying a man old enough to be her father and with irreconcilable differences in taste and manners.

The two were married on the 24th of November, 1598. We find an entry of it in the parish register of St. Andrew's, Holborn, as the marriage of Edward Coke, "the Queen's Attorney-General," and "my Lady Elizabeth Hatton." The beginning was singularly unfortunate: for the way in which the wedding ceremony was conducted landed them both in trouble.

Irregular marriages just at that time were being a good deal talked about, but Coke and Lady Hatton, in spite of that, resolved on having the marriage secretly performed. Perhaps it was that they thought themselves above taking notice of such things, or it may be that the lady refused to be paraded in the face of the church as the bride of the wrinkled old Attorney-General. At any rate, they were married in the evening in a private house

without either license or banns, in presence of the lady's father, who gave her away. It was certainly a curious proceeding for the first law officer of the Crown to take a leading part in, especially as he was celebrated for his legal knowledge, and had always professed a profound reverence for ecclesiastical authority.

By this irregular marriage, Coke ran the risk of the "greater excommunication," whereby he would not only be debarred from the sacraments, but from all intercourse with the faithful, and would forfeit his property and be liable to perpetual imprisonment. Whitgift, who was at that time Archbishop, showed himself no respecter of persons. He prosecuted Coke, the newly married lady, the minister who officiated, and Lord Burleigh, who gave the bride away.

Mr. Attorney-General made a humble submission; so did they all; and they escaped punishment on the plea of ignorance of the law—an extraordinary plea to be urged by a party led by the great legal oracle of his time.

This unpleasant incident of the honeymoon being over, Coke and his wife settled down to grow better acquainted with each other, and it cannot have been long before the truth dawned on them that they were in a fair way of adding another example to the numerous list of unfortunate matrimonial alliances of distinguished men. Lady Hatton administered the first snub to her second husband by declining to take his name. By doing so she would have had to be content with plain Mrs. Coke, or Cook, as it was often written in those days. Even when he was knighted in 1603 she adhered to the name of her first partner in life.

Their first years were passed in quiet apathy, uncomfortable and silent. Coke had few minutes to spare from the extensive engagements of his profession, and Lady Hatton kept herself from wearying by playing the part of a woman of the world. A daughter was born within twelve months after the marriage, and after her birth her parents lived little together, though for some time they had the prudence to appear to the public on decent terms. This daughter, known as "the Lady Frances," became in time the subject of an unseemly squabble, as we shall shortly hear.

A subject of quarrel always at hand between Lady Hatton and Sir Edward was her own property. She was very independent of him, for she had purchased the island and castle of Purbeck since her marriage, and owned besides several other estates in different counties. That she asserted her rights over these properties we may infer from the fact that she absolutely prohibited her spouse from entering her house in Holborn except by the back door.

After they had been married fifteen years or so Coke experienced the fickleness of fortune, and fell into disgrace with King James. So long as his fate was uncertain, Lady Hatton exerted herself on his behalf and refused to "sever her interests from his," but whenever his downfall was a certainty, her true character came out. She "divided herself from him," says Chamberlain, "and disfurnished his houses in Holborn and at Stoke of whatever was in them, and carried all the moveables and plate she could come by heaven knows where, and retiring herself into obscure places both in town and country." The henpecked husband and fallen statesman was left to ramble alone about empty dwelling-houses and meditate on a piece of advice given him by King James to "live privately at home, and take into consideration and review his book of Reports, wherein, as his Majesty is informed, be many extravagant and exorbitant opinions set down and published for positive and good law."

Whether this criticism was just or unjust we do not pretend to say, but it is certain that when Sir Edward's temper was roused good law did not from him receive much attention. He forcibly entered Lady Hatton's house in search of his own property, and not only recovered what was his, but helped himself to what was hers.

The two carried their quarrel before the council board, and her ladyship appeared in court, accompanied by an imposing train of noble friends. Sir Edward accused his wife, among other things, of having purloined all his gold and silver plate and substituted for it counterfeited "alkumy," with the intention of cheating him. She had quite as good to say about him. Her story was that "Sir Edward broke into Hatton House, seized upon my coach and coach horses, nay, my apparel, which he detains; thrust all my servants out of doors without wages, and sent down his men to Corfe Castle"—another of her residences—"to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all the goods. Stop, then," she implored the court, "his high tyrannical courses; for I have suffered beyond the measure of any wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortune, with which I have so highly raised him."

The virago won the day, judgment being given against "the oracle of law." A reconciliation took place, and a letter is still in existence in which we find Sir Edward saying that after all "he flatters himself that she will prove a very good wife."

In the following year he changed his opinion, for his wife and he entered then on the extraordinary contest to which we have already alluded. They had one child, a daughter, as we have already told, and when she was about seventeen years old Sir Edward entered into negotiations for her marriage with Sir John Villiers, brother of Buckingham, the king's favourite. He was in hopes, by means of this alliance, to enjoy again the smiles of his Majesty. Previous to discovering that she might be used as an instrument for his political purposes, he seems never to have bestowed on the girl a single thought. His proposal was well received, for Villiers—a man nearly thrice her age—was exceedingly poor, whilst the Lady Frances was a rich heiress, her mother's property being entailed upon her, and she expecting, too, a share of the great wealth of her father. It was the money that attracted Sir John, and made him deaf to the advice of some of his friends, who represented how foolish it was to marry into a "troubled home of man and wife."

One evening Sir Edward introduced this promising scheme to the notice of Lady Hatton and his daughter. There was no "Does it please you?" in the matter; he informed them of his decision as if it had been a decree in a court of justice, when nothing remains but obedience. Lady Hatton at once broke out in a frantic rage, objecting, naturally enough, to his disposing of her daughter without her leave.

After the first burst of resentment she grew more calm. It was a case of dissembling: she had formed a rival plan, which was to carry off her daughter and wed her to another.

Sir Edward went to bed that night at the early hour of nine o'clock. Not so the wife and daughter. They at once began packing up, and soon after ten left the house and entered a coach which they had engaged to be in waiting at a little distance. They took the precaution of driving by unfrequented and circuitous roads, and at last arrived at a house of the Earl of Argyle at Oatlands, then rented by a cousin of Lady Hatton's. Here they took up their abode with as much secrecy as if they had been criminals fleeing from the gallows.

When Sir Edward came to a deserted breakfast-table on the following morning, and found that the birds had flown, his state of mind may be imagined. The first step he took was to apply to the Privy Council for a warrant to search for his daughter, and whilst waiting for it he inquired in every direction as to the whereabouts of the two fugitives. Whilst he was so engaged Lady Hatton in her secure hiding-place was doing everything possible to prejudice her daughter against Sir John Villiers, whom she looked on as an upstart. She also offered her in marriage to the young Earl of Oxford, and actually showed her a forged letter that appeared to come from that nobleman, and in which he was made to vow and protest that he was deeply attached to her, and would do anything and everything to gain her hand.

There was some difficulty about obtaining the warrant, and before it was got Sir Edward discovered where his wife and daughter were. Though it was not at all a proper proceeding for the ex-Chief Justice of England, he took the law into his own hands. He mustered a band of a dozen sturdy armed men, consisting of his sons, his dependents, and his servants, and himself putting on a breastplate with a sword by his side and pistols at his saddlebow, he marched at their head upon Oatlands.

On arriving at the gate leading to the house they found it bolted and barricaded. They had not much trouble, however, in forcing it open; after which they went through the grounds and took up their station at the front door. Here the ex-Chief Justice, with the sturdy men at his back, repeatedly demanded his child in the King's name, and laid it down for law that "if death should ensue it would be justifiable homicide for him, but murder in those who opposed him."

His eloquence made no impression, so the word was given to break down the door. It was so secured that all their efforts for some time were unavailing. At last one of the party got in by a window, and he let in the rest.

Then they swept through the house looking for the bride promised to Sir John. She was found at last, hidden away in a closet. Her father seized her, placed her behind one of her brothers, and rode off with her in triumph to his house at Stoke Poges in Buckinghamshire.

So ended what Lady Hatton afterwards described as "Sir Edward Coke's most notorious riot, committed at my Lord of Arguyl's house, when, without constable or warrant, associated with a dozen fellows well weaponed, without cause being beforehand offered, to have what he would, he took down the doors of the gate-house and of the house itself, and tore the daughter in that barbarous manner from the mother, and would not suffer the mother to come near her."

When they arrived at his house at Stoke, Sir Edward secured his daughter in an upper chamber, and then sat down with the key of her room in his pocket to write to Buckingham, saying that "by God's wonderful providence he had discovered his daughter and recovered her."

The great lawyer had been defeated by his wife in their previous legal proceedings, but this time he was triumphant. To use his own expression, he "had got upon his wings again." The King being now well-disposed, Sir Edward had little difficulty in getting his wife shut up in a public prison for conveying away his daughter, trying to bind her to Lord Oxford without his knowledge and consent, and forging a letter from Lord Oxford offering her marriage.

To these charges Lady Hatton had what read as plausible answers, but the fact is that both she and her husband had spirits too haughty and obstinate to give way to each other in the slightest degree upon any point whatever. He wanted his way, she wanted hers, and the only way to settle the point was to discover which was the stronger.

The "high tyrannical courses" of the furious lawyer were prolonged till a fit of sickness overtook the proud, crestfallen lady. She at

last was forced to promise a legal consent to the marriage, and even went so far as to write to the King, binding herself to provide liberally for the future of her daughter and Sir John Villiers. The daughter also agreed to the match, though, according to her mother's account, she had voluntarily and deliberately protested that "of all men living she would never have him, nor could ever fancy him for a husband."

The marriage of Lady Frances and Sir John Villiers was celebrated with great spirit on Michaelmas Day, 1617, at Hampton Court Palace before the King and Queen, and all the chief nobility of England. As a measure of precaution the mortified mother was kept still in confinement, and Sir Edward had the whole field to himself as he rode with his daughter and his friends to the palace in a gay procession of nine coaches. There was a magnificent bridal banquet, and a masque was performed in the evening.

The subsequent history of this union is a sad story. A marriage entered into by constraint on the one side and from mercenary motives on the other could hardly be expected to turn out well. "Lady Villiers," says one writer, "looked on her husband as the hateful object of a forced union, and nearly drove him mad." After a few years she deserted him, and came to a melancholy end. "Thus a marriage projected by ambition and prosecuted by violent means, closed with that utter misery to the parties with which it had commenced."

Lady Hatton had made a virtue of necessity, and in the marriage of her daughter submitted her will to her husband, but she remained as spiteful against him as ever. Shortly after the wedding she was set at liberty, and one of her earliest proceedings was to give a grand entertainment at Hatton House, which was honoured by the presence of the King and Queen, and at which Sir Edward and all his servants were conspicuous by their absence. "The good man of the house," says a contemporary writer, "was neither invited nor spoken of; he dined that day at the Temple; she is still bent to pull down her husband."

She resided a good deal at Hatton House in Holborn—it stood where Ely Place now stands—and Howell tells an incident he had heard about her relations with one of her neighbours here, which illustrates her peculiar humour, and is a companion anecdote to her forbidding Sir Edward to come in by the front entrance. Howell is speaking of Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador. "He hath waded already very deep," he says, "and ingratiated himself with divers persons of quality, ladies especially; yet he could do no good upon the Lady Hatton, whom he desired lately that in regard he was her next neighbour he might have the benefit of her back gate to go abroad into the fields, but she put him off with a compliment."

No less a mediator than King James tried to make peace between them, but Coke and his wife were never reconciled; *ill-will* was continually breaking out, and many letters are still in existence, showing a great deal of heat and resentment in both parties. Lady Hatton would not let Sir Edward alone, but pursued him with bitter animosity, spoke of him always with contempt, and openly avowed her impatience for his death. One day, it was in June, 1634, a report arrived that he had passed away, and she immediately left the metropolis for Stoke to take possession of his mansion there. On the way down, however, she met one of his physicians coming from him, and he told her that the news was false, for Sir Edward was getting better. Hearing this she turned her horses' heads towards London, evidently much disappointed.

Two months afterwards, however, an end came to all troubles, matrimonial and otherwise, of the great lawyer. He died at Stoke in his eighty-fourth year, clear-headed to the last, on the 3rd of September, 1634. His last hours were, much to her credit, watched over by the daughter whose marriage had occasioned so much heart-burning.

Lady Hatton survived her husband for over eleven years, but after his death we have little information concerning her. She occasionally resided at the manor house at Stoke, but closed her career at her mansion in Holborn, on the 3rd January, 1646.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIENDS.

"ALL through Phillis?" echoed Barbara and Miss Pringle in a breath; but the two excited girls, pressing forward towards their mother seated in her low chair by the broad window, heard nothing of the second voice from the little dark figure in the shadow of the door behind them, a voice that was hushed to silence by the altercation that ensued.

"It was not through me," cried Phillis, in tremulous self-justification, setting down books and slates on the window-seat; "Arthur began it, you know he did."

"Began what?" questioned their mother.

"It was just your silliness starting to cry for a joke, like the baby that you are," retorted Mabel, with an air of superior wisdom.

"It wasn't a joke," asserted Phillis; "it was meant to plague me, and Hubert said it was."

"Will you explain what this is all about?" asked Barbara. "Hold your tongue, Phillis, whilst Mabel is speaking."

"Well, mamma, it was just this. Dr. Marsden's boys were coming out of school when we did, and as we were crossing the green, up came Arthur and Hubert and Bob, and two or three more, and Arthur called out 'Stop, Phillis, I've got something you are fond of——'"

"He didn't call 'Phillis,'—he never does—he called 'P. P.'" interjected the child, whilst behind the open door Miss Pringle shut her lips tightly up.

"Then he held out both his hands, saying, 'Handy-pandy, Jack-a-dandy, which hand will you have?' and when he opened the one Phillis touched, and there was only an open pea-shell with three peas in it, Phillis must say he 'was a rude boy,' and look as if she was dreadfully injured, and then he only said a word or two more, just in fun, and she began to cry."

Miss Pringle came forward. "Pray what were the other words said just in fun that provoked tears from Phillis Penelope?"

"Oh, godmother!" exclaimed the child, rushing up to her as if to a refuge, "I didn't cry until they began to fight—I didn't really, though Arthur did call me back and tell me to take the peas; perhaps they'd turn into pearls some day—Aunt Pringle's pearls; and Bob said I'd better pipe my eye, and called me Phillis Penelope Pump, and the other boys laughed."

"You did cry, for I saw the tears in your eyes before Hubert set on Arthur, or Bob took Arthur's part," jerked out Mabel, with a toss of her head. "And no wonder they call you a pump, you're so ready to cry for nothing. Why, you're crying now."

"Mabel!" exclaimed Barbara, reprovingly, her own colour rising, as she met the steady gaze of her aunt.

"I am sure, godmother," urged Phillis, with a half sob, "I did try to be patient; but they are always teasing me, and I couldn't help crying when I saw them fighting, and Hubert's face bleeding. Gilbert Sheperton said *it wasn't fair* for two to set on one—and it wasn't."

"Hillo, Bob! who's given you that black eye?" the farmer was heard to call out in the lane; the mumbling answer, "Hubert Underwood," following not quite so distinctly. Then came the stern demand, "How came that about?" and a shuffling answer, not audible indoors.

Presently in came Stephen Heathfield bringing the boy by the shoulder as if not half satisfied. There was another set of questions to be answered, as Bob had referred to Mabel for the verification of his statements, which she gave with the triumphant air of one assured of credence, ending with the remark, "I told you it was all the fault of Phillis."

"I think the fault lies with Phillis Penelope's tormentors," objected Miss Pringle, stiffly, still keeping her sheltering arm around the child.

"Humph! Much more likely the girl's heathenish names are to blame!" blurted out the farmer, not too well pleased at the aspect of his son, or at the commotion.

"Stephen!" remonstrated Barbara, as Jenny came in with the tea-tray, and looked curious.

"I hope not," said Miss Pringle, stiffly; adding, "I presume in the present aspect of affairs here it will be pleasanter for all parties if I take Phillis Penelope home to spend the night with me."

"No," said Mr. Heathfield peremptorily, "Phillis stays where she is. She has queer ways enough already. I'll not have my child petted up and spoiled until she cries if she is looked at, and turns a jest into a tragedy."

"Heathenish names!" "A jest!" Stephen must have been very angry to have touched the little lady's vulnerable heel so roughly.

"My dear," said she to Phillis, ere she released the child with a parting kiss, "I perceive you are placed in a painful predicament through the possession of my personal names, and I am particularly sorry that it should be so. But if you persevere in well-doing, be patient and prudent in speech and conduct, you may prove to your present persecutors that the two P's of Phillis Penelope have become pearls of price in the end."

Then placing her purse-pouch across her arm, she said, "Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Heathfield," with freezing politeness, and, declining Barbara's invitation to remain, departed as if metaphorically she shook the dust from her feet upon the threshold.

Phillis running after her to the gate for another good-bye kiss, received a kindly assurance that her word was credited, and she not in fault, ending in another admonition to be patient, and exercise a prudent control over her tongue; advice the child had occasion to put in practice the rest of the evening—aye, and for days and weeks after, during which Miss Pringle never set foot on the Upland farm.

Let justice be done to the farmer and Mrs. Heathfield; they saw nothing of the petty persecution of their youngest child, who was said to be "queer" if she was quiet, "fretful and peevish" if she complained; the high spirits of the other two casting her completely into the shade, as did the difference between her thin, pale, wistful face, and the buoyant beauty of her sister.

The Sheperton woods rose high above the brook they overhung at the bottom of the hill, but as the lane ascended so did the hedge-crowned bank gradually decrease, until half-way up the hill it ended at a small green gate, on the level, which closed the entrance to a narrow foot-path winding under the trees. It so happened that on the Monday after Bob brought home his black eye and his version of the encounter on Shepperley Green, Squire Sheperton, coming out at this gate, met Mr. Heathfield leading his horse by the bridle up the steep hill.

After ordinary salutations, a few remarks about the weather and the crops, the Squire began abruptly, "I say, that *protégé* of Miss Pringle's is a fine lad, and a plucky young fellow, too, wherever he comes from. There's the making of a brave true-hearted man in him. I hope you gave that boy of yours a good dressing; he deserved it."

The farmer's stare of astonishment demanded an explanation, and he got it.

"Why, don't you know?" pursued the Squire. "My boy Gilbert told me. It was he who interfered to see fair play. He said Underwood fought like a lion when his blood was up, and if your Robert got a black eye it served him right in turning round on his own friend, already set upon by a young jackanapes bigger than himself."

Mr. Heathfield was learning something. "Perhaps, Squire," said he, knitting his brows and gripping his horsewhip tightly, "you can tell me how the quarrel began?"

"Aye, to be sure. That shoddy-man Rivers' son—a flippant, self-conceited ass—was insulting that quiet, dark-eyed little girl of yours, so Gilbert said, in spite of the remonstrance of Underwood, who interfered to prevent him and to protect the child from her tormentors—her own brother, who should have known better, among the rest. Rivers told him, tauntingly, to mind his own business, they were not going to be dictated to by any Australian squatter, and dealt him a back-handed blow that laid the lad's lip open. That put the girl's young champion upon his mettle, and he was giving Rivers a sound drubbing, in spite of his size, when your Robert thrust in his oar and attacked Underwood too. Gilbert said he wouldn't stand that, it wasn't fair; so he caught Bob by the collar and soon sent him spinning, with a black eye he had got from Underwood's elbow, and he said if your son had been bigger he'd have given him another to teach him fair play and better manners."

"I'll give Bob something to teach him better manners if that's the true story, Squire," said the other, between his set teeth.

"Well," said the Squire, "here comes Gilbert, you can ask him."

As he spoke, a well-formed youth of a fair Saxon type, and some sixteen years, came with a firm free step along the moss-grown path and raised his hat as he approached, his light summer suit flecked with changing tints of sunshine and green shadows from the foliage overhead.

Mr. Heathfield had but one question to ask him, and that was, "How did the fight last Wednesday originate?" As he got his answer he turned his horse's head and strode back to the farm, where Master Bob was enjoying a holiday on account of his damaged countenance.

"I wish Miss Pringle had carried her name and her pearls to South Africa after her cousin," said he to himself, "instead of bringing them into my household to breed disquiet. Poor Phillis is paying the penalty of my indiscreet concession. But I'll make Bob smart for joining in the mockery of his sister, and putting a false face upon the matter."

He found his son swinging on the great gate, and ordered him down in a tone which told that his temper was up. It was the work of a moment to hitch his horse's bridle to the post and catch hold of the astonished youngster's arm as a preparation for a brief lecture on manliness and truthfulness, and for a sound castigation with the ready horsewhip to enforce the lesson.

Phillis and Mabel coming home from school, saw their father turn round in his saddle as he rode off, and heard him call back, "Remember, if such a thing occurs again, I will give you double."

He must have seen them too, but it never crossed his mind to reprove Mabel for the colour she had given to her brother's conduct.

Curious to know to whom their father's stern look and voice were addressed, the girls hurried on past the garden gate and the score of yards of white-blossomed privet-hedge beyond, to the bye-road of the farm, commonly reserved for carts and cattle.

There they found Bob standing with his face hidden in his jacket-sleeve against the top bar of the flung-back gate, striving to suppress the sobs that shook him.

In a moment Phillis was by her brother's side, one arm thrown tenderly over his shoulder, her face bent to his, her troubled voice in his ear, crying, "Oh, what is the matter, Bob? What is the matter?"

A shake of the shoulder as if to free himself was his only response.

The answer came from Roger, at work in the field behind the high quick-set hedge. "Master's thrashed him for summat concerning you an' the fight last Wednesday."

"Oh, dear me, I am so sorry, I am so sorry, Bob dear. I hope he hasn't hurt you *very* much."

As she spoke, a sympathetic tear fell on his bare neck. That hurt him more than his father's cutting whip. He was thoughtless, but not bad, and with his father's admonition fresh in his mind, felt how little he deserved her tender pity.

"Come away, and don't tease him. I suppose he may thank you for this as well as for his black eye," cried Mabel, in her vexation.

"Nay, Miss Mabel, 'twas Squire Sheperton and Master Gilbert as told

master. I wor up by the stile an' heard them," corrected Roger from his vantage ground.

"'Twas all through her at the first," persisted Mabel.

"No, it wasn't," exclaimed Bob, turning round sharply in a sudden fit of magnanimity; "it was Arthur and me. But I'll never call you names again, Phillis, never. I thought you'd be glad to hear I was beaten, and I didn't expect you'd be sorry and cry over me—I didn't. You've made me ashamed of myself, you have."

"Mph!"—(an unconscious imitation of her father) was all Mabel's acknowledgment of her brother's repentant confession, as she marched loftily away, and so missed the tearful compact of peace Bob sealed with a brotherly kiss.

Phillis frequently in the summer time carried her books out of doors in order to learn her lessons in quiet. So Stephen Heathfield found her, waiting his return home that evening from his round of inspection. And no sooner was his foot out of the stirrup than her face was up for a kiss, and a whisper, "Please, father, don't be cross with Bob; he's been so nice, and says he's sorry, and won't call names any more."

"Humph! Let him see he don't, and I'll forgive him this time."

"And will you please write a note and ask Dr. Marsden not to punish him?"

"Oh! So Master Bob's set you to shoot his bullets, has he?"

Even in the twilight he could see the indignant blood crimsoning her face as the swift denial came, along with a suspicious tendency to tears.

"I'm not shooting anybody's bullets. Bob doesn't know. But I don't think he ought to be punished now he's sorry and good."

"Well, well, go in, and I'll see."

He did see, and so did the boy—not the contents of the protective note—but that he owed it to the sister he had done so much to provoke.

"Bob," said the little peace-maker, on the way to their respective schools the next morning, "would you mind telling Hubert you are sorry for him. He has got such a dreadful lip, all cut and swollen."

"Oh, that depends. Not if he rides the high horse, you know!"

Much to his amazement, Hubert himself generously made the first advances. He was closing Miss Pringle's green gate behind him when the three Heathfields passed. His lower lip, cut by a button on Arthur's sleeve, was plastered across; the upper one was still swollen.

He put out his hand to Robert, saying, "I'm sorry my elbow went in your eye, Bob. It was quite accidental. I was too angry to see anyone but the insolent fellow who struck me."

Robert, who had taken his extended hand, looking foolish the while, was not to be outdone in generosity. "It is very good of you to say so, but I deserved all I got for interfering, and a good deal more for joining in Arthur's game against Phillis. I shall never do it again, I can tell you."

He kept his word. But the ball had been sent rolling, and others took it up.

Arthur Rivers, who was fourteen, and consequently older than either Robert or Hubert, was the leader of a clique, and the two reconciled friends were not always able to endure passively the flippant jests he and his followers directed against Phillis and Miss Pringle, or Hubert himself as "Miss Pringle's *protégé*"; hence they were frequently in hot water, much to the grief of the little old maid.

Phillis might have fared little better but for her godmother's comforting assurance, "Persistent patience will disarm animosity in the end," and her advice to "Pray for patience to the Almighty, who can alone give it, my dear."

Then she found a congenial companion in a solitary girl like herself, one on whom elder girls of the Rivers type looked down as beneath them.

Lucy Hope, who was about her own age, was the daughter of a widow living on a small annuity, who was straining every nerve to keep her son at college and give her girl an education on which she might rely for self-support in the aftertime. She was dressed in deep mourning when first she came to Miss Birtwhistle's, but when the black grew shabby and was not renewed, and it oozed out that she was to be trained for a governess, those who had been at first attracted by her ladylike manners, her clear complexion, rich auburn hair, and sad brown eyes, became either patronising or indifferent.

Phillis, who knew how lonely a little girl could be in a great school, was instinctively drawn to her for their mutual solace and benefit. They were in the same classes; they walked out of school together, leaving Mabel to the companionship of her own friends; they read together; Phillis lent her friend her own great treasure, "Mrs. Sherwood's Stories of the Church Catechism," which had come to her from her godmother; and finally, by her generous praise, obtained for Lucy admission to Miss Pringle's parlour, and a welcome at the farm, where previously only Mabel had introduced her friends for croquet and tea, or strawberries and cream, in the arbour overlooking the lawn.

That first visit of Lucy Hope to the farm was quite a red-letter day to Phillis. Mother and father alike appeared pleased with her friend; Mabel was most gracious, and Bob, who rather fought shy of strange girls, offered to pilot them over the farm and keep the big turkey-cock at bay. Even Hepsy remarked to Jenny, "Well, I'm glad Phillis has got a friend of her own, she'll not be so lonesome like, and yon seems a nice little lass."

It was quite as well, for changes were impending.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATIONAL CLASSES. Y.W.C.A.

SUCH of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as have been interested in the different articles on the Young Women's Christian Association, will be glad to learn that the City Branch prospers. At the annual meeting the other day it was announced that there were nearly one thousand members, and that they increased at the rate of about one hundred each successive year. There was also another important announcement. Educational classes have been set on foot for the benefit of young women engaged in business, whether members of the association or not. There is an elementary class for reading, writing, and arithmetic; one for Anglo-Parisian dress-cutting, and others for shorthand, arithmetic, book-keeping; also piano, elementary and advanced. A course of the St. John ambulance lectures is also arranged. The hours fixed for these various classes are between eight and ten in the evening, so as to accommodate the learners; and if any other subject is required, a class for it may be formed.

The charges vary from one shilling to five, and are a shilling a course more for non-members. All particulars may be obtained from Miss Baldwin, the resident superintendent, at the Finsbury Institute, 14, Finsbury Square, E.C. Twelve lessons constitute a course, save in the dress-cutting, when six is the number given.

It need not be repeated here that the cheerful rooms of this institute are open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Saturdays excepted; and that girls of all ages are welcomed. One shilling a year for membership is not ruinous; and when we reflect that it is a harbour of refuge in the great ocean of the city, we are thankful for it and other similar havens. We know that some 26,000 young women are employed in a radius of a mile round about it; and it is a wonderful sight to see them stream through the square of a morning, and stream back again of an evening, to and from their various occupations. To those who have no home in London, the Institute offers particular attractions. Not only will they find friends, but Bible classes, social evenings, entertainments and books. As the population increases, this City Branch becomes more and more important, and we would advise all solitary young women, especially, to join it. Those with friends and homes are, we hope, better shielded from external temptations.

ANNE BEALE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MATCH-BOX.—We suppose you could call yourself "certificated" even if you had only a third-class certificate; but could you not try to get a higher one, unless you intend to be only a governess to young children? "Your ladyship" and "my lady" are now styles of address generally used by tradespeople and servants, and are not heard in "society," where you only use "Lady So-and-So," just as you would use "Mrs. This, or That."

EURYDICE must precede her visitor into the room where her mother or other relations may be, and open the door for her, entering first, and standing aside to let her pass, saying, "Mother, here is Miss So-and-So." This seems the most natural way; because, being a stranger, she would not know her way, and you take the place of the servant, whose duty it would be to announce her in the usual way.

TWENTY-THREE.—There are lectures on "Home Nursing" as well as on ambulance work given at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street. You could inquire when the series are held.

WORK.

A YOUNG DRESSMAKER can make cotton dresses, either with a full bodice or else with a polonaise. She should consult the "Dress Articles" in each month's G.O.P.

NANCE JACQUES.—Green tea made very strong will sometimes restore the colour to black lace. But if the lace be really valuable, you had better have it done by a proper lace cleaner. Perhaps you might spoil it in your unskilful attempts.

A WOULD-BE NETTER.—We regret that we cannot help you further than to suggest your getting one of the many 1s. books on the subject of netting. If you could get a friend to teach you it could be learnt very quickly.

HOUSEKEEPING.

JULIANA.—1. Bones for soup should be broken up with a hammer, or sawn asunder with the meat-saw. 2. Linen which has become discoloured can be improved in colour by washing in water to which a small quantity of chloride of lime has been added. The linen should be rinsed both before and after the process. Use a table-spoonful of the chloride of lime in a bucket of clean cold water; let the things steep during ten minutes, and then rinse them carefully out, and finish washing them as usual.

A READER OF THE G.O.P.—We think you had better purchase the "baking powder" and save yourself probable disappointment. The oven was too hot most likely for your batter pudding.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SICK AT HEART.—1. If you do not intend to marry the person who sent you the bracelet, you should return it. 2. Why read them if you have doubts as to their edifying you?

LOWLAND LASS had better keep her money in her pocket, and not waste it on any such advertisements.

A READER OF THE G.O.P.—"Rigdum Funnidos" and "Aldiborontephoscophornio"—the nicknames Sir Walter Scott gave to the brothers Ballantyne—are taken from H. Carey's burlesque "Chrononhotonthologos." The last-named was a king, the first-named was a courtier, and the second-named was the queen.

VOL. IX.—No. 442.] JUNE 16, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MY WISH.

BY RUTH LAMB.

WHAT shall I wish for you, dear one?
What good shall I ask for you?
A life without care or trouble?
A sky that is always blue?

A path that is smooth and even,
So plain that you cannot stray,
That is free from snare or pitfall,
And as safe by night as day?

Shall I wish you wealth past counting,
And pleasure with no alloy?
Each morning without a sorrow?
Each eve with a store of joy?

Life's garden, teeming with flowers,
Where never a weed is born,
Where the blossoms all shed perfume,
And the rose has lost its thorn?

Health, wealth, long life, enjoyment
Far more than my words can tell;
Shall I wish you these, O! dear one?
Or asking, shall I ask well?

Ah, no! For the storm and sunshine
Are sent us, alike to bless;
And the rugged road of trial
May lead us to happiness.

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Earth's flowers fade all too quickly,
Night chases the fairest day;
All travellers on Life's journey
Must find it a thorny way.

Earth's wealth is but for a moment;
It melts from our eager grasp;
Our riches take flight and leave us,
In spite of our tightening clasp.

When our foolish hearts are yearning
For treasures the world doth prize—
Its wealth, or its rank and honours,
God opens our blinded eyes

To show us enduring riches
Laid up in our Father's home;
He says, "Seek, ask for and have them;
For I cast out none who come."

Then hearken to me, O! dear one;
I wish you, not earthly store,
But treasure laid up in heaven,
And the life for evermore.

May you, through your pilgrim journey,
Be kept by the hand of love,
And the Friend of friends lead onward
To His Father's home above.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"ON HER TRAIL."

JACK found his self-imposed task of nursing Loveridge no sinecure. While his male friends were sleeping off their fatigue that Tuesday night after the fire, he kept vigil. Loveridge was a most impatient patient, and had he not been so tightly swathed by the doctors, he would probably have rid himself of some of the impediments to movement. He had borne the torture heroically, but could not bear the restraint. Fortunately for Jack, Dr. Richards was in the house, and did not leave him to bear the burden alone. He forbade conversation, for fear of increase of fever, but told Jack to read to him instead. Jack had two or three numbers of the Franklyn Square Library at hand, and began a tale of adventurous emigration, which soon engrossed Loveridge's attention, until he at last fell asleep. Jack followed his example, and between sleeping and waking, reading and nursing, the night wore through. When Jack waxed melancholy, he revived himself by an inward chuckle at his "Lap," as he called his patient, not inappropriately; for nothing of him was to be seen save his eyes, mouth, and nostrils, barely visible through the slits made to enable him to see, smell, and take liquids. A Laplander could not have been more effectually encased in skins than Loveridge in cotton wool.

However, Nurse True's friend Rebecca came to relieve guard in the morning, and Jack's temporary self-abnegation ceased for awhile. He and his father breakfasted together, and discussed what was to be done in this wonderful crisis. They came to the conclusion that they must let things take their course, and bear it as philosophically as possible.

"If only Fan were here! She knows all about nursing," sighed Mr. Harton.

"It would have been jolly to have her to help, instead of Rebecca," moaned Jack. "And now all this bother hinders my search for her. Will she ever come back?"

"The squire's groans kept me awake half the night," broke out Mr. Harton. "It is an awful visitation. He is no better this morning; Mrs. Truman fears the worst."

"Serve him right," said Jack, whose religious zeal was not fervent enough to overcome his prejudices.

After breakfast he wandered off to the Common, and would have pursued his search for Fan had he not felt that he was needed at home. In the afternoon he resumed his nursing and his reading. Loveridge was pronounced to be going on well; but the doctors shook their heads over Aspenel.

It was nearly six o'clock when a note was brought to Jack. He was entertaining Loveridge with a description of Fan, to which the sick man listened without apparent interest.

"Hurrah! Now I shall find her!" he exclaimed, when he had read the missive. "Old mother Lee promised to help, and here she is sending for me. I'll be back in no time."

Jack was gone and replaced by Rebecca before Loveridge could reply. The Tigress had written to say that she was waiting for Jack in the copse at the back of Hoplands. He was at her side in no time. She was seated on a tree-root.

"You have found her. Where's Fan?" he cried.

"Not so fast, young gentleman. I bring you no news of her; but I want to see the Mr. Loveridge whom your good father has taken into Hoplands. Will you tell him so? There's no time to lose."

"He mustn't be excited. But perhaps you could read him one of your tracts," said Jack with a twinkle of his eye, and a glance towards the basket at her feet.

"I'm no scholar, Mr. Jack Harton, but I'm learning to read. At seventy-six I'm doing what I should 'a done at seven. But I can tell him how the Lord tamed the Tigress, and is ready to make a lamb of him."

"Bless you, Mrs. Lee, you'll find him in a full fleece of wool; why, he was as white as snow yesterday, but he's getting a bit soiled," rejoined Jack, who could never resist a joke.

"Go!" cried the Tigress, waving her arms towards the house.

"I'll give your message, provided you help me to find Fan," he said, resolutely.

"I will. I am seeking her," she said.

No sooner had Jack delivered his message than Loveridge begged him to bring Mrs. Lee to him at once, saying she was the woman of all others he wanted to see.

"What will the maids say?" asked Jack.

"Tell them I'm wanting good books, instead of your secular papers," he replied, attempting to laugh, but restrained by sudden anguish. "Only the burn on my cheek," he added, cheerfully.

Jack returned to Mrs. Lee, and conducted her by the back staircase to Loveridge's room. They did, in fact, attract attention, but Jack told the domestics that she was going to sell her tracts upstairs first, and then was coming down to do a little business with them.

"Wait for me in the copse," she said, as Jack ushered her into the apartment, and she closed the door on him.

"That's cool!" he muttered, and turned on his heel.

Still remembering her promise of help, he went back to the copse and waited. He, like many others, could do anything but wait, and it seemed to him the longest half-hour he had ever spent.

"Confound the birds, how they do sing. It makes a fellow melancholy when all the world's at sixes and sevens. They've no feeling, or they couldn't be so cheerful," he philosophised. "And Fan, who used to feed them in the winter, gone, nobody knows where. Oh, Fan, Fan, I wish you would come back!"

The Tigress returned at last. She looked fierce and solemn. Jack ques-

tioned her about Loveridge, but she declined to give any information. All she said was, that she didn't know what would become of him if he should be maimed for life.

"And all for that miser!" she groaned.

"And Fan?" asked Jack.

"I will surely find her if you stick to your promise of marrying her," she answered.

"Only get us a parson and I'll marry her before your eyes. But father would like to have a hand in giving her away, so perhaps we'd better wait for the rector."

"I'll send you a line soon; I'm on her trail."

"Oh! you dear old South American huntress!" cried Jack, catching hold of her hand, and wringing it. "If you bring her to me, you shall have a corner of our wigwam as long as you live."

Something like a tear moistened her black eyes, and she took up her basket, saying, "God bless you for the kind word," and plunged into the copse.

No sooner did Jack reach home than he was sent off again in search of Gerard. If he had not returned he was to be telegraphed for, since Mr. Aspenel would not be quieted without him. Nurse True and the doctors agreed that he was essential to him. Jack found Gerard at tea. He had but lately arrived, and was about to go to Hoplands. Edith was in the drawing-room, and Jack could not but think what a charming trio she helped to form. She was better, and declared herself able to go to her father.

Jack called Gerard out to deliver his message, but her sensitive mind imagined something wrong. Gerard reassured her by saying that Mr. Aspenel must be better, since he was able to think of business. Lady Ascham had bade him forget her and her charities, and remember nothing but that greatest of all charities, returning good for evil. He was to devote himself to Mr. Aspenel.

He had spent the day at his old office, gathering such information as the anxious clerks and others could give, and furnishing particulars of the fire to the crowds that besieged it. Piles of letters were awaiting Aspenel, which, after due consideration, were entrusted to Gerard. All concerned were aghast at the catastrophe, not knowing what the end could be. Men, whether millionaires or not, never anticipate the sudden strokes of Providence. It was understood that Gerard knew as much as anyone of the affairs, and everybody trusted him, as people do the strictly truthful, honourable, and straightforward.

"Tell papa I am ready to come to him," said Edith. "Ask him what he wishes me to do, and I will do it."

Simple obedience. That had been always her motto, and Gerard knew it. She looked whiter and more fragile than ever, as she lay curled up on the sofa, yet none more resolved than she, where duty called. He was happy in thinking that the memory of her escape from the fire was merged in anxiety for her father. But for this, how happy she would have been in the peaceful haven of Mrs. Clarville's tiny home!

Gerard found Mr. Aspenel's mind clear but excited. The room was still darkened, and he saw but little of the swathed and stricken man. His voice was low, but less sepulchral than the previous day, and the doctors thought him slightly better. Gerard told him at once, and without circumlocution, that Lady Ascham relinquished his services so long as he could be of use to him, and that he placed himself wholly at his disposal. The "Thanks" that succeeded, though but one word, sounded emphatic. Then Gerard related what he had done at the office and elsewhere, and alluded cautiously to the heaps of letters.

"Read them, and give me a summary of their contents," said Aspenel. "I must negotiate through you with clients as well as lawyers. I can see no one else."

"Miss Aspenel is anxious to come to you. She is better," ventured Gerard.

"Not till I am back at the Park. That must be managed at once. I constitute you my agent, steward, what you will. Get workmen and see that what remains of the house is safe. I can rebuild at leisure when I get back. See that the ruins of my study are boarded up, and let no one meddle with them. Write to the insurance company, 'Fire and Flame, Limited.' I shall have a fight with them."

Gerard knew that they would dispute his claim, because Aspenel had himself been the cause of the fire; but he did not venture to say so. Indeed, Nurse True had warned him not to contradict him. His best chance was to ease, as much as possible, his over-burdened mind. He unloaded it himself by degrees, giving Gerard commission after commission so rapidly, that at last he begged to be allowed to go to the window and write them down, saying that his memory was less retentive than Mr. Aspenel's. He managed to let the light in obliquely, so that its declining rays fell on him, and not on the bed where the sufferer lay.

He had always looked on Aspenel as a genius; now he found him to be one of the most remarkable of his century; for there are geniuses and geniuses. A marvellous memory, an inborn talent for money-getting, a self-absorbed power of organisation, a vision unbounded by sea or shore; and is not that genius as great as is that of any poet, romancer, or philosopher, who works for earth, not heaven? Gerard thought it was, and wished it had glorified God. Was it too late? In spite of the fire and consequent suffering, the mind—or soul, or spirit, which was it?—seemed to grasp the universe in its flight from the stock-exchange, bank, office, shipping, at home; to argosies, mines, and multitudinous speculations abroad. Nothing escaped it but the grim shadow, Death.

How long this essential part of the complex organisation, called man, could have held out Gerard did not know; for Nurse True came in to say that Dr. Sant had arrived, and wished to see her master at once.

"Come again," muttered Aspenel, as Gerard left the room.

Jack was waiting for him to request him to visit Loveridge. He found him quite animated, for the doctor pronounced him on the road to recovery.

"Time and patience is what they preach," he said, as Gerard approached him. "I haven't much of either, for this emigration scheme hampers me."

"Mr. Aspenel promises the three hundred a year," said Gerard, and the announcement caused Loveridge to start, and to utter a cry of pain.

"I could not leave while he is in danger. I must see him first," he moaned.

"He also wishes to see you."

"Thank you; thank God for that, Gerard Clarville. The Tigress has been, and I must thank you for that also; but more than all, I thank you for a strange peace that stole over my soul after your prayers the other evening. When was it? Weeks ago, I think. Mrs. Lee calls it the peace of God, after repentance. Ask Him for more: for His continual peace."

Gerard was much affected, and could scarcely command his voice when he once more knelt down and prayed for help for this man of whom he knew so little. This he knew, however, that he was a sinner needing pardon, who had lately escaped from the jaws of death; and that "there is joy in Heaven over one such that repenteth."

He obtained permission to look in on Aspenel before he left for the night.

"Has anything been heard of Mrs. Aspenel and Bruce?" asked the melancholy voice. "They must be found."

"Tom Harton is searching for them," replied Gerard.

"They must be advertised for. He is not to be trusted. He has his own ends, and works for gain. Thank old Harton for his hospitality. That is unselfish."

"Quite," responded Gerard. "May I take a message to Miss Aspenel?"

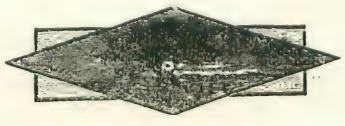
"My love, and she must go back to the Park as soon as it is habitable. Where do you live?"

"Partly with my mother; but I sleep at Mrs. Lucy's, who is from home."

"Set about the Park. We must return at once."

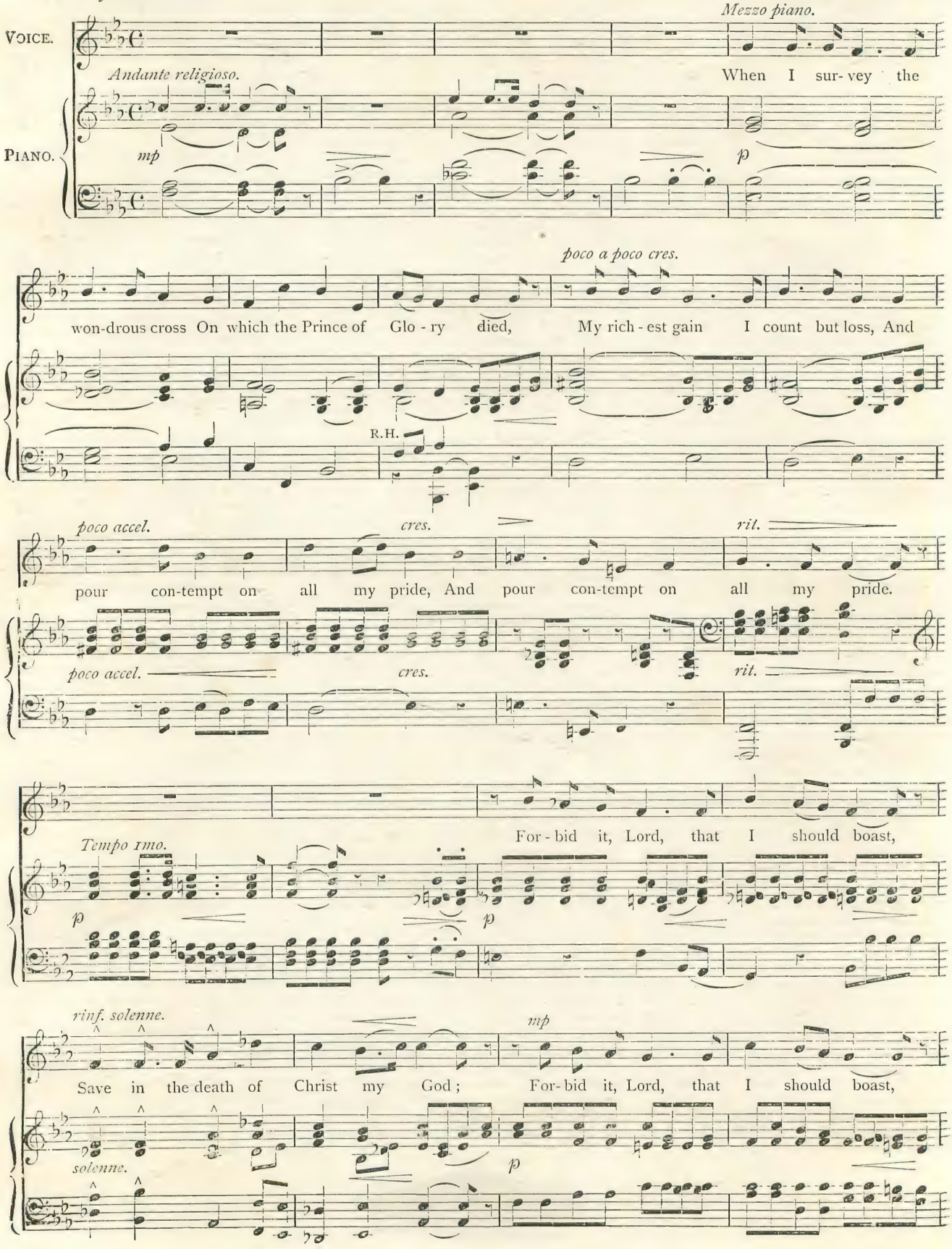
With this concluding order, the deep voice ceased, and Gerard retired.

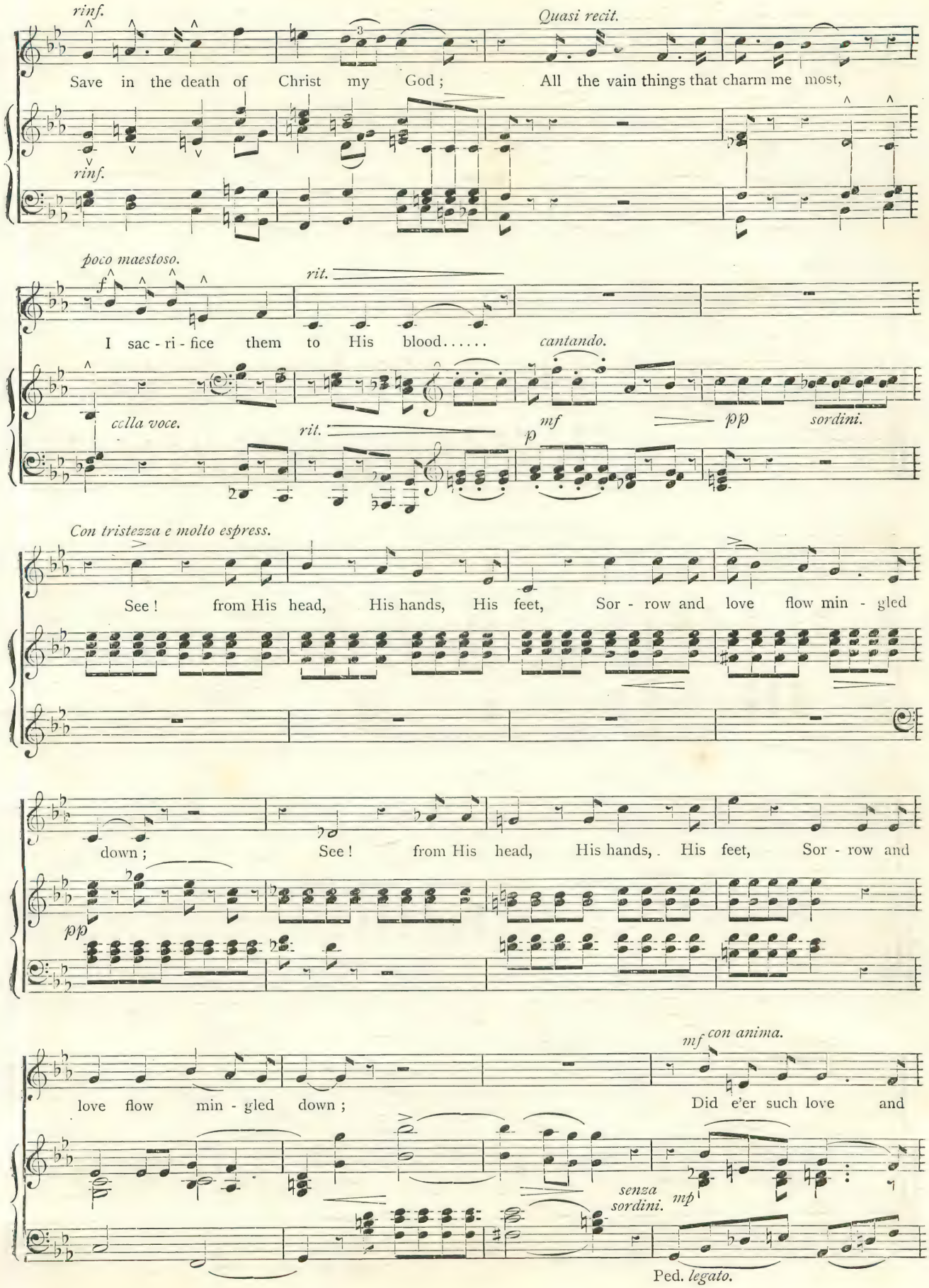
(To be continued.)

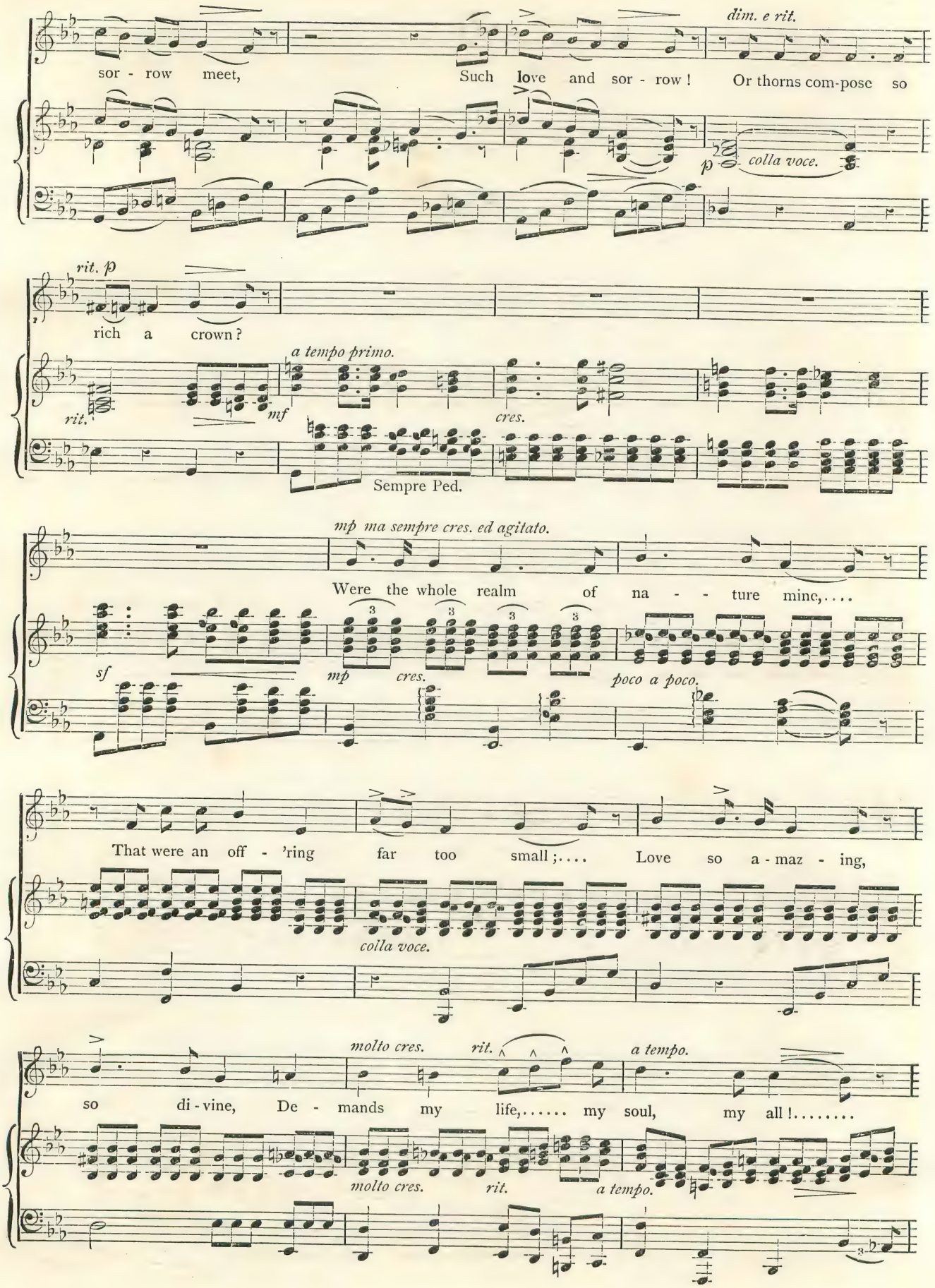


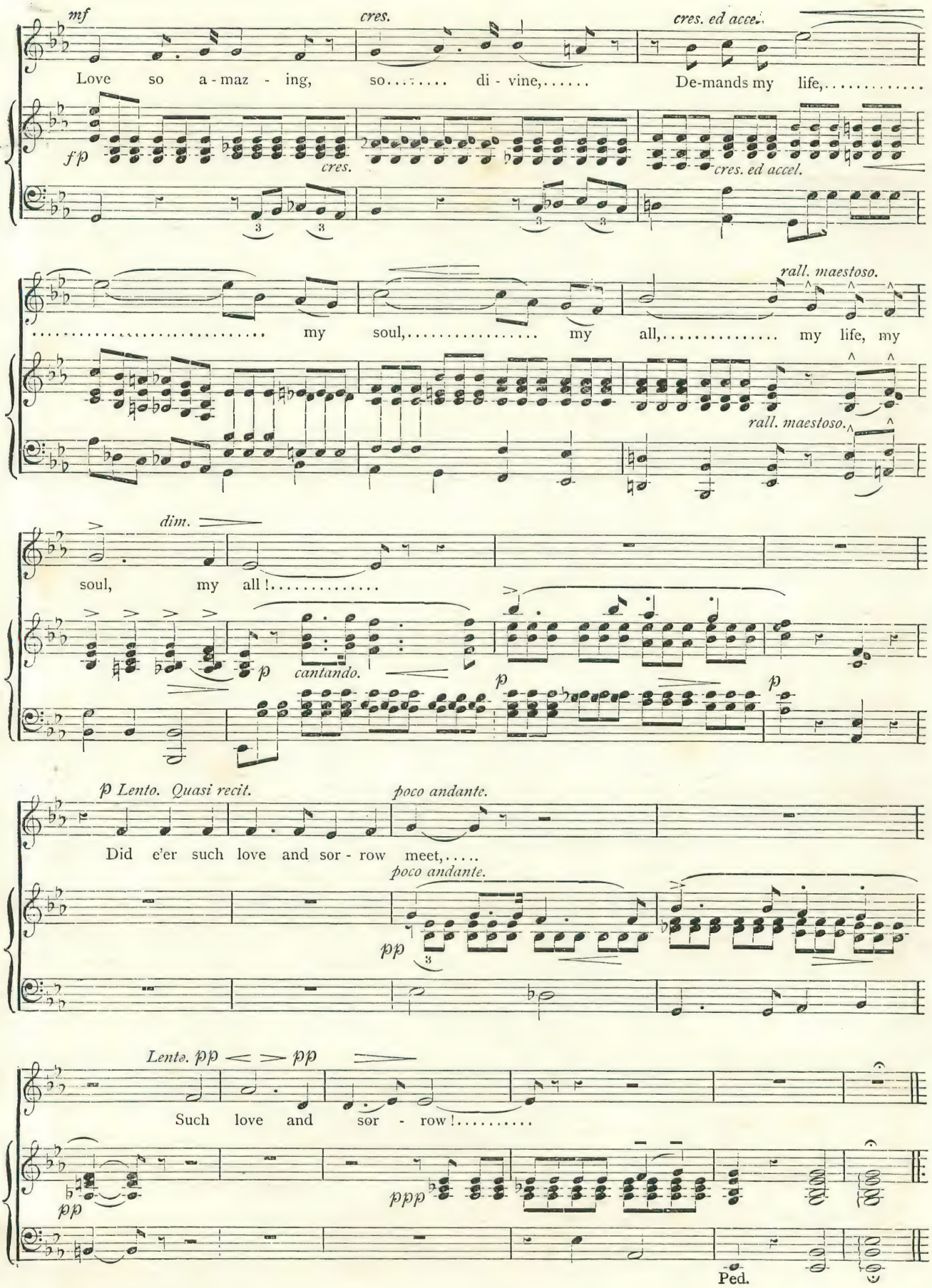
THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Words by DR. WATTS. *Music by* MYLES B. FOSTER.




rinf.
Quasi recit.
Save in the death of Christ my God ; All the vain things that charm me most,
rinf.
poco maestoso.
rit.
I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.....
cantando.
colla voce.
rit.
mf
pp
sordini.
Con tristezza e molto espress.
See ! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled
down ; See ! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
pp
mf con anima.
love flow min - gled down ; Did e'er such love and
senza sordini.
mp
Ped. legato.


dim. e rit.
sor - row meet, Such love and sor - row ! Or thorns com-pose so
p colla voce.
rit. p
rich a crown?
a tempo primo.
rit.
mf
cres.
Sempre Ped.
mp ma sempre cres. ed agitato.
Were the whole realm of na - - ture mine,....
sf
mp cres.
poco a poco.
That were an off - 'ring far too small;.... Love so a - maz - ing,
colla voce.
molto cres.
rit.
a tempo.
so di - vine, De - mands my life,..... my soul, my all!.....
molto cres.
rit.
a tempo.


mf
cres.
cres. ed accel.
Love so a - maz - ing, so..... di - vine,..... De-mands my life,.....
f p
cres.
cres. ed accel.
3 3 3 3
rall. maestoso.
..... my soul,..... my all,..... my life, my
rall. maestoso.
dim.
soul, my all!.....
p cantando.
p
p
p Lento. Quasi recit.
poco andante.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,.....
poco andante.
pp
3
Lento. pp < > pp
Such love and sor - row!.....
pp
ppp
Ped.

SIXTY POUNDS PER ANNUM, AND HOW I LIVE UPON IT.

By A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE references proved everything that could be wished, the former mistress of my future landlady saying that she was not only clean, honest and respectable, but one of the kindest-hearted women possible, a fact she had proved in the course of a long family trouble and illness. So Mr. and Mrs. Murray both expressing themselves as thoroughly satisfied, Mr. Murray wrote out an agreement for a year, which was duly signed, making me the mistress of my two rooms from the 10th of the month. I was to pay monthly, as I had quite resolved to follow the ready cash principle in everything, and to manage with as little as possible; one of my great objects being to lay by a little store in case of illness or other trouble, and also because I fully intended to try to add to my small income in time, so as to enable me to look forward to a change and a little travelling some future day, as well as for extra comforts in my old age.

Now, many of my girl readers will doubtless have said, perhaps even before now, What a very odd girl! She never apparently thinks of the possibility of marriage, which might offer itself, and alter all her plans and ideas of life. And I think before I go on further, I should say that this idea of matrimony was one on which I rarely spent five minutes' thought. Perhaps if I had had the quiet home, free from anxiety, of most other girls, it would not have been so; but I had been obliged to be practical and thoughtful, both for myself and for others, at too early a period in my girlhood to have had room for much dreaming of the kind, and I felt as if matrimony would wait to be thought about some far day in the future, when only days of light-heartedness and amusement were before me, and when I could put anxiety and forethought for other matters into the past. Besides this, I had sufficiently thought out the matter to have decided against "marrying for marrying's sake" only, and to resolve to remain single, unless I found the best, the very best, that the world contained for me. This was one of the ideas my father had instilled into me, and I have thought since that he had been careful in inculcating such a lesson, because in those days he looked forward to the time when I should be in possession of the inheritance of my fathers; and he wished to guide me into making a wise choice for myself, on principle, and to defend me also from becoming the prey of fortune-hunters, who might be attracted by money alone, and not by any worthiness in me. So he had tried to form my judgment in some measure, as a rule and guide in this great event of life.

The first thing was to send for the furniture, which I have mentioned as having been left to me by my great-aunt, and find out of what it consisted, and what had to be added to it. On asking Mr. Bertram, I discovered that the furniture had been carefully stored in the house of her old servants, out at Richmond, where she had lived for so many years; and where, at my aunt's death, they had taken a house, and were letting a part of it in lodgings. They had been paid a small sum for taking care of the furniture by my trustees, and the tin box with the small articles of plate which she had also left me was in the bank; and Mr. Bertram would send it to me that very day if I wished it, and a receipt to sign, showing I had received it safely from my trustees.

That afternoon the box came, and after dinner, when Mr. and Mrs. Murray and myself were in the drawing-room, we opened it, and found a list of its contents lying on the top of the unshapely green baize bags which contained them. A coffee-pot, tea-pot, two cream ewers, a sugar basin and tongs, two salvers, a dozen each of spoons and forks, small and large, with gravy spoons and ladles; four silver candlesticks, two bedroom candlesticks, a silver box with chased designs on it, several mugs, a mustard-pot, salt-cellars, and a sugar-sifter which looked like a tall pepper-pot; besides several old-fashioned trinkets, mourning rings and lockets, and a set of cameos.

Mr. Murray looked carefully over the silver, and at last said gravely—

"Do you know anything about the value of this, Margaret?"

"No," I answered. "Nothing. It seems old."

"It is not only old but very valuable," said Mr. Murray. "The spoons and forks are all of the old 'rat-tail' sort; and the coffee and tea pot very early Georgian. There is not less than £150 worth here, I think."

I looked up without much astonishment, for I suddenly remembered that my Uncle Tom had said something of the value of my great aunt's silver to my father not long after her death, when her watch and chain had been sent out to me by my father's wishes, thinking that I might have the use of them, as I was quite old enough.

"I shall leave the box with you and Mrs. Murray, and only take the few things I need, if you will allow me."

"I was just going to say that very thing," said Mr. Murray. "In that case you will have no anxiety about your valuables."

The next day we went down to Richmond to look at the furniture. We found my aunt's two old servants much as I remembered them when a child, when I had once been with my mother to visit her. They had been respectively butler and lady's-maid in the first days of service, but latterly, when increasing age and infirmities had gained on my aunt, and she had also suffered from her nephew's losses, they had been everything to her, and any help needed had been given by a young general servant in the kitchen. My great-aunt had been nearly forty years a widow, and her husband's money had gone back at her death, of course to his family; and except what she had left to me, her namesake and god-daughter—and a pension of £80 left to her two faithful old servants so long as they lived, which would come to me at their deaths—she had nothing remaining of her own money which had come to her from my great-grandfather. The furniture had all been carefully stored in one room. The beds and bedding had been given to the two old servants, and only the best of the furniture was stored; but there seemed more than I should want, and I chose out enough for the furnishing of my two rooms from the pretty spindle-legged articles, which were all of them very valuable in the eyes of the present-day world. Some of the inlaid ones Mrs. Murray begged me to leave where they were, as being too valuable to take away. I found, however, a small wardrobe and chest of drawers, with a lovely sofa and tables and chairs, which would make my rooms look quite princely, as I thought.

Amongst the other belongings was a small-sized Turkey carpet, which I seized on with no small glee. It had not been much used, even though it was old; and its faded, delicate hues seemed quite perfect. Bennett, my great-aunt's man, was very helpful, and arranged with me to bring everything I wanted to town in a small van, and see it safely carried upstairs himself. He also promised to make the bargain, and have it done at a moderate price. I had a great deal to hear and to tell to Bennett and his wife; and so we stayed till after the sun had set, and had tea with them, returning to London and Mr. Murray to relate our afternoon's adventures, and then have dinner.

The next morning I went to my new establishment, and found my kind future landlady had cleaned the floors of the two rooms again, as I had asked her to do, and they were all ready for staining, so I turned my steps to the renowned emporium in the Grove, to purchase a quart of "Ryland's Floor Varnish," in dark oak, which costs 3s. 6d., including can and brush. This I thought would with care be all I wanted for my two rooms. The bedroom I intended to do entirely, and in the drawing-room only a border of about two feet round the edges. In a short time I was back again, and covering my dress with the apron I had brought with me, I began my work on the floor. The marking out of the border did not take very long, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing the effect of my work. The chief merit of this varnish is that it needs no sizing before use, and dries very quickly also.

The drawing-room border took me about an hour and a half to accomplish, and I was careful to work with the grain of the wood of the floor. Then I had a rest, and ate the sandwiches Mrs. Murray had given me; and when I felt quite refreshed I began on the bedroom floor, which was to be varnished all over. I was equally lucky with that, and at about five p.m. found myself quietly seated opposite my kind friend and hostess, very, very tired, but enjoying my tea, and the pleasant talk which accompanied it, after my long day's work. Thank goodness I had finished it all, and had got everything in readiness for Bennett's van and its contents to-morrow.

Mrs. Murray decidedly refused to let me go again to see about the furniture, as she was sure Bennett would do better if left to himself, and would enjoy the return to old employments, too, so I thankfully consented to rest all day at home, and wait for good old Bennett's report, when he came for the tea Mrs. Murray had promised him, after the van was emptied of its contents and sent home.

I was tired enough the next day, after my unaccustomed exertions, just as Mrs. Murray had thought I should be. Bennett arrived about five p.m., and announced that everything was quite safely housed at my new home, and that the journey from Richmond had been accomplished without any mishap; all of which I was most thankful to hear. Bennett further remarked quietly that he had taken the liberty of laying the carpet down, to save me the trouble, and that I should find it fitted very nicely indeed. For this piece of thoughtful kindness I thanked him very warmly; and his inner man having been refreshed by Mrs. Murray with some tea and a sandwich or two, Bennett departed with our good wishes, promising to send the bill for the van in a day or two.

We had our usual friendly pleasant evening, and I was already beginning to feel that the number of them was steadily lessening, and I had so enjoyed my stay with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and their ready sympathy with me in my troubles had been such a comfort and happiness to me. I had not been much used to receiving it from anyone, and consequently I valued and enjoyed it the more.

We were always early risers at the Murrays' house, and the breakfast hour was eight o'clock,

WILD ROSES.

as Mr. Murray went off to his office early. So the very next morning found me by nine o'clock on my way to my new home, having promised Mrs. Murray that I would return to luncheon at half-past one. As I walked along I mentally made a note of the things I wanted, and thought that a single iron bedstead, a pair of blankets, white quilt, small mattress, two pillows, a bath, and a set of bedroom crockery would be all my wants would demand for the bedroom; and I must find out the prices exactly, though I knew, approximately, what they would cost.

Pondering on all these particulars of my household arrangements, I arrived at my new abode, and was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Warner, my new landlady, who was anxious to show me the carpet she had chosen for the stairs, of which I was to pay my third share. I admired her choice very much, and she had taken a lesson from me in staining the floors, a lesson evidently well learnt. She had stained the sides of the stairs just as I had suggested, and the general effect of the wall and staircase was very good, and thus I felt that I should not be ashamed to receive anyone under my new roof.

I mounted the stairs slowly. I was tired with my walk, and the heat was becoming great in the sunshine, leaving Mrs. Warner much pleased with my praises of her choice of a stair carpet and the pretty appearance of the hall. When I arrived at my landing on the stairs and opened the door of my new sitting-room, I could not forbear an exclamation of astonishment and delight. Poor old Bennett had certainly performed miracles in the arrangement of my rooms, and the small drawing-room looked quite charming, and seemed to need nothing but an occupier. There were Venetian blinds in all the windows of the house, so one did not miss nor appear to need curtains, which, in many cases, seem to me to be mere dust-traps, especially in London, where dust and dirt specially abound. The Turkey carpet looked beautiful, and just matched the style of the old thin-legged sofa, tables, and armchairs. Everything had an old-world look, I thought; and in my bedroom the chest of drawers, washing-stand, and chairs were neatly placed, and I made up my mind that a 3-feet bedstead would do, or even a 2 feet 10 inches, as a small bed would give me more room.

Bennett had also brought me the small chest full of my aunt's linen, which I opened, and found its contents would be amply sufficient for everything I should require, and I had only blankets, therefore, to buy. I looked at the grates in both rooms, and pondered over my plans for my own cooking, which ended in my purchasing what is known as a box of household requisites; and a spirit lamp and kettle later on. The grates were very tiny, and that in the back room had a hob, and if I needed any cookery, too considerable for my spirit lamp, I meant to use that. The subject of my experiments and contrivances in the matter of cookery I shall keep for my next and last article, as it is, perhaps, the most important of all, and needs one all to itself.

Over our afternoon tea Mrs. Murray and myself discussed the prices of beds, mattress, and blankets, and on the following morning we went out together, and I bought a small new iron bedstead, 2 feet 6 inches in width, for £1, and had it fitted with a spring lath mattress, called a "Somier," I believe, price 10s. 6d., which provides a most comfortable bed. The wool and hair mattress cost £1; and the pillows, 7s. 6d. each; while three blankets for the bed, at 4s. 6d. each, and a white quilt, 5s., finished my purchases; except a toilet set for the washstand, which cost me 7s. 6d. On my way home I bought a cheap afternoon tea-set on a tray, with six cups and saucers, teapot, sugar bowl, and cream jug. To these I added six small plates and six large ones, of the same pattern, and a red band at the edge. Then I purchased knives, two small and two large, and I thought my investments in the household utensil kind were completed. The purchase of the afternoon tea-set gave me a tea-tray, and would also save me from using the silver too much, and having it to keep clean. If my purchases seem too extravagant, it must always be remembered that I desired to live like a gentlewoman; and, besides, I had my aunt's piercing eye to dread, and she represented to me the traditional "Mrs. Grundy." So I looked forward to having many a happy afternoon tea with my friends in spite of my narrowed means; and my expectations were not disappointed. Then I had numberless small things to buy, such as a few towels and dusters for my washing-up and household use; also a leather and a dusting-brush, a coal-scuttle and fireirons and dust-pan. All these had to be stored in the large cupboard in the sitting-room, where I intended to keep my tiny pantry and kitchen together. By the time I had completed my purchases I had spent a little over £7; not very much, when all is considered, to set up housekeeping upon.

And so the time drew on to the day when I must say farewell to my kind entertainers, and strike out into the world for myself. I did not say farewell without some tears, both on Mrs. Murray's part and my own, even though she made me promise to come and see her every two or three days without fail. Their kindness had been everything to me in my trouble, and could never be repaid; and my stay with them seemed like the last home days I was to have. However, when the day did come, I went bravely off with a little flutter of anticipation at my heart, for, after all, I was only twenty-two, and if I were rather a plain girl I had youth in my favour, and I was too new to absolute liberty not to feel some excitement as I took up life and its management for myself.

(To be concluded.)

JOSEPHINE.

A TALE OF THE VENDETTA.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the moment that Josephine knew she might any day expect the arrival of the English yacht, she could think of nothing else, for it was to bring her Dorothy—the little Dorothy, who had been the pet of the *pension*—the wilful, exacting, hot-tempered little creature, who was, nevertheless, always lovable and charming—Dorothy, who in her pretty imperious fashion had chosen her for her bosom friend, a post which had entailed many duties and responsibilities, all of which Josephine had been content to take upon herself, feeling amply repaid for any little sacrifices she might make by the knowledge that Dorothy looked up to and depended upon her as she might have done had she been a beloved elder sister. At home the rich English girl had been accustomed to the service of a maid, and seemed to have no idea of helping herself. "Of course it was hard for her to do so," Josephine thought, and many an hour was spent by her in supplying that functionary's place. It was she, too, who helped her with her studies—learning to speak English on purpose that she might do so—who shielded her from blame or punishment (often by taking it upon her own shoulders) when rules had been needlessly or wilfully transgressed. Dorothy responded to this almost maternal love with a clinging, exacting affection which was very sweet to the elder girl. Had she been allowed to do so, Josephine would now have lavished just the same kind of loving care upon her baby brother, but he was so surrounded by the attentions of nurse and parent, that she felt almost like an outsider. A French *bonne* had arrived from Nice, who was in every way capable, and was devoted to her little charge, yet neither parent could bear that he should be left long in her care without the superintendence of his mother. Every present energy, every dream for the future, was inspired by love and anxiety for him. Josephine was no longer her parents' chief hope and occupation, but she accepted the fact as a natural and inevitable one without the slightest murmur. Her unselfishness was to be tested still more severely. Two or three days before the arrival of the Sea Nymph, Madame de Roccaserra told her daughter that her father had something of importance to tell her. The announcement was made with an anxious solemnity of manner, which prepared her for something disagreeable, and made her ask, in alarm, "Have I then done anything to displease him?"

"No, my daughter," replied her mother, tenderly, "and that makes it more difficult for us to reconcile ourselves to the alteration in your position, which your father thinks it his duty to make. But come now, he awaits you in the little *salon*." And taking her daughter's arm, she led her in silence to her father's presence.

"What is it, my father?" asked Josephine, tremblingly.

"It is simply that your mother thinks you may regret that you are no longer my sole heiress," replied her father with his usual good-natured smile, "and insists that I shall inform you of the fact, although of course you must know it."

"Is this all?" asked Josephine, in relieved tones. "I never thought about it till this moment; and, had I done so, it would make no difference. I know you will do for me what you consider right."

"But, my child——" began her mother.

"*Tiens*, Sophie! You pity the little one more than she pities herself!" interrupted her husband. "I know better my daughter's good heart than does her mother, it seems."

"Ah, Horace, you do not understand; it is through another she will feel this change," insisted his wife. "Tell her the difference it will make to Jacques!"

"To Jacques!" exclaimed Josephine, with a sudden surprised sense of uneasiness; "do you, then, think him so mercenary—so——. I shall have a *dot*, like other girls! Is it not so?"

"Listen, my daughter," returned her father, gravely. "You know what the first arrangement was. Upon your marriage Jacques was to enter into partnership with me. At my death the property would have come to you, less a certain fixed yearly income for your mother during her life. That, of course, is no longer possible—he will know that; but he may have hoped that I should still take him into partnership. Now that I have a son to succeed me, I do not intend to charge the estate with a partner. Your *dot* will be a third share of the annual proceeds of the property. Jacques will have no further interest in the matter."

"But that is much—a third," returned Josephine, quickly; "for myself I shall not use half—the rest will be his. He will know that."

"He will be disappointed nevertheless," replied her father. "Of course it would have been easier for him to occupy himself with an affair already prosperous, in which he possessed a share, than to make for himself a new business—and it will amount to that, for his father's is nothing, to support two or three sons; and of course as they grow up they will expect their share."

"Of course, that is reasonable," replied Josephine, thoughtfully.

"Yes, but it must retard your marriage," returned her father, "for I cannot part with my daughter till I am assured that her husband can give her an established position. This will test the devotion of your *fiancé*."

"For me, my father, I do not wish to leave you so soon," Josephine said, with a troubled countenance; "and for my cousin, he will reconcile himself. He is proud, he is honourable; but—oh! my parents, forgive me," she continued, with flushed tearful face, "that I sympathise with him in this disappointment. Already he has suffered—and his family—through us!"

"And through you alone that suffering is past," returned her father, kindly. "Remember that, my daughter."

"Ah, my father, how good you were to me then—as always," exclaimed the girl, blushing and smiling through her tears.

"As you deserve, good daughter and sister that you are," returned her mother, fondly.

"And now," she continued, turning to her husband, "it only remains to inform Jacques what you have decided. He will dine with us this evening; you will tell him then, will you not?"

"As you will," he replied, perceiving his daughter's eyes seconded this request. She was indeed anxious that he should know as soon as possible this alteration in his position, and, in spite of her generous trust in his disinterestedness, found herself wondering what he would say, how he would look when he knew of it. Never had the time seemed to pass so slowly, yet, when the dinner hour at last arrived, she wished that her presence could have been dispensed with. Both for her and for her mother the meal was a mere farce, and at the earliest possible moment they left the drawing-room. Before very long Jacques joined them. He had assumed an air of contentment which did not entirely hide his constraint and chagrin from at least one pair of observant eyes; but he behaved with his usual good taste, for when Madame de Roccaserra, pitying Josephine's evident anxiety to learn his sentiments, made some allusion to the subject which occupied the minds of each of them, he declared "that what must necessarily defer his happiness could not fail to be a disappointment to him," and changed the conversation. And although he left earlier than usual, his *fiancée* felt that he had endeavoured, by an assiduous attention, even more marked than usual, to convey to her the impression of his unaltered devotion. Yet she was not thoroughly reassured, and, for the first time in her life, did not feel inclined to confide her doubts and fears to her mother. But Dorothy was coming, the friend with whom she could speak freely, who would feel for her alone in the matter, as her mother could not possibly do now, in justice to her boy.

"You will not imagine that I grudge the dear little one his share of my father's property, I am sure," she said, when talking the matter over with her friend the day after her arrival, "but I have always felt that we owe to them some reparation, for all they have suffered through us; and though Jacques is so amiable, he may feel that also."

"You dear ridiculous old thing!" laughed Dorothy. "Just as if you yourself were not reparation enough, without a franc of *dot*, or any other advantage. You are too modest. I really shall begin to believe, if you think so little of yourself, that you are what we English girls call 'in love' with your *fiancé*. Do you know, I did not think so at first; you did not write as if you were!"

"'In love!' But what is that?" asked Josephine, gravely.

"Oh, it is to be perfectly unreasonable about one person, I believe—I do not know from experience," laughed Dorothy, gaily—"to prefer him to all others. It is difficult to explain."

"But, yes," replied Josephine, opening her blue eyes with grave surprise, "is it not my duty to prefer my *fiancé*? I cannot see that such a sentiment is unreasonable, and it is not difficult. He is amiable; I think you will say he is handsome, and that is always pleasant."

"Well, I will give you my opinion when I see him," returned Dorothy, with a comical little glance at her friend; "but I shall say just what I think. I hope you will not mind."

"Assuredly not, my Dorothy; but I think you will admire him," she replied, serenely.

And she was right. Dorothy declared Jacques to be eminently satisfactory, so far as manner and appearance enabled her to judge, and promised, when she knew him better, to give a more decided opinion as to his character. As the weeks of the bright southern winter flew by, she seemed to be taking an increasing interest in the task she had set herself. She had ample opportunities of studying him, for he of course shared in all the simple gaieties which were set on foot for the amusement of the Roccaserras' distinguished guests. The mornings were often spent on horseback, and though the little steeds that bore them were rough, ill-groomed, and badly equipped, Dorothy seemed thoroughly to enjoy these excursions, and charmed everybody by her bright spirits, and her way of finding everything and everybody charming. She even went into raptures over the small, tough, Corsican mutton, because the joints "were like toy-joints." Sir Hugh and Mrs. Porter grumbled sadly about them after the first trial, and told the steward for the future to purchase provisions for the yacht at Nice. This arrangement rendered frequent trips to that port necessary, Josephine and Dorothy always going on these occasions, not unfrequently accompanied by Jacques.

As the Sea Nymph always lay three or four days at the port, the little party never failed to participate in its gaieties; these did not seem, however, to lessen Dorothy's pleasure in the simpler enjoyments Porto Vecchio offered. Sir Hugh, delighted to see his darling looking so bright and happy, was contented to remain there, living on board, and coming ashore to amuse himself with such shooting as the country afforded, sometimes joining the young people in their rides and rambles. But although to his eye Dorothy had never looked brighter or better, Josephine began to notice and wonder at a kind of feverish excitement about her, alternating with fits of depression and even irritability, which she had never before observed as one of her friend's characteristics.

It was Jacques, however, who suffered most from her caprices; who nevertheless was always ready to amuse, to make himself useful in entertaining Josephine's guest; and who, indeed, as Dick at last remarked to his sister with strong disapproval, seemed to have "a great deal too much time on his hands."

Brother and sister were standing together at the drawing-room window awaiting Josephine's appearance, Dorothy engaged in fastening at her throat a bouquet of wild cyclamen and eucalyptus bloom, which Jacques had just brought her. She looked up surprised, resenting his tone.

"It's his own affair if he has, I suppose," she replied quickly; "he uses it to everyone's satisfaction, I am sure."

"Not to mine," returned her brother, shortly.

"What business is it of yours?" asked Dorothy, warmly. "I am sure you are quite as idle as he is; and just now, at any rate, not half so pleasant."

"Why, Dorothy!" he exclaimed, in pained surprise, "must I be like him to please you?"

"Oh, no, Dick, dear!" she said, with quick penitence, slipping her hand affectionately through his arm; "you could not if you tried, you know," with an amused glance up into his kindly grave face, "and I like you best as you are."

"And yet——" he began.

"There now, I was cross, I know, but I cannot be scolded," said Dorothy, with a pout. "Look, is it not pretty?" she continued, drawing back, that he might better observe the effect of the delicate pink and pale mauve-grey blossoms against her dark blue riding-habit.

"Yes," he replied, shortly; "but how do you think Mademoiselle Josephine likes it?"

"Likes it!" echoed Dorothy, looking at him with wide, startled eyes. "Likes what?"

But she must have had some consciousness of his meaning, for the colour suddenly flashed over cheek and brow, and she turned her eyes away uneasily.

"Likes his manner of amusing himself with you, when he ought to be better employed," he replied, firmly.

"Amusing himself with me! Dick, how dare you?" she cried, in angry distressed tones. "The fact is, you have lived so long amongst savages that you do not understand the ordinary civilities gentlemen pay and girls expect!"

"I am glad I do not, then," replied Dick, sturdily. "I know if I were in his position I should not think of wasting my time on such nonsense, when I ought to be working hard for the means which would enable me to marry."

"Well, why do you worry me about it, as if it were my fault?" asked his sister, pettishly. "I fancy Josephine would think it very strange if I were to resent his presence, and she likes him to be pleasant and attentive to me."

"She is too trusting, too true herself, to think of any danger," began Dick, hotly.

"She is not jealous, certainly," interrupted Dorothy, with an uneasy laugh. "She does not fear any danger for him; and I never thought—— Come now," she continued, coaxingly, "I believe this scolding is all the result of jealousy. Well, you shall have me all to yourself to-day. Monsieur Jacques only joins us at luncheon, and he shall not have any more chance to amuse himself with me. There!" with a little toss of the head, "will that satisfy you? Ah, now you are beginning to look pleasant, you must be rewarded!" And taking some of the blossoms from her own throat, she proceeded to decorate his coat with them. Josephine, joining them at this moment, recognised them as the same she had seen in her *fiance's* hand, as she watched his approach from her bedroom window. He had not brought her any, and for a few moments she felt slightly piqued; then remembering that Dorothy had expressed her desire for the cyclamen, that she might press and preserve the blossoms as a memento of her visit to the island, she blamed herself for what she tried to think was an evidence that she was growing fanciful and exacting. But although it was a lovely morning, and the expedition had been anticipated with great pleasure by both the girls, neither seemed to be in her usual spirits. They were to picnic in the forest at a spot selected by Jacques, who was to reach it later by a shorter route. Dick wondered with some vexation whether it was Jacques' absence which made them both so silent. That might have had something to do with it, but

Dorothy was thinking—an exercise in which she seldom indulged. Until Dick had spoken she had not been aware of the dangerous position in which her thoughtlessness had placed Jacques and herself. She was used to admiration and attention—she wanted his; and without any idea of hurting her friend, had tried to gain it. But with the startled blush that had answered her brother's question, there flashed into her mind the conviction that he was right, and that for her, at least, there was danger! Numberless looks and words of his, which had thrilled her with a vague, sweet satisfaction, were recalled, and now took more definite meaning, as did also the restlessness which had lately possessed her during his absence. Her cheeks burned with shame, for was not this her friend's betrothed? And perhaps after all, as Dick had said, he had been merely amusing himself with her!

But no! her heart passionately rejected this idea. He preferred her, she felt sure, and, had not his engagement bound him to his cousin, would have found it out. It was partly Josephine's fault, Dorothy thought bitterly; if she had cared for him, as she felt herself capable of doing, she would never have allowed him to pay her so much attention. They had danced together, played together, sung together, and she had always seemed content to look on and listen. But here Dorothy's conscience pricked her, for had not her friend on two or three occasions looked surprised, and even a little troubled, when, after a dance, Jacques had remained with her? for this was contrary to the custom of the place, which exacts that a young girl shall return to her *chaperone*, or at least to a seat amongst the other ladies, as soon as a dance is over. Josephine had, indeed, made some gentle wondering remark about the freedom English girls are allowed in their intercourse with gentlemen; but Dorothy, in her selfish thoughtlessness, had declined to understand the little feeling of pique which had drawn forth the observation. These troubled thoughts cast such a grave shadow over her usually bright face, that Dick's annoyance gradually changed into a feeling of remorse. He had felt very much troubled at the idea that his sister, of whom he was so fond and proud, should condescend to a flirtation—a flirtation, too, which could only be indulged in at the risk of wounding her friend; but he had, he feared, spoken too harshly. She was a dear, docile little creature, he thought; but of course, spoiled, petted, as she had always been, without a mother's influence to guide her, how could it be expected that she should always understand the hidden motives of her own words and actions? She was a warm-hearted, impulsive child, who never stopped to think. But Jacques—what of him? Dick could find no excuse for him. He was a shallow, conceited puppy, incapable of appreciating his good fortune in having won the affection of a girl like Josephine. "It is of him she is thinking now," he concluded; "and he certainly is not worth a thought, if the first pretty face he comes across can make him waver for an instant in his admiration for her."

"How quiet we all are to-day!" she said at last, after a long silence. "I fear that you have not yet recovered from the fatigue of yesterday, Dorothy."

"Am I quiet?" asked Dorothy. "I was thinking; but it only worries one, and I will not do it any more."

"May we not share your thoughts?" asked Josephine, kindly.

"They are not worth repeating, but if you are curious I will confess that I was thinking how tired you must be of us, and how glad you will be to know that we must soon be leaving Porto Vecchio," returned Dorothy, moodily.

"Tired of you! Glad to lose you!" repeated Josephine, with a troubled face. "It is rather you who must be tired of us! But I thought you had decided to stay, at any rate till the carnival began. Of course we could not now hope to keep you after that," she concluded, with a faint blush.

"Oh, of course we should have stayed if the wedding had not been put off; or at any rate, we should have come back for it; as it is—papa, I know, wished to visit Leghorn, Pisa, and Genoa this winter."

Dick opened his eyes in surprise. He knew that all such arrangements were virtually in his sister's hands, and thought it very unnecessary to take such a hasty step as this. She could surely have managed, by the exercise of a little feminine tact, to show Jacques that his exaggerated attentions were unwelcome.

Josephine did not reply immediately; she felt embarrassed and vexed with herself that she could not feel a sincerer regret at the prospect of losing her friend. After a little pause she said—

"You are right; certainly it must have been dull here for Sir Hugh, and he is a father so indulgent."

"Of course, if it were not for Monsieur Jacques, I should carry you off with me," said Dorothy, with her air of pretty wilfulness.

She was feeling just now in a penitent mood towards her friend, and the feeling was strengthened by the sacrifice she had just made on her behalf, in the resolution she had so suddenly taken, to put herself out of the reach of temptation. But although she was sincere in her intention of flying from this suddenly revealed danger, her impulsive action only increased it. Seizing the first opportunity of speaking to her father alone, she communicated her wishes to him.

"What! you are tired of it, Dollie?" he asked, indulgently; "well, to tell the truth, so am I. We can sail to-morrow, if you like!"

"Yes, do let us!" she responded, eagerly. "Tell them so to-day, please, papa."

"You are in a hurry, child," he replied, laughingly. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Wrong?" echoed Dorothy, with a blush. "Oh no! only I never can get Josephine to myself now. Girls are always different when they are engaged, I suppose. Fathers are most satisfactory."

"I hope you may think that for a very long time yet," returned Sir Hugh, fondly; and he did not forget to comply with her wishes at the first opportunity. This happened to be during luncheon. "Well, Roccaserra," he said in as casual a tone as if their immediate departure was an event which everyone was expecting, "are you coming over to Nice with us to-morrow? You said you had business there and it's your last chance, you know, as we do not return here again."

Of course their entertainers were taken by surprise, and expressed much regret at this sudden determination. Josephine was startled. Dorothy had said "soon" they must be leaving them, but she had taken that to mean after three or four days at least. Happening to look up, she saw Jacques gazing at Dorothy with an unmistakable expression of anger and consternation. His face was white, his lips set. What could it mean? Her heart stopped, then throbbed again with sudden dismay, as she saw her friend meet his gaze, flush, and grow pale again before she turned away. No one else seemed to have noticed the look, nor the sudden silence which had fallen upon the three young people, and yet during luncheon, until this moment, Dorothy had been in one of her gayest moods, chattering and laughing with apparently childish enjoyment. Now, aware that her unconquerable depression must be noticed sooner or later, she complained of headache, and as soon as the *al fresco* repast was over, taking Mrs. Porter's arm, wandered off into a quiet shady nook, refusing to allow anyone else to accompany her. Sir Hugh, Roccaserra, and Jacques strolled away with their guns, Josephine, Madame de Roccaserra, and Dick remaining behind to repack the hampers. When this task was accomplished, Dick went off to seek the other three men. About an hour afterwards he reappeared at the place of rendezvous accompanied by Mrs. Porter.

"You have not met Josephine, then?" asked Madame de Roccaserra. "She went to seek you and Dorothy. I thought she was with you?"

"So she was, but she would not let me stay with her," returned Mrs. Porter; "she said she wanted solitude and quiet. I have not seen Josephine; I lost my way returning, and these forests are so puzzling, I should never have found it again, if I had not been lucky enough to meet Mr. Wharton."

"I hope they will return soon," replied Madame de Roccaserra anxiously, "or we shall not reach home before sunset."

"I will go and find them," volunteered Dick, "if Mrs. Porter can tell me in which direction Dorothy went. Mademoiselle Josephine has no doubt joined her by this time; I think you had better remain here, or we shall all be seeking each other."

Madame de Roccaserra agreeing to this arrangement, Dick took his instructions from Mrs. Porter and departed. Before he had been long following them, he came upon evidence of his sister's recent presence in the faded remains of the bouquet she had that morning shared with him. Presently, he heard voices, and Dorothy's was raised as if in distress. Hurrying forward, he came upon a scene, the meaning of which it was impossible to misunderstand.

Erect, motionless, with an expression of pained, pitying incredulity upon her pale face, stood Josephine. Bending eagerly forward, with one hand still in the clasp of her friend's *fiancé*, stood Dorothy, the tears falling over her flushed cheeks, as she sobbed out hysterically—

"No! no, Josephine, it was all my fault! I did not mean—to let him see—but I could not—hide my—my unhappiness—and then we—both forgot!—but I shall be gone—to-morrow—and forgotten!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Dick, confronting them suddenly, and looking with indignant scorn at Jacques, who stood as if turned to stone. "Come away," he continued bitterly, taking his sister almost roughly by the arm; "such conduct is not so easily forgotten!"

"Stop!" said Josephine, turning to him with a troubled air. "It was by accident that you heard—that you saw—help me——"

"How can I, mademoiselle?" cried Dick, earnestly.

"By hiding my humiliation—by forgetting what has happened," she replied, with gentle dignity.

"Your injury—her humiliation, you mean; I cannot," he replied; "but do not fear for him."

"You mistake; it is for others I fear; say nothing more at present to anyone, that is my wish; and your sister—she is ill—wait a little till she is more calm!"

"Someone should go on and say we are coming," suggested Dick.

"You are right," she replied. "Jacques, my cousin, will you?"

Jacques, who had been leaning against a tree in an attitude of despair, casting wrathful glances at Dick, sprang forward.

"Instantly," he replied, with an air of relief, and casting one agitated, imploring, grateful glance at her, he departed on his errand.

"I may trust to your silence?" asked Josephine.

"Yes," said Dick. And she was satisfied that one cause of alarm was removed. No one would know till she chose.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE STRUGGLES OF A LADY JOURNALIST.

THEN a desperate determination took possession of me. I made up my mind to work on till I could turn my experience to a money making account, and achieve success, or, if the Supreme Power willed it so, to die in harness.

Rays of counsel and of comfort came occasionally to cheer me along the rugged uphill path which circumstances obliged me to follow, and a keen sense of the ridiculous acted as my alpenstock.

Two well-known and able critics were good enough to read a lengthy manuscript of mine. One sent me a very favourable verdict, the other told me I was to persevere in writing fiction, neither of them being aware of my long apprenticeship to journalism; and I acted on the latter's advice.

Out of the many short society stories I wrote in consequence of this gentleman's encouragement, a few got taken. In one instance, acting under advice from a manager, I sent in some rather good paragraphs gratis, as a kind of thank-offering for the acceptance of a story —such a sop to the editorial maw having been known on occasion to lead to the donor's obtaining a permanent post on the staff of the paper. In my case it did not do so.

But though the tortures of starvation may be prolonged by these literary odd jobs, life is scarcely rendered enjoyable by their means, and patience is apt to fail one when the weary months roll by without bringing any substantial grist to one's domestic mill.

After hearing by letter from an American author of world-wide repute that though I was "experienced, and fully equipped for varied journalistic work . . . . the New York market was as fully over supplied with writers as our own;" and that for nearly two years he had been "trying in vain to get work and a position for a near friend of his own." And also learning from an English correspondent that one should "always try and get on the new papers, as old stagers have their hands so full of copy," I determined to confine my exertions to the new English journals.

From one I received a most satisfactory reply, acknowledging the receipt of my testimonials, and giving me an effusive promise that so soon as their arrangements permitted of their taking a lady on their staff I should be applied to. I filed this document, and after the lapse of a few months, happening to glance over the paper and see a "lady's letter" appearing in its columns, I took it upon myself to invade the editorial sanctum, with the following result.

"Oh! yes, we remember you perfectly, but you see, to be candid, we cannot afford to pay a professional!"

"But I see you have a lady on your staff."

"Well, not exactly! To be confidential, we had an offer which not another journal has a chance of. *A lady of rank, who moves in the highest circles, has been presented at Court, visits at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, and is one of your tip top swells, jots all the news down for us, and sends it in straight.* She can't write a bit, but that's of no consequence; we round her 'pars' into shape, and of course you could not give us such information."

"Then testimonials showing wide experience have no weight with you?"

"We won't say that, madam; but professional writers, even of your fair sex, expect to be paid; whilst titled ladies like to see themselves in print, and give us the news for nothing."

"But supposing any one combined rank with journalistic efficiency, what then?"

"Oh! well, supposing they did, we should be glad of their help!" This latter with the scorn of ineffable unbelief.

The old Adam arose in me. I told the individual, with what dignity I could command, that although I always wrote under a *nom-de-plume*, and had hitherto been impressed with the idea that they required good writers, rather than high-born dames, on the staffs of newspapers, yet that I had the misfortune to combine these two opposite advantages in my own proper person, and would inform the next editor I applied to of the fact. I need not say my informant was in his turn amazed at the information I vouchsafed him; he bowed me out of his office with many assurances that had he only known, etc., etc., he would have asked me to write for him from the first.

After this I took in despair to answering advertisements in the newspapers. I was decoyed by one reply which I received, right down into the heart of the City, and after toiling up to the garret of a large house in one of the principal thoroughfares, found myself in the presence of a miserable little man, a bailiff, and a canary bird. I noticed these items because the walls were whitewashed and the room devoid of all furniture excepting three rush-bottomed chairs and a deal table. I entered with avidity into his plan for developing a paying property out of a halfpenny broadsheet which was piled up in quires before him; for I felt the ghost of Charles Dickens was hovering around us, and pitied the poor wretch from my heart. I solemnly handed him my testimonials, enlarged to him on my wide and various experience, with a sort of comical wonder as to what terms, if any, he would make me; and after minute arrangements for the supply of a series of articles, which would necessitate my going through a considerable amount of reading up at the British Museum, I retired with a solemn promise that I should "hear from him." A promise which, I need hardly say, was never fulfilled.

Again I sent a stamped envelope for reply to an enterprising publisher who invited amateurs with a talent for fiction to enter the ranks of professional writers. As he did not know me, and I did not know him, I declined making his further acquaintance when I received his answer.

These are only picked from literally hundreds of other advertisements of the same class which I answered. I called on publishers; was advised to advertise. I went on to the advertising agents, who seemed to pity me, and was told they did not think I should get a single reply, but at all events it was useless my inserting an advertisement at that time of the year. I had better let them insert mine in about two months time. This was intended as kindness, but it was a kindness which killed, having regard to the slender condition of my finances, to the impossibility of subsisting upon air for the space of eight weeks.

Two more advertisements I answered, about a dozen more letters I wrote, and then—as darkest night is nearest day—there came a happy ending to my difficulties. But my response to these two last advertisements so bears upon my subject, that, at the risk of being lengthy, I must give my experience.

Both came out in the same issue of a fashionable daily paper; one emanated from an agency which undertakes to supply ladies with good situations, and my eye having been attracted by the offer held out in this advertisement to introduce literary workers, amanuenses, etc., into families, I ventured to call upon the lady principal. I was ushered into the presence of a very formidable, flashily dressed person, who apparently regarded fine feathers as the making of fine birds, and, misled by my somewhat dowdy and unfashionable appearance, considered me unworthy of being enrolled upon her books.

Being, however, more accustomed to deal with people of her class than she imagined, I proceeded, with much meekness, to explain my errand to her. I humbly owned to having had my hopes excited by the wording of her advertisement, and proceeded to say that I felt myself qualified to fill either of the posts mentioned in it. But, alas! for my pride, I was informed by this well-bred individual that she only dealt with quite the "upper aristocracy," and could not think of recommending me to them. Then, calling an amiable smile to my aid, I told her I hoped that if in confidence I mentioned my people's position she would be so kind as to do something for me, and producing my testimonials I assured her I should not discredit her establishment. Where was my tact? I might as well have offered a sop to Cerberus. With a flounce and a bounce this omnipotent purveyor of amanuenses jumped out of her chair, and with a sweeping curtsey gave me to understand our interview was concluded. "If you will allow me to say so," was her parting thrust, "you professionals cut the ground from under our feet, and keep us out of the field altogether." Being hit on the cheek when I offered my gentility side, and receiving a nasty slap when, in deference to a high command, I offered the commercial one, I of necessity retired from the flashy presence a sadder but a wiser woman.

The other advertisement informed me that a well-known literary gentleman—whose courtesy I gratefully acknowledge, although he could not see his way to helping me as an unknown stranger—"instructed a few young men in the literary and practical branches of journalism," and it also plainly conveyed the fact to these aforesaid young men that their instruction, even if of the minimum kind, would result in their attaining to a possible income of one thousand a year.

Can I be blamed for going to ask whether some inferior instruction might not be given to a lady, by which she might obtain, by way of a maximum income, to something like five hundred a year?

I did not wish to put the sexes on an equality; but I did wish—in these days when, owing to topsy-turvyism prevailing somewhere, wives have to help husbands to keep the children as well as to bear them—to gain some money; and the reply I received was instructive.

The gentleman who inserted the advertisement I allude to above told me he had refused, only the week before I called on him, seven hundred pounds from a lady, because his business would not allow of his helping on lady journalists as it enabled him to assist, I suppose, journalists proper.

Food for reflection was provided me here.

Subsequently I wrote the round dozen letters I have mentioned to the London managers of various provincial papers, from whom I had, on an earlier occasion, obtained courteous replies.

One of them did me the ineffable service of putting me into communication with a literary agent who is teaching me that the time I have expended in writing fiction has not been wasted; whilst from this connection introductions have come, bringing renewed journalistic work in their train, and I venture to hope my experiences and struggles may comfort, as I trust eventually to make them help, others who have been forced by adverse circumstances to go down into the arena of life and battle by their writing for their daily bread.

[THE END.]

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

LOOKING FAR AHEAD.

Mrs. Rivers was ambitious. She had aspirations. The manufacturing society into which she had gradually worked her way on the strength of her husband's commercial success, and her lavish expenditure on dress, dinner-parties, and juvenile balls, no longer contented her soul. She aspired to step within the charmed circle of county society; not for herself, but for their rising family, as she assured her partner in life.

As a means to this end, she judged it expedient to send Laura and Maud without delay to an exclusive and fashionable establishment on the coast, where "style and finish were guaranteed," and the almost prohibitive terms were supposed to vouch for the status of the select band of young ladies privileged there to complete education.

Her more matter-of-fact husband, standing with his back to the fireplace, his hands in his pockets, tightened his grip of the coins he had been jingling, and took her up sharply with—

"What next, Matilda? You might think I gather my gold out of the gutter, you are so lavish in throwing it away."

"Well, so you do; I've heard you say one half your shoddy came out of the gutter."

"Ah, that was years ago, when the conversion of old rags into new cloth was in few hands. Now we have to contend against competition, have to pay more for our raw material, and sell the finished goods at lower rates. Capital does not bear the same rate of interest."

"That's what you always say when I propose anything, for the good of Arthur or the girls, that will cost you a few pounds. I'm disgusted with your meanness, James."

"A few pounds, madam! Can you calculate? Your fine finishing school would cost hundreds. You'll be wanting to send Arthur to college next!" Mr. Rivers's tone had become strongly aggressive.

"Well, what if I did?" was the prompt retort.

"What if you did! Do you think, Matilda, I gathered my business habits at college? Not I! Arthur will have to come into the manufactory, and that before long. He's had more education already than I ever had. Do you think Stephen Heathfield would send Bob to college, or either of his girls to an expensive finishing school? Not he. He has more sense. When he consents to send Mabel, I'll be willing to pay for Laura and Maud, and not before; so that's settled."

So James Rivers thought, but he reckoned without his better-half.

Whilst Miss Pringle held aloof from the Upland Farm, the visits of Mrs. Rivers became frequent, her admiration for Mabel pronounced; she "resembled her own dear girls so much more nearly than did poor little Phillis," she said, as if lamenting the deficiences of the latter. Then she dwelt on the importance of accomplishments and introductions for young girls about the age of her own and Mabel. She insisted it would be doing the latter a positive injustice to leave her longer among the humdrum pupils of the Misses Birtwhistle. She conceded that the good ladies imparted a solid education, but tone and finish were only to be obtained at a boarding-school of a superior order.

Then Laura and Maud imbued Miss Mabel with their own opinions of the aristocratic establishment their mamma had found for them; of the Signor this, and the Professor that, who perfected the young ladies in music, deportment, and other elegant accomplishments, until Mabel became as importunate as her cousins to exchange the Misses Birtwhistle's for Madame Vévay's.

"Well," said Barbara to her husband, falling into the trap, "I don't see any reason why Matty Rivers' girls should have a better education or more advantages than Mabel. We can afford a good school for her, quite as well as they can. She is very beautiful, and who knows but Miss Sheperton or Gilbert might be taken with her as she grows up."

"Humph! Why, Barbara, who put match-making into your head? That's Mrs. Rivers' doing, I'll be bound. But I don't mind giving Mabel a year or two at a downright good school, and if she goes with her cousins she will have companionship."

So it was settled, very much to the surprise and annoyance of James Rivers, who did not share his wife's craving for society beyond their own manufacturing and mercantile sphere. But he had given his word, and though he grumbled at the expense, he did not withdraw it.

He had foreseen from the first the heavy drain there would be upon his purse for the equipment of his girls according to his wife's notions; but Stephen opened his eyes when he saw the pile of drapery Barbara brought back in the phaeton from Great Woolton, for conversion into new garments for Mabel. Miss Bradley was not sufficiently stylish to equip the Misses Rivers, but her apprentices worked late and early for Mabel Heathfield. Barbara's own scissors and sewing machine were kept going, and even Phillis was requisitioned to ply needle and thread for her sister, to the detriment of her own studies, and the loss of her holidays. Mabel herself was willing to supply crochet and tatting for trimming, but the "drudgery of plain needlework was distasteful" to her, she said, and down went the work on the slightest pretence.

Songs to sing and play to her father, good-bye calls on her old schoolfellows, errands to Miss Bradley; until, at last, Barbara remonstrated with her on the unfairness of leaving Phillis to work for her whilst she spent her hours in trifling.

"Oh," said she, with a light laugh, "I do feel incorrigibly lazy just now. Phillis likes sewing; I don't. She won't mind a little extra stitching to help to get rid of me, for I know I'm a sad torment to her sometimes."

"That you are," cried Robert, who overheard; "I should not be surprised if she was glad to get rid of you."

"Indeed I'm not," interjected Phillis, tears springing to her eyes. "I shall miss her all day over, and every day." And ashamed of the suspicious moisture in her eyes, she bent closer over the handkerchief she was hemming.

Bob was now as strong a partisan of Phillis as he had previously been a plague, and whilst Mabel gave her a hug and said she was "a dear good little thing, after all," he blurted out, "And a good miss too. There'll be no longer a monopoly of the piano. Phillis will get a chance of practising when you are gone."

"Phillis has no need to practise until she begins to learn," retorted Mabel, with a toss of her head.

"But suppose she ——" And then Bob stopped short as if conscious his tongue was outrunning his discretion.

Mrs. Heathfield only caught scraps of the conversation during the stops of her noisy sewing-machine. She remarked, all awry, "Phillis has plenty to do without learning music. It will be time enough to think of that twelve months hence."

"Mabel learned when she was only a little mite," observed Bob, with a sly nod and a wink at Phillis.

"Oh, that was quite another thing," said the mother, conclusively. "But do learn your own lessons, Bob, and leave the girls alone."

Without doubt Phillis missed her sister, and regretted her absence. Mabel was not at all times haughty or indifferent. She could be kind and lovable when she liked, and would kiss and caress Phillis in return for her freely-rendered little services.

"Dear me, how fussy and fidgety you grow," might be said when the latter folded up or put by the clothes her sister dropped in a ring upon the floor, or flung loosely on a chair for the night, laid slippers or combs and brushes in order, returned books to their shelves to preserve the neatness of toilet-table or bedroom generally. But there were occasions when Phillis was rewarded with an approving "Thank you. It's well I have a tidy little sister to clear away the litter I make. Your fairy godmother must have endowed you with precision and primness at birth."

Questionable thanks these, but Phillis was well content. She made the general mistake that Mabel's beauty gave her a right to the homage and service of others less endowed. She clung to her with admiring affection, and when the queen she served was gone, missed her in many nameless ways. If there was also a sense of relief from snubs and taunts, she ascribed that to the absence of her cousins.

Dire indeed would have been the void but for the friendship of Lucy Hope, whose acquaintance had the approval not only of Barbara and Stephen, but of

Miss Pringle, and of someone who considered himself quite as important—Bob.

But no one missed the blue-eyed darling so much as did Farmer Heathfield. No one filled up the void for him. No one came behind him to steal his handkerchief, to pull his hair or his whiskers, and then, with a shower of kisses, call him "a dear old pet." His chair and his slippers were always in place; Phillis was ever ready to run at bidding, but she "had not the fondling, winsome ways of Mabel," he said to his wife. He could not know how she had longed to share the caresses bestowed so freely on Mabel; he could not guess that she would have thought Mabel's freedom of speech and manner incompatible with the reverence in which she held him.

Often did she observe him as he sat in his armchair in an evening after the lamp was lit, cast his eyes across the room on the closed piano, and then turn them hastily away, sighing heavily.

On one of these occasions, when Mabel had been some months away, he looked from the piano into the fire, and remarked, abstractedly, "The nights grow very long and dull now, without our bonny Mab to give us a tune."

"Shall I try, father?" asked Phillis, timidly.

"You, child!" exclaimed father and mother in a breath; "you can't play."

"Can't she, though!" struck in Bob, looking up from the book he was gracefully studying, with both elbows on the table, and his touzled head between his hands; "you should only hear her, that's all!"

Barbara and Stephen glanced across the hearth at each other, and then at Bob, as if they doubted his sanity. He answered by jumping up, opening the instrument, and peremptorily bidding Phillis "Sit down and begin!"

She did "sit down and begin," and without book, or further prelude than a run of her fingers timorously over the keys, as if to test their condition and gain confidence, to the utter amazement of the two elder listeners, "Home, sweet home," fell on their ears, a sweet young voice keeping pace with fingers that were not untrained.

"Why! who taught you that, child?" asked Barbara. "Did Mabel?"

"Not she," thrust in Bob, contemptuously, as he rummaged among the music-books in the canterbury, and Phillis said, quietly, her heart beating fast the while—

"Godmother taught me!"

"Humph! That accounts for the hours you've spent at Miss Pringle's. Pray, what else has she taught you?"

Misunderstanding the question, Phillis turned again to the instrument, and, with the music before her, played over scales and exercises Mabel could not have attempted when she was only ten and a half. She wound up with a sweet sacred song, as if to prove that something more was in training than fingers and voice.

"Humph! I didn't think your Aunt Pringle had it in her," muttered Stephen to his wife, in one of the pauses of the performance.

"Hush! Don't you remember the night of the great snowstorm, and how marvellously she played and sang that night, though she had not touched an instrument for years?" replied Barbara, in an undertone.

"Ah, to be sure! Well, she is certainly performing her promise to Phillis, in spite of my rudeness to her; and I own I was rude. You know I had been annoyed, was angry, and spoke without consideration. We must see if we cannot make peace with the little old lady. She has laid us under heavy obligations over more than these music and singing lessons. Well done, Phillis, my dear," said he, as she quitted the music-stool, "you will make a musician if you keep on as you have begun. You play with great feeling, and have given me an unexpected treat."

He drew her towards him as he said this, and kissed her with so much fatherly affection that he set her eyes glistening though her face was radiant with smiles, as was that of delighted Bob.

Her mother's approbation was just as warmly expressed, and Phillis went to bed with the lightest of light hearts. Her father's praise was a greater treat to her than her music and singing could have been to him. And how her godmother would be gratified!

Then she found Hepsy and Jenny had been listening in astonishment, with many a "Who'd ha' thought it!" But she did not hear the former's private opinion. "Aye, there's more in Phillis, an' in little Miss Pringle too, than most folk thinks. Look how she's bringing up that lad Hubert. He's as polite and respectful to me as if I was a lady born. He didn't bring them manners from Australy. I wonder what she's going to make of him. He must be getting on for fourteen; he's a year older nor Master Bob."

Red-headed Hepsy was not the only one who wondered what Miss Pringle meant to make of the boy. The question was openly discussed in the village, the general opinion being that it was quite time he was sent out into the world to earn his own living instead of remaining to tax the poor little creature's good nature. Gratuitous advice on the subject was tendered by people whom it in no wise concerned; and more than one generous offer came from others who had a genuine desire to ease her burden.

As Stephen Heathfield cast his eyes over the bills Dr. Marsden sent in term by term for Robert's books and tuition, and the rapid growth of the boy added to the cost of every new suit of clothes, he could not help thinking of Miss Pringle as he saw her at church with Hubert respectably dressed by her side, and she wearing the same black dress and bonnet year in and year out. He felt as if the education and maintenance of the youth must press very heavily on her small means, even if she never made a complaint or an effort to relieve herself.

All this recurred to Stephen with renewed force on discovering his own debt to Miss Pringle for the gratuitous and unexpected musical training she was giving to Phillis, for though the child was not a musical phenomenon, it was evident the instruction had been of no common order. So whilst Hephzibah in the kitchen was wondering what was to be made of the boy she had helped to restore to life, her master in the parlour was debating and consulting with his wife the possibility of clearing off his own obligation, and relieving Miss Pringle at the same time.

The very next morning saw his burly figure in Miss Pringle's small parlour, she hovering about, hardly able to repress her satisfaction at his manly apologies, but repudiating his thanks as something quite superfluous.

"I made a promise as sponsor for Phillis Penelope. I must perform what I promise."

"Well," said Mr. Heathfield at last, "I think the best way to square accounts will be to take Hubert Underwood on the farm alongside Bob, and make a farmer of him, as his own father would have done. Farming seems to come natural to the young fellow. He's as much at home with the harvesters or sheep-shearers or in the stables and cow-sheds as our Bob."

"Positively, Stephen Heathfield," exclaimed Miss Pringle, in a flutter of delight, "I am perfectly bewildered with proposals for Hubert. It is pleasant to find the boy has made so many friends. Only last week when I was in Great Woolton, John Crossley volunteered to find him a berth in their manufactory without premium and on a progressive salary. Our good rector says it is a thousand pities he should not be sent to college to study for the church, and promises to procure patronage for him, and more than once or twice has Lawyer Townley put his hand across his chin and pulled his eyebrows down over his peculiarly funny eyes, as a preface to a proposition to take Hubert into his office and make a lawyer of him!"

"Humph! A fusty lawyer, indeed! Hubert's too straightforward and upright for quirks and quibbles. Well, Aunt Pringle, you must please yourself, but if he came to Upland Farm, he need never cost you another shilling. And, to tell the truth, I should be glad to have him, if only to keep Bob steady, for he seems inclined to be a bit skittish at times, lad as he is."

"Ah," replied she, a curious smile playing about her mouth; "that would be a consideration. But, premising you made a farmer of him, where would be his farm? I have certainly been provident, and put by a few pounds, and my pictures and porcelain would produce something if——"

"Oh, it would be time enough to talk of that years hence. We'd manage it somehow, even if that farm at Roughet Run is never heard of."

"Well, well, I am placed in a peculiar predicament with perplexity of choice," chirped the little lady. "I am particularly grateful to our friends, but it is only proper Hubert should himself decide on a pursuit. And there is no hurry. He must finish his education."

"Humph! If it's left to him, he'll be a farmer, I know," said Stephen, rising.

"Possibly," Miss Pringle said; but there was doubt in the tone.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

"ONE OF YOUR GRATEFUL GIRLS."—We thank you for your kindly given information, specially given for "One Eager for Work," that there is a children's hospital in Edinburgh, with three or four wards, and situated in Lauriston Lane, near the Royal Infirmary. Your plan for the marking of linen seems a good one: *i.e.*, "A. B. 1, 12, 1888," supposing that there were a dozen articles in the set. Thus, were one mislaid you would know which it was; and the set complete could be accounted for in laying by clothing for the season. Accept our best thanks for your kind and useful letter.

A DESPAIRING ONE.—We are very sorry to hear you have failed to pass your examination, and can only advise you to try again. We do not at all agree with your idea "that the only thing that can be done for you is to run away to London and try to get on the stage," nor do we see how that would help you. We are sorry to hear they are unkind to you at home in consequence of your failure, and we can only advise you to bear everything with patience and humility; and thus to learn valuable lessons of self-restraint and sweet temper which may be a blessing to you all through your life.

MASSAGE.—There are questions connected with the subject which cannot be entered into in a public paper. But this much we may say: It is an art which must be learnt, and any doctor could direct to the teacher or institution nearest you, where you might learn it. Secondly, although an assistant at a school, you say you have had "pretty good experience in sickness, in dejection (or insipient mental disease), in paralysis, and in epilepsy." Now, if not in a hospital, where did you gain all this sad experience? You say you are strong and healthy, but this might be the case even were various members of your family severally thus afflicted; and were there any kind of taint in your constitution you would be quite unfit for a "Medical Rubber." In fact, if you had less magnetism in your body and less nervous power than your patient, you would rob them of what they had, and make them the worse for your treatment. Only a doctor who had questioned and examined you could decide on your qualification.

GLENLYON wishes us to give a notice to our girls that she has a Girls' Society for the study of languages. Address, Secretary, Miss M. Gibbs, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent. Terms commence in May and November.

NORDISA.—A "rhomboid" is an oblique-angled parallelogram, like a rhomb or rhombus, but having only the opposite sides equal, the length and width being different. We should be glad to advise you as to the disposal of your money, but we do not know your tastes. If you want an "older" book than the G.O.P., but with a mixture of stories and interesting reading, we should suggest the *Leisure Hour* volume.

WORK.

E. GENER.—We regret that we cannot help you to find materials at wholesale prices, but we see that so many firms are always advertising bargains and cheap articles of the kind, that we cannot think you would have any difficulty in finding them. In the shops, also, if they know that you sell again, and work for a living, they will generally make a reduction on taking a quantity.

CHERRY.—In England the wife does not provide anything in the way of houselinen nor blankets, nor furniture of any kind for the house. If she do, it is of free choice.

HOUSEKEEPING.

CATKIN does not appear to have blanched the sweetbreads before frying them. They should be trimmed and skinned, then put into boiling water for five minutes, and lastly into cold water for an hour. Many old-fashioned people prefer to parboil them in milk and water before using; and then, when nearly cooked, to take them out, press between two plates, and when cold to lard them, if desired. But for an invalid they are best carefully egged and bread-crumbed, and lightly fried. A good authority on such matters, *i.e.*, Mary Hooper, considers that a pair of good large sweetbreads, at three shillings, are of better value than a London chicken at the same price.

OLD BLACK SILK may be renovated with potato-water, which is good also for all colours and kinds of silk. Grate five or six raw potatoes into cold, soft water, allowing one large potato to each quart. Five or six quarts will clean two dresses. Wash and pare the potatoes, leave the mixture undisturbed for two days, then pour off the clear liquid only, and dip the silk into it, without rubbing or creasing it. Hang each piece of silk on a clean horse to drip, and then lay them on a clean cloth and wipe with a clean towel. Lastly, iron, if needful, on the soiled side, with a cool iron.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Cakes are often made heavy by constantly opening the oven-door while they are baking. Do you mean the "flead cakes" which are made after rendering down lard? We do not think much of a recipe is needful, as the quantities depend on the amount you have of the lard residue. The flour is rubbed in well with the hand, and sugar to taste is added. Then the paste is rolled out, cut into squares or rounds, and baked in the oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAMPSTEAD.—Yes, you are quite right, there was a manufactory of stained-glass at Hampstead, and it was established by a woman. Her name was Margaret Eglington Paterson, and she married an artist named Pearson, and they established the manufactory at Hampstead. Some of her paintings on glass are unequalled, especially her copies of Raphael's cartoons. She died 1823.

EIGHT YEARS' SUBSCRIBER and WHITE HEATHER.—The cause of half the bad memories in the world is a lack of attention, and a vacant, wandering mind. Try to be attentive to everything that passes about you; concentrate your thoughts, and be in earnest to be of use in the world.

PUZZLED STUDENT.—Catherine, Marie, and Anne were all used in France as men's names, and we find them frequently in history. We have also some modern examples of interchangeable names in England, viz., Evelyn, Frances, and others; and in America "Claud" is used for both sexes.

MAY (Australia).—Parrots should be fed on canary-seed, and a little sopped bread (in milk); also they may have ripe fruit and any description of nut. But beware of giving them meat or greasy things. We are much obliged to you for so kind a letter.

M. LITTLEFAIR.—We regret disappointing you, but must say that the story you send us is not suitable for the G.O.P.

"TWO POUNDS NINE."—Rose trees can be raised from properly cut "prunings," that is, cut at a joint and sloped, provided they be placed under glass, and in good soil. We cease to answer questions already answered a dozen times; it is unfair to others to fill our very small space with dull repetitions. The tone of your letter is too pert and flippant to your elders, and does small credit to your acquaintance with good manners. If we "do not select the most sensible letters for our answers," alas! on your own showing, for your obtaining this notice yourself!

WILLESDEN READER.—The landed property goes, as a rule, to the eldest son; or if deceased, to his eldest son, as the "heir-at-law" in perpetual succession, just as a title would descend (if hereditary). But should the property consist of money, it may then be equally divided, unless the owner have a "power of appointment," when the division of the money may be unequally made amongst children, according to their need or their deserts.

STELLA.—Send the music to some poor ladies' "convalescent home," or to one of those societies that give clothing and books to the families of the poor clergy.

WOULD-BE SERVANT OF CHRIST.—We are glad that you have derived encouragement and comfort from our answers to other correspondents. To practise self-denial is always hard; but by the grace of God, obtained by prayer in the name of the Lord Jesus, the difficulty will grow less and less.

M. B. I.—Complain, in a polite way, to the landlady of the noises made late at night by her lodgers and visitors. If no redress should be afforded you, lay the matter before the police inspector, and he may find means of abating the nuisance arising from drunkenness, late hours, and disreputable guests.

TWO LONELY ONES.—We do not know of any "respectable home" suitable for you and your sister on the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, which would also be inexpensive. Your best plan would be to go to Jersey *en route*, and make inquiries there, and cross over from thence, with a good reference from personal acquaintance. Or you might take a fancy for that island and remain there.

PAULINA.—In giving your name to a servant for announcement, always give the usual prefix "Miss" or "Mrs." The hand you give to the gentleman who assists you up and down a platform must depend on that which he offers to you. He should give his right hand, which would necessitate your taking it with your left. But the nature of the steps and position of the spot might change this, and if he had to offer the left you would take it with your right hand.

A WESTMORLAND LASSIE.—We should advise you to try to change your residence, as it is probably damp. Also endeavour to take either the waters of Bath or of Buxton, whichever your doctor recommends.

A MIDSUMMER-DAY DREAM.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 443.] JUNE 23, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER X.

FOOTFALLS OF TIME.

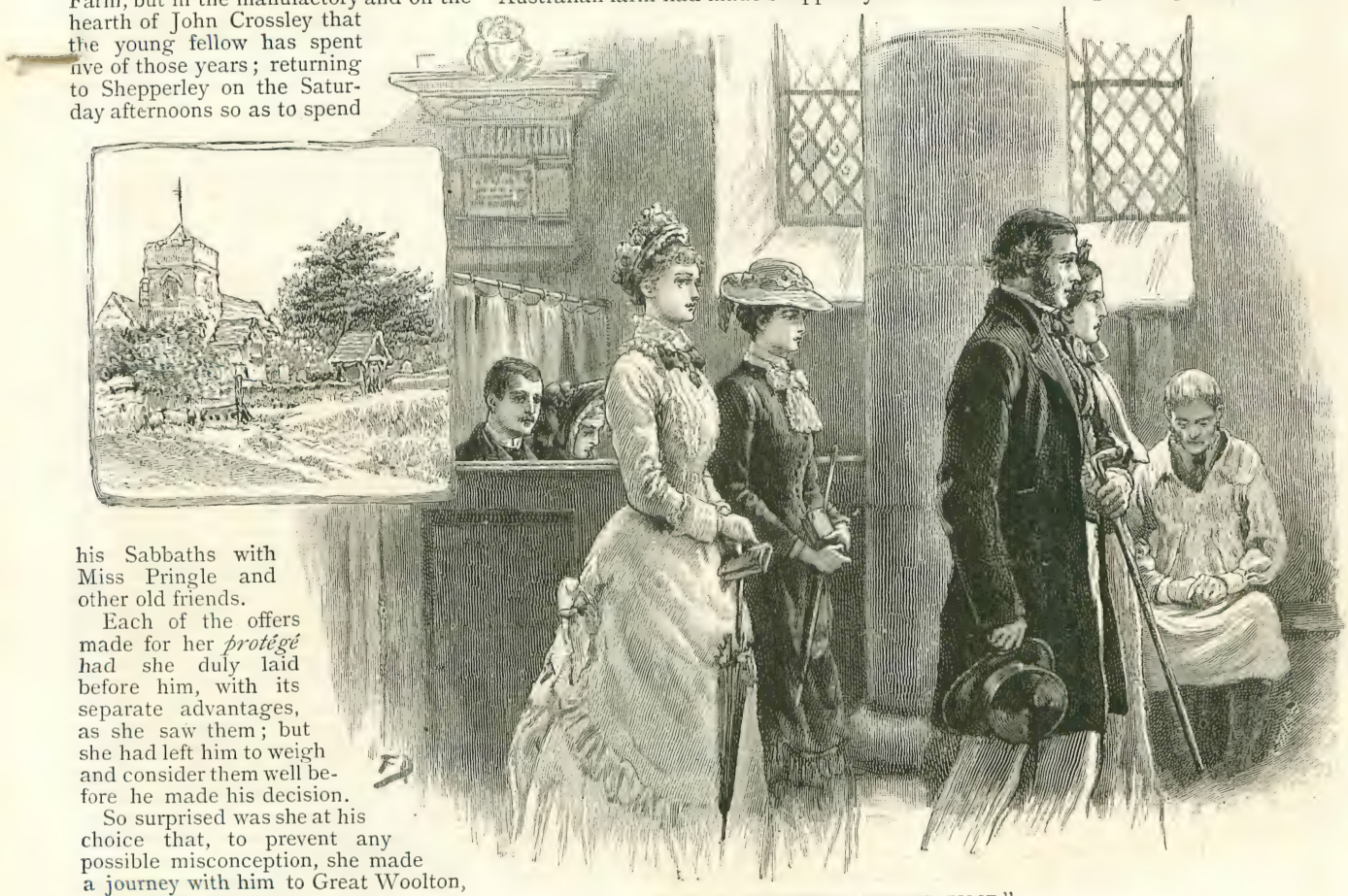
SIX revolving years have left their impress on the world, on communities, on individual lives, since Stephen Heathfield assumed so confidently that Hubert Underwood, of his own free choice, would elect to be a farmer.

Yet it has not been on the Upland Farm, but in the manufactory and on the hearth of John Crossley that the young fellow has spent five of those years; returning to Shepperley on the Saturday afternoons so as to spend his Sabbaths with Miss Pringle and other old friends.

Each of the offers made for her *protégé* had she duly laid before him, with its separate advantages, as she saw them; but she had left him to weigh and consider them well before he made his decision.

So surprised was she at his choice that, to prevent any possible misconception, she made a journey with him to Great Woolton, in order that he might be shown over the manufactory, so as to contrast the bustle, the noise, the atmosphere of the town and the factory with the purer air and life on a farm.

Hubert owned the contrast, but did not waver in his choice. His motives were many-sided. The glimpses of the world obtained in his journey from his father's Australian farm had made Shepperley all too narrow for his aspirations. Honourable independence was to his character what the bones were to his body. He had been so scorned and twitted by envious schoolmates with his dependence on "poor Miss Pringle," had overheard so many idle busybodies "wonder how the poor little lady contrived to maintain and educate that great lad," that he hailed with delight the prospect of self-



"HUBERT SAW HER FIRST."

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support, involving no drain on his loved and loving benefactress in the future. He was hot-tempered, was prone to resent the frequent jests on her P's and peculiarities made intentionally in his hearing. He was afraid she thought him quarrelsome, so often was he told by her, "the perfect gentleman preserves his temper," and he had a crude notion he could neither preserve that nor his self-respect if he remained in Shepperley.

Then, again, as he had said to Robert Heathfield on leaving, "I'd like to be a farmer, Bob, but I'm not going to impoverish Miss Pringle to stock a farm for me. It will be my turn to help her when I'm a man. And I mean to get on. Arthur Rivers has crowed over me long enough; and if his father made a fortune by the help of Mr. Crossley, why may not I, if I work hard, and do my duty? I can look up to God for the rest. And who knows but in Great Woolton some day I may come across someone who knew my father in Australia."

And so he had rejected the breezy hillside for the steam, the teazers, the noisy spindles and looms of the manufactory.

John Crossley had not made his liberal offer rashly or without foreknowledge, though he had seen Hubert Underwood but seldom.

Naturally the Crossleys visited and were visited by his wife's relations as well as his own, and over the dinner or tea table words were dropped in casual conversation tending to praise or disparage the youth, as the case might be. But the shrewd manufacturer was his own interpreter, and as he weighed the speakers in his own balance, so he weighed their words.

He deducted somewhat from Miss Pringle's unqualified encomiums. But when Phillis Heathfield spent a few days at Llama Lodge and chatted to his wife of this or that, relating little anecdotes into which Hubert's name came naturally, either as her champion or Miss Pringle's; as Bob's companion in the hayfield or at cricket; as Arthur's opponent, or as the butt for his shafts of wit; of the poor blind beggar he saved from drowning when he missed the footbridge, to whom he afterwards gave his own dog for a guide; of the time there was fever in Marsh Lane, when Hubert whitewashed old Sally Lee's cottage for her, and persuaded Roger to whitewash his mother's, and so on, he listened behind his book or newspaper, and smiling made his private comments. But his little godchild had never a notion how heavily her praises of "Bob's great friend" weighed in the balance of the manufacturer's favour, or what they were doing for her hero. A child's love is not calculating.

But it is possible for ill-feeling to do a good turn as unconsciously. One day, twelve months later, standing with Mr. Rivers at the door of his counting-house discussing a rise in the wool market, John Crossley chanced to overhear Arthur, then a flippant youth of seventeen, in the course of confidential chat with one of the junior clerks, refer to Hubert as "that milksop Underwood, tied to Penelope Pringle's apron strings, yet as touchy as a lucifer match if a fellow only laughs at her queer ways. He wouldn't smoke a cigar, or drink a glass of ale, or bet a sixpence, or tell a white lie to serve his best friend. A nice business man he'd make, sticking at trifles like these!" A shrug and a curled lip served as emphasis.

"I think he would," said Mr. Crossley, turning round and confronting the pair. "At all events I made a bid for him some months ago. Integrity is not at a discount in all business houses, young sir, and we want neither black lies nor white ones told for our firm. It may, however, be as well to preserve the 'milksop' from some of his best friends."

The rebuke called from Arthur Rivers a long drawn "Whew!" and from his father a stern "You've put *your* foot in it now!"

At any rate he had helped to put Hubert Underwood's feet where he least desired to see them. For although John Crossley had contemplated finding a post for him in order to relieve Miss Pringle, he had previously no thought of offering also the safeguard of his own roof to the youth.

Yet there Hubert was at the five years' end, regarded more as a son than a servant, rising in the estimation of the firm, as he endeavoured to grasp the various details of manufacture, to acquaint himself with the commercial values of the staple and of the manufactured cloth. A few friendships he formed, but he gave the bulk of his evenings to study, especially of works such as "Baines's Woollen Trade," "Southey's Colonial Wools," ransacking the home and public libraries for books on cognate subjects, or for anything, no matter what, relating to his native land—Australia.

The characteristic advice of Miss Pringle the evening before he left Pilgrim Place for his new occupation and home, repeated by her on the platform of the Little Woolton railway station, had made its impression. She had said, seriously—

"Perseverance, promptitude, and punctuality are the recognised essentials for a business man, the three paramount P's of trade; but patience, principle, and probity must go hand in hand with these to promote success. And, Hubert, unless prudence, purity, and piety underlie all, success will have no secure basis. The soul will be shut up in cash-box and ledger, and shut out of Paradise. And oh! my boy, remember that prayer and praise are the keys to unlock the celestial gates; and never, never let them grow rusty from disuse."

The hebdomadal holiday spent in Shepperley served to keep the triple triplets in remembrance and to brighten those same keys.

So sure as Sunday came round the clear-eyed young fellow, erect and tall, opened the green gate for little Miss Pringle to pass out before him, and escorted her across the road and through the churchyard, and along the aisle to their pews with a reverent air of protection delightful to behold. From the time she had laid her new-born hopes to rest with Hubert's father in the green churchyard she had never changed the sombre hue of her garments. But in place of the dull merino she had long rustled up the aisle in good black silk, the grateful gift of Hubert, of which she was only a little less proud than she was of the giver. Yet she never altered, in deference to the prevailing fashion, the cut of her gown or the shape of the bonnet which covered her crisp silvery curls, and not a few among the congregation wondered "the fine-looking young man was not ashamed of the singular figure by his side."

He did not appear to be. No son in all that congregation was more attentive to a mother than he to her. If the fashion of her garb was singular, so was the goodness that had adopted and made him what he was; and he knew it. He placed the high hassock under her feet, he found her the text and the hymn, undisturbed by the opinions of others, though it might have been as well had he known what one or two of the younger members did think.

But, thanks to her training, from the moment he entered the sacred edifice he felt himself in so high a presence he had rarely thought for meaner things. Indeed, had his attention ever a tendency to wander, as might have been, towards a certain pew, the solemn tones and fervid eloquence of the new curate who officiated in place of the aged (and prosy) rector, would have recalled it.

The Rev. Ernest Hope, the new curate, whom Hubert was proud to call his friend, had by his zeal and enthusiasm brought back a wandering flock to the fold, and roused insensate sleepers to a knowledge of their condition. He had come to Shepperley first to read for orders, and had returned to do duty immediately after his ordination. But neither he nor anyone, unless it were Lawyer Townley, could have told that he owed his appointment mainly to the influence of unpretentious Miss Pringle with the old rector, then in declining health.

Before Phillis had introduced her friend Lucy Hope to her godmother, her quick eyes had observed the widow in her weeds, and her interesting little girl also in deep mourning, sitting in a remote part of the church, and knew them for strangers in the village. Gossip repeatedly pointed out their cottage as one where no one visited, and Mrs. Hope herself as "poor and proud." Had she been rich and proud, other visitors would have flocked to make her acquaintance, and Miss Pringle would have held aloof.

As it was, she was pondering an excuse for calling when Phillis broke the ice of ceremony by bringing Lucy to her. In a very few days Miss Pringle and her purse-pouch crossed the village, and passed the sphynx-guarded portico of Mrs. Rivers on an expedition to the humbler abode of Mrs. Hope, an old low-roofed ivy-covered cottage that was a terrible eyesore to some few of the pretentious villa residents. It was some consolation when an evident lady, drawn thither by either the small rent or a love of the picturesque, took possession, with furniture of a superior class—though it might have seen its best day—and gave an air of refinement even to Ivy Cot.

Satisfactory to both must have been

the "preliminary visit" of Miss Phillis Penelope Pringle, for it was returned, and though Mrs. Hope rarely went abroad, confessing her inability to keep a servant, the little old maid frequently "popped in for a pleasant chat," and some way or other before very long she was instructing Lucy Hope in music and singing to save the widow's pocket, though she professed it was to "stimulate Phillis Penelope to persevere, and to find occupation for her own vacant hours."

Unobtrusively, and principally through the confidential disclosures of Lucy to Phillis, had Miss Pringle become aware that Mrs. Hope was an officer's widow, that her husband had fallen in the Cabul massacre, that she had little besides her pension to depend upon, and rather than ruin the prospects of her son, older by several years than Lucy, she had retreated to Ivy Cot, where she might practice the most severe economy away from the world in which she was known.

Ernest Hope had come down to Shepperley between terms, when there was an effort to hide the sacrifices made for him; but he was not blind, and, in his intercourse with Miss Pringle, lamented deeply his inability to remedy this, other than by equally stringent economy at Cambridge. The little old lady had, in spite of her oddities, quite won his regard and his confidence, given as to one who in her own experience felt the need of strict frugality. So that when good fortune came to him in the guise of his curacy, he least of all suspected that she it was had provided the good old rector with spectacles to discern his merits.

Yet it was to her rather than to the rector that he went to learn the special needs of the poorer parishioners; and it was in her small parlour, set round with miniatures and silhouettes, that Hubert learned to estimate the full worth of Ernest Hope, and what might have been no more than admiration of pulpit eloquence and enthusiasm, grew into a friendship, that served to keep his spiritual and intellectual self alive and fresh notwithstanding business absorption during the rest of the week.

Let it not be supposed that the new friend had ousted the old ones, or that Shepperley had no attractions besides Miss Pringle and the new curate.

He might take the omnibus at Little Woolton station, unless he chanced to walk across the moor which held such bitter memories; but, rain or fair, he alighted at the top of Upland Lane on the Saturday afternoon, and called at the farm on his way to Pilgrim Place, ostensibly to see his old chum Bob. There he was apt to linger whether light-hearted Robert put in an appearance or not; and very short-sighted must have been the individual who, having seen him shake hands with Miss Heathfield, set down the brother as the magnet.

Mabel herself made no such mistake, neither did Phillis.

To the latter, now in her seventeenth year, Hubert had ever been as a protecting brother, firmer, kinder, more reliable than Bob, who never quite overcame his habit of cracking small jokes at her expense. She had been thrown into constant association with him at her godmother's; they had been permitted to read "Pringle's African Sketches" together, to learn by heart the poetry in that fascinating work, which brought up frequent reminiscences of his own early life in the Australian bush. And if his cheek glowed as he recited "Afar in the Desert," so did hers as an excited listener. She had brought her little difficulties to him rather than to Bob; and when, soon after her sister went away to Madame Vévay's, the choice of a calling had to be made, he discussed the *pros* and *cons* with her and Bob together, though the latter did say, contemptuously, "What should girls know of such matters?" But well Hubert knew that, though three years younger than himself, Phillis had a clearer perception, a more reflective bias than either he or his still more hasty comrade. She, too, knew more of the Crossleys, and could give him some insight into what lay before him at Llama Lodge, young as she was. And when he had fairly embarked on his new career, who but she listened to the fragmentary reports of his experience and progress, as detailed to Miss Pringle.

She had obeyed her godmother's behest "to love and be kind to him," long before she knew the full significance of the words, or the darkening down upon lip and cheek, the firmer foot, the loftier build, proclaimed his approaching manhood.

It is a sort of unspoken creed in bustling industrial and commercial centres that agricultural and village life is slow and stagnant. Men dealing with the magic of science and machinery, who have made of the winged lightning a messenger, who watch the fluctuations of the money market from hour to hour, and whose maxim is "quick returns," feel as if those who bury the seed in the ground and wait months for the ripening harvest must sleep inertly whilst it grows. And in his new sphere, the importance of which grew upon him, Hubert scarcely realised that Phillis, whom he saw week by week, and regarded as a child-sister, was growing, too, out of her pinafores and into her teens, and, albeit no maypole, was overtopping Miss Pringle inch by inch. All her movements were so quiet, he no more perceived the change to the slim, graceful maiden, whose large black eyes had lost their wistfulness, and whose rounding cheek had caught a faint tinge of rose, that deepened when animation or enthusiasm gave expression to her countenance, than did unobservant Bob.

The change was gradual, and she was still a schoolgirl when Mabel came back from Madame Vévay's after nearly three years' absence, to blind him and all around with her wondrous beauty and fascinations. In the presence of the sun, who sees the stars, shine they never so steadfastly?

She was a year older than himself, and he was just at that age when a youth feels himself immeasurably beyond his years, and aspires to the ripe fruit on the higher bough rather than to that slowly ripening on his own level.

Very little did the younger members of the congregation hear of the good old rector's drowsy sermon on that autumnal Sunday when the Rivers girls and Mabel Heathfield put in their first appearance after their long absence. Maud and Laura were showy girls, not without pretensions to good looks, set off by a fashionable milliner to the best advantage. There could be no pretension in Mabel's case, and she was dressed in rather better taste.

Hubert saw her first as the Heathfields passed down the aisle to their pew, a little behind that of James Rivers, and the brief glimpse was startling. He found his eyes straying continually towards her. More than once he encountered those of Gilbert Sheperton bent in the same direction, and envied him his father's pew in the corner, which confronted the congregation.

The Rivers girls, who came in late, were conscious of attracting attention; but it was not until the service was over, and there was a general hand-shaking and greeting in the churchyard, that they, and more than they, became painfully conscious that Mabel Heathfield wielded an imperial sceptre.

Squire Sheperton generally nodded to Farmer Heathfield, or grasped his hand as they passed, but that day the whole family stopped to shake hands and welcome Miss Heathfield home, Gilbert included.

Mrs. Rivers sailed up at the time, hoping to secure the coveted introduction for her daughters, but the Shepertons walked away to their carriage oblivious, and cousinly salutations fell flat.

"Pretty, but puffed up with pride," was Miss Pringle's commentary, when the blue-eyed beauty declined, for all of them, an invitation for a temporary call at Pilgrim Place; "not a patch upon Phillis Penelope."

But Hubert, for whose behoof she spoke, was already out of hearing, carrying Mabel's prayer book and walking beside her towards the field path, in earnest conversation, leaving Phillis to follow with Bob—or anyone.

After that memorable Sunday it was that Hubert found it expedient to go home on Saturdays *via* the Upland Farm, frequently carrying new books or new music, not obtainable nearer than Great Woolton, and feeling himself well repaid by a smile or a song from the all-accomplished Mabel.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

LUCY, Florence, and Edith met for their ninth summing up of the labours of the month.

They fell to talking of Thomas Gray, the poet, whose "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" had been the first item in their programme.

"There is wonderful unanimity amongst critics," said Lucy, "in regard to this poem. One says 'that of all small poems it may be considered as the most exquisite and finished example in the world of the effect resulting from the intermixture of evening scenery and pathetic reflection.' Another—it was no less authority in the art of verse-making than Lord Byron—says, 'Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory.'"

"Dr. Johnson," remarked Florence, "gives as a reason for the universal praise the poem has received the fact that it abounds with images which find a mirror in every soul, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

Lucy mentioned that there was a manuscript in existence in Gray's handwriting, showing the Elegy as it stood before it received the final polish, and she referred her friends to Professor Henry Morley's "Shorter English Poems" for the variations, which let us see how the poet gave the last touches to a work that underwent many revisions before it attained the full beauty of the form in which it lives.

The other poem they had read was Byron's beautiful and touching "Prisoner of Chillon."

"Where is Chillon?" Edith inquired.

"Don't you know?" exclaimed Lucy. "It is a castle at the east-end of the Lake of Geneva, standing on an isolated rock almost entirely surrounded by deep water. It is said to have been built in 1238 by Amadeus IV. of Savoy, and served for a long time as a state prison."

"You said 'deep water,'" remarked Florence. "I had a laugh the other day over an account written by a visitor to Chillon, who complained that Byron had strained the depth of the water beyond reality when he wrote:

"'Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet below!'

Now, says this visitor, the actual depth is about three hundred feet. As if a poet were subject to the same rules as the compiler of a geography book!"

"Vanity Fair," the most popular of all Thackeray's novels, had formed a profitable study in fiction.

"What an odd ending it has," said Edith—"'Ah! *Vanitas, Vanitatum!* which of us is happy in this world? which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.'"

"I don't think," remarked Florence, "that as things go that is an odd ending at all. When I came to the end I saw with what truth Anthony Trollope wrote about 'Vanity Fair' in his 'Life of Thackeray.' 'The reader,' he says, 'as he closes the book has on his mind a strong conviction that among men George is as weak and Dobbin as noble as any that he has met in literature; and that among women Amelia is as true and Becky as vile as any he has encountered. Of so much he will be conscious. In addition to this he will unconsciously have found that every page he has read will have been of interest to him. There has been no padding, no *longueurs;* every bit will have had its weight with him. And he will find, too, at the end, if he will think of it—though readers, I fear, seldom think much of this in regard to books they have read—that the lesson taught in every page has been good. There may be details of evil painted so as to disgust—painted almost too plainly—but none painted so as to allure.'"

The three girls could hardly have chosen a more delightful and suggestive biographical subject than Dean Stanley's "Life and Correspondence of Doctor Arnold." Dr. Arnold was a truly remarkable man—a man, it has been pointed out, of a character rarely met with now, who united the simplicity and heroism of a past generation with the practical energy and inquiry of our own—a man truly English in his noblest points, and yet tempering the stern vigour of the English character with a reflection and an amiability which rather belong to the Greek or the German mind. Besides this he was "a complete character—complete in its union of moral and intellectual gifts, and in the steady growth and development of both; for his greatness did not consist in the pre-eminence of any single quality, but in several remarkable powers, thoroughly leavened and pervaded by an ever-increasing moral nobleness."

As was to be expected, Florence, with Scotch blood running in her veins, had given most time to reading on the subject of the Battle of Bannockburn, the crowning event of the Scottish war of independence. The clearest, though not the most dramatic account of that famous conflict, she mentioned, was to be found in the "History of Scotland," by John Hill Burton.

In Sir Henry E. Roscoe's "Chemistry" primer, the three friends had studied as far as p. 43.

In connection with their musical subject of study—Brahms's Rhapsodie in B minor—Lucy quoted what she had read, to the effect that it has three marked themes, each differing in character from its fellows, but made congenial to each other with the logical acumen, symmetry of form, and ingenious detail for which all, even the smallest, compositions of the conservative champion of German classical music are invariably distinguished.

After they had discussed the table of foods in season, the question of the adulteration of food and the essay on "A few reasons for self-reliance," the programme for July was arranged, and it was as follows:—

The first items, as usual, were two short poems: the child's story of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning; and the ballad of "The Braes of Yarrow."

The work of fiction to be read was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, a work which, thirty-five years or so ago, took the reading world by storm.

The biographical subject was the "Life of Charles Lamb," by Barry Cornwall.

Their historical reading was to deal with the Abolition of Slavery.

In science they were to continue the "Chemistry" primer of Sir Henry. E. Roscoe.

Music was to be represented by the Carnival (*Scènes Mignonnes*) of Robert Schumann.

They were to prepare the usual table of foods in season, and to study Invalid Cookery as a special subject.

The subject of the essay was to be "Letter-writing as it should be."

Here follow the aphorisms for every day—this time on Character, and how to read it—and the Anniversary Calendar for the month of July.

SAYINGS ON CHARACTER, AND HOW TO READ IT, FOR THE GIRLS' YEAR.

I. *The Character Alphabet.* Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which we may spell characters.—*Lavater.*

II. *Different readings.* Without wearing any mask we are conscious of, we have a special mask for each friend.

III. *Necessary sympathy.* No character was ever rightly understood till it had first been regarded with a certain feeling, not of tolerance only, but of sympathy.

IV. *By chance.* Chance opportunities make us known to others and still more to ourselves.—*Rochefoucauld.*

V. *The formation of character.* Character is formed by a variety of minute circumstances, more or less under the regulation and control of the individual. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or for evil. There is no act, however trivial, but has its train of consequences, as there is no hair so small but casts its shadow.—*Smiles.*

VI. *Judge fairly.* Men are to be estimated by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver.—*Cecil.*

VII. *How to recognise ignorance.*

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, pride, and arrogance,
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.—*Butler.*

VIII. *The serpent and the dove.* When a woman is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in her composition, she becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits her best actions.

IX. *Variations.* A girl's character is like

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her shadow, which sometimes follows and sometimes precedes her, and which is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than she is.

X. *A note upon pride.* She that is ashamed to be seen in a mean condition would be proud in a splendid one.—*Seneca.*

XI. *What affectation is.* All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.—*Lavater.*

XII. *Good temper.* In a single hour you will discover whether people have good sense, but it may require many years to find out whether they have good temper.

XIII. *Yes and no.* As a person's yes or no, so all her character. A downright yes and no mark the firm; a quick, the rapid; and a slow, the cautious or timid character.

XIV. *The advantage of self-reading.* What is passing in the mind of another rarely escapes the observation of one who is a strict observer of her own.

XV. *Unreasonable anger.* Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

XVI. *In charity.* There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion; and all things so succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself, but to misconstrue a good thing is a treble wrong to myself, the action, and the author.—*Bishop Hall.*

XVII. *A standard measure.* We measure the excellence of other people by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet—poor enough, as poets used to be—seeing an alderman in a gold chain upon a great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, "Do you see yon fellow, how big he looks? Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse."

XVIII. *Close companions.* Whenever secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off.—*Dr. Johnson.*

XIX. *Unsuspicious virtue.*—The more virtuous a woman is, the less does she suspect baseness in others.

XX. *A calm will.* Calmness of will is always a sign of grandeur.

XXI. *A display of character.* Never does a girl portray her own character more vividly than in her manner of portraying that of another.

XXII. *More about affectation.* Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken note of either as wanting sense or wanting discretion.—*Locke.*

XXIII. *The backbiter.* Whenever you find any man or woman endeavouring to lessen and destroy the reputation of another, be sure their own character is desperate.

XXIV. *The good daughter.* When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she is placed.

XXV. *A choice character.* She who is open without levity; generous without waste; secret without craft; humble without meanness; bold without insolence; cautious without anxiety; regular yet not formal; mild yet not timid; firm yet not tyrannical—is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, and virtue.

XXVI. *Gravity overdone.* Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

XXVII. *Loveable weakness.* We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much.

XXVIII. *Self-criticism.*

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—*Burns.*

XXIX. *The supreme excellence.* In character, in manners, in style, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

XXX. *A sure mark.* There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.

XXXI. *A sweet temper.* No trait of character is more valuable to a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition; it is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

July Anniversaries of the Girls' Year.

1. The Princess Alice, married in 1862, at Osborne. It was a quiet affair, her father, the Prince Consort, having died on the 14th of December of the preceding year. At the trying time of her father's death the Princess proved the surest support of the Queen. She not only soothed her, but lightened the burden of Her Majesty's public duties, and in every way strove to guard her mother from all that was painful, to help her over all that was unavoidable.

2. Charlotte Corday, born in 1768. It was she who assassinated Marat, towards whom she had conceived a great hatred, which was increased after the overthrow of the Girondists, whose principles she reverenced. She was handsome, had wit, feeling, and a masculine understanding.

3. Marie de Medicis, Queen of France, and the widow of Henry IV., died in 1642. The close of her life is a sad story: "Abandoned by all her family, and her own son on the proudest throne of Europe, the widow of Henry of Navarre died in want of the commonest necessaries. She breathed her last in a poor apartment at Cologne, the furniture of which she had disposed of for the means of supporting life."

4. Madame Dudevant, who wrote under the name of "George Sand," born in 1804. As an apostle of republicanism and an advocate of popular education, her influence has been immense. Her literary style has two precious qualities—elegance and clearness.

5. The Princess Helena, married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein in 1866. The princess is the fifth child and third daughter of Her Majesty.

6. Sarah Siddons, one of the most famous of English actresses, born in 1755. "In Lady Macbeth she found the highest and best scope for her gifts. It fitted her as no other character did, and as perhaps it will never fit another actress. Her extraordinary and peculiar physical endowments—tall and striking figure, brilliant beauty, powerful expressive eyes, and a solemn dignity of demeanour—enabled her to confer a weird majesty on the character which inexpressibly heightened the tragic awe surrounding her fate." In private life Mrs. Siddons enjoyed the friendship and respect of a wide circle.

7. Mrs. Sarah Parton, American authoress, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Fanny Fern," born in 1811. Her writings were extremely popular.

8. Anne Askew, born in 1521. She was a lady of great worth and beauty, and one of the numerous sufferers for the cause of the Reformation in the reign of Henry VIII. She was burned at Smithfield on the 16th of July, 1546, and met her death with undaunted courage.

9. Eudocia, the wife of Theodosius II., died in 460. Before her elevation to the throne, she renounced paganism and was baptised. By her father, who was a philosopher of Athens, she was carefully instructed in literature and the sciences; and so high an estimate did he form of her beauty and abilities that, thinking any other endowment unnecessary, he divided his whole patrimony between his two sons and left Eudocia nothing.

10. Blanche of Bourbon, born in 1338. She married Pedro I. of Castile, who bears the unenviable title of "The Cruel," in 1354, and was poisoned by him in 1361.

11. Elizabeth Christina, the wife of Frederick the Great, born in 1715. Frederick married her in 1733 in obedience to his father's orders, but he never loved her. She was always treated by him, however, with marked respect, and he provided her with a generous income, half of which she distributed in charity. There was no charm whatever about her, but she was a woman of many noble qualities.

12. Maria Gaetana Agnesi, born in 1718: the date is sometimes given as the 16th of May. She was an Italian lady of distinguished learning. She was so precocious that when only nine years old she wrote an elaborate address in Latin, maintaining that the pursuit of liberal studies was not improper for her sex. Her knowledge of languages was so great that she was generally known as "the Walking Polyglot."

13. Mrs. Jane Loudon, authoress, died in 1858. She began her literary career by the publication of a novel entitled "The Mummy." Mr. Loudon, the well-known writer on gardening, then a stranger to her, happened to meet with the novel, and was so greatly pleased with some scientific predictions contained in it, that he sought an introduction to the author, and the result was that before long she agreed to become Mrs. Loudon.

14. Lady Lucie Duff Gordon, authoress, died in 1869. She was the daughter of Mrs. Sarah Austin, and, like her mother, did good service in translating foreign works for the benefit of English readers. Her translation from the German of "The Amber Witch" should be read by everyone.

15. Anne of Cleves, one of the six queens of Henry VIII., died in 1557. When she arrived in England the king found to his disappointment that she was no beauty, though she had been reported to him as such. The graces of Anne of Cleves were moral only, not intellectual, and not personal. Her complexion was thick and dark; her features were coarse; her figure large, loose, and corpulent. She was soon divorced and pensioned off.

16. Rosa Govana, philanthropist, born in 1733. She devoted twenty-one years to the task of going over the provinces of Piedmont, and founding asylums for the unprotected and industrious poor of her own sex.

17. Janet, Lady Glammis, burned as a witch in Edinburgh in 1537. "She was burned upon the Castle Hill, with great commiseration of the people in regard of her noble blood, of her husband, being in the prime of years, of a singular beauty, and suffering all, though a woman, with a manlike courage."

18. Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, born in 1550. She was the sister and companion of the famous Sir Philip Sidney, and the possessor of similar talents. Spenser speaks of her as

"Most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
Her brother dear."

When she died in 1621, the following beautiful epitaph was written for her tomb by either Ben Jonson or William Browne, it appears doubtful which:—

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Learned and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

19. Queen Louise Augusta of Prussia died in 1810. She married Frederick William of Prussia in 1793, and is noted for her patronage of literature, her beneficence to the poor, and her energetic opposition to Napoleon.

20. Claude, the first wife of Francis I. of France, died in 1524. She died in youth, deeply regretted, and was long remembered as "the good queen."

21. Clara Reeve, novelist, born in 1725. She was born, lived, and died at Ipswich, leaving "no materials for biography." Her best known novel is "The Old English Baron," a story to some extent a professed imitation of Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto."

22. Mrs. Hester Chapone, authoress, born in 1727. Her literary taste was developed at an early age; when only nine years old she wrote a romance called "The Loves of Amoret and Melissa." At the house of Samuel Richardson, the novelist, she met with Mr. Chapone, a lawyer, to whom she was married in 1760 after a long engagement. Her "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind" have proved extensively useful.

23. Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, authoress, died in 1816. Her principal work is "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," "a picture," says Sir Walter Scott, "of the rural habits of Scotland, of startling and impressive fidelity." "Elizabeth Hamilton," says Allan Cunningham, "like Madame d'Arblay, paints the passing events, the fleeting manners, and changing conditions of social life; but then her pictures are taken from the shepherd's hut and the husbandman's hovel, and, amid much that is now past and gone, show not a little of a fixed and permanent nature."

24. Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, born in 1625. A sketch of the life of this famous blue-stocking was given in the March part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for the current year. Her career is admirably summed up—except that her eccentricities are left unnoticed—in the inscription set up over her tomb in Westminster Abbey:—"Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous. The duchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books do well testify; she was a most virtuous and loving and careful wife; and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when they came home never parted from him in his solitary retirements."

25. Elizabeth Wolf Bekker, authoress, born in 1733. She was a native of Holland, and gained a high reputation as a novelist and poet.

26. Marianna Kirchgessner, performer on the glass harmonica, born in 1770 in Baden. After an illness in her fourth year she became blind, and remained so for life. She made many successful concert tours, and had a quintet composed for her by Mozart.

27. Alice of Burgundy, Empress of Germany, died in 980. She was a princess of great charities and virtues—indeed, she incurred the reproach of prodigality through a charity that knew no bounds. After the death of her son she become regent, and ruled the empire with wisdom and firmness. Her contemporary, the pious and learned Pope Silvester II., called Alice "the terror of kingdoms, and the mother of kings."

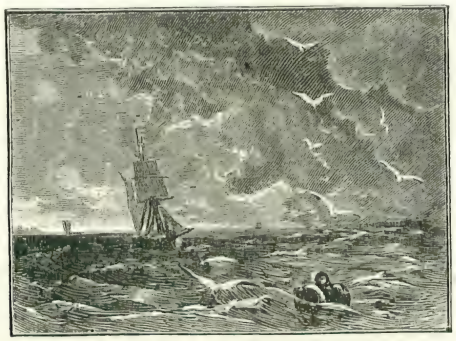
28. Mary Queen of Scots married Darnley in 1565. They first met at Wemyss Castle, a weather-beaten fortress on a rock rising from the northern coast of the Firth of Forth, and no sooner met than they fell in love. "The period," says John Hill Burton, "during which the marriage of Mary and Darnley had the aspect of a happy union was short. If there had not been worse qualities in either of them, there was an utter incompatibility. The wife had great genius and sagacity, the husband was a fool, and a vicious and presumptuous fool. There is scarcely to be found in his character the vestige of a good quality."

29. Anna Selina Storace, a favourite singer, died in 1814. This is the date given in Chambers's Book of Days; another, however, is given in Sir George Grove's Dictionary of Music. Mlle. Storace was the original performer of Susanna, in Mozart's delightful opera, *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She married Fisher, the violinist, contrary to the advice of all her friends. The union proved an unhappy one, and in a short time the two separated, and the wife never after used her husband's name.

30. Aloysia Weber, born in 1750. She was Mozart's first love, but ended in marrying an actor named Lange, whilst the composer wedded her sister, Constanza. Aloysia Weber had an exceptionally high voice, and extremely pleasant in tone, though perhaps rather weak for the stage.

31. Maria Fedorovna, Empress of Russia, born in 1759. She was married at the age of seventeen to Paul, son of the celebrated Catharine II., who was assassinated in the Mikhailovski Palace. The empress was famous for her good deeds and great designs, nobly conceived and perseveringly followed out until their final accomplishment. She often said, "We must work while we can, the time is short," and never was a generous maxim more faithfully fulfilled.

(*To be continued.*)



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Songs of a Summer's Day. Four duets for ladies' voices, by Dr. Frank J. Sawyer.—These will be found to possess charming graceful thoughts, and pleasant effective accompaniments. They are suitable for class singing, or for two single voices.

E. ASCHERBERG AND CO.

Beyond the Shadows. By Carlo Ducci. Words by Mary Mark Lemon.—This song can be recommended as a good expressive setting of some beautiful words.

Revoir. Intermezzo, transcribed for violin with piano accompaniments, from a piano piece by M. Bourne.—A simple theme, such as this is, would do famously for a young violinist to learn. There is no great difficulty, and the bowing is carefully marked.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

"*There was a jolly miller.*" Part song by Frank L. Moir.—Although old associations link the words of the "Miller of the Dee" to the old tune, this makes an excellent part song.

Sölv Bryllup. (*Silver Wedding.*) March composed by Frances Copleston.—Helps to commemorate the happy event of this year, and is dedicated to the Princess of Wales by her special permission.

Oscar Beringer's Easy Classics for the Pianoforte. We have No. 1 before us, and note that there are six by Haydn and six by Mozart ready. Each one is a simple arrangement of a movement from either a quartett, trio, or sextett. Only a portion of each movement is given, and that portion is considerably modified.

The Lark. Words and music by Jessie Botterill.—A bright, breezy song; the modulation into E flat major has a good effect on page 5.

J. J. POOLE.

A kingdom all my own. Words and music by Harriet Kendall.—Although this song is rather more vague in design than the subject necessitates, its composer-authoress should be encouraged to continue her efforts in composition.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED).

Who is Sylvia? Duet for contralto and baritone by Erskine Allon.—This clever composer is not seen at his best in the above work, but we are sure that contraltos and baritones owe a deep debt of gratitude to anyone who adds to their too limited repertory of duets.

CABBAGE ROSES.

By MARY ROWLES.

When the rose-month, at our feet,
All her wealth discloses,
Though in many a bloom we greet
Rarer gift, and grace may meet,
None to us are half so sweet
As our cabbage roses!

Of a fashion out of date,
Homely in their order,
Blossoms born to high estate
Might their fragrance emulate,
As they cluster, small and great,
In this southern border.

All through summer's glowing prime
Round our casements straying,
Still with vagrant grace they climb,
While from morn till evening chime
Honey bees make harvest time,
In their depths delaying

Mystic powers to them belong;
From them, open-hearted,
Olden memories round us throng,—
Childhood's visions, vanished long,
Blent with all the sun and song
Of the years departed.

Dear to us their humble show
'Mid their stately neighbours,
For the hands that long ago
Bade them round the homestead grow,
In another garden now
Rest from all their labours.

So their sweetness holds us fast
As each bud uncloses,
Till destroyed by autumn's blast,
They repeat the changeless past,
And we love them, first and last,
Dear old cabbage roses!

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, dear me, miss; so that's true, is it then?"

"Yes, Mrs. Coppin, quite true."

"Well. I says I ain't a-going to believe that nohow, not until I knows it be true. There's them as says they believes what they doesn't know, but I ain't one of they; and them as believes what they doesn't know ain't got no call to speak again them as don't think likewise, have they now? And for this 'ere that you told me, that ain't likely now."

"I don't see that, Mrs. Coppin. I should have thought that for a man to take up his father's line and go on working the land his ancestors have worked for centuries is the most likely thing that he could do. I cannot see what there is to wonder at."

"Why, dear me, miss, there ain't nothing to wonder at. I wish the young master all the luck in life; but I don't expect it. I can't say I do, and I 'on't say what ain't true. I'm not one as does—and I 'on't."

Mrs. Coppin spoke in a high key and with strong emphasis on every word. She was a tall, tearful woman, with rusty hair and prominent red cheek-bones, polished till they seemed under a newly laid coat of varnish. All the time she was speaking she had a straw in her mouth ready to introduce into the straw-plait which her fingers were making with wonderful rapidity and dexterity.

The young lady, sitting on a three-legged stool near the cottage door, listened to her with mingled impatience and amusement. She was very fresh and pretty in her brightly-flowered cotton gown; her face was round and winning, tanned by the sun and slightly freckled. Bessie Brandreth had about her, from the sunny crown of fair hair on her broad, honest brow down to the tips of her active fingers, an air of active usefulness and enjoyment that was very attractive.

"Do you think I shall manage well, Mrs. Coppin?" she said. "My brother does not mean to get a new housekeeper; I am to do it."

"Why, dear me, Miss Bessie, you don't never mean that! Why, I'd as soon set a six months' pullet and hope for she to set steady as you."

Bessie laughed heartily, laughed so much that Mrs. Coppin began to toss her head and plait very fast.

"There ain't one as knows better nor I do what to look for in a pullet, not there ain't. And my old gentleman he says to me, 'Liza,' he says, 'I ain't never put the two-year-olds on the plough without regretting on it,' he says, 'that breaks 'em, that do,' he says; and there ain't a better judge than my William, and he horseman to your father o' ever the young master was born, though I says it as maybe should have held my tongue, 'not them two-year-olds,' he says."

"But when the old ones are all gone, the two-year-olds must do their best, Mrs. Coppin," said Bessie, with a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Well, you ain't far wrong there; but they did say as how the young master were not minded to throw good money after bad; these ain't times for the land."

"I hope I see you well, miss," said a voice at the door, and the burly horse-keeper rolled in, and sat down with his hands on his knees.

"Mrs. Coppin thinks we're all too young together, William," said Bessie, gaily. "And she says that you think so too."

"Don't you take no heed o' she, miss. She don't know nothing about it."

"Why, dear me, miss, it ain't for me to say nothing. I'm one as favours a pullet myself, though there's many as thinks different."

"The master is a-going to buy a sight o' dairy cows," said William, unheeding the talk of his worthy spouse. "I'm a-goin' over to Brainton to-morrow for to bring 'em. Ye undertake the dairy, master says."

"I learnt everything the housekeeper could teach me."

"Ye'll do, ye'll do," said old William, admiringly.

"They makes a deal o' clucking, but there ain't much laying, not there ain't, among the pullets," said Mrs. Coppin, thoughtfully. "But dear me, folks mend o' that ill. If bein' over young was all as we had to complain of! Not that I hold to the owd hens altogether myself."

"I shall want your help in the dairy, Mrs. Coppin, if my brother buys more cows."

"And you shall have it, dear; you shall have it. I've a cool hand, and they do say as the butter do come to me wonderful; not that I takes any credit to myself for that. We are as we was born, and ever shall be; but put a leaf o' rosemary in the churn and it do come wonderful. There's some as has ways and there's some as hasn't, and it ain't for them as has 'em to look down on them as hasn't; but it ain't everybody as the butter comes to at the wish, as you might say."

"It is a great anxiety taking up the farm, William," said Bessie, looking at the old horsekeeper anxiously.

"Well, I ain't going to deny that so to be," he answered, cheerfully, "and times are wonderful bad. I don't see how nothing is to be done when corn's at thirty shillings; that ain't worth the cultivatin', not that ain't; but master's one as will do his best, so keep up your heart, dear miss."

"I have plenty of courage, William; but we must all work hard."

"Now didn't ye say, Willum, as ye shouldn't work the two-year-olds?"

"Ye don't know nothing about it; that depends on the breed. There's Suffolks and there's Shires, and there's some as holds to one and some as holds to t'other; and I 'on't give no opinion one way nor another—no, that I 'on't, if it was my last word."

Bessie rose to go. "You wish us good luck," she said, rather wistfully.

"Why, dear me miss, to wouldn't be natural if we didn't—to wouldn't. Not that I expect it, as I said before; but that ain't the question, not that ain't. Some expects and some doesn't, and them as didn't expect it, have no call to pride when them as did find out as them as didn't was right. We ain't all made alike, we ain't."

Why, bless you, miss," said old William, "don't you take no heed o' she. She's like an owd hen with the sniccups: she can't keep her mouth shut. Never you fear, master's a proper man; there ain't none can beat him in all the county; and he'll do well, God bless him!"

Mrs. Coppin melted into tears of admiration at the beauty of this speech, and polished her cheeks with her blue check apron till they shone again.

Bessie tripped away with a light heart, singing gaily as she went.

It was a lovely evening, one of those warm sunny spring days which bring a foretaste more sweet and pleasant than the fruition of summer.

Bessie went homewards through a wood. The ground was yellow with countless primroses; the wood-pigeons' voices thrilled on the ear; high above her shrill young rooks chattered to each other about this strange big world that encircled their nests.

"Hulloa, Bessie!"

Over a stile into the wood vaulted the tall, stalwart figure of Tom Brandreth, the pride and glory of his sister's heart.

"You, Tom!" she exclaimed, looking up into the broad, handsome young face, with its sunny blue eyes and rich colouring tanned to a deep red-brown; "where have you been?"

"I have been to Brainton," he answered, the colour deepening in his cheeks.

"Oh!" in a tone of the deepest interest. "And what did Lettice say?"

"She says she will like the life of a farmer's wife; she thinks it will suit her well. And, Bessie, it is all settled."

"Oh! When is it to be? Dear, dear Tom!"

"'YOU, TOM!' SHE EXCLAIMED."

"You and she are to fix the day together; all I care for is that it should be before or after hay harvest. I must neglect nothing now. She bade me give you her kind love."

"Did you see her stepmother, Tom?"

"Mrs. Colston? Yes. She was there the whole time. I never can get to see Lettice alone. She is a queerish woman. I don't care for her overmuch; but I believe she means well. Lettice seems to cling to her a good deal."

"Yes," said Bessie, thoughtfully; "more than one would have imagined likely with a cold kind of woman like that. But Lettice's is one of the sweetest, most clinging natures I ever saw."

"Yes, is it not?" exclaimed her brother eagerly. "Why, Bessie, if it were not for you I should be almost afraid that I could not make her happy—she is so sweet, so gentle; and I am such a rough fellow; but you will be kind to her, sweetheart?"

"Kind, Tom, to your wife! I should just think so. Why, I think our little household will be the happiest in all the wide world, especially if the price of wheat goes up."

"Oh, wheat will rise. It's a long lane that has no turning," said Tom, gaily. "And now, Bess, one more piece of news. Mrs. Colston and Lettice are coming over to-morrow to see the place, and we must make them welcome."

"Why did you not tell me before?" cried Bessie. "Oh, hush! don't speak; let me think."

"I thought you would be able to manage," said her brother.

"Yes! But there is no time to lose. Don't stop me, Tom, please!"

And Bessie flew away towards the house as fast as she could go.

(To be continued.)

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XL.

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

DURING all these startling events Janet was in Paris with M. and Mme. de Belleville. They had been there about a fortnight, in an apartment not far from the Arc de Triomphe, and Janet was enjoying herself, as she always did in the queen of cities. She was pursuing the studies of painting and pleasure together, and scarcely knew which she liked best. She was much admired both by French and English, and would have been in a fair way to be spoilt, but for an unforeseen event, which brought her to her senses the evening before she had news of the fire and of her father's condition—on Whit Tuesday, in fact.

She was walking with M. de Belleville and his son, Maximilien, in the Bois de Boulogne. They had reached the lake, and were standing to watch the swans—a remarkable-looking trio, noticed by the passers-by. Janet, as we have already said, invariably attracted attention, and was not unconscious of it. She was talking to her friends of Edith's swans, and forgot herself and her surroundings for the moment in an animated description of her sweet, pale sister, and her snow-white birds. They had often heard the sketch before, but never tired of anything Janet had to say.

It was a glorious June evening, and the clear blue sky, the green woods, the pellucid lake, with the smiling islands in its midst, together with the gay crowds that passed and repassed, roused her spirits and therewith her descriptive powers to their utmost extent. Carriages rolled, horses pirouetted, pedestrians footed it to and fro, to and fro, in giddy maze, while she and her friends talked and laughed hilariously. For the time she forgot her surroundings in their pleasant babble, and they all gesticulated and chatted just as if they had something important to say. Such is the way of French people, and Janet was now half French.

A swan moved majestically towards her, and she stooped to attract it by a piece of bread. Suddenly she was pinioned and almost projected into the lake. Someone or something jumped upon her with a cry half human, half animal. Which was it? Human, assuredly, for it subsided into the word, "Janet." As she struggled to uplift herself, two arms encircled her neck, kisses echoed upon her cheek, and she recognised her assaulter.

"Bruce! Bruce! Is it really you?" she cried, hugging her brother, who had once been her torment.

"You have come to fetch us! I want to go home," said the boy, seizing her by the hand as if afraid she would escape him. "Mammy says she will go home when we are fetched."

"Where is she? Take me to her," said Janet. Then to Monsieur, "This is my brother Bruce."

"Mammy is ill. The wife of the *concièrge* brought me here to see the swans. They are just like Edith's swans. Oh, Janet, let us come home."

The wife of the *concièrge* came up in some confusion. Madame would be angry, she said, as she was in retirement, and wished to remain *incognita;* she must take the young gentleman back at once.

But Bruce clung to Janet, who declared her intention of accompanying him wheresoever he went.

"Impossible, mademoiselle. We live at Neuilly. We go back by tramway. This is Monsieur Bruce's *jour de fête* and I brought him here to amuse him,' said the woman.

"Neuilly," mused Janet. "That is where Pauline lived; you are Pauline's mother."

"Pardon, mademoiselle; but I am not at liberty to say," returned the woman. "I have orders to be back by eight o'clock. Come, M. Bruce."

"I shall accompany you. Monsieur, you will also go. Maximilien will return and explain to madame," said Janet, with decision.

Monsieur knew something of the circumstances of the case, and assented at once. He told the woman that he would take all responsibility on himself, that mademoiselle was Madame Aspenel's stepdaughter, and that he would see that no harm should result to anyone concerned from this unexpected meeting. Bruce clenched his argument by declaring that he would not leave Janet; and *madame la concièrge* knew that he had a will of his own. So had Janet, apparently, for her orders were obeyed.

They all reached Neuilly by eight o'clock, and a short walk down a long boulevard brought them to a tall house, enclosed in a small garden. Bruce dragged Janet on so rapidly, that they were on the *rez de chaussée* before their elders were at the gate. The first person they saw was Pauline, who was on the look-out for Bruce. She started at sight of Janet, who hurried towards her, offered her hand, and said in French—

"You need not be afraid, Pauline. I will get no one into trouble. I am going straight to Mrs. Aspenel with Bruce. I am as glad to have found her, as you must have been to have found Jean Jacques. Bruce says you are to be married soon."

"Oh, mademoiselle! You cannot mount to madame's *appartement*. Impossible; she would be furious."

"This way, Janet, this way." And Janet followed Bruce *au quatrième*, and was breathless when she reached the *étage*.

She had not considered consequences, and did not wait to do so, when she found herself on the landing of a small *étage*, and went with Bruce into an untidy *salon*, which communicated with a *chambre à coucher*. She understood it all, and whispered to Bruce to go in first.

"Mammy, here's Janet!" shouted the boy, opening a door and displaying a light, gauzy-looking curtained fabric in which lay Mrs. Aspenel. "She's come to fetch us."

"Janet!" shrieked that lady, sitting up.

"Yes, dear, you must be surprised,"

said Janet, with all the nonchalance she could assume. "I met Bruce in the Bois, and came here with him. But how ill you look!"

She kissed Mrs. Aspenel, who received her coldly.

"I did not know you were in Paris," she said.

"Nor I that you were here. But we have found one another, and I am so very glad," said Janet, enthusiastically.

"Glad! Why should you be glad to run me to ground who only want to hide from your father and all belonging to him? I thought I was safe here, but I must go elsewhere I suppose."

"I will not tell anyone that I have found you, if you would rather not. I will wait for your consent. But Edith says that everything has changed since you left. Papa is more reserved and difficult than ever; the servants have nearly all departed; half the house is shut up; and poor Edith left to her own devices."

"Has he struck her? Has he threatened her?" asked Mrs. Aspenel, frigidly.

"I do not know; I hope not. I am not to return home till I have quite finished my education; I have not been back since our brilliant introduction into society. I have not completed my conquest of Lord Beechton's son and heir; and now I mean to stay and nurse you. Papa Belleville is downstairs, and lets me do anything I like."

"We will all go back to the Park," shouted Bruce, who had been listening. "Janet, mammy hasn't got enough to eat. Pauline says so."

Janet shrewdly suspected that Mrs. Aspenel's resources were exhausted. She looked worn and neglected, and Bruce's dress was shabby. The apartment also had a forlorn air, and it was difficult to recognise the Mrs. Aspenel of the Park in the hopeless-looking invalid before her.

"Why did you leave home, dear?" asked Janet, coaxingly. "I suppose it was the result of that one great expenditure of all papa's limited resources. I felt sure his ruin would be completed; and after all, the game wasn't worth the candle, for nothing came of it but disappointment. I wish you would forget what a disagreeable child I was years ago, and look on me as—as—a sister, you know, and trust me."

There was something so winning in Janet's half-satirical, half-pathetic manner, that Mrs. Aspenel was touched. Bruce, too, had climbed upon the girl's lap, and looked entreatingly at his mother, crying out—

"Do let us go home with Janet, mammy. I want my pony, and Nurse True, and Edith. And I want to see papa. He will be good if we beg his pardon. That's what Tom Harton used to be when he made me say I was sorry, and I wasn't."

Mrs. Aspenel laughed, and said that would be exactly her case; then she bade Bruce go and entertain M. de Belleville while Janet stayed with her. The ruse succeeded, and stepmother and daughter were left together. Mrs. Aspenel told Janet that she would confide in her, if she faithfully promised to keep her secret until permitted to divulge it, and on no account to let anyone know that she had found her. To this Janet demurred; but finally promised, with a private and somewhat Machiavellian reservation, that as monsieur had found her as well, there was no reason that he should not betray the place of her exile, if necessary. Then Mrs. Aspenel recounted what we already know of her husband's treatment after the festivities, and her subsequent flight.

"No one can tell what I have endured all my married life," she added. "But I bore it because I was too proud to complain. But when your father struck me, and cursed me, and would have knocked me down, I resolved to submit no longer. I left, as you know, under false pretences of visiting friends, and came direct here. The money I brought away with me is gone, and most of my jewels are sold. I am maturing plans for a separation, or the receipt of my jointure; but I have no one to advise, and I hate publicity. Your father would not allow me a penny unless the law commanded. I sometimes think of consulting Mr. Tom Harton, but there are difficulties and complications everywhere."

"Don't consult him! He isn't true!" cried Janet, impulsively, and Mrs. Aspenel's sudden confidence relaxed, and she grew reserved again.

"Of course, I must do something, as I cannot ruin Bruce's prospects," she said. "But for him I would starve rather than communicate with your father again. Neither Edith's mother nor yours endured as long as I have done; and I have no wish to die, as they did, and be a third holocaust to Blue Beard."

Janet had nothing to say, for she sympathised entirely with Mrs. Aspenel, and was not diplomatic enough to use deceit.

"Perhaps he might improve if you returned," she ventured, after a pause. "Edith says she thinks he has been unhappy and gloomy ever since you left."

Mrs. Aspenel's face softened, for she would have loved this man if he had let her. Janet saw her advantage, and proceeded to recapitulate what she had heard Nurse True say of the increased expenditure and liberality at the Park during her reign, as compared with previous years.

"I heartily pity my predecessors," said Mrs. Aspenel, with one of her old sarcastic laughs.

"M. de Belleville says you must come home now, and return here to-morrow," broke in Bruce at the moment, who, thanks to Pauline and a French *bonne*, had learnt to speak *fluent French* before coming to Paris.

"I will be here the first thing to-morrow," cried enthusiastic Janet. "I have a five-franc piece which will do for the present; but, like you, I am generally at the end of my sous. You mustn't refuse, dear. You can pay it back when we are all at the Park again."

She took the silver piece from her purse, laid it on the bed, kissed her stepmother, and ran downstairs, followed by Bruce.

Mrs. Aspenel burst into tears. She had been flying from fate or duty—which was it?—and fate had overtaken her in the person of this high-spirited, generous-hearted girl, whom she had done so little to conciliate in past years. Providence was stronger than she. The months that had elapsed since she left her home had been even more miserable than the years she had spent in it; and her small apartment had been her prison. She had rarely left it until nightfall, for fear of meeting someone who might recognise her; for although decided and even imperious when irritated, she was easily cowed. This was why she had borne, uncomplainingly, much that she might otherwise have resisted, and it was this reticence which had held her back from letting her relations know how she was situated. She had no near ones, but her uncle and cousins would stand by her, she thought. Still, what could a penniless wife do against a rich and resolute husband? Nothing, she had been persuaded, but leave him secretly. She had done this, and taken her boy with her.

It was this boy, the heir of untold wealth, that troubled her. She was even meditating sending him back surreptitiously to his father, only she believed the parting would kill her. She little guessed that at the moment when he flung himself into his sister's arms that father was lying burnt, disabled, all but dead, at the house of the father of the man to whom she had thought of confiding her son. Tom Harton had always understood and pitied her, and she believed she might trust him.

This apparition of Janet, however, changed the current of her thoughts and plans, and she felt as if suddenly brought back from death to life. She knew not which to prefer, but when Bruce bounded in with all the delighted exuberance of childish joy in word and action, she thought life was best.

"Janet has come to fetch us home," was his cry, and when Pauline echoed it, she was half inclined to join.

Too late! Too late! There was no home, and Aspenel Park was a scene of desolation; its owner the miserable wreck of what had once been the husband who had purchased her by his gold.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPHINE.

A TALE OF THE VENDETTA.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Sea Nymph did not sail the following day, for Dorothy was too ill to rise. They had not reached home in time to avoid the malaria. Her excitement, fatigue, and depression had perhaps rendered her more susceptible to its influence than the others, for she alone of all the party was affected by it. An almost sleepless night, too, may have had some share in producing the feverish attack with which she awoke next morning. Dick had been most anxious that she should come on board with them after dinner, for he felt that after the injury Josephine had received at her hands, her presence could not but be painful to her. His sister had, however, seemed so unwilling to accompany them, and Josephine, too, had seemed so sincere in her desire to keep her, that he had soon ceased to press the matter. She wanted an opportunity of explaining her conduct and excusing Jacques for his share in the occurrence of the afternoon. And now that the mischief was done, she was no longer anxious to leave in such a hurry, for an unconfessed hope was struggling to assert itself in her bosom that everything might after a little be arranged according to her desire. She felt sure that Josephine would not care to hold her *fiancé* to his engagement, and in any case she must be assured of her forgiveness before they parted. As usual when staying there, Dorothy shared her friend's apartment.

"Josephine," she cried, the moment they were alone, "I know you are very angry with me, and with him too," she continued, hanging her head. "I deserve it. Why don't you scold me? I am sure you cannot be half so unhappy as I am—for you, and for him, and for myself too; for I do, I do care for him!"

And throwing her arms around her friend, she clung to her with convulsive sobs.

"Hush!" said Josephine, gently disengaging herself from her clinging arms, and placing her in an easy chair; "I am not angry with you. I hope I am not with him, but you must tell me the truth. How has it happened? I cannot understand it all."

"It was Dick's fault partly," began Dorothy; "he scolded me this morning; he thought we were only amusing ourselves. I was fond of him all the time, only I did not think; I did not know, till Dick said you would not like it; and then I thought I would go away. I tried to feel contented, but it was no good. When he looked angry and miserable, I could not bear it. I was crying in the forest about it, by myself, and I looked up, and there he was."

"And then," breathed Josephine, colouring slightly, and turning her face away.

"He knew, but he made me tell him. We could not help it; we forgot everything. Then he was angry with himself, and asked me to say good-bye, for we must never see each other again, and you came."

"I trusted you, Dorothy. How could you forget?" asked Josephine, with gentle severity.

"Sometimes I was troubled, but I said to myself, it is fancy; you were my friend."

"Don't say I was your friend!" cried

"'IT WAS DICK'S FAULT PARTLY,' BEGAN DOROTHY."

Dorothy, miserably. "I am now. But oh! where is your heart? It was so easy to see you did not really care, and I did—oh, how much! Yet I tried, you know I did. Of course you are angry—you are too proud to say so; but if you really cared for losing him, you could not take it so calmly. Oh! I do not want to hurt you any more; but say, am I not right?"

A great wave of colour swept over Josephine's face.

"You accuse me——" she began, "but that is not the question. I have been insulted, betrayed, but I am proud. That was well said. I will not care! And you cannot understand; it is not for myself alone."

"Your father, will he be very angry with him?" asked Dorothy, raising her flushed, tearful face in sudden alarm.

"Ah, my father, it is he whom I fear!" replied Josephine, wearily. "Dorothy, forgive me; it is difficult for me not to be angry. Let us speak no more of this to-night. I must think. I must pray. Little one, I pity you as well as myself. Sleep now," and, bending down with an expression a pitying angel might have worn, she pressed a forgiving kiss upon the miserable little face which was raised in penitent surprise to her own. Dorothy was too much awed not to try to obey, although she was longing to know what Josephine meant to do. As for her, such a confusion of ideas, of regrets, of questionings was pressing upon heart and brain, that she took it for granted Dorothy must know that all was at an end between her cousin and herself; and the quarrel would begin again with added bitterness on her account. Yet she had believed that it was she who was to be the peacemaker. Was she unworthy of that blessed office? Dorothy's appeal had raised a doubt in her mind. The knowledge that, through her, her cousin and his family would be in a measure compensated for all they had suffered at her father's hands; the belief that her cousin loved and admired her had made her very happy; but of the love, impetuous, self-forgetful, overpowering, to which Dorothy confessed, she felt convinced she knew nothing. Her instincts were true and womanly, and she felt dimly that she had been on the verge of doing him a wrong and herself also; and yet she was filled with an eager, restless longing. Had not this miserable affair thrown a new light upon his character, she might have fancied it was for his affection; but this she felt she no longer desired. Yet had she any right to be angry with him? Scarcely; he had probably only made the same mistake as she had, for she was too generous to accuse him in her thoughts of interested motives. But he was weak, he was not what she had thought him. He had betrayed her trust; might he not serve Dorothy the same? Then, too, Sir Hugh was wealthy, his only daughter would probably be far more richly endowed than herself. He certainly would not consider Jacques an "eligible *parti*," and would perhaps refuse to believe in the disinterestedness of his affection. Here, again, recurred the question of her own father's anger, and a sudden resolve formed itself in her mind. Half the burden seemed to have been lifted from her heart, and she slept until morning.

It was still early when she left her room, and writing a few words to ask her cousin not to fail to visit them before noon, despatched a messenger with the note.

"Dorothy," she said, when she had done so, "remember nothing must be said for the present. You will trust me, my friend, to act for the best. Ah! you have not slept well, I fear. Well, I shall see Jacques, and then you shall hear more. You must not attempt to rise."

Dorothy was glad enough to obey, and when Sir Hugh came to fetch her and saw her flushed cheeks and hollow eyes, he said that they had done quite right to keep her in bed, and sent off at once for a doctor, although Madame de Roccaserra assured him that she was quite capable of treating a complaint so common there.

Jacques arrived while Sir Hugh was there, so Josephine was able to see him alone, as her mother was occupied with Dorothy and her father. He was pacing restlessly up and down the room when she entered, looking pale and disturbed, and would have thrown himself on his knees at her feet had she not prevented him.

"My cousin," she said, gravely, "I asked you to come that I might tell you that after what I witnessed yesterday, I feel bound to release you from an engagement in which both of us have made—ah! a sad mistake."

"But, Josephine, my cousin, indeed I am willing—anxious—if you will pardon me—my madness——" he began, humbly.

"Willing! Yes, you would sacrifice your affection—Dorothy even—to your tardy remembrance of honour," cried Josephine, indignantly; "but I will not accept this sacrifice. I will not—I cannot be your wife. The blame shall be mine. My father shall not hear any other reason from me than that I no longer wish it; which is true, if you will pardon me for saying so," she added, with gentle dignity.

"Josephine, it is you who can pardon; it is not for me——" he began, joy, relief, and remorse struggling together in his countenance.

"One thing more," she continued; "for the present, until after our friends have departed, no one must hear of any rupture between us. Then matters must arrange themselves. Only, I ask as a favour, say nothing to Sir Hugh or Dorothy until a year is over; both will then be sure of yourselves and of each other."

"Command me, my cousin; in all things I will obey," he replied, dejectedly. "Yet I have already said too much and too little. Ah! believe me, in spite of the fact that Mademoiselle Dorothy loves me, I am most miserable. I am ashamed before you, to have injured one so good, so amiable; and she, too, will be in doubt."

"Enough; to reproach yourself is useless," interrupted Josephine. "I can ask you now, without impropriety, of your prospects. Is it necessary that you should stay here? I would not injure them, but it will be—a little—disagreeable." Here the sweet voice faltered and paused before it added, "for me—to meet you as usual."

"I can go. All that you say I will do," cried Jacques, earnestly.

"Resume, then, your studies, if possible," she began.

"That is the career I desire now," he interrupted, eagerly. "It will perhaps bring me death. Well, so much the better. But, ah! let me say one word. You, so calm, you cannot judge how cruel was the temptation; it was not of our will."

"Dorothy has told me," interrupted Josephine, colouring hotly. "You are right, I have not these impulses, to make me forget; but we waste words. You will be satisfied if I tell my friend all that I have said—that you have promised?"

"Have I not said all that you say I will do?" asked Jacques, wistfully; "but to Mademoiselle Dorothy will you not permit that I should write one little word of farewell, if I am not to see, to speak?"

"She is ill, it is nothing alarming; and Sir Hugh must have no reason to distrust you. It will be better, in my judgment, that you send only a message of adieu. Do not fear," said Josephine, pitying his agitation and embarrassment, "she will understand."

"You are an angel of goodness," he cried, gratefully. "May I not say that I pray her to pardon me the trouble I have caused her, that after a year, if she permit, I shall hope to address myself to monsieur her father?"

"I will say that. I hope it is not wrong. One thing more I ask, that you will tell your father the whole truth. I think I have shown you," she continued, in soft, trembling tones, "that I have forgiven whatever wrong has been done me. There is no more to say on this subject, although for a short time we must meet as usual. Adieu!" And she was gone.

A few days later the *Sea Nymph* sailed, and the next event that afforded the gossips of Porto Vecchio a subject of conversation was the news that Josephine had broken her engagement, and that Jacques, in despair, had exiled himself. Josephine's penance was a sore one; her father was very angry indeed with her for what he termed her dishonourable behaviour, and for months she drooped visibly under his displeasure, but not to a single soul did she breathe the real reason of her conduct. Hector de Roccaserra of course knew the truth, and showed her from the first such marked respect and affection, as to create considerable wonder in the minds of his friends and acquaintance as well as in that of her father.

* * * * *

Three years have passed, and the Sea Nymph has once again anchored opposite Belleville. A gig rows ashore and stops at the old landing place. Dick, Sir Hugh, Dorothy—no longer Dorothy Ford—and Jacques, step from the boat. They are evidently expected, for the families both of Horace and Hector de Roccaserra are waiting to receive them. Whatever regrets Josephine may have felt in the past, they have left no trace upon the fair, radiant face, which beams congratulations as she welcomes her friend.

"Ah, my dear, darling Josephine!" cries Dorothy, when greetings are over and they have entered the house, "we are so happy, and we owe it all to you. Papa was very cruel, and would not hear of it for a long time, but his eldest son Digby is going to make a grand marriage, and that helped to reconcile him, I think; besides, you know, Jacques has been decorated for his distinguished bravery during the war. He is going to China soon, with the army, and I am going with him, but we all felt that we must see you all again first. Papa knows everything now; I was obliged to tell him, and he says you are a girl in a thousand."

"Yes, indeed, Roccaserra," assented Sir Hugh, who had overheard the last few words, "Mademoiselle Josephine is a daughter of whom you may feel proud. I was determined that my naughty little Dorothy's behaviour should no longer remain a secret from you. She has come to beg your pardon for herself and her husband. You will believe that I knew nothing of it at the time."

"Then it was for her sake that you gave up your cousin?" asked her father, in surprise, for he now heard for the first time of the marriage.

"For all our sakes, my father," replied Josephine, with her sweet, calm smile. "I did not mean to deceive you, or myself, but I was a vain, foolish girl, and thought to do the good God's work in my own way, and so I fancied that my happiness was concerned, and posed as a martyr; but all has turned out well, and I shall always be happy with you."

"And you took all the blame! Ah, my poor Josephine!" cried her mother, with tears in her eyes.

"What else could I do?" she replied. "I feared if my father knew the truth, he would once more resume the quarrel in which so many lives have already been sacrificed!"

"Ah!" replied Roccaserra, "a woman

will have her own way, I see; even if she has to suffer for it, and suffer in silence, too." But he was, as he afterwards confessed to his wife, profoundly touched by his daughter's self-sacrifice. "It shall not be wasted," he said, "for one Corsican, at least, shall learn to loathe the vendetta." And as he spoke, he placed his hand upon the dark curls of his little son.

After a few weeks' visit, the Sea Nymph sailed once more, but one of the party she had brought remained behind. Dick had decided to rent land in Porto Vecchio, and grow olives; for, as he told Sir Hugh, "now that his sister was married, he had no ties in England strong enough to keep him there. Dorothy did not seem greatly surprised at this decision, and a few months later, when she hears that he is engaged to be married to Josephine, she writes back to say, with much triumph, that "she had always foreseen the event!"

* * * * *

Yet another two years have passed. The olive farm is prospering, and Josephine, now a bride, is living upon it, at a little distance from her old home. She has not lost her idea of improving her little corner of the world, and her husband fully sympathises with her. We must now leave her happy, in the hope that the good influence she has already exercised upon her father may not end with him, but may reach on to generations yet to come, until the vendetta is a thing of the past. And surely this is no unreasonable hope, for who can tell where a good influence is to end?

R. MITCHELL.

HANDEL'S MOTHER.

DOROTHEA TAUST, the second wife of George Handel, father of the great composer, was daughter of George Taust, Lutheran pastor at Giebichenstein, near Halle. All accounts represent her as a woman gentle in disposition; of good sense as well as earnest piety; a good wife and a good mother. Her first-born son died in infancy, and George Friedrich was the second of her offspring; followed by two daughters, Dorothea Sophia, born in October, 1687, and Johanna Christiana, born in June, 1690. The latter died unmarried, in 1709. Dorothea became the wife of Michael Dietrich Michaelsen, a lawyer in good position.

Dorothea Taust was thirty-two when she became the wife of doctor George, in April, 1683, his first wife having died in October of the previous year, at the age of seventy-two. From the temper shown towards the young musician in his boyhood by the father, we may infer that the mother often had a difficult position to hold in her attempt to unite conjugal obedience with maternal love. George Handel was a plodding, commonplace man, who in early life had married the widow of his master, Christopher Oettinger, barber-surgeon of Halle. The young practitioner was appointed town surgeon of Giebichenstein, then a suburb of Halle. He obtained other official appointments, including that of Surgeon-in-Ordinary to Prince Augustus of Saxony. He was sixty-three when he married the daughter of the pastor. The presence of the second child, who grew up a strong and healthy boy, kindled new hopes and ambitions in the father. These ambitions were chiefly of a sordid kind. He destined him for the profession of law, as likely to be the surest way to success in life. Perceiving the boy's taste for music, he discouraged it in every way. He was removed from school because music was taught there. He was kept from all places of amusement where music could be heard. It was in vain that the attempt was made to repress the natural taste, which increased with growing years. The boy contrived to get an old clavichord conveyed to an unoccupied room in the attics, and there with muffled wires he could practise at will, without his father's ears being vexed by the sound.

The secret practising on the clavichord can hardly have been effected without her connivance, and this she must have kept from the father's knowledge; but, with this exception, nothing is mentioned to show want of full sympathy with her husband and tender care of him in his declining years. Her children she trained in pious and frugal ways, such as might be expected in the daughter of a faithful and worthy Lutheran minister. Whatever else she taught them, we may be sure that Luther's Bible and the Catechism were the groundwork of the training, which showed good fruit in the character of her children.

The influence of this pious mother's pains and prayers is evident throughout Handel's life. Even in the busiest time of his worldly career the good principles instilled by her protected him from much evil, and proved the germ of higher religious character in his latter years.

We see in his will, prepared in 1750, after he had long attained his greatness of fame, the grateful remembrance of the peaceful, pious Pfarrhaus of the pastor of Giebichenstein. "To my cousin, the widow of Pastor George Taust, I give and bequeath three hundred pounds sterling; and to her six children, each two hundred pounds sterling."

The warm and grateful affection shown to his mother is one of the most marked traits in Handel's character. In his young days she had done all she could for him, and when he had to leave the humble home to make his way in the world, he repaid by every method in his power the affection due to so good and loving a mother. She seems to have been left with straitened means, and on several occasions money was sent by the young musician when he was yet struggling to maintain himself. After Handel went to England the first time, his mother sent a gift of money, not knowing what his circumstances then might be. He returned the money, adding to it a sum from his own purse, and sending a most grateful and affectionate letter. On returning to the Continent, in 1711, he hastened to see his mother. She had then been a widow for fourteen years, Handel's father having died in 1697. The husband of his sister Dorothea, Lawyer Michaelsen, was generously kind to his mother-in-law, nor did this kindness cease after his wife's death, in 1718, but was continued after he had formed a second and a third marriage. In June, 1725, Handel thus wrote to his "honoured brother": "I cannot be so ungrateful as to pass over in silence the goodness you have shown to my mother in her advanced age, for which I offer you my very humble thanks. You know how deeply I am interested in all that concerns her, and can therefore judge the depth of the obligation under which you have placed me."

After he was settled in England, Handel never missed any opportunity of visiting Halle to see his mother. Whenever he went to the Continent on professional business, as manager or director, he made his way to Halle. The account of his latest interview is very touching. In March, 1729, when at Venice, he received a letter from his brother-in-law, Michaelsen, informing him that the old lady had been seized with a dangerous paralytic attack. A subsequent letter gave better account of her condition, and on arriving at Halle, in June, he found her so far recovered as to be able to walk with the help of a stick, but her sight was gone. She lingered for nearly a year longer, and died on the 27th December, 1730, having nearly reached her eightieth birthday. He was unable again to go to see her, but a letter to Michaelsen, given by Mr. Rockstro in his "Life of Handel," in translation from the German, shows how deeply he was affected by the loss of her whom he tenderly loved, and how grateful he was for the kindness that had been shown to her. It is altogether a most interesting glimpse of the inner life of Handel:—

"London, Feb. 23/12, 1731.

"Sir, and most honoured Brother,—I have duly received your honoured letter of the 6th January, and learned from it the care you have taken to commit the remains of my late mother to the earth, conformably to her will. I cannot yet restrain my tears. But it has pleased the Most High to enable me to submit, with Christian calmness, to His holy will. Your thoughtfulness will never pass from my remembrance until, after this life, we are once more united, which may the All-good God in His mercy grant us.

"The innumerable obligations under which my honoured brother has laid me, by the continual solicitude and care with which he has always tended my late dear mother, cannot be acknowledged with words alone, but with dutiful recognition.

"I hope my honoured brother received my last letter, written in answer to his own of the 28th December, with the enclosure for Herr Consistorial-Rath Franck, and my cousin, Deacon Taust. I also expect with impatience his answer, including notice of expenses incurred, and also the printed funeral Oration and Verses. I am greatly obliged for the poem last sent to me, and shall guard it as a treasured memorial. Let me also, in the last place, condole most heartily with my honoured brother and his wife on the loss they have sustained in the death of their mother-in-law. Their Christian resignation strengthens my mind. May the Most High grant to all of us our faithful desires. To His Almighty keeping I commend my honoured brother and all his amiable family, and remain, with earnest devotion, my honoured brother's most humble and obedient servant,

"GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL."

Although thus of affectionate disposition, and with love of domestic life, Handel never married. That a man of his position, with adequate means, and endowed with moral and personal excellences above the common, lived

the life of a celibate, has been a wonder to many. As his French biographer, Victor Schoelcher says: "Not one woman occupies the smallest place in the long career of his life." This is rather a sweeping statement, and is far from correct, as the following incidents show. When he was at Hamburg, in his eighteenth year, having then an engagement in the orchestra of the opera-house, the post of organist at Lubeck became open to competition. Thither he went, accompanied by his friend and brother musician, Matheson. On arriving at Lubeck it was found that one condition in the competition was that the successful candidate must marry the daughter of the retiring organist. We are not told whether any attempt was made to see the lady, or whether the strangeness of the condition in itself disgusted them, but the two friends never put in appearance as candidates, and hastened back to Hamburg, free and lighthearted, and highly amused with the adventure.

This was Handel's first escape from matrimony. A more serious temptation occurred a few years later when he was in Italy. A lady, by name Vittoria Tesi, the favourite Court singer, who is described by Dr. Burney as "a songstress of talent," fell in love with the young composer, then twenty-four years of age. She filled the part of *prima donna* in the first of his Italian works, the opera of "Roderigo," produced by him at Florence for the Grand Duke. It may be that Vittoria was a lady of rank, a duchess one author says, for it was common for nobles, and even for princes and princesses, to sing in pieces performed at the Courts. Whoever she was, Handel turned a deaf ear to the siren, although she is said to have followed him from Florence to Venice, when we hear of her no more.

Archdeacon Coxe, the author of the Memoirs of Marlborough and of Walpole, and other historical works once popular, is answerable for the next love story. In his "Anecdotes of Handel and of John Christopher Smith," published in 1799, he says: "Two of his scholars, ladies of considerable fortune, were so much enamoured of him, that each was desirous of a matrimonial alliance. The first is said to have fallen a victim to her attachment. Handel would have married her, but his pride was stung by the coarse declaration of her mother, that she never would consent to the marriage of her daughter with a fiddler. Indignant at the expression, he declined all further intercourse. After the death of the mother the father renewed the acquaintance, and informed him that all obstacles were removed; but he replied that the time was now past; and the young lady fell into a decline, which soon terminated her existence.

"The second attachment was a lady, splendidly related, whose hand he might have obtained by renouncing his profession. That condition he resolutely refused, and laudably declined the connection which was to prove a restriction on the great faculties of his mind."

The Archdeacon says that he gives the anecdotes on "unquestionable authority." No names or dates appear, but it is evident that these affairs belong to the time after Handel came to England. The contempt for "fiddlers" shows this, and the condition in the second affair, that he should renounce his profession. During the eighteenth century, in fact till the days of Burke and Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick, musicians, actors, artists, and authors by profession were all looked upon with the contempt due to a common Bohemianism, and were regarded as mere ministers to the pleasures of the aristocracy, and moving in a sphere scarcely, if at all, higher than their cooks or hairdressers. They were all "outside the pale of good society," as Miss Berry tells us was the case even in her recollection. Handel's pride resented this exclusiveness, and he sought no intimacies with the great apart from his professional engagements. In his early years his attachment to his mother was warm, and for his relations he cherished the best remembrances. Mr. Coxe says that he avoided marriage, as it would interfere with his devotion to his work. We doubt if he designedly made any resolution of celibacy, but in point of fact he was as much married to his profession as other great men have been similarly described, in respect to art or to statesmanship. Certain it is, that the chances would have been more against his ever rising to renown, or against the world being richer by his mighty works, had he married the Lubeck organist's daughter, or the Italian duchess, or either of the English girls who laid heart and fortune at his feet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOPEFUL.—We have read your letter with much sympathy. We do not know what to advise under the circumstances, excepting that you should try to extend your school, and get private pupils by advertising. A daily governess-ship is also a good thing, and is well paid, but rather fatiguing. Could you not get employment as a Bible Reader, or help at a cottage hospital?

EVANGELINE.—Thousands of young and faithful Christians take a gloomy view of their spiritual state because they fall so short of what they desire and strive to be, and because they fancy that true repentance is evidenced by floods of tears and broken-heartedness. It is a false view to take of the case. The man who repents is he who forsakes every known sin, or at least makes it his daily work to struggle against all, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, for which he perseveringly prays. This is repentance. Look up for aid, grace, and peace to your loving and ever-present Saviour, who is "waiting to be gracious." Cast your soul on Him, plead His merits, His atonement, His promises; and accept His free pardon, and His salvation. Why are any that are "called," not "chosen"? Simply because "they will not come unto Me, that they might have life."

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (India).—Your kind and interesting letter gratified us much. We are indeed glad that the writings of those members of our staff have been so useful to you. The little "celestial nose" of which you speak, probably suits the style of the face, and needs no use of the clothes-peg at night! As a rule nature is even-handed in her favours, and with that little feature gives fine eyes and eyebrows; while to a large one with a high bridge, the eyes are often small and insignificant, and minus eyebrows The word "compromise" is pronounced just as spelt—"Com-pro-mise," all dictionaries notwithstanding. Your letter is what we should expect from a "gentlewoman." We thank you for your subscription to the "Girls' Home," and we should have pleasure in hearing from you again.

PERPLEXED seems to forget that though our talents are God's gifts, we are right to make the best use of them in our power in our daily walk in life. We must not dissever them from Him, for our life is hidden with Him in Christ.

A. C. B. had better consult a doctor about her little sister. There is probably a reason for the trouble complained of.

A FRIEND IN NEED should consult the various magazines, and send her article where she thinks it would be the most suitable.

RAGS and TATTERS.—The verses have much merit, especially those entitled "Babyhood," which are very pretty. The others are not so good; but persevere!

PUZZLED ONE (Sweden).—We much regret that your letter was not answered, and that you have failed to repeat your question about Garibaldi. Pronounce "chemist" as kemist; "Michael" as Mi-kle; "Ralph" as Rafe; "directly" as di-rekt-lee. Garibaldi was a native of Nice, and a seafaring man, the skipper of a merchant vessel.

A. L. O. N. E.'s poetry is neither better nor worse than the usual kind of thing written at her age, the writing of which is a vent for feelings which most girls are too shy to express. But as for making money of it, that is quite another thing!

A FOSSIL has not got an answer before now owing to her dreadful handwriting, which makes the head ache to look at. 1. The crest of Sir Wilfrid Lawson is two arms rising out of clouds, holding in the hands a sun. The motto is, *Quod honestum utile*, "What is honest is useful." 2. The German authorities would probably consider him a German if he had not naturalised himself, his parents being both of them German.

DAISY TREVANNION.—"Nydia" is a character in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." She was blind, beautiful, self-sacrificing, and is a favourite subject for painters and sculptors at present.

IMPATIENT.—The way to pronounce "Elgin" is to make the final syllable not like "gin" (the spirit), but as in the word "begin."

SNOWBALL.—The lines do credit to your heart, and show the object to have been a good and pious woman.

FOUR FRIENDS.—The "fire of coals" mentioned was "charcoal," made by burning wood. This is always used at the present time in Eastern countries for cooking.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—If in purchasing a piano you already have such excellent recommendations of some by a certain maker, and of the price that suits your means, we do not see that you need any further opinion. That of Sir Julius Benedict and the late Sir George Macfarren surely would be sufficient.

UNE FRANCAISE.—We should think Miss Leigh's Home, Avenue Wagram, Paris, would be the best place to send your old English magazines to; she would know where they would be most valued. You would have to use a glue, such as is used by carpenters, for your wicker-work.

L. A. P.—Certainly, make an apology to your stepmother for answering her disrespectfully; it is your duty to do so. To make an apology when one is due, raises rather than lowers the person who does so. It is, as it were, a "debt of honour" as well as the act of a Christian. Besides, a girl of your age should be humble, being in subjection to her parents and guardians. You have no right to apply the term "cross" to your stepmother's just expression of displeasure and her coolness with you.

COLLY HALL.—It is an old and common idea that to keep flowers in a bedroom is injurious; but with one or two exceptions this is incorrect. It is even an advantage in some cases; for example, a plant of the *eucalyptus*. Of course, if they be "cut flowers," the water should be changed at night, and all decayed leaves removed. We are glad you like our paper so much.

MATTED FUR.—You had better clean the long fur of the Persian cat by rubbing it well with flour, and then cleaning it off with a soft handkerchief. Is the "straw bed" for the cat or for the "dirty Margery Daw"?

SLAGENGEN.—All out of door exercises, causing tremendous exertion of the bodily powers, are more or less dangerous; though we may not feel the effects at once, we may in after years. Even paralysis has been known to result from tremendous overtraining for a boat race. Moderation is good in all things, we have the highest authority for believing.

PANSY.—If you do not possess vol. ii., the easiest way for you to obtain written instructions in knitting is to buy one of the many small manuals to be found at fancy work shops, but a few practical instructions from a friend would be more valuable than all.

AN OLD LOVE will perhaps think our advice rather hard and cruel, if we say that any man having a profession now had better stick to it, especially if it offers a chance of a pension in the future. Employment is so very difficult to obtain, that he would be worse than foolish to think of retiring from the army for a mere fancy. Let him try to be of service to others in his profession, and he will forget his disgust, and be happy and contented in his daily work.

GWENDOLINE may perhaps be careless of her hands, and so have spoilt their appearance. But red hands are rather common amongst young girls, and they assume a better colour when a few years older. Why does she say her "hands go red"? Half-educated girls are fond of saying that they "go red," "go faint," and "go" everything!

E. F.—A "Morganatic Marriage" is a perfectly legal and binding one, and the children of such a union are legitimate. The difference between them and others is this: that when contracted between persons of unequal rank (and especially if one be within the circle of possible claimants to a throne) the children cannot inherit the claims of blood through the parent from whom, under other circumstances, they might have succeeded to certain rights. Neither the parent's rank, nor the possessions connected with that rank, can be inherited by them.

SANDY.—The reason that the President's House at Washington is called "the White House" is that it was painted white, after the destruction of the public buildings in that city, when we took it in 1814. The house was built of grey sandstone, and the walls were discoloured by smoke, from the burning of the woodwork, and the original look of the building could not be restored otherwise than by painting it. The white colour, being an object attracting attention, was the origin of the name it received.

BLUE.—We regret that your former letter had no answer. Your writing is good and legible, though too irregular. A little more care is needed. The verses lack beauty and originality. We thank you for your kind letter, and send our best wishes.

LEONIE GORDON.—You will grow out of both your troubles. Try to live on a plain diet, no pastry, few sweets, and with exercise and bathing you should grow strong and well, if you have no hereditary disease.

FLORALIE should not use the wire brush, but a good ordinary one. Dry the hair carefully, and then brush it. The writing and spelling of your note are both good.

CHARITY.—The best way to dispose of the children, in such a case, would be to get some good motherly woman at a distance to take them, and pay her by weekly payments.

A. E. G.'s account of the process of refining sugar seems quite correct, so far as we know.

MADELINE TAUNTON.—The address of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution is 32, Sackville Street, London, W.

GYPSEY.—We think you are doing very wrong in allowing anyone to persuade you into a marriage at seventeen; and your lover is wanting in principle to wish to deceive not only his parents, but your poor old grandmother, who has trusted you, and brought you up. Such a marriage will end badly, and we only hope all will be found out before it takes place. At seventeen you do not know your own mind, and had much better wait till twenty-seven, when it is probable you would not look at your present admirer, and would prefer someone much superior.

DESPONDENT ONE.—If you endeavour to correct the ill-behaviour and the bad English of your young brothers and sisters, against your mother's clearly expressed prohibition, you do very wrongly, and set them an example of disobedience. You can assist your mother in their training if she desire it, but must not usurp her prerogative.

BROWN IVY.—The price of Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue" is 5s. The address of the firm will be found in a London directory.

ONLY A VIOLET must, we think, consult a doctor, and have proper advice for her somewhat serious state of health.

VOL. IX.—No. 444.] JUNE 30, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLI.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

JANET came the following morning to Neuilly with a letter she had just received. She was in breathless excitement. She scarcely allowed herself time to greet Mrs. Aspenel before she cried out—

"I have had awful news. The Park is burnt down. No lives lost, but—but ——" And then the feelings which she had restrained gave way, and she threw herself on her stepmother's bed.

Mrs. Aspenel took the letter and read it. It was from Mrs. Clarville, written at Edith's entreaty, and contained the account of the fire, and of Mr. Aspenel's condition, worded as cautiously as possible. Edith had not rested until this was written, fearing that Janet might get the news first from the public journals. The letter concluded by a request that Janet would not attempt to leave Paris until she heard again, as, were she at home, she could be of no use, since Edith was with Mrs. Clarville and her father at Hoplands, cared for by Nurse True. As Mrs. Clarville wrote for the post on

All rights reserved.] "SHE THREW HERSELF ON HER STEPMOTHER'S BED."

Whitsun Tuesday, she could give few particulars, and those she did give were well veiled.

"This is awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Aspenel. "I will go back. He may die, and Bruce away, and I unforgiven!"

She clasped her hands in agony. Janet took them, and for awhile no more words came from either.

"M. and Mme. de Belleville say that we must do nothing rashly," she said, at last. "We must wait for letters and further intelligence. But how? I cannot bear suspense."

"Nor I, Janet. Any certainty is better. We will pack up and be ready to leave at a moment's notice. I sent Bruce out for a walk with Pauline; when they return she shall begin."

"To see you unexpectedly after all these months might kill him outright. Besides, there is no room for us anywhere, if the Park is burnt down," returned Janet. "Darling Edith must be in danger, or she would have written herself. Perhaps they are all burnt to death, and this is a preparatory letter."

"No; it is not so bad as that, Janet. We must await to-morrow's post. I will get up; I could not survive the suspense here in bed."

Mrs. Aspenel was suffering more from mental depression than from physical illness, and she rose instantly. Janet helped her to dress, and these two were drawn together by this common anxiety more stringently than they had ever been before. All previous animosity merged in an awful terror lest the husband and father should die unconscious, unrepentant, unforgiven.

"And Bruce; I had no right to take him from his father. When he grows up he will hate me for it, and reproach me for depriving him of a last farewell," cried Mrs. Aspenel, whose self-reproaches overpowered Janet's terrors. "He may have disinherited him; but that is secondary. I hate, I abhor the dross for which I sacrificed my peace and happiness. I will ask for his forgiveness and relinquish everything."

Bruce and Pauline came in and turned the current of distress for a time. They were astonished to see Mrs. Aspenel up and dressed, and Bruce supposed they were to start at once for home.

"You have none. It is burnt to the ground," cried the mother, embracing her boy, who looked to Janet for explanation.

She was now calm and self-possessed, and took upon herself to tell Bruce and Pauline as much as she thought necessary of the contents of the letter, softening the details of her father's injuries by the words, "All lives were saved."

"My pony's too?" inquired Bruce, ruefully, but no answer was forthcoming.

After much consultation it was decided that Janet should write to Mrs. Clarville without mentioning Mrs. Aspenel. They came to the conclusion that it would only add to the general anxiety at Roselands to hear that she was discovered, and meditated a return. Madame de Belleville came in the course of the morning, and was introduced to Mrs. Aspenel. There was no time to consider whether this was prudent or not. In moments of great emergency, scheming is forgotten, and facts are laid bare. Madame de Belleville was kind, sympathetic, and devoted to Janet. She knew most of the circumstances connected with Mrs. Aspenel from her friend Lady Ascham, and Janet, and she guessed the rest. She advised her to wait; and there seemed no other course to pursue, for on further consideration the millionaire's wife, son, and daughter could not muster money enough amongst them to return to England.

The day wore through somehow, and Janet went back with madame to her Avenue near the Arc for the night. Monsieur and Maximilien did their best to console her; but with little effect.

The next morning she had a few lines from Gerard, and a letter from Nurse True, written in her father's sick room. These bade her be patient, and wait till she could be summoned home without danger of excitement to Mr. Aspenel or Edith. Indeed, such was the horror of the writers at her father's state, that they insisted on her remaining where she was for the present. They both hoped his injuries would prove less dangerous than was at first imagined.

"All is in God's hand, my deary," concluded Nurse True. "He can bring good out of evil. Pray to Him for us all."

Both Janet and Mrs. Aspenel realised that nothing but prayer could avail them at such a crisis. They spent another day together, and Janet assured her friends, the De Bellevilles, that but for Mrs. Aspenel she would have gone home at all risks. That evening, Maximilien came to fetch her, and brought with him a letter that had arrived by the late mail. It was from Edith, and gave them both heart. She could only write as she heard, and everybody made the best of her father's state to her.

"You shall come home as soon as possible, darling," she wrote. "At present there is no place for you. We are billeted on our friends as it is, and we owe all—life even—to cousin Gerard. Although I am almost well, I cannot write details yet; they frighten me. Everyone is kind, but I am forbidden to see papa, and the doctors say he must not be excited. Gerard has seen him. I think much of Mrs. Aspenel and Bruce. If she hears of the fire from the papers, the shock will be terrible. I wish she would write. Perhaps she may if she gets the news. She is so generous and kind-hearted that I am sure she would condone the past if she realised the state we are in."

This paragraph took instant effect on Mrs. Aspenel.

"This from Edith? How kind!" she exclaimed. "I thought she would have condemned me wholly."

"On the contrary, she has tried to trace you through all your friends, in the hope of bringing you back," said Janet. "Her diary was full of regrets; I have it with me. I will bring it to-morrow and show you what she says."

To-morrow brought a more coherent and lengthy letter from Edith, still giving details as she received them, and enlarging on the fact that she now understood that a stranger had rescued her father, who, with him, was lying in a precarious state at Hoplands. Neither Janet nor Mrs. Aspenel could understand how little Edith really knew of the condition of rescued and rescuer: but of Gerard and her own safety she wrote in no measured terms.

"No one can describe the kind consideration of all our friends and neighbours," she said. "The Ladies are indefatigable, and have undertaken, with Mr. Austen, to make a part of the Park habitable, which poor papa wishes done at once. Every order comes through Mr. Clarville, who is worn out. I pray to be allowed to undertake the nursing, but Mr. Harton will not hear of it. He and Mr. Jack come here when they can, but they have enough to do. Nurse True has never left poor papa night or day. Mr. Tom Harton is absent—gone, his father thinks, to try and find Mrs. Aspenel and Bruce."

This piece of information called forth a startled exclamation from Mrs. Aspenel.

"Why should he seek us?" she cried. "He, of all men, would be the last I should wish to find me as I am."

"Edith told me it was he whom papa despatched in search of you, soon after you left," replied Janet.

"Happily, he did not find us. That would have been very humiliating," replied Mrs. Aspenel, with a touch of her old irony. "Still, I almost wish he had, for then I should, perhaps, have been spared this tension."

The next letter was from Gerard, and contained a message from Mr. Aspenel to Janet; was written, indeed, for the purpose of giving it.

"Your father wishes you to remain where you are until you can come direct to the Park. When that may be I cannot tell, for it is difficult to ascertain how far the rooms that remain are safe. We have architects and workmen coming at once. I write from his room; almost at his dictation. He sends his love to you, and bids me say that he is really ruined at last, and you must turn your talents to account. He is certainly better, and his mind is quite clear. Dear Janet, it is a time of intense anxiety. Your sister makes light of her own weakness, but she is still nervous, and you will understand how her over conscientiousness keeps her on a constant strain. Mr. Aspenel puts faith in me, fortunately, and I do what I can. He has begun to worry about Bruce, and wishes me to advertise for Mrs. Aspenel. I wish she would come back."

"I will! I will!" interrupted Mrs. Aspenel. "Nothing shall hinder me if Mr. Clarville says that. He, at least, is honest. I will write to him for advice. I will return at all risks. I have been resentful, false, a bad wife, an unkind stepmother——"

"Not intentionally. That was my fault," put in Janet, throwing herself on the polished floor at her feet. "We have made that up long ago, and now we will all begin life afresh. We can open a school, or do a hundred things, if papa is really ruined."

The girl laughed, and Mrs. Aspenel could not help joining, for both knew

that it would take more than one fire to ruin the millionaire.

"You and Bruce are to come back to the Avenue with me," said Janet imperatively. "Monsieur and Madame expect you, and Maximilien is dying to make your acquaintance. *Il se meurt* easily, and is resuscitated by galvanism, I tell him, at which he places his hand on his heart and talks of the galvanism of my eyes."

This sally aroused Mrs. Aspenel, who, after a little hesitation, consented to accompany Janet to M. de Belleville's. Bruce was in uproarious spirits at the prospect, and the trio soon found themselves in the tram, which went nearly from door to door. The sky and air were clear, the boulevards delightful, and beautiful Paris *toujours gai;* so they forgot for the moment that distant spectre that had been haunting them for the past week. *Déjeuner* was awaiting them, and their kind friends received them with effusion. Mrs. Aspenel revived under the influence of a large cheerful apartment and French cordiality, and the little party began to discuss ordinary topics almost naturally. They were just about to sit down to *déjeuner*, when a servant announced that a gentleman wished to see Miss Aspenel.

"Without doubt it is M. Hazlewood, who is in Paris, *en route* for the Antipodes," said madame. "Show him in, Marie."

All eyes were turned from the repast to the door. Janet rose involuntarily, expecting to see her old friend's brother, but she was disappointed. So was Mrs. Aspenel, though a handsomer and more polished knight-errant could scarcely have appeared. The visitor was, in fact, Mr. Tom Harton.

It would be difficult to imagine a more inauspicious encounter, but Tom Harton was equal to any occasion. He shook hands with Mrs. Aspenel as if he had seen her yesterday, told Bruce that he must return to his studies, and informed Janet that he had merely run over to Paris to acquaint her with the particulars of the fire, and to be of use if possible.

The conventionalities of society cover a multitude of sins, and Mrs. Aspenel, after the first surprise, recovered her self-possession and introduced "Our friends, M. and Mme. de Belleville, and their son, M. Maximilien." Harton spoke French like a native, and readily accepted an invitation to an interrupted meal. A lively conversation ensued, in which all joined save Mrs. Aspenel. He gave a graphic account of the fire, and said Mr. Aspenel was recovering from his injuries, of which he made light. In short, he cast a different colouring over the late events from that put in by other hands, and raised the depressed spirits of Janet, to the infinite delight of her friends and admirers. He had not quite so happy an effect on Bruce, who glanced at him suspiciously from time to time, between the delicacies heaped upon his plate by madame, and who did not enjoy them as much as he otherwise would. And who can describe all the *friandises* of a French *déjeuner!*

What Harton thought was known only to himself and his biographer. He did not let it be seen that he was really pained at the alteration in Mrs. Aspenel's appearance and manner, or that he had come to Paris under the vague impression that she was somewhere in France with her maid, Pauline. He kept to himself a certain determination not to lose sight of her again, and to have her husband informed of her whereabouts; and he also reserved his admiration of Janet, and his aspirations after her or Edith, it mattered not which. He spoke modestly of his own achievements at the fire, and left the rest to the imagination of his hearers. But when the *déjeuner* was over, he asked for an interview with Mrs. Aspenel, which she reluctantly granted.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By A RESIDENT.

BEVY of merry, witty, bright-eyed, gay, laughing, fun-loving girls of all hues and complexions, from the pallid daughter of the many millionaire to the dark child of the recent slave. They are indeed varying as the nationalities they represent. But the genuine American girl, that is the native born and raised, is our particular theme. She seems to claim and receive the larger portion of the much-boasted liberty of these United States (accent on the U). From infancy up she queens it despotically over parents, brothers, and masculine relatives generally. Nor does this queenhood and attendant freedom fall from her afterwards. It is very rarely the case. She then becomes, in her married life, more of a queen than before, not only of hearts and home, but of society as well. A queen, too, of no insecure kingdom or nominal power. Far from it. With tact and wealth her power is unbounded, and her influence great. She must be, of course, of unsullied parentage and of high reputation. None other would be tolerated. And many such noble women have been the head-lights of American society, as witness the wife of President Cleveland. This is, of course, the position only of the few.

The daughters of the ever-increasing middle class differ only as in a lesser grade. They also are petted and spoiled from childhood up, naturally enough leaving to their mothers the cares of housekeeping. School-days over—and though we have "graded schools" and many new-fangled ideas of teaching and learning, yet the much-needed law of compulsion is absent—the "fair girl graduate" goes to a home life very different from that of her English sister. She has almost unlimited freedom; she will have beaux changing with the moon if she so wills.

And about these beaux. While we are upon it we will explain the wide latitude which has been, and is, so harshly condemned with respect to them. Unlike her English sister, again, the American girl is raised to hold her own with dignity and address with the opposite sex. She is fully capable of taking care of herself, and generally manages to combine a womanly reserve with a republican aggressiveness. If she does not she soon becomes a shunned acquaintance. With her beaux a young girl follows the same road. She invariably entertains them in private, and there are few restrictions laid upon her outdoor amusements with them. This naturally leads to a freedom of wifehood untrammelled by custom or the harsh rule of despotic man. A somewhat singular outcome of this is the not infrequent establishment where a husband and wife differ in habits and pursuits, yet each harmoniously "going their own way," as it is phrased. But back to the girls, and to a very important epoch in their lives. Alas! that it should be so, but an "engagement" is by many looked upon as a very little thing, and a "jilt" may pass uncensured, unless her offence be so flagrant as to call forth the mighty voice of public opinion. An engagement agreeable to all concerned is usually followed by speedy marriage, or, if otherwise, by an exciting elopement, when the runaways are united by a magistrate, or a not often convenient parson. In the former case, where the marriage is acceptable, the ceremony is usually performed in the bride's home, and not at church, as in England, though often the daughters of the wealthy are married at church in great style and display. Such weddings are generally at night, between the hours of seven and ten; and, beneath the universal electric light, are always, as may be imagined, scenes of beauty and loveliness.

But the working girls. These can be simply divided into two classes—those who make their homes their headquarters, returning at night; and those who, to use another republican phrase, "hire out," or engage in domestic service. The former are chiefly "factory girls," who as a rule average $3 per diem, though a very capable girl has been known to earn as much as $4 or even $5*. They are paid, generally, according to the amount of work they perform. Shop girls—who, by the way, are "store ladies"—also obtain good payment, varying only with the status of the "stores" they serve. And here, in our large cities, are gathered always the prettiest girls, for a trim form and a bonny face are a well-known attraction by no means

* The American dollar equals 4s. 2d., but it must be borne in mind that its value is materially more than this.

to be overlooked. Domestic service is represented by the coloured element as well, more of which anon.

Emigrant girls and women, especially English, are in great demand at present. In the highest families they will obtain, as housekeepers and nursery governesses, $10, $15, and $20 per month. In the homes of the middle class their wages are very much less, often not more than $5, $7, or $10 dollars per month; and very little freedom is allowed, or if allowed, is scarcely obtainable; for the American women are not stay-at-homes. They leave, if possible, the care of their children and the management of the household to competent servants. This is doubtless the reason of the demand for good English girls, or such as can be trusted of other nations. This custom, for such it is rapidly becoming, necessarily entails a great responsibility upon the domestics. And to a shy, backward girl it is, at first, very trying. The word "servant" is seldom used. Perhaps because so many of the girls and women themselves are often upon an education level with their mistresses. The American girl never engages in such service unless by necessity compelled. A foolish pride often prevents her doing so even then. But in the cities, generally speaking, a domestic is never allowed to feel her subservient position, not even among her superiors in this world's goods. And here comes in the ever-vexing question of coloured "help." For whatever hopeful philanthropists may say, the hard fact still remains—the races will not associate. No respectable white girl will care to be seen upon the street with her darker sister. She loses all that she most values at once if she does. This deeply-rooted dislike is the housekeeper's woe and ever-increasing worry. For in large establishments, where several of both are employed, it is necessary to provide a separate table, and, to prevent collision, to keep them apart as much as possible. There is a growing desire on the part of the negroes for social and other equality. And to non-residents the repugnance, or, to use a milder term, the dislike of the higher race to such a possible state is very difficult to be understood. One must live amongst them to comprehend it. It is a telling fact, that as a rule emigrants will have none of the coloured people; though they make good servants, if closely superintended, as waiters, nurses, and cooks.

It is the fashion now to hold up the advanced type of American womanhood as an admired and eligible focus, but whether this system of perfect freedom and unrestrained development will benefit the coming race must remain as yet undetermined. It is a certain fact that to-day the womanly women and girls of this great republic are the prime movers of many social and other reforms. Though of course there is little of that old world seclusion and sweetness best described as

"A violet, by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye."

But such a wide field of future development merits further notice, and space forbids it now.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART V.

THE subject of badges has already been briefly considered in this series of articles. Their specific object was publicity; that of the device was exactly the reverse, being designed to mystify the beholder. Before giving a few descriptive examples of the latter, I may be allowed to add two more badges to those previously given, viz., that of Edward the Confessor, and that of the Mandevilles and their descendants.

The badge of Edward the Confessor was very simple, and one of the most artistic. The story connected with it was, doubtless, very well known, and thus a motto was rendered superfluous. It will be seen in our illustration that it represents a hand dexter erect, showing the palm, and rising out of a ducal coronet, holding a gem ring of the first jewelled sapphire. This represented or commemorated a very curious and pretty legend, which is recorded in St. Edward's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, sculptured in *basso relievo*, where, it is said, the original ring was deposited. The story is that the holy king presented a ring to a pilgrim at the consecration of the church of Havering-atte-Bower, in Essex, the name being interpreted "Have ring." The pilgrim was reputed to have been St. John the Divine, appearing as "a fair old man," to whom the church was dedicated. The only thing that the monarch had to bestow just then was this same ring, and he gave it to him.

Some years afterwards two pilgrims arrived, who returned the king his gift, having received it from the same "fair old man" when travelling in the Holy Land; and with it brought him the following injunctions: "Say ye to Edward, your king, that I greet him well by that token; that he gave me this ring with his own hands, and at the hallowing of my church; which ring ye shall deliver to him again. And say ye to him that he dispose of his goods; for within six months he shall be in the joy of heaven with me, when he shall have his reward for his chastity and good living." The device illustrated (Fig. 1) is given as a crest of St. Edward, in the Harleian MSS., No. 2165.

I said that portions of the charges borne on the escutcheon were sometimes adopted as badges. For example, the Bohuns, descendants of the Mandevilles, used the white swan, ducally crowned and chained as a badge. The Earls of Essex, Hungerford, Northampton, and High Constables of England derived it by the marriage of Maude Mandeville (heiress of her brothers) to Henry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford. In Exeter Cathedral you may see the monument of Margaret Bohun, and her husband Hugh Courtenay, third Earl of Devon; and her feet rest on a swan, at once the charge on her family escutcheon and their badge. Their son was the "blind, good Earl" of Devon, on whose monument at Tiverton the celebrated inscription is related to have been sculptured, now no longer to be seen, as the ancient church was destroyed in the Parliamentary Wars.

"Hoe, hoe! who lies here?
I, the goode Erle of Devonshire,
With Maud, my wyfe, to mee full dere;
We lyved together fyfty-fyve year.

"What we gave, wee have;
What we spent, we had,
What we lefte, we loste."

I now enter on the subject of devices. Although they were in the zenith of their popularity during the wars of France and Italy, yet they had been very extensively employed as early as in the fourteenth century. The Continent of Europe was the chief field for their display; but though less popular in England, we have some very interesting historical examples of this offshoot, so to speak, of Heraldry, to which scientific art the oftentimes curious and pretty device owed its origin. It consisted of a picture painted, embroidered or sculptured, and of a motto, without both which parts it was not perfect. The Italians called these the *corpo* (or pictured emblem) and the *animô* (or motto), otherwise the body and spirit, or soul. The motto was required to be very brief, consisting of from two to five words.

A device was adopted, not alone by distinguished personages, but by academies and

FIG. 1.

other societies, as well as for orders of merit and distinction. It will prove more interesting to my readers generally to speak of some of our own historic devices, than to enter very

extensively upon the wide field of foreign examples.

Few amongst distinguished personages designed and adopted more devices than Mary

FIG. 2.

Stuart, Queen of Scots, and perhaps one of the prettiest ideas amongst them, or indeed any of which we have historic records, is that of the liquorice plant, with the motto, *Dulce meum terra tegit*, "The earth covers my sweet one" (her late boy-husband, the Dauphin Francis). To understand the aptness of the symbol, it should be explained that all the sweetness of that plant is in the root which is buried in the ground, while all above the latter is bitter.

Doubtless you have read of some of her beautiful pieces of embroidery, the designs being very frequently illustrations of her own *Impressa*. Agnes Strickland names that of a hand issuing from a cloud, holding a pruning knife, with which a withered branch is being cut from a vine. The motto attached to this device was *Virescit vulnere virtus*, and which was interpreted by her as "Virtue is strengthened by affliction" (otherwise carrying out the idea in the words of Holy Writ, that "Faithful are the wounds of a friend.") This device, Miss Strickland says, was embroidered on a cushion which she sent to Norfolk, surmounted by the Royal arms of Scotland. Her mother, the late Queen Mary of Lorraine, decorated a state bed with devices wrought in gold and silver. One of these *Impressa* was a loadstone turning to the pole, her name being turned into an anagram, *Sa vertu m'attire;* also another, *Veritas armata*, "Armed truth," having reference to a crucifix before which she is represented as kneeling in her Royal robes, with the word *Undique*, "On every side," indicating that through the cross she was armed on all sides. On the cloth of state worn by Mary of Lorraine, Drummond of Hawthornden observed a phœnix, with the motto, *En mon fin git mon commencement*, or "In my ending exists my beginning." These words proved

FIG. 3.

an enigma to many, but Miss Strickland divined the beautiful idea they proclaimed, *i.e.*, that death will prove the gate of life eternal, when "this mortal shall put on immortality."

The same idea appeared in the device chosen by or for Jeanne d'Arc (1430), and painted in the Gallery of the Palais Royale—a phœnix, with the motto, *Invito funere vivat*, "Her death itself will make her live."

A hawthorn bush in blossom was a badge adopted by Richard III.; and when fighting desperately in his last conflict, the crown on his helmet being cleft from it (very significantly), was picked up and concealed in a hawthorn bush by a soldier. Having been discovered accidentally in the adjoining wood by Sir Reginald Bray, and given by him to Lord Stanley, it was placed on Richmond's head by him, and he was pronounced and hailed King of England, on "Crown Hill," so called to this day. To this incident Sir Thomas Wyndham referred when he counselled his son "Not to desert the crown, though it hung on a bush;" otherwise very commonly rendered, that we should be "loyal to the crown, though it hung on a hedge stake."

The device illustrated (Fig. 2) is another of Richard III.'s, *i.e.*, a falcon with a maiden's head, holding (or facing) a rose for Conyngsburg. The illustration given was taken from the Somerset Chapel, Windsor.

One of the devices of Henry VIII. represented an armed leg, *couped* at the thigh, the foot passing through three crowns, thus signifying that he had trodden the triple crown of the Pope under foot. All his Queens had their distinctive devices. Queen Mary has amongst others the significant one of a sword erected upon an altar, with the motto, *Pro ara, et regni custodia*, "For the altar, and defence of the kingdom." Queen Elizabeth had many devices, her favourite motto being *Semper eadem*, "Always the same."

James I. employed two or three *Impressa;* one of his mottoes, struck on the shillings sent to Ireland (significant in reference to the present state of affairs), *Henricus rosas, regna Jacobus*, implying that Henry united the Roses, but he himself united the kingdoms!

Queen Anne adopted the favourite motto of Queen Elizabeth, *Semper eadem*, by a Royal act, in addition to the use of others. A heart crowned, amid oak foliage, was the device she had caused to be struck on the reverse of her coronation medal, and the motto, "Entirely English."

Figure 3 represents the device of Count Weinsberg, from his effigy. It was formerly on his tomb, now in the National Museum, Munich, German of the fifteenth century. It will be seen that it is in the form of a dragon, twisted into a circle, and having a cross on its back.

Figure 4 shows that of Marmaduke Huby, the last Abbot but two of Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire, the tower of which he built, and on which the device is sculptured. It dates back to early in the sixteenth century (*circa* 1520), and represents his official insignia, *i.e.*, a mitre and pastoral staff. His initials are formed of fighting birds and monsters. We also illustrate the device of *Oulton* (Owlton), properly a rebus—taken from the ceiling of an old mansion at Northgate, Wakefield (Fig. 5).

Our examples of devices and mottoes would be incomplete without some mention of those adopted by the good and illustrious Margaret de Valois, the beloved sister of Francis I.; his "Marguerite des Margarites," his "Mignonne," and pronounced by others to be *une Margarite* (*Margarita*, pearl) *qui surpassait en valeur les perles de l'Orient*. Marguerite was the daughter of Charles, Duke of Orleans, and Louise de Savoie. She was twice married: first to the Duc d'Alençon, 1509; secondly to the King of Navarre, Henri de Bourbon, 1527. One of her devices was the sunflower (assumed while Duchesse d'Alençon), with a motto taken from Virgil, *Non inferiora secutus*, meaning, "I have followed no inferior things." This emblem and motto, says Brantôme, were meant to signify that "she directed all her thoughts, will, and affections towards that great Sun which is God." The whole object

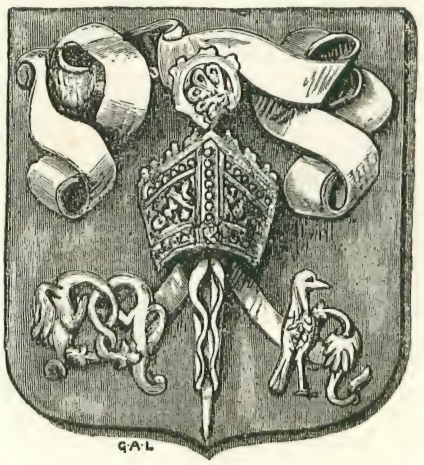


FIG. 4.

and effort in life of this devout woman were truly exemplified in this statement, as she directed her lifelong influence in the behalf of all sufferers, through oppression or otherwise. Her influence ruled paramount over her Royal brother, and was always exerted for good, to the last day of her life. Upon such beautiful examples of practical and self-forgetting religion, whether under the advantages of great or little light, it is wholesome to dwell; and the adoption by such persons of devices and mottoes became the means, in their hands, of giving an instructive lesson and an example to others. It was, as it were, the "setting of their candle in a candlestick," and placing "their light upon a hill."

This "Queen of Navarre" was a very highly cultured woman, and her Court (at Nérac) was the resort of the learned and literary. She had great intellectual abilities, and in addition to her classical acquirements she was a poet. In one of her poems her motto is *Ung pour tous*, "One for all," meaning "God for all"; and in another, *Plus vous que moy*, "More you than I," this latter being her rule of life. She gave refuge to many of the Reformers of her time—Erasmus, Beza, Calvin, Clement, and Marot amongst them. They called her "a pearl"; but that most beautiful of Christian virtues, humility, with which, as with a mantle, the Apostle St. Peter says, "Be ye clothed" (1 Peter v. 5), was one of her most characteristic graces. In allusion to her name, and what was said of her, she speaks (of herself) in a letter to Briconnet (Bishop of Meaux), "that imperfect, ill-shaped, and counterfeit pearl." Well did she merit the epitaph on her tomb—

FIG. 5.

"The tenth Muse, the fourth of the Graces, Margaret, favourite sister and wife of Kings, lies here."

Yet, alas! how incorrect was the statement in one respect! The poor clay-casket

alone "lay there," of her whose happy ransomed soul had heard and responded to the call, "Come up hither."

Her niece, Marguerite de France, Duchesse de Berry and Savoie, and wife of "the hero of St. Quentin," Emanuel Philibert, followed in the footsteps of her illustrious aunt, and earned the title bestowed upon her by her grateful subjects, *La mère des peuples*. She likewise was a distinguished scholar, and much devoted to the arts. One of her devices was an olive branch entwined with serpents, with the motto, "Wisdom, the guardian of affairs," having in view the Divine injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," the olive branch being an emblem of peace.

In olden times we find that many elected to unite their favourite mottoes to sun-dials, which they placed either in their gardens or on the walls of their dwellings, a charming practice we still see amongst the Swiss and Tyrolese peasantry, and elsewhere on their picturesque châlets. Sometimes the mottoes were passages from Holy Writ; sometimes they expressed the thought of the owner, or consisted of some quotation from the classics, or other source. Amongst such inscriptions we find—

"Watch and pray—Time steals away."

"They die away, and they are reckoned up," these precious hours that "die away" with the shadow, marking each in its turn, and for every one of which we shall have to make a reckoning when the shadows fall no more on the dial for us!

In strange contrast to the frivolity of the age, such dial mottoes were much in vogue, in France more especially, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which points to the fact that there were a goodly number of those who had learnt to pray like the Psalmist, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

One more example that has long survived the worthy man or woman who had it inscribed on a dial may suffice.

"Haste, traveller, haste! the sun is sinking low,
He shall return again, but never thou!"

Before closing this fifth part of the present series I will observe that anyone may choose and employ a device without application to the Herald's Office for its legalisation, and without incurring taxation for the same, as a device is not a hereditary heraldic cognisance. Thus you may have one stamped on your letter paper, inside your book covers, and on your pocket-handkerchiefs, just as you might otherwise use a monogram.

Our last article of this series will deal with sign-boards and war-cries.

(*To be concluded.*)

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER II.

"H, what a beautiful place!" murmured the bride-elect, as she and her stepmother came within view of Springfield Farm.

It certainly looked very attractive, the long, low house, with its square windows and three gables. It stood in a large garden, which was now gay with spring flowers, and later in the year would be brilliant. The outbuildings, barns, and stables encircled a great yard which was behind the house. An ornamental pump, decorated with a monumental-looking urn, adorned the centre, and on its very summit a gigantic Cochin-china cock poised itself, and emitted a sound of welcome that was more like a hoarse roar than a crow. Over all the spring sunshine poured down; it shed its glow on the eager, welcoming faces of Tom and Bessie as they stood waiting outside the door, and catching the glass of all the windows and the golden weather-cock on the top of the centre gable, multiplied itself into dazzling, shining lights, which overflowed in little streams and ladders of sunshine.

"Welcome a thousand times!" cried Bessie, as she helped her future sister-in-law to descend from the gig. "Dear Lettice, we cannot welcome you enough."

"It is all so beautiful," Lettice murmured again, as Bessie led her in, holding her hand tightly in hers. "I did not expect it to be like this."

"We are very fond of the old place," said Bessie; and she looked round the pretty panelled room with pardonable pride. "But it must appear very homely to you and Mrs. Colston, Lettice."

Lettice did not seem to hear her words; she was watching Tom with eager, anxious eyes as he talked to her stepmother. Bessie had the opportunity of seeing her well.

A wonderfully beautiful young woman, rather older than she had fancied her to be, probably five or six years older than Tom, who was only one-and-twenty. Lettice was very tall, a good deal above the usual standard of woman's height, but she was beautifully made, the noble proportions taking away all look of undue height. Her face was colourless, and she had large, stag-like brown eyes, with square-cut eyelids and a strangely pathetic mouth. She smiled very rarely, and when her face was in repose it fell into lines that had in them something tragical; it was difficult to see in which of the perfectly shaped features the expression lingered.

"It is all so good," she said again and again; and Bessie's face beamed with pleasure.

"You will find the country very quiet after life in town," she said; but Lettice only shook her head.

"You don't know what it feels like to me," she said. "So pure, so sweet; and the smell of the fresh earth and the young green things is like drinking to the thirsty."

Bessie wondered why the colour rushed into Lettice's face so suddenly as she spoke, and receded, leaving it deadly pale.

"I do not think that you are very strong, Lettice," she said kindly.

"No; I am not very strong. I am very nervous, wonderfully nervous, Bessie. I have suffered from it for a long time, but Mrs. Colston says the country life will cure that."

"How terribly she will miss you!"

"Miss me? Oh, yes, we are never apart; but she is anxious to see me married; she has plenty of friends. Leaving her was not my doing, but she wished it so very much."

"After all, however much one may love one's stepmother," said Bessie, half-laughing, half-puzzled, "she could scarcely enter into competition with Tom."

Lettice suddenly rose from her chair and came up to Bessie; there was something a little mysterious in her movement, and Bessie looked up startled. The great dark eyes had a strange look in them, and the hand that was laid on hers was tremulous and very cold.

"Bessie, dear," she began, in a very low voice, "I want to say something to you."

But Mrs. Colston's loud voice interrupted them as she came hastily into the room, followed by Tom, and went up to Lettice.

She was a fine, showy woman, dressed in rich silks, and shining with jet-beads. She had been a milliner, and was living comfortably on the savings of a good business, when she had first met Mr. Colston and married him.

People said she had been a very good stepmother to Lettice, a most devoted guardian; so devoted since her father's death that she hardly let her out of her sight night or day.

Now as she swept in, the large presence seemed to envelope and monopolise the gentle girl, and Lettice with an instinctive movement turned towards her, as if to a natural protector.

Bessie wondered a little, but remembered again how she and her brother had remarked on the clinging nature that had fascinated them both.

Tom proposed that they should go out; he wanted to show off his stock, his beautiful shorthorns, and the dairy that was the pride of Bessie's heart; his ducks and fowls and turkeys and pigs innumerable.

Then he would fain have led Lettice away from the others for a short monopoly of her gentle presence, and Bessie tried to help him; she engaged Mrs. Colston in an eager conversation, and did her utmost to interest her. But she could not help observing how that lady's eyes followed her stepdaughter the whole time, and how now and then they caught her glance, and seemed to convey some rapid signal even in the fast-increasing distance.

Bessie tried to interpret that signal, but she could not do so to her own satisfaction; it looked like a warning, but it could not be a warning where there was nothing to warn against.

Tom led away Lettice into the copse where the primroses bloomed in such golden luxuriance, and he walked there beside her, with her hand on his arm, and her sweet face bent low, listening to his words, to the pictures he drew of what their life would be in the beautiful coming future, of how the sun would always shine, and the soft dew enrich the earth, and the grain swell and ripen to harvest in the glory of their happiness.

Mrs. Colston put her hand through Bessie's arm, and followed them into the wood.

"Lettice is not strong," she said uneasily. "I am afraid of these spring days, they are treacherous; the wind is in the east."

"They are so happy together," said Bessie. No, she did not understand; and she understood less than ever much later in the day.

Tom had gone to order the horse to be harnessed that was to take the Colstons home again. Bessie saw Lettice put her hand on her stepmother's arm, and draw her to one side with a vehement gesture; and she saw her speaking to her very low and passionately, and she could not help catching these words, uttered with a kind of wail in them: "I tell you I must speak! I must!" Bessie heard no answer, but she saw Mrs. Colston stoop down and say something in a sharp whisper, which must have stung like a knife, for a look came over the beautiful face that haunted Bessie—a kind of wild, hunted look, with an anguish in it that frightened her.

It was gone in a second, and when Tom came in Lettice was her own self again, and she passed her hand over her eyes, wondering whether that look had only existed in her own imagination. The brother and sister stood together to watch the carriage, until the cluster of oaks at the far end of the Springfield pasture hid it from sight, and then Tom turned to his sister, the glow of the fast-setting sun lighting up his good, handsome face.

"Well, little sister," he said, "have you chosen the day?"

"The fifth of June, Tom," she answered gaily. "And that will leave little enough time to be ready. How lovely, how beautiful she is!"

"Yes," answered Tom. Then he walked about restlessly, following her as she went her way to the farmyard with the food for her feathered flock.

"Did she look happy, do you think, Bessie?" he said at last.

Bessie flung the grain right and left. "Yes, when she looked at you, old Tom."

"And she liked the place?"

"She thought it perfect."

"Bessie, you are sure that we can make her happy?"

"I should think so!" cried Bessie. "Come, Tom, don't worry yourself; some happiness is too deep for joy, and makes one almost cry!"

Her voice choked, and she flung the grain again.

Tom walked away, and the red light shone all over him in a great warm glow.

Bessie turned homewards. The cocks and hens were eating as fast as they could swallow; a little weakly hen was getting t ampled underfoot. Bessie indignantly flew to the rescue.

"Miss Bessie, dear!"

"What, you here, Mrs. Coppin? What is it?"

The woman stood curtseying and twisting her apron; there was an odd, uneasy look in her face.

"Might I make so bold, miss, as ask who that young lady was as drove away just now?"

"Miss Colston, that is engaged to marry my brother."

"No, don't say that, not nohow, if you please."

"It is true, Mrs. Coppin; and she is as good as she is handsome."

"Save us and presarve us!" said the woman under her breath.

"Do you know her, Mrs. Coppin?"

"Me know her? Why, bless you, I knowed her from a child, down Brainton way."

"And she is beautiful, is she not?"

"Handsome is as handsome does; there's some as likes one thing, and some another; and one ain't got no call to say as one's taste ain't as good as his'n wot don't agree with him, and thinks otherwise. She looks wonderful pale-like."

"You are accustomed to our sunburnt visages," said Bessie, laughing as she went indoors.

"Save us and presarve us!" ejaculated Mrs. Coppin, with a face of such concern that the cowman's wife as she passed her in the rickyard cheerily asked her, "Why, law! Mrs. Coppin! whativer's the matter wi' you?"

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

JUST as we are sending this number to press we find ourselves inundated with letters from our readers, suggesting that Nurse Finns, mentioned in the following paragraph from the newspapers, is worthy of receiving our gold medal of the Girl's Own Order of Merit. In reply to our correspondents we beg to say that we are investigating the incident, and hope to give further particulars of the case in our next number.

What a brave deed!

And what a glorious example!

A BRAVE HOSPITAL NURSE.

A few days since a child aged two years was removed by order of Dr. Watson, medical officer to Lieut. Williams's Infectious Hospital, Rochester, to hospital suffering from a bad form of diphtheria. Upon the child's arrival it was found that the symptoms were of a virulent character, necessitating an immediate resort to tracheotomy. During the night the tube became clogged, and the poor little sufferer was found gasping for breath. Death being imminent, one of the senior nurses, a young woman named Finns, bravely offered to suck the tube, a task attended with almost certain risk of her life. Notwithstanding urgent representations made to her as to the danger attending such self-sacrificing conduct, Nurse Finns applied her lips to the tube, and thus prolonged the child's life for several hours. The heroic act has excited warm admiration, and the medical staff propose to represent the case in the proper quarter.

THE GIRL'S OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Amount previously acknowledged in No. 439 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER £145 15s. 8d.

Three Factory Girls, 1s., A Quille Pen, 2s., Auntie, 2s. 6d., Lily (1s. per annum), 1s., "C. B. 5," 2s., Trotty, 1s., Beatrice Gilliat, 2s., Alicia Cummings (collected), 3s. 1d., G. L., 1s., Margaret D. Learmont (collected), 2s. 9d., E. J. F., 2s., C. Schellenberger, 1s., "One who wishes it every success," 2s. 6d., Nessie, 5s., Two Sisters, 6d., Nellie Wilkinson, 4d., Vivien Stannard, 6d., "A girl of 27," 1s., "That Imp," 2s. 6d., "Appreciative" (5s. per annum), 5s., Daffodil, 7d., Margaret S. Hall, 5s., Some Readers of the "G.O.P.," 6d., Florence, 1s., Eisseb Esor (2s. 6d. per annum), 2s. 6d., Working Girl, 2s. 6d., E. A. (collected), 7s. 6d., E. M. S., 2s. 6d., "Auntie," 2s., P. and F. Donkin, 2s. 6d., Elizabeth Grierson (collected), 7s., Maria L. Hall, 2s. 6d., Stockwell Violet, 12s. 10d., Jessie J. Deacon, 1s., S. B. J., 1s., Allie, 2s. 6d., A Sincere Well-wisher (collected), 1s. 6d., Only a Servant-girl, 1s., Nurse Linven, 2s., Housemaid, 2s., K. P. (collected), 15s., Nurse Agnes, 2s., May Day, 5s., An Overworked Governess, 1s., M. H., 1s. 6d., Miss Williams, 1s., H. R. C., 1s., Rose Savory (collected), 1s. 6d., E. T. Norman (collected), 5s., Mignonette, 1s., "Girl's Benevolent Society, Coxhoe," per S. Cowburn, 5s., M. H., 5s., Margaret Turnbull, 5s., Loo (Australia), 10s., Collected by M. Smith, Beech Cottage, 8s., Carrie Senior, 1s., Emma Pugh, 2s., Edith F. Cross, 1s. 6d., J. H. B. M., 1s. 6d., Emily C. Boyle (collected), £1 6s. 6d., J. B. and E. N. T. (10s. per annum), 12s., Anon (in stamps), 1s., A. J. B., 1s. 3d., M. Wiles, 1s., F. S. H., 2s., M. G., 6d., Little Nellie (2s. 6d. per annum), 5s., Rosina (5s. per annum), 5s., Agnes C. (3s. 6d. per annum), 3s. 6d., Lilly Samuel (collected), 11s. 6d., Primrose, 2s., Ivy Snowdrop, 2s., Riverside, 5s., Kitty, 1s., Two Anglo-Indians, 2s., Bertha and Edith, 2s., Miss Hall, 2s. 6d., Teresa, 1s., A. D. B., (Manchester), 1s. 6d., M. H., 1s., Ginty, 1s., Alice S. Wright (annual), 2s. 6d.

Total amount received up to May 30, £159.

THREE MANTLES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

We have arrived this year at halcyon days for the manufacturers of mantles—they are in universal demand; and to-day, whatever the weather, either chilly or very hot, and however young the wearer, it seems a necessity to wear a mantle. Doubtless, mantles are not now what they once were; they are no longer in any degree wraps, and form really an additional attraction even to the best of figures, while they play the charitable part of covering up thin shoulders and equally unsightly arms, and hide the too evident *embonpoint* of middle age, with their graceful falling pendants of jet and light frillings of lace. Still, however, in spite of the fact that mantles are the correct things to wear, one saw ladies driving in the Park, as well as in the town, with no outer covering, even in open carriages, and that, too, in the many chilly days of May, when the wind was east or north-easterly, and no one could call it warm. I often wonder, when I see these insufficiently-clad ladies, what becomes of them, and ask myself whether they do not suffer for their undue exposure in neuralgia and general loss of health. In addition to the discomfort and dreariness of being cold, they never look as pretty and cosy as if they were comfortably wrapped up, and had the appearance of enjoying their drive. Everyone who passes them says, "Poor things, how cold they must be!" for, nowadays we are beginging to have more common sense about things, and the mere outward show does not perhaps impress us so much as in past days. The figure and the gown may be fine, but we feel the discomfort of the lack of proper covering. As some of our girls are inclined to err in this manner, it is well they should know that the comments of the bystanders are not all those of admiration; and they are often thought silly and even unprincipled in taking no care for health.

As will be seen by our many illustrations, the mantles are of every shape and style, and are suitable to all ages. The lady on the extreme left of our seaside sketch wears one of the long lace scarves that are so much liked and worn, and that look so very graceful on some people. Some of the most popular summer mantles are really close-fitting jackets, without sleeves, save fitted ones, and with the basques richly ornamented.

LONG LACE SCARF AND NEW SHAPES OF MANTLES FOR THE SEASIDE.

SUMMER DRESSES AND THIN TWEED AND FLANNEL JACKETS.

Some quite glitter with jet, and for others both silver and coloured beads are used. The small black velvet mantles are extremely pretty, and are likely to be used in any of the summer or autumn months in this uncertain climate.

The pretty little cloth jackets which I have illustrated are most useful and wisely-designed additions to our preparation for the seaside and travelling season. Dark blue, dark brown, grey-black, tan, and beige are all fashionable colours; and the modes of cutting are as various as possible. The two young ladies on the left of our illustration, who are shown in jackets, are as good examples as any of the newest styles; and the white cloth jacket with its black *revers* is very elegant. In the background of this picture one of this season's embroidered dresses is seen, and the way it is made, *i.e.*, with a full, crossed-over front and a band in folds, with a sash at the back. We are quite crazy on the subject of sashes this year, and bestow them liberally on every dress, whether it requires them or not. Certainly, for half-worn dresses they are a very timely addition, and quite freshen them up. Some of them are put on at the back, like an additional back breadth; and the top of the sash is made to fall in loose Bedouin-pleats, like the dress pleats. The end of the applied sash reaches to the edge of the gown, and usually consists of a breadth of watered silk or plain *faille*. These need not be expensive, and either of them will greatly freshen a dress in its middle age.

All the new hats have a great many flowers on them; in fact, it is quite a flower year. Some of the bunches, especially those of lilac, are quite gigantic; and instead of being arranged in an artificial stiff fashion, they are allowed to hang as loosely and as lightly as possible—just, in fact, as nature herself would hang them. All kinds of real natural grasses, reeds, and even lavender twigs are treated by some preparation which makes them hard and firm, and used in millinery instead of artificial substitutes. Some of the really English hats, which were seen at the private views of the Grosvenor, Royal Academy, and the New Gallery, were very large and most peculiar in shape, and were bent about in every direction. One lady at the last-named gallery wore a hat with a very wide brim, which was turned up at the back and at both sides, leaving the front in a kind of square shovel, turned up at the sides. The crown of this was low, and the turned-up sides were tied on the top of the crown with black ribbons in small bows; there was no other trimming. A great many turban hats were seen, generally trimmed with wide ribbon; and many wore bonnets made of white and coloured cloth; while one lady sported an erection that looked as if it were made of chamois natural-coloured leather.

Veils are as much worn as ever, and are made of spotted net, or with very fine floral patterns. The spider-net veils are so fashionable still that one sees them everywhere. This is probably owing to their extreme becomingness to every face. The generality of the gloves seen are contrasts to the dress worn, and match the bonnet, if that be of a different colour. But for all ordinary use, dog-skin, chevrette, with the backs widely stitched, with tan or yellow to match, or with black, are popular. Swede gloves are also much worn, and silk seem as popular as ever, and are worn to match the dress, and very long up the arms, so as to meet the dress sleeve, which is rather shorter than usual this year, even for walking dresses. I have seen several attempts to use the old-fashioned white stocking this year, but I do not think they will ever be brought in for everyday use again, more especially in London. Patent leather shoes—I regret to say, as they are decidedly unwholesome to wear, either wholly of that, or partly of kid—are most worn; and there are quantities of the tan-leather shoes, but whether they will be used or not I cannot say; I think they make the foot look large and clumsy. Dark blue stockings seem the choice of the best dressed women and girls, now no longer as a badge, when black is not chosen. A great many cloth dresses with pinked-out edges have either hats or bonnets to match, trimmed with the dress material pinked out also as a decoration.

The effort to revive the trade of Spitalfields is one which should interest all who care for home manufactures. It is only a very few years since this district was the centre of an immense trade. Forty years ago 100,000 people were employed in it, and 25,000 looms

busy in the making of silks. Now barely 1,000 are employed; and one of our best West-end firms, Messrs. Liberty and Co., have a loom and a weaver from the East-end at work, to show the process of manufacturing those famous black silks that gave their great reputation to the looms of Spitalfields. They were of pure silk, without glaze or weighting, and were likely to wear without any greasy look or cracked marks in its folds. There are also splendid brocades made at the same place, for either dress or upholstery; the weaving being most artistic, and the designs either old Italian or else copies of old specimens of Spitalfields work. 10s. 6d. a yard is the sum charged for the black silks, and they are warranted to stand wear and tear and look well to the last. Let us hope that this effort to awaken an ancient and most celebrated

OPEN-FRONTED DIRECTOIRE JACKET, FOR WALKING OR INDOOR DRESS.

silk industry may be successful, and that our women will be contented to pay, as their mothers did, a better price for a better article.

I have omitted to mention the fact that bronze kid appears to be in great favour, and that one of the leading West-end tradesmen has been making some boots for the young Princesses of Wales. They are very high, and the buttons and the heels match the boots in colour. I hear that bronze will be worn both for the day and the evening this year. The newest tennis shoes of the season have ankle straps, and are made of all kinds of leather, so long as it is soft and pliable. For evening shoes much embroidery is used, and beads give a very lustrous effect. In fact, since the days round skirts came in we have quite changed our ideas on the subject, and deserted our unornamented satin and kid shoes for others quite as much and as elaborately ornamented as during the reign of "good Queen Bess."

A very great wish is shown to bring forward Irish poplins this year; and some of those that I have been shown are truly beautiful as regards colour. All the prettiest tints of the season are represented, in both light and dark shades, grey amongst other colours; and the greens are peculiarly pretty. Others are striped; the best designs being two-inch stripes, either plain or formed of a number of small stripes of satin. Then there are brocades and tartans, all of which will be suitable for under-dresses, in combination with plain poplins or silks, or else with cashmere.

The choice of washing materials this year is really immense. Of all of them the new "Zephyrs" are perhaps the most charming. In these as in the prints, stripes and small cords and conventional floral designs are the newest. Foulards and washing silks are in high favour, and seem to offer the most useful of all our materials for general use in town, when the summer season shall have fairly set in. They look stylish, are suitable for all occasions, and are exceedingly comfortable in wear, being light and firm in texture at the same time. Shot silks of all kinds are found amongst the summer dresses, and are generally trimmed with beads to match in colour, and shot in the same tints. The hat or bonnet is then made to match the two colours selected.

Many of the dresses are made with polonaises, and as many more with the *redingote*, which the revival of the Empire fashions has brought out again amongst us. The difference between the *redingote* and the polonaise is that the bodices of the former are always open, to show the under-skirt and bodice, generally the whole way down, but they may meet at the waist and be fastened with a buckle, opening again below. The back of the *redingote* is generally pleated, and hangs in straight, undraped folds at the back. The polonaise may have the bodice closed or open, and the skirt also, but they are generally draped at the back, and have the appearance of being more like a dress than a *redingote*. The liking for tea-gowns has brought back a liking for the Princess robe; and I see many of these (not for morning use, however) with short dresses, but for the evening with trained skirts. Then comes the question of the "dress improver," about which most people are interested. To tell the truth, amongst the best-dressed women and girls in the Row very little effect of it is to be seen. There is a certain amount of *tournure*, as the French call it, but it is very little, hardly more than would be given by one steel, which is really the amount now put into most dresses by the leading dressmakers, or just sufficient to support the gathered portion of the dress. So when you see anything extreme in this way, you will know at once that it is not in the best taste.

Velvets and good velveteens are quite in favour, and we are promised more of these two old favourites in the future. The improvements made in the manufacture of velveteen are so great, that a good one is now as soft and pliable as silk, and the range of choice in colours is very large; every shade and tint is being represented.

Pinking the edges of ruching has been largely superseded by "notching" them, or rather "toothing" them out, which is simply done with scissors. This makes a very pretty ruche, and is worn as an ornament to pelisses or *redingotes*. One of the best known of our female artists wore, at the private view of the New Gallery, a pelisse of blue and yellowish shot silk, edged all round with a notched-out ruching. The skirt of the pelisse was cut up the back to the waist, and the ruching carried up on either side. The peculiar characteristic of this garment was that the fitting of it at the back was done by making several small tucks, set upright on either side of the back; the wide sleeves being also tucked at the top and down to the elbow to contrast them.

When one sees many well-dressed women together, in the Park, for instance, one notices how completely black has been adopted as an English fashion. If we go on thus we shall become a nation of Spaniards in our taste for it. The addition of jet to it makes it at once becoming and dressy; and in view of the multitude of materials and colours—the wonderful choice amongst all—no wonder quiet people who wish to look their best rely on black; in which, at least, they cannot make the dreadful mistakes which in the days of colours they saw their neighbours make, and about which everyone else talked so much.

The paper pattern for the month is the model of an open-fronted "Directoire" jacket and vest, for walking or indoor dress. This will be found a very useful and stylish method of making up a summer or autumn costume. The vest buttons down the front, and may be of a different material, if desired, to the rest of the jacket. There are nine pieces to the pattern, viz, the front of the jacket and the front of the waistcoat, back and side pieces, collar, and two sleeve pieces. This pattern is suitable for woollen dresses, or else for velvet and wool, or velvet and silk. It may be trimmed all round with ball trimming, or else with beaded passementerie.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.," price 1s. each. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and remaking at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may know of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoast (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, new spring mantle, and new polonaise.

DEBORAH: POET AND MUSICAL COMPOSER.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," etc.

THE history of the Israelites is one of continual rebellion, judgment, and recall. The spirit that kept them so long in the wilderness was not chastened into lasting submission by fiery trial or by fresh experiences of the "mercy that endureth for ever."

Great was the gladness and thankfulness of heart when the goodly land was entered upon, when the walls of Jericho fell at the blowing of the rams' horns, and they obtained some victory over the original possessors of the land; but such emotions soon yielded to those of selfishness, ambition, and creature love. They lusted after the gods of their enemies, made alliance with their daughters, copied heathen license, and broke God's Holy law until He was often provoked to withdraw from them His favour, and deliver them into the hands of one or other of the powerful kings of Canaan until they should repent.

Successively then were they delivered into the bands of the Moabites, Ammonites, and Amalekites.

They were still under a theocracy; but from the days of Moses and Joshua till the time of Saul, affairs were conducted by judges raised up at intervals by God. On these men His Spirit rested; they were instruments of the divine will. There were intervals in which there was no judge in Israel; but as sure as ever need for one arose, a man appeared of God's own raising, to deliver His people from oppression, and to exercise under Him the powers of a sovereign.

Strange to say that among these judges we have one woman—a woman whose high, natural qualities, force of character, and loyalty to religion made her transcend all the men of her time, to whom the sceptre of authority would naturally have passed.

The same God, however, who put woman in subjection, distinguished her, to show His people, perhaps, that obedience, nobleness of soul, uprightness in administration with the singing-robe of praise she always wore, were more in favour of her exaltation than the consideration of her sex could be against it.

The Canaanites were undergoing their third term of servitude, a term which lasted twenty years, when she, Deborah, arose, delighting not in the proud title of queen, but in the softer dignity of a mother in Israel.

A brave, warlike spirit too, with all her tenderness, was this Deborah, for her star arose in troublous times. Her children threatened to become a prey to the lion who, baffled when the Lord was their keeper, might spring upon them now that His protection was withdrawn. Deborah's heart was tender as a mother's, but it was as courageous and strong as the leopard's, that dies to defend its young. She, too, was like Miriam—a poetess. Her utterances were fraught with prophetic inspiration, and her song abounded in fine bold imagery. The harp-like chords of her being were struck with alternate confidence in God and scorn of the oppressor, while through them vibrated a ring of disdain for the tribes who dwelt at ease, and came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Her keen vision perhaps foresaw that, independently of them, He would by a weak instrument overthrow the terrible one.

We know little of her except that she was the wife of Lapidoth, or the words may be translated a woman of Lapidoth; and she dwelt under the palm tree of Deborah, between Ramah and Bethel, in Mount Ephraim, and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment.

Both in religious and civil affairs she was supreme, the first woman to hold the reins of government. God's minister, the holder of His secrets—truly she must have been a grand character. The date-palm under which she sat was a fitting emblem of herself.

No world-enthroned royalty, with diadem on brow, has ever looked more royal than she, as she sat on Mount Ephraim, within the green shadows of her palm, to give judgment to those who came to her. What must have been the moral power in this woman, what the divine, that the men of a race who held women as inferior, should defer to her counsel, and be obedient to the word she spoke to them?

The power was of the Lord. To Him Deborah gave all the glory. No consciousness of self, but as a chosen instrument ever dispelled the charm of a sacredness that attached to her person by virtue of her office.

The cry of the children of Israel came up into her ears, and she perhaps was ready to say, "How long, Lord, how long?" for the servitude was indeed bitter. They were in the hands of Jabin, king of Canaan, a descendant probably of the Jabin who had been defeated by Joshua. The captain of his host was Sisera, of Harosheth, and he had nine hundred chariots, such as the ancient Britons are said to have used, chariots armed with iron scythes, and he mightily oppressed the children of Israel.

At last God's *apparent* indifference to their cry and Deborah's prayers gave way.

When He begins He can make a quick ending. Now He gives to Deborah the guidance for which she evermore looked up to Him, and some token of the overthrow that the redoubtable captain was to sustain at the river Kishon.

On this Deborah sent and called Barak, the son of Abinoam, out of Kedesh Naphtali, that she might make him general of the armies that were to proceed against Sisera.

She did not pretend to act on her own responsibility. She told him that God had commanded the children of Israel to draw near to Tabor, as an inducement to him to accept the command, and she communicated also God's promise to her, that he might be inspired with confidence.

Barak was a brave man, and did not shrink from the generalship, but he would only accept it on one condition—Deborah must go up also.

It was a strange proposal to make to a woman, even to a sovereign woman. She was not wanted there to fight. Why should she be compelled to witness the terrible scenes of battle, and have her ears filled with its discords? Why could she not remain at peace beneath her palm tree, waiting for the tidings that some swift courier must bring her?

Barak's fear was that without Deborah he might miss the right moment for the attack, and so the battle might be lost. He was not privileged to know the mind of the Lord.

Deborah did not keep him one moment in suspense. She did not wait to consider whether she would like it or not, but with characteristic decision and promptitude replied that she would certainly go up with him.

She told him, though, that the journey would not be for his honour, for the Lord would sell Sisera into the hand of a woman.

It might be inferred from this that her very presence on the scene would divert the honour to her that belonged to Barak; but it is more likely that the words were a prediction of the manner in which Sisera met his death by the hand of Jael.

Barak at once called Zebulon and Naphtali to Kedesh. They proved worthy of the summons, having, according to Deborah's celebration, "jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field."

He went up with ten thousand infantry, and he took his oracle with him. So they drew toward Mount Tabor, within the plains of Esdraelon, a mountain from whose spacious plateau might be seen the blue waves of the Mediterranean and of the Sea of Galilee.

Over against the river Kishon they encamped, and the presence of such a numerous army soon attracted observation and suspicion. A stray family of Kenites, descendants of the father-in-law of Moses, went and told Sisera, either from a desire to expedite matters or from a fear lest their own serenity should be disturbed.

Sisera thought that he could come with his scythed chariots, scatter Barak's army of foot soldiers, and in order to show the Israelites his vast resources, and so deter them from ever making war on him again, he gathered all the people that were with him, from Harosheth of the Gentiles unto the river of Kishon. From their high vantage ground, near the summit of the mount, Deborah and Barak could see the mighty host advance.

They saw the scythes of Sisera's nine hundred chariots glitter in the sun; but some trust in chariots, some in horses; their trust was in Him who had made for His people a way through the Red Sea, and had brought its crystal walls down upon the presumptuous host who followed them.

At last the decisive moment had come. Barak had waited on Deborah, Deborah upon the Lord. The front ranks of the army had reached the river Kishon, and Deborah's words sound in Barak's ear with all the pomp of a military réveillée.

"Up, for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand; is not the Lord gone out before thee?"

So, fearlessly as an eagle swoops down from its crag upon its unconscious prey below, Barak and his ten thousand made their descent upon a host that far outnumbered them.

They had no scythed chariots, no wonderful artillery of war, but they followed in the lead of the Lord, "who is a man of war," and had gone out before them.

Great discomfiture fell upon Sisera. His host knew not who was with Barak; but they fled before his sword. Even the scythed chariots wheeled round and rolled their dreadful engines of destruction amongst their own flying ranks.

Men fell on flying feet, and were scattered on every side. Even Sisera started from his chariot and ran forward, his only instinct being self-preservation. Panic had done its work of confusion, and Sisera's hosts, his chariots and horses had availed him nought. Fleeing from death upon the battle-field, he was unconsciously hurrying on to a death which he would have held in much greater dread, because of its deep dishonour.

His brain was possessed of but one idea.

Heber the Kenite lived hard by; between him and the king Jabin of Hazor was peace, a peace established by covenant; therefore he thought that he had nothing to fear from Heber's family. They would not only be willing to protect him—they would feel bound to do so. But he would ask for a hiding-place in the tent of Jael, Heber's wife. No one would

look for him there. It was a rigid point in Eastern etiquette that no man entered uninvited a woman's tent. Women were not at liberty to receive strangers in their own tent; so that Sisera felt that if she would but take him in he would be in security until this whirlwind-like army had swept by.

The sequel is indeed tragic. Jael went out to meet him, tenderly invited the weary man to enter her tent, and take the rest he so much needed, covered him with a mantle, that in his heated condition he might not take cold, and assuaged his thirst with rich cream that she had by her, bringing it to him, as a mark of respect, on a dish of choice workmanship.

Sisera felt that he might fully trust himself to her. Even the mortification of his defeat was swallowed up in the longing for a few moments of sleep, so he asked her to stand in the doorway, and if she were asked, deny that there was anyone inside.

Jael stood where she was requested, and soon became aware by the deep, long breathing of the exhausted man that she had now the chief captain of the Gentile hosts completely in her power.

Then this fair-seeming nurse of tired humanity underwent a strange metamorphosis. With a gleam of exultation and of merciless hate in her dark eyes, she crept stealthily up to the prostrate form, standing over it with a hammer in one hand and a tent nail in the other.

"To attack a weary man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name."

Her woman-breast, however, was not to be moved from its stern resolve by any such delicate, chivalrous impulses. In a moment a strong, deliberate blow has been struck that has sent the nail through the temples into the floor that pillowed them.

The man could hardly open his eyes on her treachery ere they closed again in the sleep of death.

Meanwhile Barak was still in pursuit. Amid all the confusion he had managed to keep upon Sisera's track. It may be that he would have passed by Jael's tent with scarcely a thought of who lived there; but she was on the alert for him, eager to show her victim.

She came out to him and said, "Come, and I will show thee the man whom thou seekest. And when he came into her tent, behold, Sisera lay dead, and the nail was in his temples. So God subdued on that day Jabin the king of Canaan before the children of Israel."

After this signal deliverance from the yoke of the oppressor, the poet-soul of Deborah awoke, and as God's prophetess she sang His praise in strains the most impassioned, yet most pictorially, most poetically true.

The more we look into the imagery of her celebration, the more shall we appreciate its exquisite perfection as a Commemoration Ode.

It is written in parts: one part being designed for Barak, the other for herself. Whether it was sustained by themselves alone, or joined in by the people, we cannot be sure; but the probability is that they two upraised the strain of joy and praise, in the hearing of the elders and chief men of the congregation, singing it in alternate verses or stanzas.

The invocation, "Hear, O ye kings!" is evidently a proud admonition to the heathen royalties around to take to heart the overthrow of their powerful neighbours, and to learn from it that their gods cannot deliver them from the God of Israel when He arises to make an end.

It is a swift and easy transition from her appeal to the Most High, in which she majestically alludes to the manifestation of His power and glory, with which He had favoured the chosen people, and to the giving of the law.

She ascribes the confusion and anarchy into which the Israelites had fallen, to their sins; bandits infesting the highways, and travellers obliged to forsake them for byways through very fear; the villages no longer safe to live in, until that she Deborah arose—a mother in Israel; a mother with a mother's voice, calling the people out of their sins, and pleading with God on their behalf. Her heart warms towards those who responded to the summons to war; to Zebulon and Naphtali, for the tribe of Reuben was divided among themselves, and great uneasiness was felt as to whether loyalty to God or selfish interest would prevail.

Indignantly she asks them, "Why abodest thou among the sheepfolds to hear the bleatings of the flocks?" and does not spare to rebuke Gilead, Dan, and Asher.

"Gilead abode beyond Jordan, and why did Dan remain in ships? Asher continued on the seashore, and abode in his breaches," making the defence of these an excuse. But the nobles among all of them, who rode royally on the shining white asses, might know that God was with Barak and his footmen.

The river Kishon overflowed its banks, or a thunderstorm beat in the face of the enemy, so the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

"The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon" ("Oh, my soul!" she exclaims parenthetically, "thou too like a swift, swollen, onrushing river, hast trodden down strength. In the time of the overflowing of thy full emotion God has made thee terrible.")

In the retreat urged over the hard and flinty roads the horses' hoofs were broken. They pranced in pain and uneasiness, maiming one another, and useless to their riders.

Her indignation against those who were idle and sat at ease, reaches its climax against Meroz, as she sounds in the ears of its inhabitants the curse which she had heard Barak, the Lord's angel or messenger, pronounce on them for their indifference:

"Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof: because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be," alluding to the reputation in which she shall be held by her sex, for an act in which they would glory for its heroism, and for the humiliation it brought on the relatives of the unfortunate Sisera.

As a painter with a few sweeping strokes of the brush sometimes presents to the eye a scene with greater impression and force than is always conveyed by a minute and careful delineation, she describes Jael's reception of the illustrious fugitive, and the stroke that bowed him and laid him at her feet.

And here too she avails herself of poetic license to heighten the effect, for the man we know was prostrate in sleep, and the blow with the hammer that pinned his head to the ground did not take it off.

Either from knowledge of Sisera's mother or from her own estimate of the vanity and folly of the Canaanitish women, Deborah pictures her as looking forward to his return that day, in supreme confidence that he was victor, and in hope of the gay spoils he would bring to her. The political issues of the conflict, the reflection that there must be slain and wounded on the field, does not concern her.

Her head is full of the gold he will have taken; of the beautiful captive girls that may be added to her train, and of adornments for her person in rich needlework, which the Israelitish women had learned from the Egyptians, and in which they excelled.

She dwelt not in a tent, but in a latticed house. She looked through her lattice, for in the jealous East the women's apartments were carefully guarded to prevent their communication with the outside world. It was easy to look out of them, but no one could see in. Straining for the first sound of his chariot wheels, she grew impatient at the delay, till her wise ladies showed her how unreasonable was her haste, and she returned answer to herself, "Does not the division of the spoil detain them long?"

Her heart beat with exultation as she pictured their employment. "Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey? To every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?"

On this vain-glorious reverse it is most meet to let the curtain fall. Ill would it have become a woman-poet to have lifted it upon her abasement and the anguish of her disappointment.

We can conjecture the revulsion of feeling. Deborah is silent upon it, only lifting her eyes heavenward, and saying words the substance of which have been repeated at many a state execution, not in the name of the heavenly potentate, but of the earthly one. "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

After this the land had rest forty years. We hear no more of Deborah. She was raised up for a great crisis. Like the storm-bird, it was given to her to spread her wings to the blast and ride over it. When the tempest had passed by she most probably remained on folded wing beneath her palm-tree, and spent her remaining years in the brooding peace and quietness that might be wished for a mother in Israel.

Her character stands out to us in marvellous boldness and clearness. The flash of the diamond needs no touch of ours to make its splendour felt.

The period is a deeply interesting one. Mighty events were decided by the conduct of two women. The moral judgment on Jael must, we think, await the Great Assize. No one would envy her the reputation that her strategy and decision won for her. The sacred historian does not help us to decide whether she was right or wrong. The prediction which was carried out by her means no more excuses her than prophecy is an excuse for the men who put our Saviour to death.

Jael violated the covenant her husband had made with Jabin. She dishonoured also those rites of hospitality which in the East are held so sacred. She abused the confidence of a worn and weary man. To steal upon him sleeping seems cowardly, though it is celebrated as heroic. There was treachery in her every word and look.

Yet in justification of her it may be urged that she never approved of her husband's league with Jabin, which was an iniquitous one; that God had delivered Sisera into her hands as a judgment on him for his multiplied offences, and that she told no actual falsehood.

For ourselves we can hardly incline to this view, as it is so very hard to reconcile it with the requirements of God's law, as He has written it on the fleshly tables of man's heart. For though God's paths are in the deep and His judgments are not known, He never leads man into the violation of what is holy and just and good. On the sacred pages of the Bible we have often a mere statement of facts, and we are not informed as to the mind of the Lord concerning them.

It is so in this case, for even Deborah's celebration of Jael's deed can only be looked at from a military standpoint; its moral aspect was not included in a song that moved on as swiftly as an arrow to its mark.

Of Deborah, however, there can be no doubt. We need hardly recapitulate the lessons she has taught us. The consecration of exceptional gifts to the service of God and our

fellow-men, the cultivation of patriotic sentiment, forgetfulness of self, and the ascription of every success and temporal honour to the God who made us for His glory, and who is the fountain of all our good; and from her song we may be taught the sin of sitting at ease in our homes, and not identifying ourselves with such Christian enterprise as may be within our reach; coming as far as we can, if with only a sling and a stone, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Are we like Reuben, subjects of great searchings of heart, because we fear that some of our time and money is wanted for God; but we cannot bear to part with any of it, and least of all to give ourselves to the work for which so many labourers are wanted? Have we hearts that glow with charitable impulses when we hear the missionary cause pleaded in Exeter Hall, and are told of the need of toilers among the poor, uncared-for little ones; or of visitors to the sick and dying? and then does the quickly kindled fire burn to ashes while we leave others to do the work? Do we remain in our own ships in port, instead of helping to man the lifeboat? Do we sit with queen-like Asher in our creeks, and speak of breaches that want defending, as an excuse for not going up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, or giving a hand to repair breaches in His house? If so we shall never have our names spoken with those who have had zeal for God, and have aided to bring in His glorious kingdom of peace and righteousness.

It may be our shame to have lived delicately and as a lady, while some of our nobler sisters have not spared to put a lily hand into the mire of this world, that they might bring out of it lost jewels for the crown of the Redeemer.

Deborah's song has preached a sermon to us. We must not let its echoes die away from memory, as the "song of one who has a very pleasant voice."

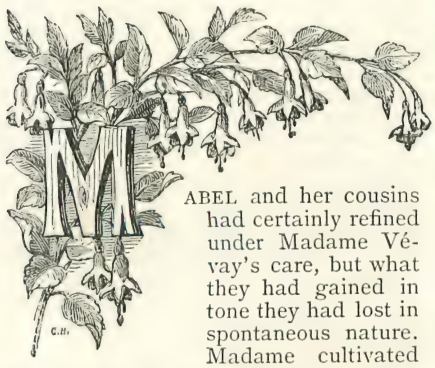
It must be more to us than that: for we too are surrounded by enemies, and given into bondage by cause and consequence of sin; and to us also victory is ensured, if we put on a cheerful courage, and contend in the strength to all who ask.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.



MABEL and her cousins had certainly refined under Madame Vévay's care, but what they had gained in tone they had lost in spontaneous nature. Madame cultivated her charges to move in society; their three years' training had been of this world, worldly. Grace, art, and fashion were the three dominant articles of her creed. The culture of hearts and souls did not come within the category of her duties. Manners, music, dancing, drawing, languages, were the chief items of the curriculum. At the close of the stipulated, unbroken course, Madame sent the young ladies forth as samples of her "success in civilising barbarians."

Their voices were lower, they were unembarrassed in the presence of strangers, could enter or leave a room with graceful dignity, could receive and entertain visitors unexceptionally, had the newest code of etiquette at command, and spoke with a refreshing suggestiveness that French, and not English, was their mother tongue.

Mabel had not been at home twelve hours before Stephen Heathfield fell foul of her reiterated "*ma mère, mon père,*" proud as he was of her refined tone and bearing.

"Speak English, Mab," he said; "my ears are not tuned to French phrases. The good old English 'father' and 'mother' have served the Heathfields for uncounted generations, and I'll have naught else."

His tone was peremptory, so she shrugged her shoulders and was silent. But up in their bedroom that night she expressed to Phillis her amazement that she had been sent away to learn a language she was not to use, and professed herself "absolutely shocked at the coarse voices and speech of the people about home," at which Phillis coloured, and bit her lip to keep back a retort.

Mabel's home-coming was the signal for a series of sweeping innovations at Upland Farm, desirable or otherwise. Owing partly to the diplomatic representations of her Aunt Rivers to Madame, exaggerated notions of her father's position as a landowner in the county had been fostered. She had met as a pupil with the daughter of a Major Hylton, of the Redlands, near Little Woolton, and, with her aunt's example before her, aspired to vie with their aristocratic neighbours.

She had never applied herself to household affairs, as had her mother and younger sister, and her artificial existence in a different atmosphere made the daily routine of simple duties and pleasures insupportable, as was the homeliness of her surroundings.

"It is perfectly monstrous to find the dining-room in constant occupation, as if we had no second apartment, and had no knowledge of the usages of good society," she remarked to Phillis one night a few weeks after her return, whilst the latter was, as of old, doing duty as lady's-maid. "If you and Robert are not ashamed to entertain Miss Hope and Hubert Underwood where meals are eaten and father smokes his pipe, I should be sorry to receive my friends there. Fancy the disgust of Miss Hylton or Miss Sheperton at such a state of things, even if Arthur Rivers and his sisters were tolerant. I shall bring the drawing-room into daily use."

Phillis thought to herself, "Miss Sheperton is not stuck up; she comes to see mother in either room." But she only replied, "Well, you will have to settle that with mother. Our new maid Ann is sure to object to the extra work it will occasion. She is neither so willing nor so capable as Jenny was. But perhaps she will not grumble to do the sweeping and the fireplaces, if you do not mind dusting the things afterwards."

"Dust the things, indeed!" was the indignant ejaculation of Madame Vévay's pupil. "What next? Imagine Miss Sheperton dusting a drawing-room!"

And without defiling her dainty fingers with a duster, Mabel contrived to bring the drawing-room into daily use, though the farmer did say "Humph!" and for a long while cling to the cosy corner, where he had been wont to smoke the pipe of peace; and although she saw the despised duster in the hands of her sister, who came to the relief of the housemaid, taking charge of the ornaments, pictures, and all that was fragile or smashable by hurried and untoward fingers.

The first night of her return Mabel had made an outcry against the old pianoforte.

She pronounced it "execrable, no better than a jingling tin-kettle!" and declared "it was utterly impossible to bring any tone out of the old thing, or to sing to it."

"Phillis finds no fault with the instrument," interposed Mrs. Heathfield, rather quickly.

"Oh, Phillis!" and the dimpled shoulders went up in a shrug caught from Madame, "she would put up with anything. Besides, she has had no proper musical training, has no knowledge of any instrument better than this, which is only fit for a child to strum upon."

"Don't you depreciate the musical capacity of Phillis," cried Bob, who had just come into the room. "I'll be bound she knows pretty well as much as you do, if no one has taught her but Aunt Pringle, and she has only practised on 'a tin-kettle.' If you can persuade father to substitute a better instrument for this good-old-has-been, no one will say nay. Phillis herself deserves something better, and she will know the difference, I warrant you."

Mabel did not find persuasion a very difficult matter. Who so willing as she to display her newest musical attainments.

for her father's gratification? Who more petulantly annoyed when strings broke or the insufficient compass of the keys stopped her elaborate performance in the midst, and compelled her to select other compositions, with like result? Who so charmingly irresistible as she when, with her dimpled arms around his neck, she declared that "all the money spent on her for music would be thrown away if she had no better instrument to finger"?

Did Stephen Heathfield suspect how skilfully she played on that more delicate instrument, the human heart, as he listened to her suggestions? Not he. He was so delighted to have his winsome favourite at home again that he could deny nothing to her coaxing and caressing.

Before many weeks went by, he and the pony phaeton stopped at Pilgrim Place; Miss Phillis Penelope Pringle was handed in with all deference, and the pair drove together to Great Woolton. The little lady had more than once in an emergency officiated as organist at Shepperley church, and on the strength of the vicar's frequent assertion that there was no better judge of an organ or a pianoforte than Miss Pringle for twenty miles round, Farmer Heathfield had invited her experience to supplement his ignorance in a secret purchase.

She was quite in a flutter of satisfaction at the request to act as referee. "I have long deplored that Phillis Penelope was compelled to practise on so poor a pianoforte. It will be a perfect pleasure to assist in providing her and her sister with one of tone and compass to do justice to the play of a proficient," said she, with a smile, as they drove away.

The two girls brimmed over with delight when, without a premonitory word from the purchaser, the music-dealer's van stopped at the garden gate and a space had to be cleared in the drawing-room for the reception of a piece of furniture voted by general consent "too handsome for the other room."

Mabel's gratification was effusive; thanks and kisses were showered upon the giver, whilst Phillis, equally delighted, came forward shyly with her contribution of gratitude.

Stephen and Miss Pringle—representing liberality and capacity—had made a worthy gift to the girls, whose evident pleasure was to the former ample repayment. He sat down, without his pipe, and for nearly an hour listened proudly to the well-trained voice and brilliantly executed operatic music of his beautiful darling. But when Bob cried out, "Come, Mab, I think it is Philly's turn now," and she resigned her seat to her sister, the father had an undefined sensation of overstrained attention, gradually relaxing and toned to harmony.

The younger girl's style was less florid, her selections were chiefly from oratorios, but the new instrument gave effect to her touch, and wakened her father to the consciousness that she was not far behind Mabel, after all.

But it was a long while before he was fully awake to all the changes that box of slumbering sound inaugurated. It was not alone that he had to forsake his customary corner and drag himself to the opposite room if he would benefit by Mabel's chief accomplishment. The black enamelled case, and the freshness of the silk under the fretwork, made the well-kept furniture that had done duty for twenty years dingy beside it; and a general renovation was pronounced absolutely imperative.

Barbara sighed. All the memorable associations that clung to the crimson damask furniture and hangings, to the once bright Brussels carpet, laid down for her reception as a bride, vanished when the newly æstheticised upholsterer substituted chairs and sofas cushioned with a subdued tone of moss-green plush, a thickly-piled Axminster carpet to harmonise therewith, and window draperies of tapestry that seemed to bid defiance to the afternoon sun: when her polished walnut-wood centre-table and chairs were banished to the disused nursery to create a morning room; and when one or two ancient Chippendale chairs and spindle-legged little folding tables were rescued from the lumber-room and furbished up to occupy places of honour, and the panelled walls broke out, as it were, with an eruption of fancy brackets to display her great-grandmother's cracked cups and saucers. And what though the still unworn carpet was transferred to the new morning room, along with other "out of place" articles, and Mabel's water-colour drawings in Oxford frames took the places of old Heathfield portraits? It was only an extra uprooting of sacred memories to her, and no doubt to Stephen also, had he owned it. But his was so much of an outdoor life he could not be expected to feel it so deeply as did his domestic wife.

"I suppose it was necessary," she said, with a sigh, to her Aunt Pringle, who had "popped in" to make herself useful in the midst of the bustle. "At least so Mabel seems to think. Mrs. Rivers has been re-furnishing in the new style to please her girls, and they are as busy as Mabel with crewel-work and macramé for brackets and mantel-boards. We did not hide our marble chimney-pieces when I was married; but times change, and now our young people are growing up and have young friends about them, our old-fashioned notions will have to give way; but what with changes upstairs and down, I scarcely seem to know my own house."

"Poor Barbara! Princess Mabel knows nothing of the precious memories preserved in the home shrine she has prettified and profaned. The prejudices of old people are all for the preservation of places as they were in the past. Young people in the spring of life have preferences for the splendours of the present, and put faith only in the promises of the future. But what possessed Stephen to let Mabel dip so deeply into his pocket for this pantomimic transformation?"

"Oh," replied the scarcely satisfied matron, "Stephen said his beautiful bird desired a more beautiful nest, and should have it. But I think he has already begun to calculate the cost, for he has sent the phaeton to be re-painted and lined instead of buying the new victoria she was hankering after. He told her 'the yeoman must not ape the squire, and what had served for us might serve for her and Bob.'"

"I thought that Stephen would speedily perceive that pride and prudence do not pursue the same path," put in the old lady, as she plied a busy needle; "and I hope he will not think of sending Phillis Penelope to finish at Madame Vévay's."

"Send Phillis! Goodness, no!" was the hasty answer. "I could not spare her. She saves me exertion in many little odd ways, and you know I am not as strong as I was. I'm not satisfied with Madame's French polish; it does not wear well on a farm. And I'm sorry now I was so easily persuaded by Matilda to send Mabel. She has come back graceful and accomplished, I admit, and attracts a good deal of admiration, but she spends so much time before the glass and at the piano, or in visiting with the Rivers' set, or receiving them here, she is no help whatever to me; and, as for lending a hand to Hepsy either in the dairy or the kitchen, —ah, me!" A long drawn sigh completed the sentence, and was more eloquent than words.

At that moment in came Mabel, all smiles and dimples, her blue eyes beaming, the very spirit of persuasion in her tone and manner.

"Mamma, dear," she began, "you would not mind our turning the croquet-lawn into a tennis-ground, would you? Croquet is so ridiculously slow and out of date now. Hyltons have a tennis-court, and Mr. Rivers has consented for Arthur to purchase the nets for one at the villa."

"But, my dear, think of the bees! Suppose a ball were to strike a hive whilst you were playing, the bees would come out in a swarm and attack the players," suggested the mother, as if surprised at the proposal.

"Not if the bee-stand were removed to the western wall, mamma, dear. You will not object to that, I know. Father is willing if you are."

She stole her arm caressingly round her mother's neck as she spoke, and looked into her face with a smile which said, "You surely cannot refuse me so slight a favour."

"The bees might object, dear; their hives have been on the south side of the house as long as I can remember. At all events there can be no change until after they have swarmed, and the bees in the old hives have sunk to their winter sleep. So there is time to think it over."

"Dear me, it is very provoking! I had set my mind on a tennis-court. It is such capital exercise."

"Exercise, my child!" put in Miss Pringle; "you can have that in the hayfield, pleasantly and profitably. When I was young, medical practitioners prescribed bed-making for patients whose ailment was paucity of exercise. Suppose you make your own bed and keep your room in order; or knead the dough for Hepsy on baking day. I promise you the exercise would promote pleasant sensations and prove beneficial."

"Pgh! I hate such antiquated notions!" fell from scornful lips as the young lady turned away.

"Barbara, do you remember once saying that 'Phillis was a bee, Mabel a butterfly?' You will have to put in force your motherly prerogative, and persist in Mabel's attention to household matters as a duty, or she will be a poor fluttering butterfly to the end of her days. And pray, for her soul's good, preserve her from the pernicious example of vain and idle butterflies such as the Rivers girls and their friends. I do not possess much personal knowledge of the Hyltons of Redlands, but I do know that Arthur Rivers has come back from Cambridge, not only plucked, but perilously in debt. I was present when his father called him 'a young profligate,' and refused to pay a penny for him unless he entered the manufactory and turned to business with a will. Prudent mothers preserve their girls from such companions."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated Barbara, helplessly, "how am I to keep the two apart? I cannot turn Matilda's son out of the house when he comes here; and I cannot forbid her going to see her cousins Maud and Laura. I am, however, glad the bees cannot be dislodged this season, if Arthur has turned out so badly. Tennis would have brought him here continually."

The tennis scheme only failed for the time being. It was in full force the following summer, "the pleasant pastime being a pretext for flirtation," as Miss Pringle said, there as elsewhere.

But one of Mabel's pet schemes failed "deplorably," from her point of view. Both the farmer and Hepsy resisted all attempts to subvert the old order of things.

"If Miss Mabel wants late dinners she must come and cook them," said the latter, defiantly. "When are the farming men and maids to get their meals, I should like to know, if dinner is to be served at supper-time? I've been here, girl and woman, nigh on thirty years, but I'll turn my back on the old place before I give in to such new-fangled notions. Ay, and master be of my mind, I know."

He was of her mind decidedly.

"Humph! Late dinners, indeed! I think, Mabel, you are driving your horses a little too fast. If I do farm my own lands, I have to live by them, to put my own hands to the plough as it were, and Bob must do the same. Do you think I can sit down dressed and be-scented to a late dinner every day. If I did the farm would soon go to the dogs."

"All our friends dine late, so does everybody in good society; Mr. Crossley does, and so does Mr. Rivers," said persistent Mabel, not at all pleased.

"They have managers and overlookers, Mab; their business is like clockwork; when the banks close they can leave their manufactories if so inclined. They go late and leave early. I must rise with the lark, take my meals when my men have theirs, and my leisure is regulated by the season and the weather. Call the meals what you like, and dress to receive your own friends, Mabel, but don't interfere any more with my arrangements. We should need a couple more servants if I gave way to all your whims. Perhaps, after all, it is my own fault for humouring my darling too much," and he smoothed her shining hair fondly; "but a farmer's daughter should take some interest in his farm—Phillis does."

That was the last of the late dinner controversy. But Mabel called the mid-day meal luncheon, and the early supper dinner. She indulged her own visitors with "afternoon tea," apart from the genial tea-table across the hall, and always dressed for the evening more decidedly than did either her mother or Phillis.

For one thing Barbara's health was failing, and as the years flew, so gradually on Phillis devolved the charge of linen, china, plate and stores, and as Mabel's visitors threw extra work on her young hands, she had little leisure for personal adornment.

Yet she generally contrived to make one of the group when Hubert spent the Saturday afternoons with them, or when Lucy Hope and her brother came for an hour's chat or a little music, when Bob also managed to be at liberty, and Mabel graciously enraptured them all with her smiles and her songs.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS HENRIETTA WAKELY, Balyburly, Edenderry, King's Co., Ireland, is secretary to a "correspondence class" for arithmetic and geography. Prizes given; send stamped envelope for inquiries.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—The *coco de mer*, or sea cocoa-nut, is the fruit of *Lodoicea seychellarum*. For a long time the origin of these nuts was unknown. They were found floating about in the sea; and it was thought they were the fruit of some marine tree that formed forests at the bottom of the ocean. They may often be seen in museums and cabinets, sometimes highly polished and carved. The tree from which they come is about 50 or 60 ft. high, sometimes even 100 ft., with a straight stem a foot in diameter, rising without any leaves to the top, where it is crowned with a tuft of from twelve to twenty leaves. These are very long, some being 20 ft. and 10 inches wide, with a foot stalk as long as the leaf itself. The fruit is often a foot or more in length, and like a melon, and may weigh from 20 to 25 lb. It is edible, but has little flavour.

J. G. P.—You may become a pupil teacher. Why not inquire in your own village, and see whether the schoolmistress there can advise you?

WORK.

R. F. A.—If the cretonne be a good one it is best to have it properly cleaned.

MARGERY.—A little very stiff paste, made of flour, and boiled in the usual way, is used by embroiderers when needed, and might be of use to you in your work.

HOUSEKEEPING

DESPAIR.—Your plaster-of-Paris bust may be cleaned by means of a little whiting. Mix a small cupful with water until thick as thin cream, then take a clean brush and brush the cast all over evenly with the mixture. Some people mix a little isinglass with the water, to make the wash stay on. The isinglass should be melted in a little hot water before it is added to the white mixture.

EDELWEISS.—*Fecule de pommes de terre* is the French name for potato-flour or starch. The origin of "April Fool's Day" is variously given. An "April Fool" is called in France *Un Poisson d'Avril*. In Hindostan similar tricks are played at the festival of the goddess Huli, on 31st March.

IRUDA.—Phillis Browne's "A Year's Cookery" is an excellent book; and so is "The Girl's Own Cookery Book," containing articles taken from the G.O.P., price 1s. (56, Paternoster Row, E.C.).

H. G.—One of our girls, living in Shetland, kindly sent us an excellent recipe which we printed in full at page 496 (May part of the G.O.P.).

MANCHESTER.—If you purchase the dried green-peas, they would remain green if carefully soaked over night and cooked very slowly. A pinch of soda might improve them, but the usual trouble in English cookery is that it is all violently done, and no time is given for any satisfactory results.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE WHO TRIES TO DO RIGHT.—We could not advise you to undertake such a thing without knowing more of your circumstances, position, and capabilities than your letter tells us, especially as you give neither name, address, nor particulars of any kind.

LOUISETTE.—Silver is always much discoloured by gas, and that is very probably the reason for yours turning black. We are glad to hear that our paper has been of such use to you.

A MISSION TEACHER should advertise her "Mulready envelopes," and she probably will have several offers for them.

A BRIGHTON SUBSCRIBER and UNSETTLED.—Situations as governesses at home and abroad are only met with through agencies or by advertisement. If you arranged to pay a penny or so to look each day at the *Times*, you would probably find in it one to suit you before long.

LILIAN.—We should think you would do better by trying to let part of your house to a friend. We find a difficulty in recommending any such arrangements without knowing more than our correspondents usually tell us. Nor could we take the responsibility of recommending any society. We should prefer to live in the simplest way, to cultivate the garden, and to keep our freehold.

ELEVE.—You may say "didn't" and "couldn't" in speaking—everyone does so, but in writing they are not permissible. Clean marble with equal parts of whiting, washing soda, and rotten-stone, made into a paste with water, and when laid on should remain twenty-four hours.

AN ANXIOUS ONE, DOROTHY, MABEL, TRESPASSER, E. C. S. L., BERTHA, A LOVER OF THE G.O.P., had better each consult a doctor.

CONNIE B.—The postage of the G.O.P. is from 2d. to 2½d. You had better have it always weighed at the post office.

ONE UNJUSTLY PUNISHED.—Not very unjustly, we think, as she might have frightened her little sister into a fit by dressing up as a ghost. She forgets that the little one was only six years old!

E. S., LIZZIE PARSONS, and MARGUERITE.—Write to the office of "The Religious Tract Society" for the back numbers and indexes you require (56, Paternoster Row, E.C.).

GRACE ELLWOOD.—You had better return by some other road, get someone to walk home with you, or give up going out at all at such a late hour.

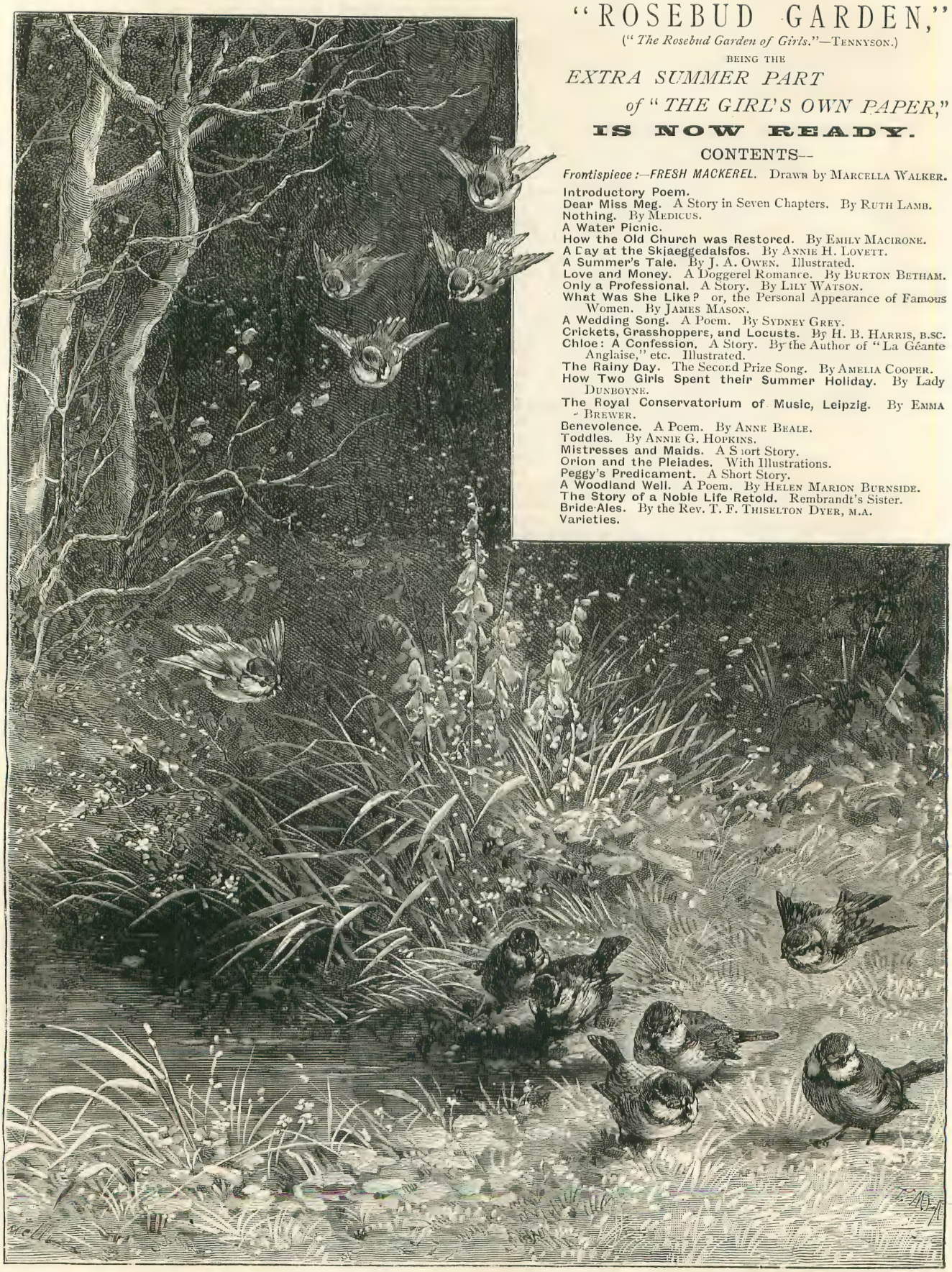
GERTRUDE H.—No gentleman, rightly so named, follows young girls and speaks to them, nor do girls who have any self-respect allow themselves to be dragged into such intimacies.

"JACK'S ANGLE" is anxious to know how to clean a white hat, but does not say whether it be of straw or felt. In either case it had better be done by a cleaner, as it will have to be blocked again. We suppose "Jack" meant to write "angel," and on looking at her letter we fear that her general education had better be attended to before reading the "love tales" she inquires about, or even looking at "Jack" in the most "angular" manner!

A STUDENT.—"The Canterbury Tales" were written, as you say, by Geoffrey Chaucer, who lived between A.D. 1328 and 1400; with the exception of two they are written in verse. The "Canterbury Tales" of Sophia Lee, A.D. 1750 to 1824, and Harriet Lee, 1756 to 1851, are stories in prose written 500 years afterwards, in the same kind of style of weaving together, perhaps, but not otherwise at all the same.

STANLEY'S DARLING has no occasion to do more than smile and say "I am glad you like it" when thanked for a present.

DIANA does not seem to us at all too stout, and must not be so troubled by the opinions of others. A girl measuring 5ft. 9in. in height would not look well to be like a bean pole.



"ROSEBUD GARDEN,"

("*The Rosebud Garden of Girls.*"—TENNYSON.)

BEING THE

EXTRA SUMMER PART

of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

IS NOW READY.

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Varieties.

VOL. IX.—NO. 445.] JULY 7, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

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"HIS MASTER SENT HIM REELING BACKWARDS."

CHAPTER III.

THE days passed away very rapidly. The Colstons did not come out to Springfield again. Tom saw them every week when he went into Brainton market, and once Bessie accompanied him. She had shopping to do, and in order to see more of her future sister-in-law she invited her to accompany her.

Bessie enjoyed it. Lettice threw aside her nervous manner, and was more natural and girlish than she had seen her before; and when they went in to dinner at the Colstons' house she was almost gay. She showed much affection to Bessie, eagerly waiting on her and giving her all that she wanted.

Someone else dined at the Colstons' that day, someone who greatly admired Bessie, and never failed to show it in word and manner. Bessie had had many suitors even in her retired life, but none had ever made any impression upon her before; but somehow to-day, in the bright spring weather, with her heart full of her Tom and his bride, and eagerly watching for all signs that promised happiness to both, she found out that Jack Lock's face, though ugly, had wonderful expression in it, and that his kind eyes were very blue and his shoulders enormously broad.

Jack went home sighing and smiling, and Bessie went home thoughtful and silent, inclined to nestle closely up to the big brother who wanted both his hands free to manage the half-broken mare he was driving in a very high gig.

It was only three days now before the Wednesday chosen for the wedding. Everything was nearly ready, the jellies and cakes and cold meats for the labourers' dinner were in course of manufacture. The white panelling had been washed and polished, the brass handles of the doors shone brilliantly. The dainty cleanliness and sweetness of everything was Bessie's work, and she herself the daintiest sight of all.

Tom and Bessie had come home from church; in his button-hole was a delicate pink rosebud; she had one like it in her waistband. They had had a very busy week: their lives were busy ones. Tom did not disdain to work hard among his own men, and he did it with a will, and very skilfully. So that on Sunday afternoons after church they enjoyed a quiet hour toget her beyond anything.

Tom sat by the open parlour window, slowly puffing out clouds of blue smoke; Bessie leant comfortably back in a large chair covered with shiny chintz, with her curly head thrown back, and her shapely little brown hands idle for once. So sitting, the talk was very desultory, and so sweet and drowsy was the hour that sometimes Tom went to sleep, and the bumble-bees droned a monotonous lullaby, heavily thumping from time to time against the window-panes.

On Bessie's pretty face a smile hovered, and her eyes danced as she watched a little teasing fly buffeting itself against the glass. She was not exactly thinking of Jack, but in the background of her thoughts he loomed large as he was himself, and the foreground was filled with countless details of daily life.

Outside now and then someone passed to and fro in the yard. The parlour in which they sat was a corner room, with a casement looking south over the garden, and another looking east into the yard. The brother and sister sat in the former, and the east window was open also, so that voices from the yard came wafted to their ears from time to time.

Tom was a good master, very strict, undoubtedly, but as strict with himself as he was with his men, and invariably just; so that everyone at Springfield worked with a will, and there was warm affection for him and a strong interest in his success.

Old Bill the cowman had been milking, and came out of the sheds with his pails. Charlie Basham, the under-stockman, in whose care the pigs most especially were, stood by the pump and prepared for a gossip.

"Oi don't think much o' that ere cow, Bill, oi don't. Her's stingy enough, and I ain't going to deny as I'm half afraid of her. My missus says she don't make no great store o' she."

"We'll be having the new missus soon, I reckon," said Bill, cheerfully, and with an interrogatory sound of his voice as if inviting contradiction.

There was a pause. Bill put down the milk pails with a pleasant, clinking sound, and the young master threw back his head and sat lazily half-listening.

"Aye, aye," said the deeper voice of the younger man. "Yon's a bad business."

"You may say that."

Tom started, and darted an inquiring glance at his sister. Bessie did not seem to have heard, and Tom withdrew the pipe from his lips and bent forward to listen, a very strange look coming over his face.

"It's odd when them as should know best knows nothing," said old Bill, in his high, nasal voice.

Basham was a huge fellow, thick and heavy, powerful as a navvy. There was a sound of pumping; he was washing his hands.

"They do say," he began, and though Tom strained his ears he could not hear till the high sing-song tone took it up.

"Who d'ye say? Why, my missus. It was 'Liza Coppin what told she, and she knowed Colston's lot this many a year down to Brainton. 'Tain't no business of mine, and I ain't a-going to spread no tales."

"Yon 'Liza Coppin comes a-settin' and a-laying her tales, she do, most like they owd hens when they takes and lays in the bushes 'stead of to home. She took and laid in our keeping-room, and I says to my missus, says I, 'If our master knowed what all the world knows, except them as it most consarns, that ere weddin' wouldn't take place come Wednesday.'"

"They do say," said the high voice, "as it's got to that pass as she ain't able to help herself."

"What is it, Tom? Tom! What is the matter?" cried Bessie, springing up in terror. She had suddenly awakened to the fact that her brother had a very strange and awful look on his face, that his teeth were clenched, that a grey hue had chased away all the ruddy glow from his face. With one hand, cold and hard as iron, he held her back; the other was convulsively griping on the window-seat, and he was listening, listening as the dull monotonous tones fell only too distinctly on the air, throbbing with heat and the drone of the bumble-bees.

"'Tain't nothing new, mate, I'm thinking."

"It's five years now, leastways so Mrs. Coppin towld my missus, and I ain't the one to gainsay her, since the young missus took to the bottle."

"Law! to think o' that now."

"And they do say as it's won'erful what she do take. They sly drinkers is always the worst."

"Tom! oh, Tom!"

But he did not speak; he was listening, listening still in torture.

"And to think as master don't know nothing about it, nor Miss Bessie, she don't neither; yon's a curious thing!"

"And it's true then, mate?"

"Gospel truth, as I'm a living sinner. I always have said, and stick to it I will, come what may, as sly drinking is a deal worse nor a burst and have done."

"But women ain't men, not they ain't. And to think of a young woman like that a-drinking of herself to death."

"You lie!"

The hoarse voice was unrecognisable. It burst like a cry from Tom Brandreth's lips, as he hurled himself through the open window.

"Tom, Tom!" cried his sister, following him, every drop of blood in her body turning cold with the terror of the moment. "Oh, Tom, darling! listen!"

But Tom was standing before the great form of Charlie Basham with livid face and clenched fists.

"Confess that every word is a lie," he shouted. "Confess it, or I will break every bone in your body!"

But Basham was no coward.

"Softly there, master," he said. "I ain't a-going to confess as that ere's a lie what all the world knows is gospel truth."

Before the words were well out of his mouth, a tremendous blow from his master sent him reeling backwards. He came to the ground with a crash, and lay there half-stunned, while Tom burst away and was out of sight in a second.

"Get up, Basham," said Bessie, with a tone of authority. "Get up, I say; and as for you, Bill, tell me at once what you mean."

But Bill was sullen.

"It's a free country," he said; "and a man didn't ought for to be felled like Christmas beef because he spoke his mind."

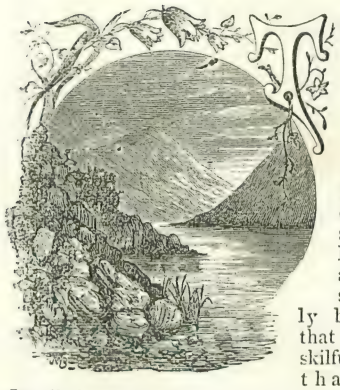
"The truth!" cried Bessie, passionately. "I insist upon the truth!"

"Oim thinking as you've had enough o' truth for one while, miss," answered the man, and she could get no more out of him than that.

She went in and sat down. The light had passed away, the sunshine faded, a terrible shadow had fallen on the bridal preparations. *Bessie shivered* and shook, and wondered how it would all end.

(*To be continued.*)

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



THERE are some tints of light in the western summer sky, at times at eventide, so infinitely pure and soft, so tenderly blended, that the most skilful artist that ever handled a brush tries in vain to fasten them on his canvas. There are some strains of music so wondrous sweet that, strive as we may, we cannot by words of even the most glowing vivid power give another an idea of what it was when we heard it. Such a light, such a strain was the life of Frances Ridley Havergal. We can no more fully describe it than we can describe the perfume of a violet, and yet her story is so instinct with highest Christian teaching, so permeated through and through with a radiance that must bring joy, and brightness, and encouragement to thousands of hearts and souls, that we cannot but endeavour to do our best to tell it.

One winter day in the year 1836 a little daughter was born in the house of Mr. Havergal, the clergyman of the country village of Astley. It was a Christian family, where everything was kept in tune with a keynote given in music from above, and the child was, as it were, cradled among flowers that, though planted on earth, were to blossom for eternity. No wonder that their fragrance made its way early into her young soul. She began soon to feel deep impressions about the highest religious truths, and to burn with secret yearnings to be more and more for God, though the breezy, elastic spirits of her first youth somewhat prevented her, for a while, from dwelling upon such subjects, and making fullest gospel sunshine entirely her own as it became in after-days.

Little Frances showed quickly the dawn of intellect in both mind and face, and her ready response to all teaching, and the bright intelligence sparkling in every feature, gave promise of a womanhood which, if it was God's good will it should reach maturity, would bring forth no common growth of intellectual fruit. Her father was a man of rare musical talent, that found expression in many a chant and hymn-tune, which bore and still are bearing the hearts of Christian congregations on waves of melody up to God. The little girl, the youngest daughter of the house, showed early that she had inherited a portion of this high gift which came to her on the paternal side, as she ran up and down the passages humming a tune that she had caught, no one could tell how, long before she could form distinctly, with her baby tongue, the words to which the air was set; or as, when she grew older, her clear voice, giving token already of great compass and richness, was heard on summer mornings carolling in the garden. There was much also in that Christian home to wake up heart music, as well as music that finds its way on to paper in crotchets and quavers. The child learned to run on errands of love and mercy, as soon as her tiny feet could toddle. Her sympathies, throughout her life always ready to vibrate as harp-strings, were soon roused for the heathen that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and at seven she went about her father's parish, missionary-box in hand, an eager little advocate with blushing cheeks, but clear, bold, earnest eyes, for the good cause.

At the early age of twelve Frances first knew the meaning of sorrow in the death of her mother, who was called away to rest above after a comparatively short earthly warfare. It was a heavy, unexpected blow, and the girl felt it more than even those nearest round her knew of; though there was a deal of love and care from father and elder sisters to take the place of the love and care that were gone. They watched over her as their last and most tenderly prized blossom, and rejoiced in the gracious task.

Frances showed very young that she was to be a poetess. She broke forth into little ripples of verse as easily and spontaneously as a bird breaks forth into little trills of song, and seemed to do it without being aware that it was anything remarkable for a girl of her age. She delighted in reading, and showed great strength and clearness of brain in assimilating and digesting what she read; she never got hold of a subject without wanting thoroughly to master it. Her fancy was vivid and graphic, her heart was all awake to every generous emotion, her whole nature was quivering with active, buoyant, energetic young life. Her picture stands out before us at this period, a creature all overflowing with sunshine, all blown around with sweet airs, all girdled about with a cheery, ringing melody. With a step which was light as the patter of a summer shower, with girlish laughter which was as the bubble of a fountain, with her sunny hair making a glory round her head, she went hither and thither in her father's house and in her father's parish; and in the familiar home circle they called her, in playful love, their household fairy.

After the lapse of a few years Mr. Havergal married again, and married a woman who proved a perfect moonbeam of soft yet lofty influence in his home. Frances owned readily and lovingly her sweet power, and her whole character was, no doubt, rounded and shaped by intercourse with this high, fair type of Christian womanhood. Her mind was, also, further developed by two schools to which she was sent—one in England, the other in Germany; and her intellect was yet more aroused, and kindled, and strengthened by her being located for awhile in the family of a German pastor, who delighted in reading with the bright, earnest girl, and giving her the light which shone from his keen, manly brain, and his high religious feeling. She grew familiar with German literature, and learned to speak the German language as well as she did English. She studied Hebrew, Latin and Greek, and all her life, in some measure, kept up these early acquirements, finding an especial help, in her constant Bible teaching, in being able to read the Scriptures in the original. There would often break from her lips a cry of joy at some fresh gleam of light which would dawn upon her when she was thus employed.

At about the time when Frances was stepping across the boundary between girlhood and womanhood, Mr. Havergal took the living of St. Nicholas, in Worcester. In this large town parish she began to show the power of active, Christian work which was in her; year by year she mounted higher and higher up on the Rock of Ages, and as she mounted she longed more and more to bring others to the same stronghold. She made a mark for God, in that Worcester parish, which lasts to this day. Now she was sitting by the sick or aged, her bright face made brighter still by the reflection of purest light from the holy page over which she bent; now she was in the church choir, showing them, by fair example, how to lift up at once the heart and the voice; now she was where she seems to have loved best of all at this period to be—in the Sunday-school, with Christ's little ones gathered round her knee, and their eager eyes turned in loving reverence on her as she told them the story of the manger or the Cross. Her whole heart appears to have grown into the task of teaching and guiding these children, and nothing caused her sharper pain than to know that they had erred or failed, thus disappointing her fair hopes for them.

Frances Havergal's health began at an early age to show signs of great delicacy, and her career of active work was often, throughout her whole life, stopped by more or less severe attacks of illness. But bodily disease could not weigh down the pinions of the spirit, could not wrap round in a mantle of selfishness such a nature as hers. She soon became known as a poetess by contributions in verse to different magazines, verse that was full of the chiming music of heart and brain, ever kept in true time to highest Christian harmony. As her burning love for her Lord increased, as it did day by day in her Christian course, she was strong in earnest endeavour to go about the King's business; she took part in various movements for the spread of Gospel truth, and joined herself to many great associations that were one in the Master's name; she grew to be spoken of as a teacher and expounder of Scripture, and frequent Bible classes, among all ranks of society, gathered round her. Her musical talent also developed greatly with years and cultivation, and published compositions soon made her name in this art.

One of Frances Havergal's best loved ways of gaining rest and refreshment in the midst of hard, pressing work was Swiss travelling. When she got among the snowy mountains, a sort of airy bird-like lightness seemed to take possession of soul and body; she would go bounding over the shining summits, and crossing fearlessly the ice-fields, as if she were an Alpine sprite, and all her whole being would be one hymn of joyous praise, as the brisk breezes danced around her, as the mighty silver walls stood up about her on every side, as the setting sun painted the rolling mists till they became fit robes for angels, as the waterfalls thundered

out their grand diapason. One of the brightest of these journeys was made with her father not very long before his loss brought upon her the heaviest sorrow of her life. The affection between the two had always been one of the closest and dearest bonds that ever existed between parent and child. She was never so full of eager happiness as when she was running into his study with a copy of a newly composed hymn-tune in her hand for his critical revision; the pair would sit together lost, as it were, side by side in a great billowy world of harmony. She delighted, too, in her father's striking gift as a preacher, and long after he had passed into the better land, she would speak of certain passages in his sermons, which had been as special trumpet blasts, waking up the young soldier to put on her armour. Yes, her father's death was a heavy blow for Frances Havergal, but she sorrowed in the full light of high and glorious hope; she knew that they should be together one day again, learning the song of the redeemed of the Lamb around the Throne.

As time went on, and she advanced towards middle life, Frances Havergal's sphere of work grew wider and wider; but none of it was done in her own strength; never was there a Christian man or woman, zealous and active for God, who so entirely leant on the Divine Arm as she did. To her her Master's presence was just as real as the presence of any one with whom, in the body, she held daily personal communion; she always felt Him near her, and in prayer she as regularly asked Him for guidance as worldly-wise people ask some prudent, quick-witted friend, well skilled in the ways of fashion or of the money market. And her King answered her cry, and made all the rough paths easy to her, even when they led her, as they did sometimes, through long, severe trials of bodily pain and weakness; or when health and activity were her lot, He made her see just what He wanted her to do, just what she would do best. Her face was always a true and visible sign of the perfect joy and tranquillity produced by this constant abiding with Him who can never leave or forsake His own; even when she was approaching middle-age, she looked as bright and free from care as a child in the school-room. There was always something girlish in her sunbeam smile, in her clear, calm glance, in her brisk, airy movements, in her peal of ringing laughter. People who saw her for the first time would often wonder at the breeze of perpetual youth which seemed to be always floating round her.

The picture of Frances Havergal, in the days when her Christian energies were most full of earnest, working power, is a picture all glowing with sympathy for the most varied objects, all flashing with more than earthly light, showing forth a wondrous strength which, in a delicately organised female mind and body, fills us with a mixture of admiration and surprise as we gaze. Books of sacred song and music, stories to lead the little ones into the good Shepherd's arms, volumes of devotion to lift elder souls on high, all dropped in succession from her pen like ripe fruit from some fair tree. Wherever she went she gathered men and women round her for direct, brave teaching in God's word; there was a sympathetic virtue in her very appearance, and in the sound of her voice, which made even strangers open their inmost hearts to her at once, and much of her time was filled with writing letters to people who applied to her for advice, and help, and comfort. This power of possessing, as it were, a key to the souls of others extended to her printed words, and she would get hundreds of communications from those who had never seen her face, speaking to her about their most private matters, and striving to engage her interest in them. Another field of Christian industry that took up a part of her over-crowded time and thoughts was mission work among the heathen, and her literary earnings were often dedicated to these high ends.

The story of Frances Havergal is so filled with points that awake up our lively, wondering interest, that as we follow it we feel as if we were gazing into a magic mirror in which one varied scene after another rises up before our view. Now she is sitting on a rock in a Swiss valley, with peasant boys and girls at her feet, gazing up into her face with eyes that tell of dawning spiritual life, while in flowing, animated French she shows them the things of eternal life. Next she is gliding softly from bed to bed in a hospital, where weary glances, that have been looking into the depths of disease and suffering, kindle with radiant light at the good news of salvation she brings.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

By-and-by she is in a richly furnished drawing-room with elegantly dressed ladies round her, while with dauntless tongue, and lips on fire with flame from the altar above, she rouses many a soul sunk in a heavy sleep of sloth and luxury to go forth and do something for their God. The scene shifts again, and she is surrounded by young women of the working classes, trying to put into the hand of each one of them the one sure talisman for keeping Christian girlhood pure and high, the talisman of a firm living faith in Him to whom, when He was on earth, women did minister. Or else it is a group of lads and men in shabby, dusty coats and smock-frocks, whom we catch sight of standing about her, their rude ways subdued, and their rough voices softened by the mere spell of her gracious presence, by the very neighbourhood of her sweet, lofty womanhood, their horny fingers getting fast hold, as she speaks, of the cross of Christ which she extends towards them, making them feel how that cross is at once the shield and the staff of the brave man who would struggle nobly in life, and battle to win an incorruptible crown. Another time we have a glimpse of her with a little heap of glittering trinkets lying before her. What can she be about? If we did not know so well what her past has been, we should think her some fashionable lady settling what jewellery she will wear at a grand party. The fact is, that though she has been very busy lately arousing others in the cause of missionary effort, and though she has done her utmost to contribute her own share, she does not think she has done quite enough, so she is going to sell all her personal ornaments, and give the proceeds to the Church Missionary Society.

Such were some few of the pictures from a life whose golden fruit, brought forth for God and man, makes the tinsel of lives given to pleasure or worldly gain look so dim, and faded, and tawdry.

In all her doings and all her writings Frances Havergal was most essentially womanly, but still, with all her womanliness, she was possessed of a right sort of courage of which many a man might be proud. She was always ready, whoever might be present, to come forward to speak brave words in her Master's cause, and she never shrank from administering reproof, when she saw that reproof was really needed to help some soul to ripen for heaven. Frances Havergal was also free from a failing which but too often disfigures ladies whose lives are given to such work as hers—the failing of disorderly habits; her desk was as neat as a bee-hive, and her dress was always a pattern of what was fitting and becoming to the place where she might happen to be: she had not a touch of the so-called strong-minded woman's odious assumption of utter carelessness of personal appearance.

Frances Havergal's gift of a most singularly rich and powerful voice was another way for her by which to glorify and serve her King. At a comparatively early age she made up her mind that this voice of hers should be consecrated to God, and she was now leading the hymn in some simple, hearty religious meeting, now entrancing more cultivated ears, and raising up world-weary souls by her magnificent rendering of Handel's music; it is said to have been wonderful the results which she would thus produce by her singing.

To no man or woman was the written Word of God ever more completely the bread of daily life than it was to Frances Havergal. In every varied trial, in every changeful struggle, she was sure to find a text to give her exactly the strength and help she needed; her Bible was to her a refuge from the storm, a light in dark places, a sword to fight with sin, a cordial in sickness, a melody in heaviness, all in one.

When the cause of temperance began to spread through the length and breadth of the land, and thoughtful minds could not help recognising that it struck at a great evil which was gnawing at the very heart-strings of the nation, the brain and heart of Frances Havergal were at once stirred up at the call. She became a bold and successful champion of this new army that was marching forward to gain fresh victories for both earth and heaven, and far and wide she laboured in this field of work for her Master.

But the weak, delicate body was growing less and less able to bear all the burdens which the glowing, active, cheery, zealous spirit took upon itself daily in greater and greater numbers. The women in Indian Zenanas, the slaves of sin in the crowded alleys of English towns, the private troubles and difficulties of thousands who daily showered letters upon her, the cry of editors and publishers for more and more

printed matter, all these things laid claim on her sympathies, and, if possible, she would let none of them lay claim in vain. To secure, at least, some amount of quiet, she and her sister retired to a village in Wales near the Mumbles; but even here there was no rest for her; she saw that she could do much for God among the population round her, and she did it.

One chilly evening in the summer of 1879 she went out to meet the men and lads of the neighbourhood to speak to them on temperance; there was no room near suitable for the meeting, so it had to be held in the open air. A drizzling rain began to fall, but still she stood there giving her King's message. The result was a severe cold and chill, from which she never recovered; internal inflammation set in, and she began rapidly to sink. Just before the earthly end, there came a great, wondrous brightness into her face; the watchers round saw, and waited with hushed grief, for they felt that the Lord Himself had come to fetch His faithful servant.

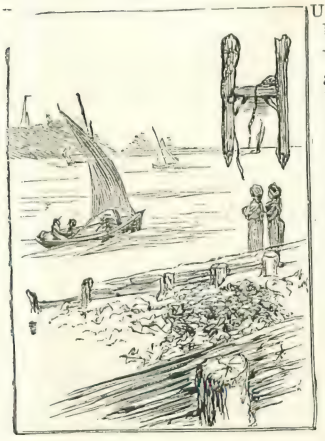
ALICE KING.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A RISE AND A FALL.



HUBERT UNDERWOOD and the Rev. Ernest Hope rarely met on these occasions. The days on which the former was at liberty were those on which the curate was most certainly occupied with the duties of his sacred calling. He was so anxious for the welfare—spiritual and temporal—of the poorer parishioners, and so eager to bring their needs before the richer members of his congregation, he had not much leisure for idle visiting at any time, and two sermons on the Sunday necessitated close preparation on the Saturday.

Occasionally he would step across to Pilgrim Place in the wake of his sister or his mother at the close of the second service, or he might in unfavourable weather accept Miss Pringle's invitation to dine and spare himself a wet walk at noon to and from Ivy Cot, and thus he and Hubert came into friendly contact, but they did not meet under Farmer Heathfield's roof.

Consequently Hubert saw nothing of Mabel's graciousness to the curate; who had only recently been inducted when the cousins returned from Madame Vévay's, expecting to create a sensation in behind-the-time Shepperley.

Mabel's consciousness of her own charms, and her craving for admiration, had not lessened under Madame's auspices. She had been taught that beauty swayed the world, and that the art of captivation was a woman's primary duty. Was it a wonder that, so trained, she expected universal homage, and devoted herself to obtain it?

In most cases the budding girl blooms into womanhood before the youth becomes accustomed to his long-tailed coat, or to the use of a razor. Apart from this, Mabel was nearly a year the senior of Hubert, so that if he had expected the old boy-and-girl friendship to be resumed like the broken thread of a serial story, she did not. She regarded him from quite another standpoint.

Neither his increased altitude nor the manly bearing acquired in his business life would have preserved him from being straightway put down as a "mere boy" when he greeted her in the churchyard after long absence, had not the undisguised admiration in his eloquent dark eyes flattered and stimulated her vanity. And it is scarcely to be questioned that in her hour of exultation, the broad-shouldered, easy, gentleman-like heir of the Sheperton broad acres did overshadow the eager stripling for the time being. She accepted Hubert's later attentions, the new music, the popular books from the libraries, quite as matter-of-course tributes at her shrine, but he soon found that the progressive changes inaugurated at Upland Farm were only symptomatic of greater change in the farmer's daughter.

Her smiles were capricious; she was not always in the mood for singing or conversation; she was not always at home; she was out sketching, or she had other and newer visitors to claim her attention; but as he ostensibly visited Bob, and the rest of the family welcomed him heartily, he had no open ground for complaint or dissatisfaction. Yet he grew uneasy, he scarcely realised wherefore, since at times he found her graciousness itself. It was not until she had been at home nearly three years, and the new tennis-court was in full swing, that he took alarm and knew the full secret of his vague uneasiness.

Summer was on the wane. A single fleck of filmy white was all the cloud upon the sky; the hot, westering sun looked down on ripening fruit in the orchards, on yellow grain in fields ready for the reaper when he left the train at Little Woolton, and, too eager for the slow omnibus and circuitous road, hurried across the moor, where white and purple heather and yellow gorse overpowered the modest grasses and wild flowers and embowered the nestling grouse and the artful green-backed plover.

He was in as high spirits as the lark singing and soaring in the blue ether overhead, and his heart seemed to echo the glad song as he walked on with head erect and free swinging step; no stripling, but a stout-limbed, well-built fellow for his years, dressed in a grey tweed suit, and having one of those frank, fearless faces that do the beholder good to look upon. He was the bearer of pleasant tidings to his friends. That morning, Mr. Crossley, for himself and partners, had with commendations of his trustworthiness and his general attention to business, advanced his salary and his position in the manufactory, holding out golden hopes to him in the near future.

He felt it to be an auspicious coincidence that it chanced to be Mabel's twenty-first birthday, and wondered if she would surmise all the extravagant hopes he was building on his success. In his leather hand-bag he carried a daintily-bound volume of Longfellow's poems as a birthday gift. He had written her name and his good wishes therein, not without a secret desire to transpose their respective ages, as if he felt the balance of years needed re-adjustment, in spite of the dark growth upon cheek and chin which made him appear older than he was.

Leaving the heathery moorland behind, he crossed a broad strip of reclaimed pasturage where cows were grazing, and overleaping a stile, alighted in Upland Lane, close to a group of substantial stone cottages where Mr. Heathfield's shepherds and farming-men had their homes. The lane was here pretty level, and not far from its outlet on the high road; but Hubert turned to descend the hill. As he did so, he descried before him, some fifty or sixty yards below, a figure in a flannel tennis suit crossing the lane obliquely, racquet in hand, as if from the Sheperton plantation.

There was no mistaking the athletic form of Gilbert Sheperton, and as Hubert followed he instinctively watched for his entrance at the farm gate, although unaware of existing intimacy between the denizens of hall and farm beyond a passing greeting when they met, or the courtesy of an occasional call, though the squire and farmer were always genial and hearty when they came together.

Something, Hubert would have been ashamed to call pain, struck at his heart and took the buoyancy out of his steps when he saw Gilbert turn in at the garden gate, and could trace his light head and cap behind the black-berried privet hedge, as, without entering the house, he strolled familiarly past the drawing-room windows, and the long windowless wall of the old nursery where

the bees had now their home, to the tennis-ground beyond. Yet he shook off the feeling in another moment as unworthy of himself or the noble-hearted young squire, though his very presence there had suggested a dangerous competitor for Mabel's favour.

As he himself neared the garden gate he became aware of a smaller and slighter figure rising the hill, and at once hastened forward to lend his helping arm to steps not quite so jaunty as when Miss Pringle ascended that same hill with her purse-pouch, on her special errand seventeen years before. Yet she was a brisk little lady still, in spite of her sixty years and her silvery curls; there were no harsh lines on her face; its smile was as pleasant, and her eye as bright as when we saw her first.

The sight of Hubert, and the warm clasp of his strong hand, might add to the brightness, but the eyes glistened as if through dewdrops as he kept her outside the gate whilst unfolding his budget of good news.

"Precious news indeed!" said she, her hand still within his. "I am proud of my *protégé*. You at least have not 'pooh-poohed' the Pringle P's and Pearls, and now see what they promise for you! It is a prouder day for you than for the proud beauty whose maturity we come to celebrate. She possesses fewer of the Pringle Pearls than pleases me. But perhaps prudence, patience, piety may come ere pleasure palls and prettiness passes away."

"Nay, Aunt Pringle," objected he; (he called her Aunt with the rest), "you are not wont to be so harsh in your judgments. Mabel is a charming girl. What you call pride is one of her chief attractions. It is only a dignified reserve, and becomes her well."

His colour rose as he spoke, but he was stooping over the gate to unlatch it, and possibly that might account for the flush, unseen by the little lady in his rear.

"Possibly your perceptions are the truer ones, my dear," she replied, with deliberation; "age is apt to be prejudiced and precise. We must not prejudge on false premises. Pray God prevent that!"

So saying she tripped up the path and the steps to the open doorway under the porch, whilst he closed the gate behind her with needless care.

There was no one in the square entrance-hall, no one in the rooms on either hand, but there was a faint rattle as of cups and saucers, and from the kitchen door facing them came Phillis, wearing a white cover-all apron, and carrying on a tray a blue-and-white china tea-service of new design, evidently too choice to be entrusted to careless Ann.

She was almost within the shadow of the wide outstretching oaken stairs, and the faint tinge of carmine that pleasure brought to her cheek was unobserved. Tray in hand, she stopped short.

"Oh, Aunt Pringle, I am so glad you are here; and Hubert too. Come along with me; you will find mother in the morning-room. She is not very well today." So saying, Phillis disappeared with her fragile burden behind the outlying staircase, leading the way down a long passage which ran at a right angle southwards between the kitchens and the drawing-room to the old nursery, and was lighted by a partially glazed door at the extreme end.

This stood open, and as they followed Phillis to the room midway down on her right, Hubert could hear the sound of merry voices and see figures flitting to and fro on the lawn beyond.

"You have friends here," he said, as he turned the door handle for Phillis, his voice betokening not altogether pleased surprise.

"Oh, yes. Did you not know? Mabel has a garden party in honour of the day."

No, he had not known. Bob's careless and customary, "I suppose we shall see you next Saturday," had conveyed no special invitation, no intimation of any projected birthday fête.

He looked hurt. He felt as if he was an interloper.

"Pardon my intrusion," he began, apologetically. "I did not expect——"

It was for Phillis to feel hurt now. "Intrusion? Nonsense! You never intrude. Does he, mother?" she asked with an assuring smile, as she looked across the table she was arranging towards Mrs. Heathfield, who, apparently very much out of health, sat in a low chair beyond the closed half of the wide glass door to watch the players. She was then shaking hands with Miss Pringle, who "popped off" in another moment to remove her bonnet.

"What, Hubert intrude? Never! It is not possible," was Barbara's response, as her feverish palm met his. "Bob has been expecting you an hour or more."

"We have all been expecting you," put in Phillis. "Bob said you knew it was Mabel's birthday, and were certain to be here. Perhaps Mabel considered a special invitation unnecessary in your case. She should have let you know of the garden party; but we were afraid it would have to be deferred, mother was so unwell." An evident attempt to cover her sister's negligence and to soothe irritated feeling that was not wholly successful, though he allowed the subject to drop without comment.

He was bending over Mrs. Heathfield's chair, expressing his genuine concern for her indisposition, when in came Bob from the lawn, arrayed in the orthodox flannels, and greeted his friend with characteristic heartiness.

"Oh, here you are at last! I'm downright glad. I've been like a fish out of water among those fellows who 'serve' and 'volley' as if they'd done nothing but play tennis all their lives. I thought you were never going to turn up. And there's Lucy, too, seems out of her element with Mabel's set. Come along," and he linked his arm within Hubert's. "I'll introduce you to Jack Hylton and his sister; you know all the rest. Not a bad fellow, Jack, although he is a bit of a swell, and thinks no end of himself. We fancy he's sweet on Maud Riv——" He broke off abruptly. "Why, Aunt Pringle, this is a pleasure!" he cried, darting across the room to meet the little lady returning unbonnetted, with not a hair of her crisp white curls astray, not a speck on her black silk gown. Taking both her small, soft hands in his big, hard brown ones, he went on with a comical smile—"You have not put in an appearance here for an age. Have you popped in to play tennis?" and he laughed.

"No, no, you provoking young plague. I've popped in with a birthday present for Mabel, and to pass a pleasant hour with polite people, so pray be off and leave us to play propriety in peace," replied she in her gayest manner, so buoyant was she over Hubert's good fortune.

"Yes," added Phillis, "do be off, your noise distresses mother. The little table is already out of doors, and Ann is only waiting the end of the game to bring out tea. If a ball were flying anywhere, Ann would be sure to offer a tea cup to catch it. Please to see there are none lying in her way to trip her up. And Bob," she whispered low as he passed her, "see that Lucy is not neglected."

"Trust me for that," came back with a significant nod, as he carried off silent Hubert in the direction of a clematis-covered arbour overlooking the lawn, where Lucy Hope was making herself useful; helping Ann to arrange a separate table with cakes and confections to accompany the tea Phillis indoors was preparing for Mabel to dispense.

So preoccupied was Lucy that she gave her hand to Hubert as mechanically as he extended his, and without observing his unusual silence began, "Mr. Robert, would you very much mind bringing out the tea-tray for Ann? The poor girl is so nervous about carrying the new china so far, I fear there might be some mishap. She is not afraid to hand round a cup or two on a small waiter afterwards."

"I don't mind doing anything you set me, Miss Hope," was the ready response, and away he went, leaving Hubert standing there silent and unnoticed.

He had followed Mabel with his eyes from the moment he stood by her mother's chair at the glass door. She wore a dark blue sleeveless jacket over a flimsy pale blue dress, held back by a jaunty tennis-apron, and his first thought had been how admirably the jacket set off her complexion and contour—how lovely and graceful she was in all her movements. But as she continued her game without a glance in his direction, another thought took possession of him. Did she see him or did she not? he wondered. A glance and a nod set that at rest.

The game was over when he stood in front of the arbour, his eyes still fixed upon her as she, idly toying with her racquet, in animated and apparently interesting conversation with Gilbert Sheperton walked to and fro, as if oblivious of all other presence.

"Was I not wanted here?" he asked himself, bitterly. "I have been welcomed by all but her. Was I purposely uninvited? Did she think my *position*

disqualified me from association with her new friends? Had I known I should meet Arthur Rivers I would have passed the gate. Perhaps she knew that. Half a hint would have kept me away. Should I beat a retreat now? No. If I came by mistake, I will not make a greater by quitting the field. I will see the play played out. They shall not say I was jealous and went away in pique. Perhaps it is my own fault. I should have gone forward to congratulate her. What an idiot I have been."

On the spur of the moment he took a few steps across the lawn, but the movement was anticipated.

Arthur Rivers, who had been watching his cousin and the young squire with lowering brows, darted away from the side of Miss Hylton, and barely saying—

"Excuse me, Mabel, tea is waiting; let me conduct you to the table," took her hand, and broke up the agreeable *tête-à-tête* with scant ceremony, and less satisfaction to any but himself.

"Boor!" muttered Gilbert between his teeth, and turned disdainfully on his heel. In turning he saw Hubert, walked to meet him, shook him cordially by the hand, and after the somewhat singular remark, "Your old antagonist has not mended his manners, you perceive," had, whilst sipping tea, a few words to say about manufacturers in general, dividing them into two classes, of which James Rivers and John Crossley were contrasting types. An inquiry as to how Mr. Underwood liked a business life, and whether his position in the old house was commercial or manufacturing, elicited that he had passed through several stages, and had only that day made another step upwards—a rise on which Gilbert congratulated him with much goodwill.

The rest of the party had broken up into groups, Laura and Miss Hylton keeping together, whilst the brother of the latter devoted himself to Maud, and Bob, flying hither and thither, kept an eye on Lucy's comfort.

Mabel, meanwhile, at her little table, hid her annoyance behind smiles, and poured out tea with grace and gracious words for all, even for her waitress, Ann, who, conspicuous in a cinnamon brown alpaca, a snowy apron and cap, proved for once equal to the occasion, not one of the æsthetic cups and saucers (where blue storks waded among reeds as blue) coming to grief in the handing about.

Grief came to a young heart brought from a soaring flight down to the very dust. Arthur kept his position by Mabel's side so long, that it was not until the last cup had been returned empty, and the tennis players began to handle their racquets, that Hubert found an opportunity to congratulate her, and then her cold "I thank you" was almost a reminder that his courtesy came late.

He hesitated whether he should tell her of the book he had brought, or should take it back as of no value in her eyes—those eyes that held so many expressions.

(*To be continued.*)

UNDER NO OBLIGATION.—Of French bulls there are few better than the following. A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man; "so far from having served me, you have always stood in my way; for if you had never been born I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandfather."

MARRIED HAPPINESS.—There are three requisites to form married happiness—prudence, good-nature, and love. Prudence and good-nature are very different things and not under command: but whenever they appear love is as sure to follow as the chaise and horses. When this trio meet, happiness will grow with time, and, like the oak, flourish in old age. No decays of beauty or of health, no wrinkles of the face can diminish it. But if we look into the world we shall find the matches of this description almost as thinly scattered as the righteous men in Sodom. *Hutton's Court of Requests.*

WONDERS OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

When a well known lady pianist was playing a presto by Mendelssohn, Sir James Paget was present, and in a scientific spirit set himself to counting the notes and the time occupied. She played 5,595 notes in four minutes and three seconds.

Every one of those notes, remarks Sir James, involved certain movements of a finger, at least two, and many of them involved an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrists, elbows, and arms, altogether probably not less than one movement for each note; therefore there were three distinct movements for each note.

As there were twenty-four notes per second, and each of those notes involved three distinct musical movements, that amounted to seventy-two movements in each second.

Moreover, each of those notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force, at a certain time, and with a certain duration. Therefore there were four distinct qualities in each of the seventy-two movements in each second.

Such were the transmissions outwards. And all those were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and each finger before it was moved, and, while moving it, the sound of each note and the force of each touch. Therefore there were three conscious sensations for each note. There were seventy-two transmissions per second, a hundred and forty-four to and fro, and those with constant change of quality.

Then, added to that, all the time the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place, and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than two hundred transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outwards and inwards every second, and during the whole of that time judgment was being exercised as to whether the music was being played worse or better than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the emotions which the music was intended to express.

MATTER-OF-FACT CRITICISM.—A poet sings:—"I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old." "We don't see anything peculiar in this," says a critic. "If the poet had a little daughter who was a boy just five years old, it would be interesting."

AN AFFECTING ADVERTISEMENT.—The following affecting advertisement was copied many years ago from a London newspaper:—"If this should meet the eye of Emma D——, who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be received with undiminished affection by her almost heart-broken parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she be determined to bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has passed so many happy years—it is at least expected, if she be not totally lost to all sense of propriety, that she will, without a moment's further delay—send back the key of the tea-caddy."

MENTAL ACTIVITY DURING SLEEP.

A remarkable instance of mental activity during sleep is given in Abercrombie's well-known work on "The Intellectual Powers." An eminent lawyer had been consulted respecting a case of great importance and much difficulty, and had been studying it with intense anxiety and attention. After several days had been occupied in this manner he was observed by his wife to rise out of bed in the night and go to a writing-table which stood in the bedroom. He then sat down and wrote a long paper which he put carefully by in his desk, and returned to bed.

The following morning he told his wife that he had had a most interesting dream—that he had dreamt of delivering a clear and luminous opinion respecting a case which had extremely puzzled him, and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to the writing-desk, where he found the opinions clearly and fully written out, and which were afterwards found to be perfectly accurate.

RICHES AND POWER.—To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

AN EFFECT BEFORE A CAUSE.

"I was rather hot at the moment," said a man when asked how he came to commit an assault, "and so I struck the fellow."

Here was an instance of an effect before a cause. Percussion generally produces heat; but in this case the heat preceded the percussion.

DORCAS.

By WILLIAM COWAN.

In Joppa by the Western Sea,
She lived a life of charity:
Dorcas—*Gazelle*—so called, 'twas said,
From the great beauty of the maid.

But not alone of graceful form,
She had a higher, nobler charm—
A kindly woman whom God's grace
Had given in the Church a place.

Love spoke through her soft, tender eyes,
Words cheering, hopeful, trusty, wise;
Love followed where her footsteps fell,
And moved the hand which wrought so well.

From day to day she deftly plied
Her needle with unconscious pride;
And many a garment from her store
Sheltered and warmed the Joppan poor.

Gentle in word, and kind in deed,
Her every act a fruitful seed,
Which yields through all the centuries
A harvest of sweet ministries.

Oh, what a wail arose that day
When God took the kind soul away!
Street answered street in piteous cries,
And hearts were sad and wet were eyes.

She who would live amid earth's strife
A quiet, useful, happy life,
Good works attendant on her way—
She is the *Dorcas* of to-day.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

CHAPTER I.

"And lived happy ever after."—
End of Old Fairy Tales.

Miss Borrodale considered herself one of the chief personages in the village of Little Croughton, but whether she was thus looked on by other people was quite another thing. She was certainly one of the institutions of the place, though a comparatively recent one, for twenty years ago she, then a staid, unyouthful woman of thirty, had taken up her abode in Garden Cottage, and had lived there quietly since, only on rare occasions having visitors to stay with her.

There are no such places for gossip as quiet country towns or villages, and all sorts of rumours were afloat as to her antecedents soon after Miss Borrodale made her appearance: she was an ill-used wife trying to hide from her husband; she had been disappointed in love, and wished to spend the rest of her days in retirement, mourning over her lost happiness; she was the only one left of a family of ten, who all save herself had died of consumption before they were thirty, and she was hoping to prolong her days by coming to live in the country, away from the excitement of town life. These were some of the more reasonable and charitable conjectures, but the busy rumour-spreaders were soon silenced and disappointed, for there seemed to be no mystery at all about Miss Borrodale. She was not alone in the world. Leaving a married brother and sister, and various other less near relatives, she had come to live in Garden Cottage solely because it had been left to her by an old eccentric uncle whom she had never seen; she had lived in London with her mother, whom she had nursed in her last illness, which, moreover, was not consumption, but the result of an accident. So the villagers, disappointed of their romance, soon ceased to take a very keen interest in the new dweller in Garden Cottage.

Miss Borrodale did not become a great favourite in Little Croughton; her inferiors resented her supercilious ways, and her equals found her unsympathetic, and not to be carried away by the various schemes for the good of the parish which were suggested by enthusiastic ladies; nor did she respond to the friendly confidences to which she was treated, by talking of her own affairs. She was voted uninteresting, and in all the twenty years that she had lived in Garden Cottage she had made no real friends, and gained no place in the hearts of the simple, friendly-disposed villagers. She was not a bad-looking woman, and dressed handsomely and with good taste, but the corners of her mouth drooped unpleasantly, and her eyes looked hard and unresponsive. She was certainly not actively disliked, but she was by no means loved; no village child would come up to her, smiling and shy, to offer a simple posy gathered from field and hedgerow; no little ones would stop her to ask the time; no merry-faced boys came to beg for the windfalls that might strew her garden. She was not known to be particularly harsh, and she *was* known to subscribe fairly to local charities; but she was not liked, though if any had been asked the reason they must have owned to its being rather a case of "Dr. Fell." Still, the fact remained that Miss Borrodale was by no means a favourite in Little Croughton.

Garden Cottage was a pretty eight-roomed house, standing a little back from the dusty high-road, of which the front and side windows commanded a view; the garden in front was quite a small strip, but at the back was unusually large, consisting as it did of large kitchen and flower gardens, with an orchard and meadow attached. Miss Borrodale worked in it herself a great deal, and a gardener came once or twice a week, but to have kept it all in prim order the services of two gardeners regularly employed would not have been too much. Yet to some eyes it was almost a perfect garden, being left enough to itself to be deliciously picturesque without looking neglected; tall white lilies, wealths of roses, larkspur, and heliotrope mingled in odorous confusion; laburnum and lilac mixed their fair blossoms, and buttercups and daisies grew unmolested in the fragrant grass. It was just the place that might be expected to ring with the merry laughter of children; their fair, innocent faces might have found a fitting setting in the bright flowers. But the mossy gravel walks were never disturbed by the pattering of little feet; no tiny plump hands joyfully rifled the orchard of its sweets. It is true that now and then a nephew or niece of Miss Borrodale's was invited alone, but the invitations were never accepted for long periods, and then only as a matter of duty. Two or three children might have been very happy there together, but one with the aunt they none of them cared much for was apt to grow homesick, and beg to be taken back to its parents.

So Miss Borrodale and her happy-looking servant Janet had the pleasant garden almost to themselves; Janet hung out her washing in the kitchen garden, singing the while lightheartedly, while her mistress walked among the flowers, snipping off with her scissors dead leaves and faded blossoms, her hard face looking singularly out of place among her bright surroundings, as she brooded almost unconsciously over what might have been.

For Miss Borrodale had a history, and a sad albeit not uncommon one. At twenty she had been a bright imperious girl, with parents and a younger brother and sister, and the world before her. Perhaps she had not had the most judicious bringing up, but she was the first-born child; her parents were proud of her good looks and fearless manner, and looked for a lover who might be worthy of her, and give her the many worldly pleasures that were beyond their means. When Edmund Langton asked her to be his wife they were a trifle disappointed; he was in a good position, though scarcely as good as they had hoped the husband of their darling Lottie to be, but they liked the young fellow, who was upright, chivalrous, and generous, and, more than all, God-fearing; and Lottie loved him; so they gave their consent, and for their daughter's sake took Edmund to their hearts.

Charlotte Borrodale was very happy for a time, then her imperious and exacting temper asserted itself. Edmund must always do as she wished, and be ready to attend her whenever she wanted him. He was too honourable to neglect his duties, and he had too much reality and self-respect not to have opinions of his own; still, he truly loved Lottie and tried to make her see things in the right light, and was very patient and forbearing with her. Matters came to a crisis one night, and they parted, she angrily declaring she never wanted to see him again. He made one attempt at reconciliation, but she scornfully rejected his overtures, though secretly yearning to have him back, yet she had hardened her heart, and would not respond to him in any way, and they parted finally. Lottie thought her heart would have broken, but her pride sustained her; and while she longed painfully for Edmund, she admired and respected him for not making a second attempt to win her. Some years after she heard that he had married, and was living in Scotland, and then all Charlotte Borrodale's youth seemed to pass from her; she kicked against the thorns in her path, and the sorrow

"THOUGH SECRETLY YEARNING IN HER HEART TO HAVE HIM BACK."

that, borne in a penitent, loving spirit, would have softened and exalted her, served but to harden her the more. Mr. and Mrs. Borrodale died, the brother and sister married, and Charlotte was left comparatively alone; and when Garden Cottage, with an income of two hundred a year, was left her by the old man she had never seen, she at once made up her mind to live at Little Croughton.

One June morning Miss Borrodale put on her garden hat and gloves, and basket in hand went out to attend to her flowers. She could hear Janet in eager consultation with the gardener, who was at work in the orchard, and presently the handmaiden came up to her excitedly, evidently full of news. Janet never would be rebuffed by her mistress's unsympathetic ways, and the latter was not above relishing the little bits of good-natured gossip her servant brought to her.

"Smale's just been telling me, ma'am," said Janet breathlessly, "that someone has took The Mousetrap at last."

"Does Smale know who it is?" Miss Borrodale asked, quite as interested as her maid in the news. The Mousetrap was a tiny five-roomed cottage that had been so named by a former facetious owner; it stood on the opposite side of the way, and could be seen from Garden Cottage. It had been standing empty for a long time, presenting a doleful appearance with its shuttered windows and neglected garden.

"Well, ma'am," Janet answered cautiously, "Smale don't know for certain, but he's heard as it's a gentleman who's lost his wife, and is coming here to be quiet."

Janet had not heard much more, and soon went indoors while her mistress slowly made her way to where the gardener was at work. She made a few remarks as to what he was doing, and then asked in a casual way what he knew of the new-comers to The Mousetrap. Smale was always glad of an excuse for stopping work, and he leaned on his spade while he answered. Miss Borrodale found he did not know much more than Janet had told her, and she turned away rather disappointed, but looked back to ask if he knew whether the widower had any children.

"Not as I heard tell of," the man answered slowly, rubbing some earth off his horny hands. "Mrs. Dace at the shop she says he ain't only been married about six months, and his wife was took off quite sudden when they was in foreign parts, but Mrs. Dace says a deal she ain't sure of," he added virtuously, heaving a sigh as he resumed his work.

Miss Borrodale took a good deal of unexpressed interest in her neighbours' affairs, and she made it her business to walk past The Mousetrap that afternoon. The little house bore signs of having been taken, the windows and door were open, and the village factotum was busy in the passage; but Miss Borrodale was no favourite of his, and he would not see her pause at the garden gate with an evident wish to question him, so she passed on disappointed.

Four days after The Mousetrap had its inmates, and Smale was wrong, for the widower, a tall, sad-looking young man, brought a servant and three little black-clothed girls, the eldest of whom could not have been more than seven years old. The two elder children were at church with their father on Sunday, and were quite objects of interest. Perhaps Little Croughton had got its romance at last; certainly the little ones, whose fairness was enhanced by the mourning garb, sitting so close to their young father with his arms thrown round them while they looked at the preacher with sweet grave eyes, made a very beautiful though sad picture.

Miss Borrodale was not fond of children, and she felt much less interest in Mr. Paton—that was the widower's name—since she heard of his family, though she still listened to all the details Janet could glean of the new neighbours. Janet was intensely fond of children, and it was a great pleasure to her that the little ones lived so near, and she eagerly looked out for opportunities of seeing them. Once when Miss Borrodale was out she called them to the gate as they were passing and gave them a few ripe strawberries, which were shyly but graciously accepted.

The great Newfoundland dog, Victor, would have made friends with them, but his size and good-natured gambols terrified them, and they passed Garden Cottage on the opposite side, looking out fearfully for the huge animal. The children were often out alone, pathetic little figures enough with that look of motherwant about them that is so difficult to describe.

One morning Miss Borrodale, after working for some time in the garden, went indoors to rest and take a little refreshment. She was just cutting a slice of cake in the dining-room, when a loud cry of distress startled her, and she dropped the knife; the cries continued, and she hastened to the front door, from whence the cause of the disturbance was at once apparent. Two of the little girls from The Mousetrap had been intercepted by Victor, who pranced round them with every symptom of delight. The little things were pressed as far as possible into the hedge, dreadfully frightened at the huge creature who was so pleased to see them. Janet came to the rescue before her mistress, and sent Victor back to his own domains, and then tried to soothe the sobbing children. The elder was soon pacified, but the younger one clung to Janet's skirts crying bitterly.

"Bring them in," said Miss Borrodale, who had been watching the little scene; "bring them in, and we will give them some cake."

The little girls came very willingly with Janet; the sobs had ceased at the sound of the strange voice, and once inside the dining-room they looked about interestedly.

"You can leave them here, Janet," Miss Borrodale said. "I will take care of them for a little while."

"Yes, ma'am; but won't their folks wonder where they are?" said Janet, still holding the little hands.

The elder child spoke up quietly, "No, Mercy said we might go and play in Long Meadow; she doesn't expect us back yet."

"And you would like to stay here a bit?" Miss Borrodale asked, a little eagerly.

"Yes, please; and I am sure Lucy would. This is a nice house."

"There then, let me undo your bonnets," and Miss Borrodale's unaccustomed fingers pulled at the strings of Lucy's large bonnet. Two pretty little heads showed when the coverings were removed; short, fair, curly hair clustered round broad, white, blue-veined foreheads. Both children had beautiful eyes—Lucy's that wonderful shaded dark blue that looks at times violet or grey; the elder child's were the rich blue of summer skies. They soon became very friendly over the cake and fruit with which Miss Borrodale supplied them. Their names, they told her, were Milly and Lucy, their little sister was called Chrissie, and Mercy was the servant.

"Does Mercy take care of you?" Miss Borrodale asked.

"Father takes care of us all," Milly answered, opening her blue eyes widely at such a question, "and I take care of the others. Mother told me to."

"Mother's gone away; she used to take care of us," Lucy said. "She coughed, and her breath hurt her, and one day our Saviour took her pain away, and took her to live with Him; but we do want her so sometimes, only father says she loves us and knows all we're doing, so we must be good 'cause she's gone away."

The child was evidently repeating a lesson that had been earnestly impressed upon them, and she looked grave for a few moments, then her mood changed and she got up. "Tell me a 'tory please," she said, trying to climb on Miss Borrodale's lap.

This was not an easy request to comply with, and Miss Borrodale tried to turn the little one's attention to something else; but Lucy had a strong will of her own and was not to be put off thus. She repeated her "Tell me a 'tory, please," with the calm confidence of childhood, and Mildred shook the crumbs carefully from her frock and came to her sister's side expectantly.

(To be continued.)

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

VIII.—PERSONAL ATTENTIONS TO THE INVALID.—*(Continued.)*

It was mentioned incidentally in a previous paper that when any part of the body is inflamed, the bloodvessels become enlarged and overfilled, so that a greater amount of blood is present in the part when inflamed than when healthy. This fact is taken advantage of in the treatment of disease, and more especially in the treatment of inflammation and pain. If the quantity of blood in the whole of the body remains the same, it is obvious that if one part has more than its own share at any particular moment, some other part must have less than its share; and as a matter of fact it is found that to some extent, at least, the excess of blood present in any inflamed part is derived from other tissues in the same part of the body, or in the immediate neighbourhood of that part. Proceeding on this knowledge, it is customary to attempt to reduce the amount of inflammation in internal organs to which direct applications cannot be made, by setting up artificially some degree of inflammation in a neighbouring external part, in the expectation that the inflammation of the external part, which is more immediately under control and observation, may serve to draw away some of the excess of blood in the internal inflamed part, and thus diminish there the intensity of the inflammatory process. This plan of treatment is technically known as treatment by counter-irritation.

The amount of inflammation which it is desirable to excite on the external surface will vary with the extent and character of the internal inflammation it is intended to affect and remedy; and to some degree also with what the patient is able to bear. As a general rule, it may be said that the greater the extent of skin over which it is intended to apply the counter-irritant, that is, to set up some inflammation, the less the amount of inflammation set up must be. For example, in

many cases of bronchitis it is usual to keep up a very slight amount of inflammation by means of mild mustard poultices over the skin of the whole of the chest and back, a very large surface of skin; but no sensible medical man would ever think of applying a blister over such a large surface at one time. If in such a case blistering was considered desirable, a small blister would be applied to one part of the chest; and only when that part had partially recovered would another small one be applied to a different part.

Counter-irritation may be employed either alone, or, as it more commonly is used, in combination with warmth and moisture. Taking the latter method first, as being the milder of the two, the usual means of combining counter-irritation with the soothing and curative effects of warmth and moisture are either by the application of poultices to which some irritant, such as mustard or red pepper, has been added; or by the use of warm moist flannels, on which have been sprinkled turpentine, oil of mustard, or some similar irritating fluid.

Mustard poultices, as they are usually named, are generally made of either linseed-meal or oatmeal, combined with mustard in varying proportions. A common proportion is one-third of mustard to two-thirds of linseed, and a poultice of this strength when made will act as a very efficient counter-irritant, while an adult patient will be able to bear its application for one to two hours at a time. Occasionally they are made of equal quantities of mustard and linseed meal; but few invalids would bear a poultice so made for more than half an hour to an hour. Children's skin is much more sensitive to the irritation of mustard than the skin of adults; and poultices intended for them should never exceed the strength of one-fourth part of mustard to three-fourths of linseed-meal. The most common way of making them is to mix the mustard and linseed-meal first, and then to add the boiling water with constant stirring until the poultice arrives at the proper consistency. This is not, however, the best way, as mustard does not readily yield the essential oil, on which its strength depends, to boiling water. A better method is to mix the mustard well first with cold water, then add the boiling water, and proceed to make the poultice by adding the linseed-meal as was described in making linseed poultices. Or, in accordance with the directions of the British Pharmacopœia, the poultice may be made first as a linseed poultice, and the mustard then added and mixed well with much stirring. The central fact to be kept in view is, that the strength of mustard has to be developed by intimate mixture with water; and that the greater part of the effect of it is lost unless care be taken to extract this. The poultice should be applied like a linseed poultice, directly to the skin of the invalid.

The preparation of warm moist flannels has already been described, and it only remains to give the caution not to allow them to become cool while adding the turpentine or other irritant to the surface. As regards the amount of turpentine to be added, it will generally be found that one to two teaspoonfuls sprinkled carefully over a square foot of flannel will produce decided redness of the skin, and some feeling of heat and irritation. Care must be taken that the turpentine is distributed fairly equally over every part of the surface. Flannels prepared in this way are known as turpentine stupes. They may be applied for some hours in succession, as they do not produce so much irritation as mustard poultices.

Simple counter-irritation is generally produced by: (1st) Friction with some stimulating liniment, such as ammonia or turpentine liniment; (2nd) the application of irritant plasters, such as those made of mustard or capsicum; (3rd) the application of blisters of cantharides or ammonia. These are arranged in the order of their severity, and occasionally even more severe means of counter-irritation are adopted, such as the application of cautery; but remedies of this potency are not usually left in the hands of a nurse, so that it is not necessary for her to be conversant with the method of their application.

Some little skill and practice is required before a nurse can make effective use of liniments which are intended to be applied by friction. Much the most effective means of using them is by the uncovered hand. A little of the liniment is poured into the palm of the hand very slightly hollowed, and being conveyed to the part to which it is to be applied, is rubbed into the skin by gentle but firm and uniform friction. This friction may either be in a circular direction or upwards and downwards, according to the part where the application is made; in some cases only friction in one direction is permissible, and then the hand must be lifted from the skin to return to the starting point. If there is any special direction in which the liniment should be rubbed in, a careful doctor will always remember to indicate to the nurse his wishes. The amount of liniment to be rubbed in, and the length of time which is to be devoted to the rubbing, must vary so much with individual cases that no general rule can be given. As it is usually a pleasant and soothing process to the patient, he is not likely to complain of some time being occupied by it; but unless a nurse is much accustomed to it, she will find the fatigue considerable after some minutes.

Mustard plasters are prepared by spreading on some base, such as brown paper or thick linen or cotton, a thin coat of mustard, which has been mixed with water exactly as mustard is prepared usually for use as a condiment. Care must be taken to elicit its strength by thorough mixing, and it should be spread uniformly to the size required, with the thickness of about one-tenth of an inch. The edges of the base should then be turned over, to prevent the escape of any mustard, and the surface should be covered with thin linen (such as a piece of an old handkerchief) or with tissue paper, before the plaster is applied to the skin. In the case of adults, such a plaster may be applied for half an hour or even more; in the case of children a quarter of an hour will usually be sufficient to obtain the desired result.

The methods which we have already described as available for the production of a counter-irritating inflammation of the skin, have in common the effect of reddening its surface and of producing slight swelling and tenderness, with considerable increased vascularity (that is, fulness of blood) of its deeper layers. When a greater degree of counter-irritation is required, recourse is had to what is called blistering, which consists of setting up an amount of inflammation in the skin sufficient to cause the outer and inner layers of the skin to be separated from each other by the exudation of a watery fluid called serum, exactly as occurs when the skin is scalded by boiling water. The serum is derived from the blood circulating in the vessels of the skin upon which the blistering agent has been applied; and its presence between the two layers of skin serves to protect the inner and sensitive layer from any injury to which otherwise it might be exposed from the proximity of the blistering agent. This agent in medical practice is almost invariably some preparation of cantharides, applied usually in the form of a plaster, but sometimes employed in solution as a liniment. When the plaster of cantharides is used, it is generally spread by the chemist to the size required, on a piece of ordinary adhesive plaster, which is cut rather larger than the blister is desired to be; if it is then slightly warmed and applied to the skin, the adhesive plaster round the cantharides causes it to adhere. Care should be taken that the cantharides plaster is actually *in contact with* the skin at every point on its surface, otherwise the blister will not cover the whole surface required. If there is no adhesive plaster round the cantharides, it may be retained in contact with the skin by placing two strips of ordinary adhesive plaster over it, or by applying a bandage gently with a little cotton wool immediately over the cantharides plaster. Care must be taken not to bandage too tightly over it, as room must be allowed for the blister to rise. A cantharides plaster applied in this way will generally produce a satisfactory blister in from six to twelve hours; and as it exhausts its power when it has separated the outer from the inner layer of skin, there is no objection to leaving it in contact with the skin for some little time after the blister is produced. It is usual to apply them at night, and leave them on until morning, as many invalids have no difficulty in sleeping notwithstanding the discomfort they produce; while during the day the irritation they cause is annoying and unpleasant.

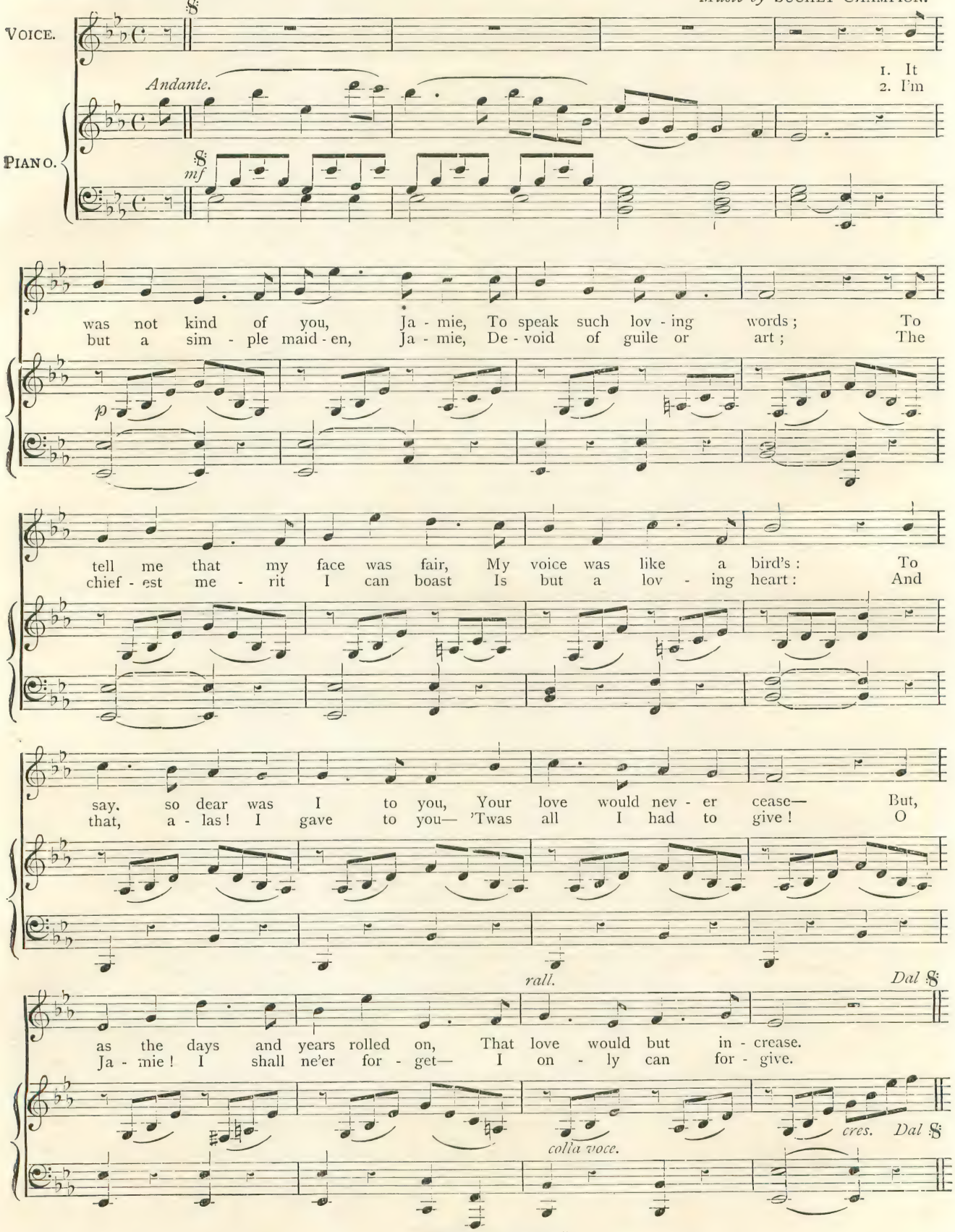
When for any reason it is desired to blister rather more rapidly, cantharides in solution may be painted freely over the surface on which the blister is desired, the painting being repeated if necessary two or three times in an hour, or until the blister rises satisfactorily. For the purpose of preventing the blistering fluid from affecting any part of the skin except the part desired, a little olive oil is usually applied round the edge of the proposed blister before the fluid is employed.

When the blister has risen properly, that is, when the outer layer of skin is elevated by a thick layer of serum, the blistering plaster must be removed with care not to tear the skin or irritate the edges of the blister. If it is desired that the blister should heal as quickly as possible, the fluid contained in it must be allowed to escape by puncturing in a few places the outer skin with a scissors, and pressing gently with a sponge or a piece of soft linen or lint. There is no need to empty it completely; but the openings should be sufficiently large to allow of the free exit of any serum which may not escape at once, or which is secreted while the blister is undergoing the process of repair. The surface is then covered with a piece of lint cut to the size required, and spread with some simple soothing ointment, such as that made of oxide of zinc or of spermaceti. This dressing should be changed at least twice a day, and at first even oftener, as the discharge of serum, which continues during the healing of the blister, saturates unpleasantly the lint covering it, which if left unchanged becomes stiff and irritating. In the case of small blisters where the discharge is inconsiderable, a very convenient and pleasant method of treatment is to simply cover them with some cotton wool, which adheres to their surface, and under which they heal rapidly without any further dressing. When this method is employed, the cotton wool ought to be left undisturbed until the skin is perfectly healed.

Occasionally it is desired to increase and continue the effect of the blister by maintaining it for some little time in the condition of an ulcerated surface. To this end, the whole of the outer layer of skin covering the blister must be carefully removed by cutting round its edges with a scissors; and to the raw surface thus left exposed some irritating ointment, such as sabine or cantharides ointment, must be applied, spread on lint, and renewed once or twice a day. Under this treatment the surface remains as an ulcerating sore, discharging rather thick yellow matter in place of the white serum which originally filled the blister. When desired, such a sore can usually be healed rapidly by the application of some simple unirritating dressing.

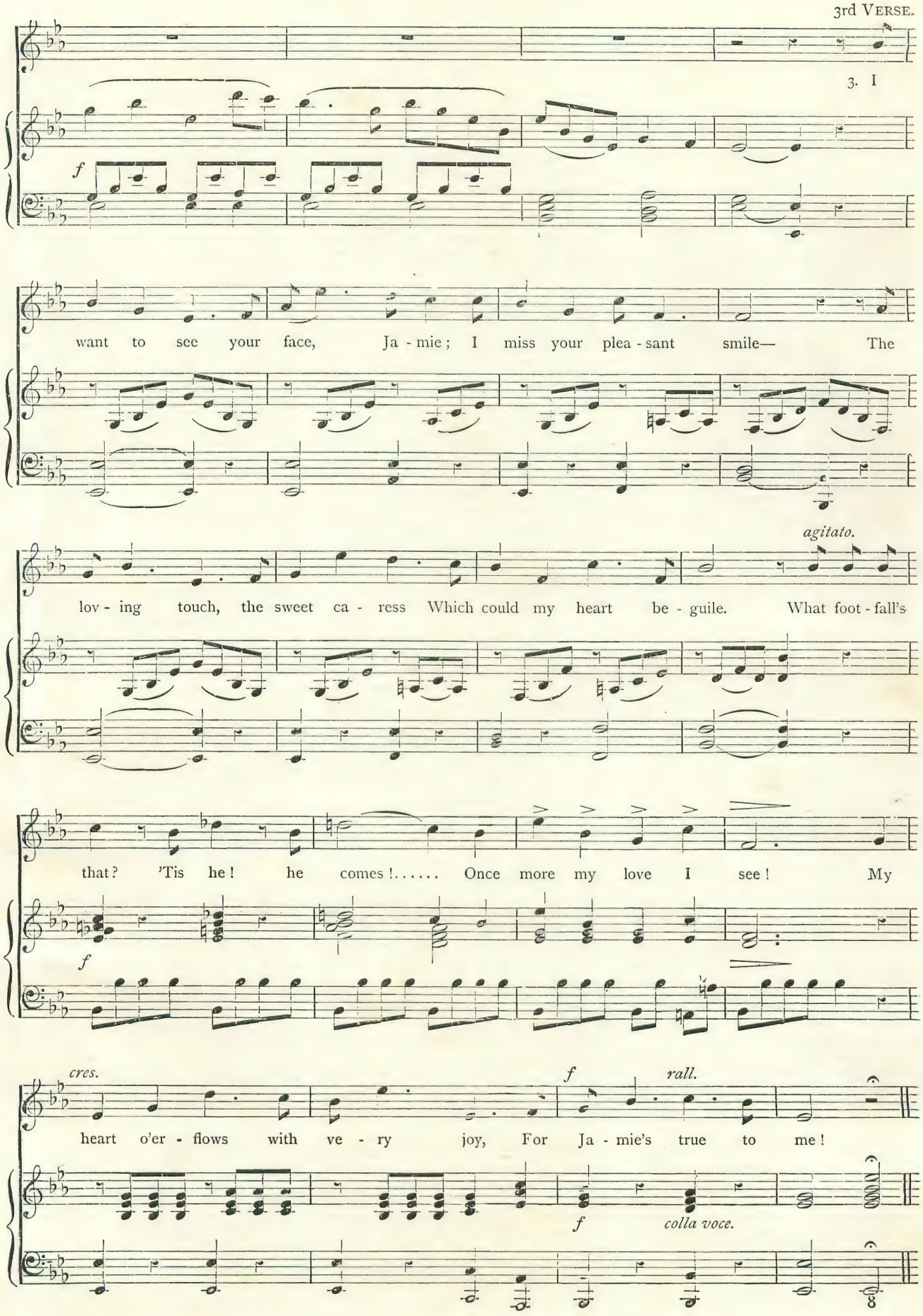
"LEAL."

Words by CHAS. J. ROWE. *Music by* SUCHET CHAMPION.



* Pronounce "Jimmie."

3rd VERSE.


3. I
f
want to see your face, Ja - mie; I miss your plea - sant smile— The
agitato.
lov - ing touch, the sweet ca - ress Which could my heart be - guile. What foot - fall's
that? 'Tis he! he comes!..... Once more my love I see! My
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heart o'er - flows with ve - ry joy, For Ja - mie's true to me!
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RESTITUTION.

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLII.

FAN AGAIN.

WHILE the secretive Mr. Tom Harton was pursuing his schemes in Paris, his open-hearted brother Jack was very differently engaged. Their easy-going father had always let them have their own way, as he had done their mother, Fan, and his belongings generally; and so people said, "Old Harton had no one to blame but himself," whenever the world went wrong with him. On the occasion of the fire, however, he certainly could not be called to account for the difficulties that fell upon him. But he comfortably shelved them upon Jack's shoulders, and resumed his usual habits.

"My house is turned into an inn, and I am one of the lodgers," he said philosophically to his comforter, Miss Vigors. "I'm thankful that they've left me my room."

"They're making such way at the Park that the front rooms will soon be ready," said Jack. "I only hope the patients won't die first. Mine is getting on, but Gerard's is less hopeful."

"Mr. Gerard is worked to death!" exclaimed Miss Vigors. "And so we are all, for that much."

This passed about ten days after the fire. While Jack was about to make a somewhat uncomplimentary remark about finding work for idle hands, a letter was brought to him by a servant, with a request for an answer. He opened it.

"Say I'll come at once," he cried. "Miss Vigors, you must take my place with my patient. He won't like it, but there's nobody else. Father, I don't know when I shall be back; but I must go. I'm off to town on special business. You shall know all about it in time. Don't like to raise your hopes, but I'm after Fan."

"Fan! If you find Fan you shall have —my blessing; for Tom's got the entailed and much-encumbered property," laughed Mr. Harton.

And Jack hurried to the back yard, where a gipsy messenger awaited him. He said he would meet Mrs. Lee at the station, and then lost no time in picking up hat and walking-stick, and rushing upstairs to Loveridge.

"I've had a summons from Mother Lee. You must put up with somebody else for a few hours," he said, abruptly.

"All right. Don't think of me. I should be well if I could get rid of this confounded cotton wool," replied Loveridge.

Jack strode off to the station, where he found the Tigress meekly selling her tracts. The train arrived almost immediately, and he followed her and her basket into a third-class carriage. The compartment was tolerably full, so they had no conversation, but she utilised her opportunities by continuing the sale of her books and preaching to her astonished fellow-travellers. "In season and out of season," she whispered to Jack, who was not altogether pleased by her confidence, and wanted to hear about Fan.

When they reached London Bridge she took him by omnibus to the entrance of a small street not far from Mr. Aspenel's office, where they dismounted and walked to a decent house, where the windows were emphasised by the word "Lodgings." They were let in quickly, and she led the way up three flights of stairs. He followed. Arrived on the landing of the third storey, she paused, and turning to Jack, said—

"I can make nothing of her. See what you can do; go in."

She cautiously opened a door, peeped in, drew back, and impelled Jack forwards. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he entered a small room and heard the door close behind him. Standing at the window, which was open, and apparently looking out, was a young girl, whom he recognised at once by her attitude.

"Fan, Fan!" he cried, in a voice so jubilant that it startled the watcher into turning slowly round.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, and would have fallen had not he caught and supported her. "Jack!" she repeated, with frightened eagerness, withdrawing from him, and gazing at him as if he were a spectre.

"Yes, Fan, I'm Jack, and no mistake," he cried. "I've come home on purpose to find you, and I've found you, my dear; and we'll never part again —never."

"Oh, Jack!" she sobbed, falling on her knees beside a small table, leaning her elbows on it, covering her face with her hands, and breaking into sobs.

"This will never do, Fan," he said, laying his hand on her head, while tears filled his honest eyes. "You must cheer up, and come home with me."

"I cannot—I must not," she sobbed, seizing the hand, kissing it, and letting her tears fall upon it.

"You can and must, my dearest Fan. Get up like a good child, and tell me all about it."

She rose and stood beside him with a sort of shamefaced dignity. He looked at her, and the expression of his face changed from joy to sorrow. She was altered; the red rose on her brown cheeks had paled; the brilliancy of her eyes had faded; even the gloss of her raven locks was dimmed. She did not look him fearlessly in the face, as of old; she did not lay her hands in his and give him the sisterly kiss as when they parted; she only stood and waited for him to speak.

There was an old couch in the corner of the room, and he led her to it. She was trembling and sobbing still. He sat down beside her, and took her hand kindly.

"What is it, Fan? Tell me all. Have you done wrong? Why did you go away? Who brought you to this place? I shall never blame you, whatever has happened."

"Dear Jack, will you promise not to tell if I confess everything? Not even to Sir?"

"I promise, Fan."

She was his own, old Fan once more. The face and eyes lighted up, and she turned and looked at him. In spite of tears and unnatural gravity, he read that she was pure, true, and good as of yore.

"Did you really come home to look for me, all the way from America?" she asked.

"I did. And in return you must tell me why and with whom you left our home."

"My very own father came to fetch me away, and I dared not refuse," she replied, hesitating.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack, enthusiastically. But moderating his delight, he added, "Go on, Fan. Why didn't you tell my father the truth?"

"It is a mystery, Jack. He would not let me tell, because he said it would bring trouble upon him. He is quite like a gentleman, yet he married my poor mother, Clorandy, when they were both young. The Tigress knows all about it, for she is my grandmother."

"You have a nice lot of relations,' said Jack, ruefully.

"Yes. But you know, Jack, I was always a gipsy. I don't think my father is one by birth, though he has been mixed up with us."

"Is he Wandering Will, Fan?"

"Hush! Nobody but you must know. He is and he isn't. He is somebody else as well. I thought he was when I left home with him, and since he has turned into quite a nice person."

"What was his name when he became a 'nice person,' Fan? And where is he now?"

Fan evaded the first part of the question, answering the second.

"He left me on Whit Monday, and has not returned since. Mrs. Lee—the Tigress, you know—found me out and said he would soon be back; but he hasn't come. Oh, Jack! I have been so miserable! Shut up in this stifling place with nobody to speak to, and pining for Hoplands, and the common, and Sir. How is he? Was he very angry when I left?"

"Not angry, Fan; only sorry. How could you leave him?"

"Because of the Catechism, Jack; and my duty to my father, and the Commandments."

"But why did you not tell the truth to my father? He would not have prevented your doing your duty according to the Catechism."

"Don't laugh, Jack. That is the mystery. He and the Tigress said I must choose between my real and my adopted father; my duty and my pleasure; poverty and riches; but I must not tell anyone with whom I went away. Oh! it was very hard; but the real father was so poor and lonely that I thought I should be wicked if I did not obey him."

"Was it 'honour your father and your mother'? Why, Fan, you are quite a paragon, and all for Wandering Will."

Jack laughed merrily, and for the first time Fan showed her white teeth and dimples.

"There's a dear Fan! You look your own self once more. Now go and put on your bonnet and come home with me. When a man deserts his wife, she can have the law of him; and 'tis the same with a father. Yours has left you, and they will take you to the workhouse if he doesn't come back. I'll have a talk with the Tigress. I'll be bound she's outside."

Jack did not wait for Fan's remonstrance, but went out upon the landing, closing the door after him. Mrs. Lee was seated on the topmost stair, her basket beside her, industriously studying a primer, by means of which she was learning to read. Jack sat down by her side, and spoke in a low tone.

"If I take Fan home with me, will you manage her father? Tell him whatever you like. I hear you are her grandmother, and why in the world haven't you said so all these years?"

"Before I was converted I went wrong. I thought only of her worldly good, and not of her duty. When my poor Clorandy died I went off to the East, and lost sight of her and her father."

"Pity you ever sighted 'em again, Mother Lee. But no good regretting. Will you manage Wandering Will, if that's her father, while I take her home? Pay up their rent, anything you like—tell him——"

"I have no time to lose, Mr. Jack," interrupted the Tigress. "Take her home, and I'll settle the rest. As I look into the future it is the best thing you can do. Tell her so. I have to meet Mr. Clarville at Mr. Aspenel's office, and may not tarry."

But Fan suddenly opened the door.

"Come in," she said. "I dare not go unless my father bids me."

"He bids you through me, Fan. He says you may go to the world's end with Mr. Jack Harton, and maybe he'll come with you. I have given up lying to speak the truth."

As Mrs. Lee said this she went into the room, outspread her arms, and in them enfolded Fan. Poor Jack made a grimace; he was not quite reconciled to Fan's relations.

"Go with him," said the old woman imperatively, and Fan looked appealingly at Jack.

"What will Sir say?" she asked.

"That you were a very naughty girl to run away, and a very good one to come back," he replied, with a joyous ring in his voice.

"Your father shall know everything, and you will soon see him again," added Mrs. Lee.

"Then I will go," said Fan, her countenance changing to its natural gleaming brightness.

She went into an inner room, and Jack took the opportunity to give Mrs. Lee such money as he had to pay for Fan's lodging.

"You needn't take any unnecessary trouble to hunt up your worthy son-in-law," he said. "We can manage Fan without him."

"Do you hold to your word still?" she asked.

"To marry Fan? Of course I do, if she'll have me."

The Tigress gave him a piercing glance, held out her hand, and as if by some old instinct, looked into the palm he gave in return.

"Honest!" she muttered. Then letting it fall, added, "Superstition again! The Lord forgive me."

"Queer old fish!" he exclaimed, as she left the room. "Shan't like her for a grandmother; but one's connections are of no moment in the far West."

Fan returned with a little bundle in her hand, saying, humbly, that she hoped Jack wouldn't be ashamed of her; for she had had no new clothes since she left Hoplands. Her dress was certainly shabby, but Jack was not ashamed of her. He took her bundle and hurried her downstairs, assuring her that Mother Lee had paid her landlady. They were not long in reaching London Bridge, and were on their way to Roselands in no time. Fan could scarcely breathe for excitement, and had not a word to say in answer to Jack's questions, as they sat side by side in their third class carriage.

"We would have gone first-class for grandeur, but I only saved enough for third," laughed Jack, rummaging his empty pockets.

"Oh, Jack! you're not a bit improved," said Fan.

"But you are, Fan, for you used to stumble over the Commandments and 'I desire,' in the Catechism, and now you know 'em all by heart."

It was dusk when they reached Roselands, so Fan managed to elude observation, slipping past porter and ticket collector and out into the road unnoticed.

"My heart will burst, I know it will," she said, as they took a by-path to Hoplands. "What is that?" she exclaimed, seeing for the first time in the dim light the bare rafters of the great house.

"There's been a fire at the Park. We're all in a muddle, for the Squire's at Hoplands. But you'll soon hear all about it."

"And the Miss Aspenels, and Nurse True?"

"They're all right. Come along, Fan. Tom's away, so there will be no one to lecture you."

"Go in first," pleaded agitated Fan, when they reached Hoplands.

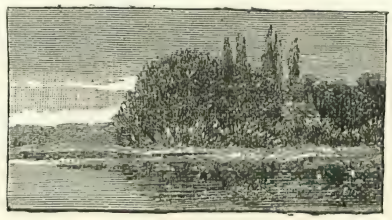
"We'll go in together. Here she is, father!" cried exultant Jack, dragging her into the dining-room.

Fan stood a moment irresolute in the middle of the room; but before Mr. Harton realised her presence she was assailed by three dogs, who leaped upon her, barking, wagging their tails, and displaying that canine joy and affection in which our four-footed friends so infinitely surpass us.

"Rolf, Bess, Fogey," cried the girl, her arms round them all at once. Then bursting from them she cast those same arms round her benefactor with the words, "Oh, Sir, dear Sir, Jack made me come home, and I am so glad, so glad!"

"Fan!" was all Mr. Harton could say, as he embraced the wild girl whom he so dearly loved.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNABELLA.—The word "Gospel" is a compound of two Saxon words, *i.e.*, God, "good," and spell, "tidings" or "message." Thus it signifies "God's tidings," or "good tidings." Observe, "God" and "good" are synonymous terms.

VON DALLA TORRE (Tyrol).—Your English is excellent, and does you credit; and your appreciative, kindly letter deserves our best thanks. Were we going to Innsbruck it would do us or any of our writers great pleasure to accept your kind invitation to call on you. Our "afternoon teas" are usually very informal, unless a considerable number of people are specially invited to meet each other. On ordinary "at homes" (a special day being reserved as a reception day) tea, cake, and thin bread and butter are provided. These are placed on a small table. Hot buttered cakes, muffins, or crumpets are sometimes provided. No servant is in attendance on these informal occasions after the tea and cake are brought in. But when a specially invited party is asked, tea, coffee, cakes, etc., are laid in a second room, where servants are in attendance to serve the guests. We hope your health will soon be restored.

MARMION.—The phrase, "No cross, no crown," is not a passage to be found in the Bible; but one of the many composed for illuminated mottoes to hang in bedrooms or schoolrooms. Your writing promises well. Write to our publisher; the editor's is a different department.

CURIOUS NELLIE.—The passage referring to the "horn being exalted with honour" may be understood when you look at pictures of favourite Asiatic headdresses of the upper classes. Among the dresses on Mount Lebanon married women still wear silver horns on their heads, projecting out over the forehead, and from which a long veil depends on each side. Men also used to wear a horn, sometimes of a spiral pattern, from a close-fitting headcovering; and the term, metaphorically speaking, was used to signify strength and honour. The animal mentioned in the Book of Job is believed to be identical with the hippopotamus.

GERTRUDE FLEMMING.—We are glad to answer little girls' letters. You should look for the meanings of big words you name in a large dictionary; but we think you could not understand the explanations. We have given the origin of "April Fool's Day" several times. See our indexes. Perhaps you may understand what a "panorama" is if we tell you that it is a circular picture, that is, a long strip of landscape painting joined together at the ends, and you stand in the middle and turn round to see it. A "diorama" is a long strip of the same kind, but not joined at the ends; and this is gradually unrolled at one end, and rolled up at the other, so that all should pass before you.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—If the man who has now proposed to you be thoroughly respectable, and able to support you, marry him and be at peace. No vow or promise is binding on you in reference to the man who jilted you and married another girl.

T. GOODENOUGH.—Make a paste of beeswax and turpentine (remembering how inflammable it is when you dissolve and mix both together), and rub this on the boards. They should be planed smoothly first, and after the beeswaxing you might safely lay a carpet over them, or else colour them with walnut stain.

PUCK had better send her hat to be dyed and properly "blocked" to a dyer, or it may be spoilt. She should endeavour to smile, and look as if the teasing had no effect on her. It is probably because her sister thinks she takes offence in a weak, unreasonable, and ridiculous way, that she is tempted to be mischievous, and to worry her in this way. Of course she is very wrong to do anything that annoys another person, whether they take it crossly and absurdly or not; but good temper will be your best defence.

A. L. W.—The life of the poet Mrs. Hemans was written by H. F. Chorley, 1837. Her maiden name was Browne, and she was born at Liverpool in 1794.

CLARE.—Clean the grease on the fur cape with flour.

NO NAME.—It would be a very bad sign were you to "feel good." You should feel yourself very bad, and ask the Lord to give you a new heart, and to help you to pray, and to try to correct all evil ways. He gives to all who ask Him for His Holy Spirit, and "those that seek, find" His forgiveness. You seem to think of Him as of some hard, cruel being, and forget all His love, and bounty, and forbearance. He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden (with sin, and fears, and trials of all kinds), and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

MAUD.—Do not change the water in the bowl for gold fish very often, or they will starve. You may give them a few very fine crumbs of bread. You should obtain advice from the people who sold them to you, and they should, if possible, see how you keep them and where, and what greenery you have in the water, to ascertain the cause of so many deaths.

LAUREL LEAF.—We regret to say that on every account your story would not suit our paper. The spelling is shockingly bad; also the grammar and general style, to say nothing of the writing. But we further disapprove of the spirit in which it is written; so censorious in reference to persons in general placed by God's providence in a higher position of life, and imputing bad motives to persons who walk for some miles to attend their own place of worship rather than go to one of another denomination. It by no means follows that these fellow-Christians think, or mean others to feel, as though they said, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." Speaking thus of them, and imputing such bad feelings to them, is most uncharitable, and you place yourself in the ranks of those who wish to pull out the mote in (or even perhaps not in) thy brother's eye, etc.

DOROTHY.—If born on board a British ship you would be a British subject, and the commanding officers of all British ships are required to send in returns of all births and deaths occurring on board ship. These are kept in the "Marine Register" at the Registrar-General's office.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 446.] JULY 14, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

All rights reserved.] "'SO GO BACK TO YOUR GAME, AND NEVER MIND ME.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF A GARDEN PARTY.

PLAY was resumed in good earnest with a partial change of players. Mabel and Gilbert Sheperton opposed Bob and Lucy, Mabel being the only one who had played in the previous game, when her partner had been her cousin Arthur.

"Who'll score for us? Bert, will you?" cried Bob.

"Underwood can't score," thrust in self-sufficient Arthur, authoritatively; "he does not know half the rules of the game. I will score for you."

"Mr. Underwood, can you not score?" put in Gilbert pointedly, ignoring the offer.

"I have not made a study of tennis, sir. I prefer to be a mere spectator. You have a volunteer," calmly answered Hubert, and settled the question.

This did not satisfy Bob.

"I say, Bert, if you can persuade Phillis to come out and play, Lucy and I will give up our ground to you after the first 'set'; or I would hand over my racquet to you now. I dare say Lucy would be willing to change partners for once," proposed he, in an outburst of generous indignation, catching his friend by the button-hole. "My Lord Rivers wants the conceit knocking out of him."

It was something of a temptation, but Hubert set it aside. He was generous as the other.

"Thank you, Bob," said he in reply, "but I am not equipped for tennis, and Miss Hope would think me a sorry substitute for her present partner," a droll smile flitting across his face.

Lucy came forward and spoke for herself. "Indeed, Mr. Underwood, I would gladly surrender my place if Phillis could be induced to come and take it. She needs the recreation, and she likes it as much as we do."

"I will try my powers of persuasion as your emissary, Miss Hope; but I am not sanguine if Phillis is busily employed," was said in the tone of one to whom failure was a foregone conclusion.

"She is always busily employed," fell from Lucy, involuntarily, in a low voice.

"Ah, she is fonder of work than I am, or Mabel either," supplemented Bob, energetically.

During this colloquy a prettily shod foot had been pattering impatiently on the soft and silent grass. "Bob, we are waiting!" now came imperiously from the far side of the net, and not in Miss Heathfield's most silvery tones.

The recalled truants hurried to their places, and Hubert, bowing slowly, retired towards the house, followed by an inquiring glance from Mabel's expressive eyes.

"Where is he going, and why?" they seemed to say.

Skirting the lawn, he stopped short at the side door, and entered the long passage as she could see, but why he stayed there might have puzzled her, had not the game required all her attention.

He found his progress blocked by Ann, who was leaving a large china-closet on his right with a pile of plates, whilst Phillis, towel in hand, collected and wiped others for removal, or replaced the tea services she had herself washed.

"Miss Hope is very anxious to have you out on the lawn among the players; can you not come?" he asked.

"Ah, Lucy is very kind, but," and she shook her head, "you see I am busy."

"Yes, I see. But cannot Ann or Hepsy save you this?"

"Mother never trusts either Ann or Hepsy among the best china and glass; Ann is careless and slippery-fingered, and Hepsy is not much better when she is 'put out.' Mother would be nervous and uneasy if she heard either of them rattling and clattering in here. Whilst she was well she never allowed anyone but herself to meddle with anything in this closet. I felt quite honoured when she trusted me with her keys."

"No doubt," assented Hubert, "but what is there to be done now you could not have done beforehand?"

"Nothing, if we had known in time. We thought Mabel would put off her party, as mother was so ill. And it was only this morning father said 'he did not believe in tea and turn-out; no one should leave his house on Mab's birthday without a good supper.' It's that has made Hepsy so cross, and me all harry-behind. You understand, I *can't* come. It does not matter much; there are plenty without me, and I can play tennis some other time. So go back to your game, and never mind me."

"I'm not playing."

"Not playing? Oh, then I wish you would shut the glass-doors for mother, before the air grows chilly. You know the trick of the warped wood and queer hinges. They will not stir for me."

He was going; she recalled him with a beaming face to congratulate him on his improving prospects, remarking, "I knew you would get on. It was only what we expected. I am sure you have all our best wishes."

He thanked her and went to do her bidding, wondering if the "all" comprehended versatile Mabel.

Barbara was ill, without doubt. But she had made up her mind to sit up and see Mabel enjoy her birthday-party, much against the wishes of Phillis, who expected the excitement would be too much for her. She kept her place by the French-window of the composite apartment (which she never entered without a feeling that her good drawing-room furniture was there a sacrifice to new ideas and common uses), and looked out on the lawn and garden.

After tea she had consented to rest her head on one of Miss Pringle's pretty patchwork cushions, and her feet on a footstool, at her daughter's entreaty, but she would not hear a word of lying down on the couch. She had a secret desire to observe what impression Mabel had made on Gilbert Sheperton, and could not resist the opportunity.

Miss Pringle, who had heard rumours of the young lady's talent for flirtation, was also on the watch, though she sat by the side of her niece, industriously composing a cottager's quilt out of tailors' clippings and travellers' samples, chatting all the while. Her first theme had of course been her "*protégé's* promotion," on which she had dilated whilst Phillis set the trays and provided tea for the strangers outside and the family within. Then the old rector's increasing infirmities and the extra work entailed on the curate; to which was appended a rider that the latter was anxious to enlist the services of young ladies of the congregation, as teachers in the Sunday-school and visitors among the poor. Then came a bit of harmless gossip about her servant-maid, Ruth, and Roger, now head shepherd to the farmer. Roger had courted the said Ruth almost from the night of the memorable snowstorm—when he took his mother to spend the night with her at Pilgrim Place, and was now "pestering her to put an end to his long probation." She had launched another topic when Hubert left the garden, and was asking pertinently enough "why should Mabel have all the play and Phillis Penelope all the preparation for the party?"

"Surely, aunt, you could not expect Mabel to leave her friends while she laid out tables on her own birthday," remonstrated Barbara, as if shocked at the suggestion. "What would they think of us?"

"Preserve me from obtuseness!" thought the keen-witted old lady. What she said was, "Pray did not Miss Mabel invite the party, and pout when a proposal was very properly made to postpone it? And pray, what prevented her from putting on an apron to pluck poultry, and provide pastry and confections for her party, as Hepsy tells me Phillis Penelope has been doing the best part of the day."

"Oh," replied Barbara, with a weary sigh, "Hepsy was so cross, Mabel did not care to go into the kitchen."

"Hepsy was probably put out at a party of specially invited people coming almost unawares and finding her unprepared. But her passing pettishness did not surely prevent Mabel from placing porcelain in readiness with her pretty fingers, or preparing the table for the impromptu supper, so as to permit Phillis Penelope to participate in the play on the lawn."

Before Barbara could reply, in walked Hubert to close the reluctant glass door, and earn her thanks for the relief he brought. Her aunt's persistence was so wearying. There was no making her understand the difference between the two girls. Phillis was certainly a most excellent and reliable girl in her way, and a great comfort to her. She would make a homely domestic wife for some good and seriously-inclined man—such as the curate—but Mabel! she was not born for drudgery or district visiting,

she was fitted to adorn any society; her superior education was thrown away within the sphere of a farm; she hoped some day——and the hope followed her glance out to the tennis-court where the brilliant Mabel was assuredly making havoc with the heart of the young squire with her fascinations, not only in her opinion, or the mother's, but in that of Hubert, whose eyes took in the scene against his will.

"Where is Mr. Heathfield?" he asked, wondering if the farmer was cognisant of the desperate flirtation that was going on.

"In his own office, I suppose, making up the week's accounts," was the faint reply. "He was here at tea time."

"I have been asking Phillis why she does not join the tennis players; it is a pity she cannot have a turn with the rest."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Heathfield, heavily, and closed her eyes wearily, as if utterly spent. His renewal of the discordant theme was too much for her.

"Mother, you really must let me help you to bed, you are utterly exhausted," urged Phillis, who had come upon the scene. "You are sitting up too long, and will be very much worse to-morrow if we do not take care. Come, put your arm round my neck and I will assist you to rise," and she hung over the dear invalid in deep concern, whilst tennis-balls were being served and volleyed outside as if sickness or pain had no place in creation, least of all close at hand.

It was with considerable reluctance Barbara yielded to united entreaty, and allowed Hubert and Phillis between them to sustain her faltering footsteps in the long transit to her own chamber above the dining-room; Miss Penelope following to "put on her bonnet and pelerine, and see Barbara perfectly comfortable, prior to her return to Pilgrim Place."

Miss Pringle and Hubert were both gone when the farmer came in the house with a grave and anxious face, to wash the grease from his hands and make himself hastily presentable. He had been engaged, not with accounts, but assisting his shepherds to separate, fold, and anoint sheep attacked by "the fly" from the remainder of the flock. As he was leaving his pleasant tea-table Roger had met him with the news that "some o' th' sheep was rubbing against th' fences an' t'others;" and Stephen was not the man to do important work by deputy only. He had kept the disquieting news from his ailing wife.

At dusk the party from the lawn adjourned to the drawing-room for "a little music." All but Gilbert Sheperton, who had excused himself as "due at home for dinner," not caring to come in closer contact with self-assertive Arthur Rivers. At the foot of the staircase in the hall, as she descended with an empty gruel basin, Phillis encountered her sister, not too well pleased at the defection of her cavalier.

She had been peering into the dining-room to ascertain the progress making towards supper, and paused on her way to join her friends in the opposite room.

"I suppose mother has gone to bed," she remarked, casually.

"Yes, she is over-fatigued, and needs repose, or she will be seriously ill."

At that moment there was a crash on the piano, as if half the keys had been struck at once.

"I think, dear, you had better tell Maud that mother is ill, and that music is likely to disturb her."

"Nonsense! How can it disturb her, with her room on another floor and this wide hall between? Maud would think I was ill-natured and romancing. Did she not see mother sitting by the open door all the afternoon? *Apropos*, what has become of Aunt Pringle and Hubert?" In the absence of the young squire she could remember them.

"They have gone home."

"I think they might have had the politeness to say *au revoir* before they went."

"Probably if you had said 'Good afternoon' when they came, they might be here still. If they had felt welcome they would not have left their presents to be found on the hall table," answered Phillis, warming at what she considered a slight of true friends, and pointing, as she turned to go, towards a couple of neat parcels on the hat-stand slab.

"There let them lie. They will keep. His highness has grown marvellously touchy with his elevation," was said, superciliously.

"Hubert Underwood is not a boy, to be trifled with, Mabel. His feelings are warm and deep. He feels an insult keenly. And you are not treating him well," Phillis turned her head to say before she passed into the kitchen with her moist eyes, her susceptible heart wounded through others.

"Pgh!" was Mabel's comment. "What a fuss about nothing." But she carried her sister's reproof with her into the lighted drawing-room, and did not get rid of it among her gay companions, who sang, and played, and amused themselves with light chit-chat and flirtation, unaware of any cause why they should do otherwise.

Presently Lucy Hope, who felt herself of small account there, after a word with Bob, slipped out to join Phillis, and assist in decorating the table, and drilling Ann to wait.

Mr. Heathfield came quietly down the stairs as she crossed the hall, and went into the drawing-room with an unusually grave face. "Mrs. Heathfield was not very well," he said, "and the music disturbed her rest. He would be glad if the young people could amuse themselves some other way for a short time."

Mr. Hylton looked at his sister, and closed the piano with quiet significance.

Arthur Rivers proposed "cards."

"There was never a pack of cards in my house, Arthur. As your father knows, I had a brother ruined by them. Can you not cap verses, or play at 'I love my love,' as was done in my young days?"

"Oh, yes, we can play at 'I love my love,' assented Arthur with a meaning smile and a glance at Mabel, while his friend Hylton stooped to whisper something in the ear of Maud, and looked as highly amused as if he had been asked to dance a hornpipe, or perform any other barbaric feat.

Ann's face at the door, with the signal for supper, came opportunely. To Arthur and Mr. Hylton it was better than music, neither having dined. They were paired off to their satisfaction; the table was arranged faultlessly; glass, plate, cutlery, and napery were bright and speckless; the epergne of freshly gathered flowers suggested the touch of an artistic hand. The palate had been catered for with equal care.

Mabel felt her birthday supper a success, but no one except Bob missed Phillis, or asked for her; and he had his sobering answer from Lucy.

Phillis was in the chamber overhead, bathing her mother's heated brow and hands with eau-de-cologne, and wondering if the wearisome day would never come to an end.

There was a rattle of wheels, a driver in difficulty over checking and turning his horses in the steep and narrow lane. There were voices in the hall and outside; another vehicle coming down hill, and turning at a disadvantage, and then, to the solace of Phillis, good-byes were said, the carriages drove off—the guests were gone.

All but Lucy, who had come upstairs to kiss Phillis, and ask after Mrs. Heathfield. Bob thought his cousins might have invited her to take the vacant seat in their carriage, but on the whole preferred to be himself her escort, though it did involve a long moonlight walk.

"Bob," said his father, as they were going, "you had better call at Dr. Calverley's on your way. Say your mother is worse. I should be glad if he would see her early in the morning. It might be well if he sent a composing draught by you in case it was needed. She is restless and feverish."

Mabel heard, and crept upstairs feeling somehow as if her select birthday party was not altogether a success. Had the excitement really made her mother worse? Ought she really to have put it off? It could not be helped then, but she would tell her she was sorry, and beg to be forgiven.

She met Phillis on the landing, who, in an undertone, begged her to go back. Now the house was quiet her mother seemed inclined to sleep.

Nothing loth, she obeyed. She shrank from seeing the mischief her fine party had brought about. She saw the gravity on her father's face in the light of the hall lamp, and was afraid he would blame her.

"Father," said Phillis to him, "would you please to go upstairs now, and softly. Mother seems drowsy. It would not do to disturb her out of her first sleep. I shall be up to let Bob in. The supper things have to be cleared away."

"Humph! that's work of my making, I suppose," he muttered as he took off his slippers and went upstairs in his stocking feet; but he never so much as suggested that Mabel was in any way responsible. The queen could do no wrong.

Phillis was already at work. Mabel

threw herself into a chair as if limp from over-exertion.

"I wish you would help me to remove these things quietly," said the former; "Ann seems so tired and sleepy, she is sure to make a clatter, if she does nothing worse. It is time she was in bed."

"She is not more tired or sleepy than I am; and I might soil my new dress," objected Mabel. "Why not leave the things here till the morning?"

"Do you forget that to-morrow is Sunday?"

Mabel was silent, but she did not stir.

Hepsy's touzled red head came in at the doorway, and a pair of strong red arms, bared up to the elbows as if for work. "Miss Phillis," said the woman, humbly, "I'm sorry as I let my temper get the better of me to-day. But I can't sit still and see you slaving yourself to death. So if you'll forgive me, we'll just send Ann off to bed, an' you an' me 'll clear off these things an' wash 'em up, afore Mr. Robert gets back, an' never make a bit of noise to disturb missis. An' I thinks, Miss Mabel, as you'd be best in bed too. Them fingers o' yours don't look much good for work o' this sort. An' you've got to keep your roses in bloom."

Phillis was not too proud to accept Hepsy's penitent help, late as it came. She had been on her feet all the day, and was more fatigued than she would admit. She thanked the true-hearted woman cordially, little thinking how her own patience had acted like oil on the troubled waves of the other's temper.

Mabel looked listlessly on awhile at the silent and systematic clearance; but she had no inclination to witness the after processes in Hepsy's domain, so with a sleepy "good-night" she took her candle from the slab, and when she had gone the unopened parcels were likewise gone.

It was nearly midnight when Phillis locked up the china-closet door, with all things in order. Yet Mabel was still awake, and not too amiable.

Had her presents been unacceptable, or had they brought disturbing thoughts to close her pleasant day?

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH CASTLES;

OR,

MILESTONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

By EMMA BREWER.

DURHAM CASTLE.

This city is celebrated
In the whole empire of the Britons.
The road to it is steep,
It is surrounded with rocks,
And with curious plants.
The Wear flows round it,
A river of rapid waves,
And there live in it
Fishes of various kinds,
Mingling with the floods.
And there grow great forests;
There live in the recesses
Wild animals of many sorts;
In the deep valleys
Deer innumerable.

—*An old Danish-Saxon poem between 780 and the Conquest.*

There are few among us but have seen illustrations of Durham Cathedral and Durham Castle; their picturesque and commanding position have made them very favourite subjects of the artist's pencil, and we are therefore as familiar with their appearance as with our Tower of London and Windsor Castle. And yet when one is on the spot one is filled with emotions that the illustrations, however *beautiful*, could never have produced.

Standing at the gateway of the castle, where probably William the Conqueror had paused when he acknowledged it a famous point for defence, where for centuries men great in war, in church, in politics have passed in and out, where every stone and clod of earth around us teem with memories of men and acts which have helped to make our England's history, no wonder that we pause by the Norman milestone and try to decipher every stroke of its writing.

Those who have stood on the Palace Green, as it is called, with the Grand Cathedral and Castle on either side, with the beautifully wooded-shored Wear running its course below, will agree with me that it would be difficult to find a more charming spot either in England or on the Continent, so successful has been the combination of nature and man to stamp it with beauty.

Had our purpose been to speak of the city or of the cathedral, we must have given some account of St. Cuthbert, whose name is more intimately connected with these in history and in popular tradition than any other with which they have been connected.

Although his history is surrounded with fable and mystery, yet there is no denying that it adds to the interest of the place when one is there, and it would be really impossible for any visitor to Durham or its cathedral to come away ignorant of St. Cuthbert and his doings in the seventh century, so constantly are they pressed upon one's notice.

It was a gusty, windy morning when we passed up the narrow, steep street to the mound on which stands the grand old castle, and around which the city is built.

On our way we met many students in caps and gowns, for there is a university here which ranks next to Oxford and Cambridge, a much more noble use to put the castle to now that it is no longer needed for protection against the enemy, than to convert it into a gaol like Lancaster and Norwich.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL AND CASTLE.

On arriving at the large square called Palace Green we did not enter the castle at once, but walked about and around, wondering as we did so whether the rising ground on which we stood was the work of our clever Saxon forefathers, its antiquity and certain peculiarities about it inclining us to this belief. Then we tried to picture William the Conqueror, as he returned from Scotland, vexed and irritated at the rebellion of his

Northern subjects, pausing here to think over the perplexities of his position, and we could almost see his eye flashing as a probable clearing away of the difficulties suddenly suggested itself. As his keen eyes wandered over this almost impregnable spot and away to the savage desolate country beyond, the thought struck him that this was the exact place whereon to build a fortress which would not only keep the Scots in order and awe the Northumbrians, but secure to him his earldom or jurisdiction.

Then another picture presented itself: that of the kings and queens and people of distinction who had been received in this castle since William's time, and of all the great men who in various ages had set their mark upon this Norman milestone.

But we could not give too much time to dreaming of the past, our one purpose in visiting Durham having been to see the castle in and out, and so we entered the gateway built by Bishop Tunstall, and walked up a flag path running through a neat and trimly-kept grass plot, on which was resting a magnificent old retriever who seemed to have imposed on himself the office of Warden, a post which in former days was one of great honour and emolument.

He allowed us to pass on to the second door or gate, where the veritable warder met us, and on our giving him threepence each he, too, let us pass, clanging a bell as he did so to give notice of our approach.

We went on across the wide flagged inner court, up the stone steps, and at last stood within the castle.

Here a maid-servant met us, whose business it was to show us over the whole place. She commenced by leading us into the dining-hall, or, as it is commonly called, "Hatfield's Hall,"* which is on the west side of the quadrangle.

Notwithstanding that it is so named, there is evidence that it is of a somewhat earlier date, for we know that in 1333 Bishop Bury,† onhis enthronement, entertained in this hall the King and Queen of England, the Queen Dowager of England, the King of Scotland, and other persons of great distinction. It is probable therefore that Hatfield merely finished and decorated it.

It is still of noble proportions, though it has been twice reduced from its original size. First Bishop Fox took from its area one-third, in order to provide kitchens and offices. The partition he set up still bears his device, "a pelican."

This bishop was the chief agent in concluding the treaty of marriage between James and Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. He received her on her way north, and entertained her in Hatfield's great hall.

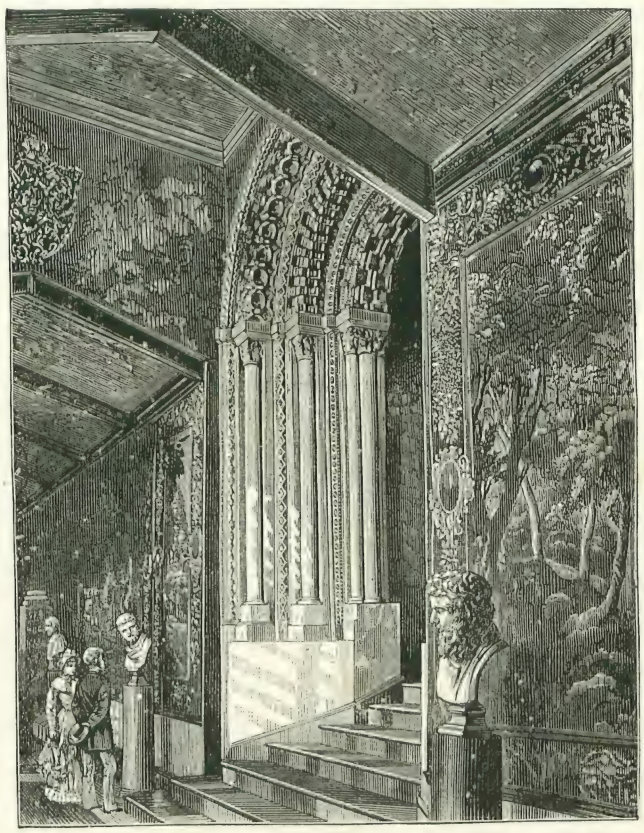
The second reduction was made by Bishop Cosin, 1660, who took off an audience room at the north end, at the foot of the great staircase. It was he who wainscoted the walls of the hall.

In its present state it is 180 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 50 feet high to the rafters, and strikes one as a noble room indeed. Many bishops have left their mark upon it, as their arms in various parts of the hall testify.

The walls are covered with portraits of ancient canons, bishops, and apostles, the last having been brought from Spain by Lord Peterborough. The partition raised by Bishop Fox is hung artistically with armour and flags which were found after the battle of Neville's Cross.

The hall is lighted by three large windows to the west and two to the east; the view from them over town and country we thought peculiarly beautiful. The stained glass also is very fine. Over the fireplace, which is like a huge cavern, are two views of the cathedral as it stood two hundred years ago.

We passed out into a small hall, and then through a massive oaken door, most richly carved, into a sort of inner hall, where stands the renowned St. Cuthbert's coffin of oak and iron combined, ponderous even now in its old age; and, in spite of the march of civilisation, we regarded it with some awe, though people are beginning to throw cold water on the whole history.



NORMAN DOORWAY, DURHAM CASTLE.

Scott, in "Marmion,"* gives the legend of this saint, and speaking of the wanderings of his corpse, says—

> "And, after many wanderings past,
> He chose his lordly seat at last,
> Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
> Looks down upon the Wear;
> There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
> His relics are in secret laid."

Having gazed our fill, we passed into the kitchen, which, in point of size, resembles our modern kitchens much as an elephant does a mouse, though in its utensils it is modern enough. The beamed ceiling went up into a point above our heads, and on the walls the spits used in ancient times are arranged in the shape of a star.

Back through the dining-hall we go, and emerge upon an oak staircase, elaborately carved, running up the height of the castle; the walls are of the same material, and equally beautiful in the carving. It is called the Black Staircase, and was built by Bishop Cosin.

By it access is gained to the state rooms occupied by Her Majesty's judges. On the top landing a portion of wall is visible, much frayed by time and weather, which doubtless was once part of the exterior of Bishop Pudsey's hall, long before the erection of this staircase.

It was this Bishop Pudsey, nephew of King Stephen, 1154 to 1197, who made the first addition of any importance to the castle erected by the Conqueror, which up to this time was but a humble one. He not only repaired the existing building, but built a hall or room of state of two stories, an arrangement common in Norman castles.

But to return to the staircase. On each landing quaint little glass lamps project from the wall in equally quaint iron brackets, which would cause antiquarians to cast covetous glances upon them.

This wonderful staircase is further ornamented with copies of famous sculpture and fragments of antiquated stone work, but we had no eyes for anything but the beautifully carved oak, which a gleam of wintry October sun was lighting up. I should say that in no other one place in England is there such a wealth of well-preserved, beautifully carved oak as in this castle of Durham.

We pass now into the corridor or passage of Bishop Tunstall, the walls of which are hung with beautiful tapestry, probably four hundred years old, and yet the colours are as fresh to-day as when the fingers now crumbled into dust first touched them.

An oak chest, curiously carved and seven centuries old, stands in this passage, but the great attraction and ornament of the corridor is a splendid Norman portal which had evidently been an exterior one. It was discovered, after being built up or plastered for centuries, when the castle was being repaired by Bishop Barrington. "It consists," says Ornesby, "of three receding concentric arches with mouldings of singular richness. The outermost has a series of octagonal panels deeply sunk in the centre." This can be seen by the illustration.

In the window opposite the arch is a little gem of stained glass representing the justice scene in the life of Solomon, with corner figures of the four virtues.

Through this corridor we passed into the beautiful little chapel built by Bishop Tunstall and improved by many succeeding prelates. From the fact of the stall work of Bishop Ruthall being used, it is concluded that there must have been a chapel here previously, but there is no definite knowledge concerning it. The church is rich in stained glass and carved oak, which is as abundant here as cedar in Jerusalem at the time of King Solomon. Our attention was particularly drawn to some fine old carved oak poppyheads at the entrance to the pews. The organ is an old one from the cathedral.

Back for a short distance we retrace our

* Bishop Hatfield was present at the Battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, holding the banner of St. Cuthbert. He also entertained Edward III. on his way to Berwick.

† Bishop Bury was a great collector of books, and is said to have possessed more than all the other English bishops together. He corresponded with Petrarch.

* Cantos 14, 15, 16.

way, and mount some steps under the wonderful portal which forms a fitting entrance to the suite of apartments usually given up to the judges at the assizes, apartments fit for a king or queen in their solid and dignified magnificence, and as unlike ordinary lodgings as well can be.

In the ante-room the thickness of the walls makes an alcove and bow-window like a good-sized room, and the view from it is extensive and lovely.

The judges' dining-hall is also rich in carved oak, and coats of arms are painted and carved over the huge cavernous fireplace which, when filled with a blazing fire, must make the room a perfect paradise on a cold winter's night.

The thick turkey-carpet, too, is the acme of comfort, and altogether this room seemed to us to only want a stately person in one of the deep easy chairs to complete a scene of homeliness and wealth.

Now we move on to the bedroom, which convinces us that the judges' comfort is as well looked after by night as by day. The oak panels on the walls, a roomy four-poster, which seemed to invite repose, and celebrated pictures, all struck us as we entered.

We further discovered that the toilet-table, so called, though covered with a white cloth like an ordinary one, is no modern piece of furniture, but a solid chest of carved black oak like the washstand, neither being in any way protected except by the simple toilet covers, and called forth the remark from one of our party, "Oh, I hope his lordship does not splash!"

The bishop's committee-room is furnished in the same antique and rich fashion as the other rooms. The university furnished his bedroom, which lies beyond, and it was almost a relief to notice on the bed a simple patchwork quilt, which gave a home-like touch in the midst of so much stately and sombre dignity.

As we went along a winding stone passage towards the crypt, we met a merry crew of students issuing from one of the lecture-rooms, brightening the old place with their youth and gaiety.

At length we stand in this crypt or old Norman chapel, which is evidently part of the original structure built by the Conqueror, and seems to be a continuation of the keep. How beautiful it is, with its symmetrical arched roof and its sturdy round pillars with their carved capitals, can be seen by the illustration.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the castle is the tower. It and the crypt appear to be the original building, and all other parts subsequently added. The mount on which this tower stands is nearly forty-four perpendicular feet in height from the level of Palace Green, and reckoning from the level of the river, a hundred and thirty feet.

It is thought that formerly its sides were sloped, making a regular glacis or slanting bank round the tower, and not cut up into terraces as now. This tower, which "standeth aloft and is stately builded of viij square fascion and iv highes of logginges," has been for ages the ornament of the city of Durham, and consequently an object of interest and attention to the prelates. Formerly it was kept up at their cost, but since the time of Bishop Morton in 1632 the compulsory burden of keeping it in order was removed from their shoulders.

Notwithstanding its noble appearance, little of the original structure remains save the shell and the vaults, the interior being fitted up with modern work for rooms for the students. The view from the top is both lovely and extensive. In early days the castle was supplied with water by means of wells and reservoirs, but Bishop Tunstall, who took such a deep interest in the castle, brought water into it by means of pipes.

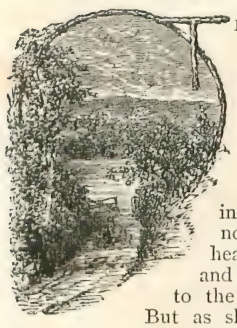
Again we find ourselves on Palace Green, and make inquiries about the ballium. It is uncertain whether there were formerly an inner and an outer ballium, but the two streets known as the High and Low Baileys suggest the idea that they might have been part of the original fortification. We know that the entrance into the ballium was through an embattled gate between two towers, secured by a portcullis, and that over this were rooms for the porter of the castle.

There seems to have been five gates to the fortifications—the Ancient Gate; the King's Gate, which commanded the ford over the river into Elvet; the Owen Gate, where Queen Street now is; Sid Gate, now Dun Cow Lane; and the Water Gate or Bayley Gate. This last stood until a few years ago in its ancient form.

Perhaps no castle yet visited by me contains within itself such distinctive features of the two periods reigned over by William the Conqueror and Queen Victoria, the one so strong for struggle and defence, the other all powerful for educating and refining and for building up in the Lord.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

CHAPTER II.



THERE was no help for it, and Miss Borrodale wondered helplessly what story she could tell them. She was not one of those women who still delight in children's books, nor had she kept her heart young and fresh, and so able to respond to the wishes of a child. But as she pondered hopelessly, there came into her mind a story she had been told when quite a little girl, and she had been very wilful and disobedient. It was an extremely moral story, detailing the various penalties and sufferings that befell an abnormally naughty boy, and of the bad end to which he came at last.

Lucy fixed her serious eyes on the narrator's face, following the story to the end with deep interest; and when it was finished she drew a long sigh, and after waiting a little while said, "Go on, please."

"That's all," said Miss Borrodale. "Why, I told you, he got crushed to death under the waggon."

Lucy's lip quivered, her eyes filled with tears, and to Miss Borrodale's great embarrassment and astonishment she began to cry. "I don't like it," she sobbed. "It isn't a nice 'tory. He shouldn't have been killed, 'cept he came alive again. I fought he was going to get better and be good. I don't like it at all."

"What does she mean?" asked Miss Borrodale, appealing to Mildred, who did not seem much surprised at her sister's outbreak.

"She doesn't like stories that don't end happy ever after. But of course you didn't know that, and it was a very interesting story," said the little girl, politely. "Come, Lucy, dear, don't be silly; father wouldn't like you to do so; say 'Thank you' to the lady; then we had better go home."

Lucy dried her tears almost as suddenly as they had come, and she put her tiny handkerchief into her pocket before she answered—

"I didn't mean to be naughty," she said then, pursing up her lips in such evident expectation of a kiss that she got one; "it was all very nice 'cept the last, and that wasn't right; it should have been happy ever after."

"But all stories do not end like that," said Miss Borrodale rather grimly, thinking of her own life story.

"Yes, they do; they all end happy ever after: all of them," said Lucy earnestly.

"That's a story that I told you just now, and that did not end so," said Miss Borrodale, forgetting that she was arguing with a child.

"They do; all proper ones do," persisted the little one; "mother said they all should, every one."

The mention of the dead mother silenced the arguments on Miss Borrodale's tongue, and she said more gently—

"But weren't the little boys and girls in your mother's stories naughty? and didn't they have things to bear?" The question was put awkwardly enough, but Lucy understood it.

"'Course they were; they were *very* naughty sometimes, but they always got gooder and gooder, till they got quite good at last."

"But did they never die?" Miss Borrodale somehow felt a deep interest in these stories that were so real to the little girl, and she was not ashamed to ask questions.

"Yes, ever so many of them died," said little Lucy, her eyes growing round and eager; "one little boy was frowed down some steps by a wicked man 'cause he was a good boy, and loved our Lord; but that was a very happy ending; mother said the pain wouldn't last, and he would be happy ever after." She had returned to the old formula, as though it would say all she meant.

"I think we ought to go now," said Milly's soft little voice; "it's very nice here—please has the big dog gone away?"

"He is in the garden; he can't come to you. Some day I want you to make friends with him; he is such a nice dog, and he likes little children," said Miss Borrodale, who was very fond of her handsome great Victor; "but suppose I send Janet with you now; that was Janet who brought you in here."

The little girls were glad to accept the offered escort, and they went with her, one on either side, holding her hands. Miss Borrodale went to the door to see them off, and they paused a little way down the road to kiss their hands to her.

Miss Borrodale went back to her work in the garden with an unwonted feeling of warmth and good in her heart, and when Janet returned she listened to her praises of the little girls with a new interest.

"Where is their father?" she asked; "they seem to be left very much alone. I hope the servant takes care of them."

"She's very fond of them, ma'am, I can see, though she do speak sharp to them sometimes; but the little one had a clean pinafore on, and was sitting in the kitchen while Mercy made a pudding for their dinner. She told me their pa was away all the week on business, but he would soon be home for good; he's that fond of the little girls, Mercy says, words won't express."

"I daresay they will come again; they seem nice little children," Miss Borrodale said, try-

ing to speak carelessly, though she listened anxiously for the answer.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, they want to come; they were talking about it, dear little motherless lambs; they'll come again, sure enough."

"Well, we must teach Victor to be less rough with them," and Miss Borrodale went in search of that important animal.

Janet was right in thinking the little Patons would come again. The very next morning three fair little faces looked through the bars of the garden gate, and Miss Borrodale, who was seated at her dining-room table, cleaning her silver, saw them, drew off her leather gloves, and went to meet them.

"Oh, do you mind, please?" Milly said eagerly, but with a pretty well-bred fear of being intrusive; "Chrissie wanted to come and see you; we'll go away if you don't want us."

But Miss Borrodale had already opened the gate to her small visitors, and Lucy clung to her dress as though taking her for her own particular friend.

"Are you very busy?" thoughtful little Milly said; "we won't get in your way if you are; we won't spoil anything if we may walk about here; it's such a beautiful garden, beautifuller than any I've ever seen."

"Mercy's werry busy," said Lucy, who often unconsciously lapsed into quite baby talk. "She'll be werry glad if we may 'top here."

"I am rather busy," Miss Borrodale said; then noticing the disappointed little faces, she hastened to add, "but you may stay in the garden if you like; I'm sure I can trust you. I shall be in the dining-room, and if you come in presently you shall have some cake."

She went back to her work, but it did not progress very rapidly; she often paused to listen to the child-voices, or to watch for the little ones to pass the window; they were always behaving well. Lucy seemed to be the wildest spirit, but Milly kept her in check cleverly; it was a sweet though sad sight to see how motherly the girl of seven could be, taking such watchful care of baby Chrissie, and guarding merry little Lucy.

Miss Borrodale got out the cake, and even thought to get some quaint fancy biscuits that might please them; then she went on with her rubbing and polishing more steadily, though listening the while for her little friends to come in for their promised lunch. They had not come, and she was about to go in search of them, when Lucy burst in, holding a stem of white lilies, and crying. She put the flowers on the table before Miss Borrodale, regardless of the powdery pollen that fell lavishly on the crimson cloth.

"I'm werry sorry," she said, looking up, her sweet eyes shining through tears; "I'm so werry sorry, I broked it. I wanted the pretty yellow 'tuff to come off on Chrissie's nose, and I catched hold of it, and I fell down, and it broked."

"She didn't mean to," said Milly, coming in breathless and eager; "please she's very sorry; she'll never do it again."

Miss Borrodale lifted the child to her knee, not heeding her apron and gloves.

"There, don't cry, my dear; I am sure you didn't mean to break it. I have plenty of lilies. Would you like to take this one home with you?"

Lucy's eyes grew round with pleasure, and she brushed her tears away hastily.

"You *are* dood; mine fader would like that flower; he shall have it for his very own; I'll 'tand it in his bedroom."

"Its scent is rather too strong for a bedroom," said Miss Borrodale, practically.

"He'll like it 'cause I put it there," Lucy said, confidently; "he always likes what we give him. Chrissie gave him a snail's shell on his birthday once, and he's dot it now."

That day was Thursday, and the little ones came again on Friday afternoon, and stayed to tea; but Lucy informed her hostess that they would not be able to come next day, because "mine fader" would be at home, and had promised to take them out.

"We couldn't leave poor fader alone," she added; "we can come and see you every day, but poor fader doesn't see us all the week."

"But he can't help it," Milly said, as though to remove any fear of his being thought neglectful; "it's for us he goes away, but when a fortnight's over he won't go any more."

"Won't it be nice always to have mine fader at home?" Lucy said, clapping her hands.

"He likes to be with us, but he likes to earn money," said Milly, who was evidently in her father's confidence. "But poor father looks so tired, it will do him good to have a rest; and he's going to make us each a little garden when he has time."

Garden Cottage seemed quite desolate on Saturday without its little visitors, and though Miss Borrodale was free to go about her usual occupations, they were less absorbing and satisfying than they generally were; she kept fancying she heard the little eager pattering feet, or saw the bright faces look in at her entreatingly. She had never been so fidgety, and so little able to sit down quietly, though she told herself it was quite a treat to remain undisturbed. Then she continually came upon mementoes of the little ones, that even in that tidy house had been allowed to lie about. Once it was a tiny piece of white linen which Lucy had coaxed from her to make a doll's petticoat of, and it bore a minute speck of blood, the result of a prick on the small finger. Another time it was a dilapidated but beloved doll of Chrissie's, which had been tenderly put to bed on a garden seat; and again it was a scrap of paper on which Milly had begun to write to her father, but had thrown aside as she remembered how soon he was coming home.

Of course the children would not come to see her on Sunday, and Miss Borrodale went to church quite longing for them, though she would on no account have confessed that longing even to herself.

Little Croughton church was dedicated in St. Lucy's name. It was a very old and handsome building, and attracted many visitors from the neighbouring market town of Great Croughton. The seats were all free, and the services extremely well rendered for a country place; but then the villagers were a musical set, and it was felt to be quite an honour to have a place in the choir whether as boy or man; the vicar, too, being an earnest and energetic Churchman, and moreover a great favourite among all classes, church matters at Little Croughton were in a very hopeful state.

Miss Borrodale found her usual place vacant, for though, as has been been said, the seats were entirely free and unappropriated, many people were willing to come early enough to secure their favourite place, Miss Borrodale among the number. It was a fine bright day, and the church was well filled, so well that when Mr. Paton came in with his three little girls there was not room for them to sit together. He was looking round rather perplexed and distressed when Lucy caught sight of Miss Borrodale, and her face brightened; she slipped her hand out of Milly's, and came a few steps up the aisle, and Miss Borrodale beckoned to Mr. Paton.

"I can find room for two little girls," she said. "They will be good with me if you like to leave them here."

He thanked her briefly, left Milly and Lucy with her, and found seats for himself and Chrissie just as the choir came out of the vestry.

The little girls behaved very well, but Lucy astonished the people near her by suddenly pulling off her bonnet as the sermon began, and revealing her head of fair and rather tangled curls. Miss Borrodale looked at Milly, but she was trying to stow her sister's bonnet under the seat, and the lady stooped and spoke to the unabashed Lucy: "Hadn't you better put your bonnet on?"

"No, mine fader lets me take it off when I so hot," Lucy said in an embarrassingly loud whisper, and Miss Borrodale interfered no more; but presently the bright head nodded in sleep till it rested against her shoulder, and Lucy slept comfortably till the sermon was over. Not so Milly; she sat upright, with sweet, serious eyes fixed on the preacher's face, as though she were taking in and understanding all he said.

Lucy did not wake when the sermon was over, and there was the shuffling and confusion consequent on a large congregation rising to its feet. Miss Borrodale motioned to Milly not to disturb her, but she had better have left her alone, for as they knelt for the prayer for the Church Militant, Lucy fell forward with a crash, making a great noise, and frightening herself and the people near her; but as she fell against her sister, who fortunately kept her balance, no harm was done, and after blinking a little she put her hands together and attended to the prayers decorously. Nothing else occurred to disturb her, but Miss Borrodale was glad when the service was over, and they waited outside in the sunshine for Mr. Paton.

"There he is, there is mine fader," said Lucy, exultantly, and he came up, raising his hat.

"Thank you very much for your kindness to my little daughters," he said; "you do not seem a stranger. Lucy's little chattering tongue has made us acquainted."

They walked on together, and Miss Borrodale looked at him with a good deal of interest. He was a nice-looking young man, with very blue eyes and short, wavy, dark hair; he looked grave and sad, but his face lighted up now and then as he talked, and he smiled brightly as though he had plenty of humour in his composition.

"I hope my little girls do not trouble you," he said, as the three walked on in front holding hands; "it is a great pleasure to them to come into your garden."

"They are no trouble, they are good children," said Miss Borrodale, quite heartily. "Milly is quite a little woman, and takes care of the others."

"I am afraid sometimes she is made to be too old. She is a dear little comforter—very like her mother."

Miss Borrodale would fain have said some sympathetic words, but she had been so long unused to taking a real share in the sorrows of others that she did not know what to say, and there was a short silence; then Chrissie turned back, and with outstretched hands and appealing chubby face entreated to be carried. Her father took her up directly, quite regardless of the dusty little boots that rubbed against his black coat.

"They are very fond of you," said Miss Borrodale, almost involuntarily, scarcely thinking of what she said, but noticing Chrissie's satisfied clasp round her father's neck, and seeing Milly and Lucy look back to smile and wave their hands.

"Poor darlings; I don't know of whom they should be fond, if not of their father; we have only got each other."

"Mr. Paton, are you engaged this afternoon, or will you and the children drink tea with me?" Miss Borrodale said, as they paused at her gate, and Milly and Lucy ran back to say good-bye.

"Oh, fader dear, do," said Lucy, pulling his coat eagerly.

"If you don't think we are too many, we shall be very pleased to come, thank you very much." And after receiving an assurance that they would all be very welcome, he and his little girls walked on to The Mousetrap.

(To be continued.)

BY-AND-BY.

By RUTH LAMB.

WELL I know a bonny lassie,
Sweet seventeen and fancy free;
Just a bud, but it will blossom.
We shall see fair 'twill be
By-and-by.

What she wills and what she will not
She is seldom loth to say.
Quite in earnest? Who can doubt it?
But she may change one day,
By-and-by.

Firm her tread upon the pathway,
Mirthful challenge in her eye;
There I read, "Beware, my masters,
Lest you be slaves to me
By-and-by."

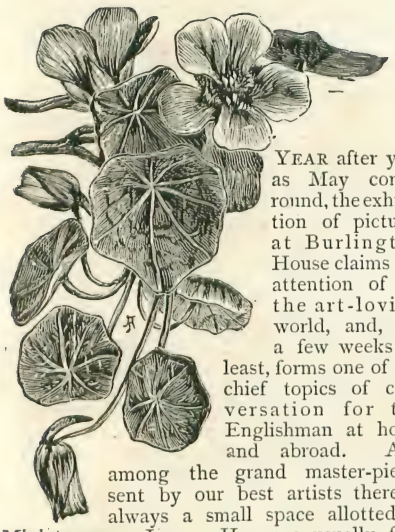
Hearken to her tone defiant.
"Marry, say you? Nay, not I!"
Wait a little. We'll not wrangle;
We shall see what will be
By-and-by.

There is one who waits and watches
Patiently; but seems to say—
"True love can hide, true love will bide,
That he may have his way
By-and-by.

"Do not dream that you will daunt me
With your 'Nay' and saucy air;
I shall woo and haply win you;
I shall dare, maiden fair,
By-and-by.

"Oft and oft you say 'I will not.'
Hateful words! Pray let them be;
Change them for 'I will,' and, dear one,
This will be enough for me
By-and-by."

HOW TO PAINT MINIATURES ON IVORY.



YEAR after year as May comes round, the exhibition of pictures at Burlington House claims the attention of all the art-loving world, and, for a few weeks at least, forms one of the chief topics of conversation for the Englishman at home and abroad. And among the grand master-pieces sent by our best artists there is always a small space allotted to Miniatures on Ivory. Here we usually find some women's names affixed to the works in the catalogue. Last year Louisa Cooper exhibited a portrait of the dearly-loved Princess Alice, "the angel in the home," as we once heard her spoken of. Mary Gladstone sent a portrait of the Countess of March, and Mrs. Robins one of the late Rev. S. Martin. And indeed the art seems peculiarly adapted to some women's minds, requiring as it does much patience and perseverance, besides great delicacy of touch and highly-finished work. Among ladies who practised it in olden times we may mention Anne Carlisle, who lived in the reign of Charles I. The King, who had inherited the collection of pictures that belonged to his brother Henry, was devoted to art, and understood it well. Being himself able to paint, he would at times take the pencil in his own hand, when in an artist's studio, and give some touches that he considered would be an improvement to the work in progress. Under these circumstances it was but natural that many artists were induced to leave their native lands and make England their adopted home. Among them Vandyke stands pre-eminent, and we read that to him, and to Anne Carlisle, the sovereign sent presents of ultramarine worth five hundred pounds. It is to Charles I.'s discriminating judgment in such matters that we are indebted for our country's possession of Raphael's matchless cartoons. Susan Penelope, the daughter of Gibson, the King's dwarf, was also a painter of miniatures. Frances Reynolds, while living in her brother's house in Leicester Square, was "much engaged in miniatures"; and in return for one copied from Sir Joshua's picture of the Duke of Marlborough's children, his Grace sent her a present of a gold snuff-box. Richard Cosway's beautiful and accomplished wife could paint on ivory almost as well as her celebrated husband, but he would only allow her to do so for her own amusement. We have but briefly noticed a few of the best known of our women painters of miniatures, thinking that our readers would like to know the names, at least, of some who have become celebrated by following the art; but much as we should like to pursue the subject, we must turn to the more practical consideration of how painting on ivory is executed.

And first we must give our attention to the choice of a good piece of ivory. It can be obtained ready for use in small, thin sheets at some of the best West-end establishments; the sheets are square and of various sizes, but occasionally an oval form is required for painting on, in which case the ivory cutters will cut it to any desired shape. This can be done at the Soho Bazaar, where there are men at work all day. The chief point in choosing a piece is that it should be as free as possible from thick grains, especially in that part which will be occupied by the face; it should also be of a good colour.

If any of our readers should happen to have any ivories by them that have become yellow by time, it can be remedied by wetting them thoroughly, and then placing them under a glass where the sun's rays will fall upon them, which will bleach them effectually. Moist water colours are used for the painting; a few sable brushes are required, and also a bottle of pure gum arabic water. Choose a fine, clear day for commencing operations, and then place a drawing-board on a firm table that will not shake, in a window that has a good north light.

Dust is a great enemy to miniature painting; so also are the loose particles that are constantly falling from a stuff dress on the slightest movement; for this reason it is important not to have any woollen curtains near whilst working, and to dress in a silk or cotton costume. If any such dust, fine hairs, or woollen particles are found to have fallen on the painting, they must be carefully removed at once, or they will detract from the evenness of tint: that is a desideratum in a well-finished miniature. A needle, or the point of a clean fine brush, slightly wetted, will remove them; if left on the picture they will always show darker and heavier than the surrounding parts. Make first a sketch on paper of the portrait that is to be painted, and then copy or transfer it to the ivory. Do not attempt to sketch it at once on the ivory, or it will probably have to be washed out, as it may not be quite correct as to likeness or position.

A word as to position. A head should be placed either in the centre, when measured from the two sides of the ivory, or else, when in profile, it should have a larger space of background left in front of the face rather than at the back of the head; that is to say, the profile should not approach too near to the edge of the picture. The sketch should be perfect in every respect, that it may not require alteration during painting. To transfer it to the ivory, first take it off on tracing paper with a finely-pointed, hard pencil; then place the tracing in the right position, exactly on the ivory, and slip the red, not black, transfer paper between the two. Now, holding all firmly pressed down with the left hand,

"SWEET SEVENTEEN, AND FANCY FREE."

go over the whole sketch with a tracing-point, which must be held quite upright, that the lines may be fine and true to the drawing.

Another plan is to place the sketch beneath the ivory, and with this slight guide to sketch with a brush, filled with Venetian red, the face at once on the ground. This is of use when copying from a photograph, which can be seen through the semi-transparent sheet of ivory.

There are still other ways we could mention of taking off the sketch, but these being in our opinion two of the best methods, it is scarcely worth while to take up our space in explaining them, the more especially as our readers are doubtless anxious to know when we are coming to the directions for colouring the portrait, which some may consider the more interesting part of the performance. But we must remember that it is principally on the correct drawing of the portrait that its life-like character will depend. The flesh colour will be composed of Venetian red and Indian yellow, in the majority of cases, but if a very dark complexion is to be represented, the Indian yellow will not be required, but Roman ochre will be used in its stead. This mixture will form the local colouring of the face.

The worker must next take some Venetian red, carmine or pink madder, cobalt, and a little Indian yellow on the china palette, and with the brush mix the colours together, adding more of one or another, as the tint may require it, until a good shadow colour is obtained. With this as a foundation colour the principal shadows are to be put in, but it must be varied as the differing tones of the shadows render it necessary, with a little more blue or red; but yellow, being an exceedingly strong colour, needs careful consideration in its use, and it is in the reflections that it can be most advantageously worked in. Thus the shadows under the eyes will on observation be found to be more purple in tone than those under the eyebrows and nostrils, which will require warming with a slight quantity more red. Indian red will add much to their warmth; it will be found a most useful colour, and if not used too strong is very agreeable in tone. The shadows of the chin are rather greyer than those under the eyes, as are those also that are found on the space between the nostrils and the upper lip; but they should not be allowed to become of too deep a grey, as is sometimes the case in working up, or they will look unnaturally heavy. It is better to keep all the tints lighter in the first painting than they will require to be when finished, as the subsequent processes will sufficiently darken them. The wash for the cheeks and lips is composed of pink madder and vermilion; it should be used rather weak, and worked up more strongly later on. The lips need much delicate shading; the upper one being more in shadow than the lower; the tint for that will take a slight addition of shadow colour. A demi-tint is that which is found between the complexion tints and the shadows: it, in fact, joins the two together, and shades the one into the other, softening down all harshness that would otherwise be apparent. When well rendered, it gives the delicate transparent appearance that is so beautiful in all, but especially so in a fair complexion. The demi-tints vary according as to whether the person represented be fair or dark; and the worker must observe constantly, and try to educate the eye to discern between shadows and half-tints, between grey and lilac tones, until as time goes on there will be less difficulty experienced in faithfully depicting whatever is seen in the original.

To match the shade of the eyes exactly will not be found easy, but it must be done if the portrait is to be worth anything. Cobalt alone will not do for blue eyes; they will have to be worked up, and the blue modified with shadow colour; they should be washed in first, and afterwards be finished up when the rest of the painting is further advanced. Burnt terra sienna, also toned down with shadow colour, is suitable for dark brown; a little lake and sepia may be added if the eyes are exceptionally dark. The pupil is put in with sepia.

The first wash can now be laid on the hair, which must be matched from the life. From many different colours the choice may be made; yellow ochre, Roman ochre, burnt umber, and sepia, may all be used at discretion, but should be modified; the ochres by sepia, burnt umber by lake and sepia or neutral tint, and sepia may, if required for very dark brown hair, have a little lake added. The lights and shadows will be of a different tint to the local colouring; for the shadows of the ochres sepia will suffice; the shadows for burnt umber will be of lake, purple, or sepia, the lights being given in neutral tint or purple; the lights for sepia may be put in with purple. By purple we intend a tint of a purplish tone. Hair should always be washed in as far as possible broadly, and without any working up in the first instance; only let the brush from the commencement follow the natural fall of the hair, whether it be curled or waved, as the case may be. Ivory black would not be used for black hair, but a compound tint composed of indigo, lake, and gamboge, mixed until the desired tint is produced. The eyebrows are of the same colour, but of a somewhat deeper shade than the hair.

It should be borne in mind throughout the whole painting that no one portion can be finished until the tints are washed in in every part of the picture. The face cannot be satisfactorily completed until the drapery tint is laid, nor can the drapery be completed until the background is washed in.

It is impossible to tell exactly the force of each tint until those surrounding it are put in; a colour that appeared sufficiently deep on the pure ivory background will be materially lessened in strength when a dark ground colour is laid on. One tint is also affected by another being placed beside it, and the great point to be studied in mastering the art of good colouring is to find those tints that are best fitted to add each to the other's value, and place them side by side. One colour will bring out to its full strength and enhance the beauty of another, whereas a third might be chosen which would have an entirely opposite effect, causing it to appear weak and dull by comparison.

The art of dressing in becoming colours can only be learnt by following the same rule of studying the effects produced by good contrasting colour. In portrait painting the colour and material of the drapery should be in unison with the subject. A fair-complexioned girl will look well in almost any colour—even pure white or pale blue will not detract from the delicate tints of the face; but this is far from being the case where we have to deal with a sallow complexion, or even with a clear, dark skin. The latter will harmonise with any rich, warm colour, such as deep yellow, brown, crimson and purple. A fair-haired girl with a sallow complexion is without doubt most difficult to dress becomingly, and all colours should be rigorously excluded from the list that tend, in however slight a degree, to bring out the yellow in the complexion. A rich brown or plum colour will be safe to use in this case for the drapery. The folds and shadows of the dress must never be made out with the local colour simply strengthened, but shadow colour must be mixed to suit the ground colour; for instance, crimson may be shaded with carmine and sepia, or lake and sepia; while burnt umber, yellow ochre, and even ivory black may be admitted in those portions of the drapery that will be improved thereby. White dresses are shaded with black, Indian red, and a slight touch of yellow ochre; the demi-tints may be produced by ultramarine and light red, which forms a charming soft grey. Orange colour, suitable for a person of a dark, southern complexion, may be given with cadmium, the shadows being of cadmium, sepia and lake. Compound orange tints, of various shades, may be produced by the combination of red and yellow. Indian yellow makes a good colour for drapery, being of a warm tone of yellow that is more becoming than the paler gamboge; the shadows are of a purple tint. Blue and green draperies are not admirable in the space that can be allotted to them in a small miniature; but, if desired, they can be given by ultramarine, cobalt, indigo, or Prussian blue, according as a light or dark colour is required; the shadows should be made as warm as possible to neutralise the effect of the cold appearance given to the picture by the blue. Indian red will improve the shadows.

Greens are formed by the mixture of blue and yellow. Either gamboge and cobalt, or gamboge and Prussian blue, may be used; or, again, Indian yellow will mix with indigo or Prussian blue. The addition of a little red will vary the shades of green. Less of the yellow is required in the shadows, where also a slight quantity of Indian red may be introduced, or lake and sepia. A good olive green is made by mixing burnt sienna with any of the blues. A black silk dress will require to be of quite a different shade to a black coat, one being so much duller than the other. To imitate each truthfully, the texture of the material to be represented must be noticed and copied as faithfully as the various shades of colour. A black may be composed by the three colours—red, blue, and yellow. Indigo, lake, and gamboge will form a good black, if the colours are well proportioned one to another. Ivory black is used for cloth and velvet coats and for black velvet dresses; the lights on the folds are made by mixing Chinese white with the black.

Purples are formed of red and blue. Carmine or pink madder with cobalt will give a lilac shade, while lake and indigo will produce a dark purple; but all these colours can be matched only by mixing the colours on the palette until the right one is obtained. The oft-told anecdote connected with Opie's name may still be new to some. When asked by a friend how he mixed his colours, Opie answered tersely, "With brains"; and it is only by making use of our brains, as well as our hands, that we shall succeed in this as in every other undertaking worthy of notice. The same colours precisely may be set before two persons wherewith to represent the self-same sunset; under the hands of one will be evolved a glowing picture, full of soft translucent light, enriched with all the splendour of luminous golds, magnificent purples, and brilliant crimsons, shaded off into cool sea-greens and delicate greys, that gently fade until they are lost in the clear, serene blue of the summer heavens, on whose bosom float soft, downy cloudlets, touched with roseate and amber hues. The other will produce a dull, heavy daub, with no resemblance whatever to the glorious scene before him. Now, although we cannot all paint sunsets that in any degree approach the sublime effects that we may see day after day unrolled before us in the sweet summer-time, yet we may, though not Turners, strive to mix our colours "with brains," to keep them pure, and true, and harmonious. Browns can be obtained by mixing. Burnt umber and Venetian red, with a little black added, will give a useful brown; green and orange combined, a citron; green and purple, an olive brown, and orange and purple a warm brown. The greys are formed by a red and blue mixture—ultramarine and light red, carmine and cobalt, pink madder and French ultra (the last two

combinations require modifying with shadow colour), and cobalt and sepia will all form greys.

We have given these few directions for compound tints, thinking they may be of assistance to a beginner; but after all is said, experience will be found to be the best teacher. Through constant trials the artist will continually come across new shades, and the only way is to continue mixing until the requisite one is secured; when it is found, be sure to mix sufficient for the whole wash, for it is a most troublesome undertaking to match the same shade perfectly a second time, besides which, a wash is entirely ruined if a part only is laid on and allowed to dry, while more colour is being mixed to finish the remainder. The most necessary colours having been mentioned in describing the painting, it is scarcely worth while to give a regular list.

The colour of the background must depend chiefly on the complexion and hair of the sitter, and on the drapery. One should be selected that will tend to bring out the beauty of the whole, and give the fullest relief to the portrait. A background should never be obtrusive, and yet it can scarcely be said to be of secondary importance, since on it the artist to a great extent depends for the perfect fulfilment of his conception; the rest of the picture will be weakened or strengthened proportionately according as a good or bad colour is chosen. The effect to be aimed at is to bring the entire painting up to a melodious completion, and a tint will be acceptable in so far only as it will conduce to this end.

Warm compound browns and greys are useful for the purpose, they are suitable to most faces, and have the advantage of being easy to manage. All heavy colours should be avoided; they may be as dark as ever the worker pleases, but should never be heavy and dull. The flesh tints and colours used in the hair and drapery may be broken one into another, and when subdued and qualified with care a good background colour is gained that will harmonise readily with the remainder of the picture. A simple ground is best to begin upon, but when the painting of a few such miniatures has been satisfactorily accomplished, a sky, a small piece of landscape, or a curtain may be introduced, if preferred. In our opinion, however, the simple ground colour is the most artistic and suitable for the purpose. We find that almost invariably the miniature artists of old times trusted to plain backgrounds for producing their fine effects. A soft, cloudy, blue sky is the only exception to the rule that we can heartily approve, and that is undeniably lovely if executed in a masterly manner, otherwise it is much better to keep to the plain tints. Such a ground is alone suitable for a young person possessing a delicate complexion. One of rich sapphire colour is beautiful when it is accompanied by white drapery and fair flesh tints. A maroon, or russet brown accords well in its turn with amber drapery and a clear olive skin.

The best shade that is within the power of the artist to select having been decided on, and sufficient mixed for the entire wash, add a little gum to the colour, then lay on the tint evenly with as large a brush as is found manageable, passing it swiftly over the ivory, that one part may not dry more quickly than another, and without going over the same part twice, or the tint will be streaky instead of smooth. Leave it until perfectly dry, then if it is not dark enough go over it again, and let it rest a second time; meanwhile return to the face and finish it off.

Now that all the tints are washed in, it will be more clearly apparent, if each possesses its full strength, that probably some will require more force to be given to them, in which case a second wash must be laid on; the local colouring may be heightened, the darkest shadows deepened, and those that are too cold should be warmed. The outline must be as carefully kept as at first; the features should be made out more perfectly, if needful, and the expression should be the object of the artist's particular care at this juncture of the work.

Great attention should also be paid to the reflections and the gradations of the shadows into the lights, which give the effect of roundness that is so beautiful in nature. Having strengthened the flesh tints as much as they require, proceed to do the same with the hair and drapery. Darken the hair where it needs additional force, and soften it to the forehead by the use of shadow colour, to which Indian red has been added. The folds of the drapery must be more forcibly made out, and here, too, the reflections and roundness should be noted. Make a study of the whole painting, and do not think any part of it unworthy of the best work that can be put into it.

And now we must describe the finishing process.

By means of stippling, the washes that are unavoidably uneven through the hardness of the ivory, which will not allow of the absorbtion of the colours, are rendered level, the darker spots removed, and the lighter darkened until an equal tint is the result. The brush should be of medium size, and is usually filled with colour of the same shade as that of the wash that is to be improved.

First take off any dark spots that, were all the surrounding parts to be brought up to their strength, would cause the wash to be too dark. Now fill them up by means of short strokes until they reach the strength of tint required. Next fill up all those small spaces that were left by the brush when the wash was laid on; no dark spots, and no light interstices should be allowed to remain if the tint is to be quite perfect. It may not be of equal strength throughout; a background, for instance, is often more effective if one portion is more in shadow than another, but the wash must be even, though the tint be shaded off from light to dark. The whole of the painting will need to be improved by this process, not the background alone. The face can, by its aid, be made to appear rounder, the flesh tints softer, the eyes clearer, and the hair more glossy and smooth. The shadows can, by the same method, be more gently gradated into the local colouring, and that again into the lights. The expression will need to be further improved and strengthened, that force and character may be given to the countenance, and this will have to be done by touches on those parts that severally need them; such as the corners of the eyes, which can be marked in with sepia, which will also suffice for the thickest part of the eyebrows and eyelashes. Sepia will, with the addition of pink madder, be found best for the nostrils, the corners of the lips, and for the few strokes required to give the roundness of the chin. Gum must be used with the colours, to give intensity and depth.

Cultivate as far as possible a broad, free, firm style of working, and strive to let no indecision appear in the strokes. A woman's work is, in the majority of cases, unhappily, weaker than a man's, and this weakness will probably be the greatest obstacle that she will have to overcome in painting, until higher education fits her to compete more successfully with men. A woman may keep her colours as pure, and even as glowing and rich; her vivid imaginative powers may enable her to paint a picture wherein all the beauty of her soul shines forth; while her love of the sublime may create in her an ideal that it will be the glory of her life to set before the world, and by which those to whom it is given to appreciate it may be raised to higher thoughts and nobler actions; but alas! decision and force are constantly found to be lacking.

There is no "royal road" to success in surmounting this hill of difficulty. Constant application, the study of great masters, and a deep-seated resolve in the mind of the student never to lay a wash, or give one stroke of the brush, without there is present before her a fixed idea of what object it is intended to serve, what higher result is by its aid to be attained, will best ensure a more masterly style and a more forcible manner.

Lastly, the highest lights must be put in with Chinese white, not forgetting the lights in the eyes, when the painting may be considered finished. Much knowledge is gained by the study of portraits by the old world-renowned artists, and grand opportunities are afforded to painters and the public at large by the exhibition of the almost priceless art works that grace the walls of Burlington House each winter. For a student there can be no better lesson given than can be learnt by standing before one such work, and endeavouring to find out by what means such grand effects were produced. Study but the eyes alone of one of Raphael's Madonnas. In which of the modern artists' paintings can the same rapt expression of holy love be found? Where the perfect sweetness, the sublime tenderness, the softened brilliance, the serene contentment? In the longing, upward gaze may be seen the soul of the artist, seeking and striving after the infinite, the eternal good. Religious fervour and devotion to art went hand in hand; what wonder, then, their works live after them?

Usually the miniature artist is content to depict simply the head and bust of his sitter, but occasionally there may be a desire to portray still more of the figure. A half-length is at times seen, done on ivory, but the portrait will of necessity have to be drawn on quite a small scale; that does not, however, detract from the beauty of it; but the work will have to be excessively fine, and will be found trying except to those whose eyesight is particularly good. Indeed, we would advise no one to try the work of miniature painting unless they possess strong sight. Such being the case, we can believe it may be found to have an ever-increasing interest to those that pursue it, whether for pleasure or profit. In the hard struggle that is before women in gaining their livelihood, this is one of the not least pleasant ways. We hear much in these days of sharp competition of the hardships women have to undergo in order to make a living, but we should hear less of the "drudgery," if each could find and follow the profession that best suits her taste, and for which she is, in consequence, best suited.

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER IV.

TOM did not come home till very late, so late that his sister, sitting up for him, was full of fears which grew even more uncontrollable as the night hours passed. Once or twice she felt as if she could bear the intense silence of her solitude no longer, and that she must call up one of the stout farm maid-servants asleep in the attics above, to make some stir and movement in the place; and she even went upstairs to do so, but when she reached the attic door she heard their voices gossiping together in confidential whispers, and a cold dread of what they might be gossiping about struck her, the first sudden pang of the disgrace that seemed to be looming in the distance, and she shivered and went downstairs again.

As the clock struck two the sound of footsteps on the gravel outside broke the stillness, and Bessie, with trembling thankfulness, unbarred the door and let her brother in.

It was a glorious night, the sky studded with stars, the moon shedding her pure light all over the world.

Tom's face in the moonlight seemed so strange to Bessie that the terror began to throb again in her breast. He was so changed.

He had gone out of that house to church that morning, a man full of the life and joy and sunny happiness of boyhood; and in those few hours he had fought the worst battle of his life, and had come home victorious, but wounded almost to the death.

"Where have you been, dear Tom?" she asked breathlessly.

He turned into the parlour and sat down wearily by the window, his head drooping wearily on his chest, his listless arms hanging by his side.

"I have been to Brainton," he answered.

"Oh, Tom! you have seen her?"

She was startled by the expression that passed over his face as he answered, "Seen her? No! I have seen Mrs. Colston."

"And she said?"

"She had nothing to deny."

"Oh, my poor, poor Tom!"

"It began five years ago. Never mind that. The state of things is this. She is an orphan, she is living on the charity of her stepmother, and the woman is tired of her."

Bessie's face was growing paler and paler as she listened.

Tom went on; there were long pauses, then he began to speak again from time to time.

Bessie nestled more and more closely to him, and the soft moonlight enveloped them both.

"There is good in Mrs. Colston, Bessie; she did her best; but these things are a terrible disgrace to a family, and her relations are proud; but while Lettice was under her care she kept her straight. Well, her relations want her to go and live with them, and she was glad to be rid of Lettice. She—she was glad to think of shifting the responsibility."

Another pause.

"She cried, Bessie, very bitterly. She has a heart, queer as it may seem; but she says she cannot be expected to do more, and—and Lettice has not a friend in the world."

The tears were pouring down Bessie's face. What was coming? She had never for one moment doubted that the engagement must end. She dared not look up.

"I did not say much, Bessie, but when I left her I went to St. Luke's. Evening service was just over; I wanted to see Mr. Justin. I found him in the vestry; the choirmen were still there. Did you know that Jack Locke was in the choir?"

Bessie only shivered.

"When they were gone I asked Mr. Justin to help me—to tell me what he knew about it. He told me all. He said Mrs. Colston had done her duty up to now, that she was a determined woman, and would do no more. He spoke tenderly of—of—her. He is a good man, but when I asked him what to do he could not advise. He had tears in his eyes, tears for the poor creature; for a woman to be cast on the world without help, without protection even from herself, is a terrible case."

There was another long pause. Tom spoke again very quietly.

"And—and Bessie; I couldn't do it."

"No, Tom," said Bessie, in a stifled voice. "We couldn't do it, could we?"

"Bessie!"

They clung to each other in this great shipwreck, one in lofty purpose and heroism.

"Sister," he said again, "I can't thank you. We may manage if you stick by me. It is the disgrace, the shame."

"God will help us, Tom."

Tom's head was down on the window-sill, and he was sobbing like a child.

CHAPTER V.

BESSIE came down the next morning with a fixed determination in her mind: she would go over to Brainton and see Lettice, and have one earnest, pleading conversation with her.

Bessie had strong common sense; she saw every side of the question, and she accepted the position with a strange resignation that had in it little or no hope. She would do her very utmost for the happiness of her passionately-loved brother.

Tom was up and out at daybreak; all the work of the farm went on as usual, except that the maids looked odd, and did not sing about their work as they were wont to do, and Charlie Basham went about with a swelled face and a black eye, looking heavy and sullen.

Bessie came down in her habit, and ordered out the old chestnut horse Whiteface, and rode off to Brainton as soon as her early work was over. She was more than usually particular on that morning, leaving ample directions as to the care to be taken in the manufacture of all the good things for the wedding-feast. A great baking was in process. Bessie did not like to leave it all to Jane Coppin, but the time was running very short, and she rode fast, putting the old chestnut into a long swinging trot as she remembered how short, and even the importance of the batch of bread and plum loaves must not hinder her to-day.

Bessie, as she rode on, did not think of what she was going to say or do; she left it all to the moment; she seemed to be still in a dream, a dream so terrible that she could not doubt that she must awaken soon and find the world as it used to be so short a time before.

She was approaching Brainton, and there was no grass margin to the high-road, so she drew rein and rode slowly, and presently she heard another horse's hoofs behind her, and Jack Locke rode up, raising his hat with a beaming look.

But the light faded out of his face when he caught sight of hers, and was replaced by one of deep concern.

"You ride early, Miss Brandreth," he said. "I did not dream of meeting you."

"I am going to Brainton," she said, looking up suddenly into his face, as if to read there whether he also knew this terrible secret, that seemed to her to fill the whole world.

Yes, he knew it, she read it in the sudden gleam of understanding that passed over his face; he knew it, and he had perceived that she also knew it, and that this accounted for the change that sorrow had wrought in her sweet young face.

"Ah," he said quietly, "and the wedding is to be on Wednesday, Miss Brandreth?"

"Yes, Wednesday," she answered, looking him full in the face.

The colour dyed his face, it gave him a shock. Now that his friend knew the truth, would he persevere and marry a woman with a history like that of Lettice Colston? It revolted him.

"I ought not to detain you, Miss Brandreth," he said, and his tones were a little cold.

"No," cried Bessie, touching her horse with the whip, so that the sting made him bound forward, "I have no time for gossip to-day."

She felt that slight coldness with a keen vibration through her over-strained nerves.

He lifted his hat gravely, and she rode on, her heart swelling, her lips quivering.

When Bessie reached Brainton, old Whiteface was flecked with foam. She put him up at the inn, and walked across the market-place to Mrs. Colston's house in the High Street of the busy, ugly town.

It was a tall house, with green shutters and muslin blinds. A slipshod maid was still cleaning the doorsteps as Bessie came up. The maid carried in the pail of dirty water with a jerk, flouncing it from side to side as she did so, and even through the intense concentration of her thoughts, Bessie found room for a passing pang of a good housewife's indignation at slovenly ways.

The parlour was close and stuffy, the glass ornaments on the chimney-piece were swathed in yellow muslin, and the huge glass globe over the ormolu clock covered with dust.

Bessie sat down wearily, asking the servant to tell Miss Colston that she had come to see her.

She looked up eagerly when the door opened, but it was Mrs. Colston that came in, not her step-daughter, and Bessie's heart sank.

The lady looked very pale, as if she had not slept; her large face had lines in it that Bessie had not seen before. She shook hands and sat down rather tremulously, and did not seem able to meet her visitor's eyes.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Brandreth," she said, nervously. "I had, as you doubtless know, a very painful interview with your brother yesterday, and when he left me he did not tell me what his intentions were, so of course I have been in considerable anxiety all night."

"We ought to have known the truth before, Mrs. Colston," said Bessie, steadily.

"I fear so many people have found out my poor step-daughter's failing, that I did not consider it part of my duty to proclaim it further!"

"Is it very bad, Mrs. Colston?" said Bessie, falteringly.

The woman passed her hand over her face. "At least there is no outward scandal," she said, "but the craving for drink is irresistible. I have done my utmost. Come! you believe me, don't you? I have not let her out of my sight, and I have kept it as secret as I could, but it is watching and guarding night and day, and I'm worn out, and I can't go on with it. It is of no use asking me. Mr. Justin has been insisting upon it that it is my duty, but the girl is no flesh and blood of mine, and I can't see it. I have done what I could and—failed; and no one can do more than their duty."

"Does Lettice know that my brother has heard about it?"

"Yes, I did not hide it from her. Where was the use! She was constantly after me asking that he should be warned ever since she knew him, but no one could expect me to dash away my only hope of establishing her; I ask you in reason, could it be expected of me?"

"I don't know," answered Bessie, drearily.

"And now I suppose your brother has sent you to break it off? Of course I can't wonder at it."

"No," said Bessie in a low voice, "he means to fulfill his engagement. We are still making cakes and pies at home."

"You don't say so! Well, all I can say is, that a finer fellow than your brother does not breathe!"

And Mrs. Colston jumped up from her chair and forcibly shook hands, with tears in her eyes. "You can't think what the relief is to me!" she exclaimed. "What would have become of poor Lettice I cannot imagine. She has no money, and any friends she might have would soon be estranged by her unfortunate ways!"

Bessie shivered, "May I see Lettice?" she said.

"Oh, yes; she is not down yet. She is not strong, you know."

"She does not look strong."

"You must try and be always with her; she is very gentle and very kind and loving, but she is wonderfully cunning, and you must not depend on what she says. They never do speak the truth, you must be prepared for that."

Poor Bessie grew very white. Mrs. Colston did not realise that the facts so familiar to herself were like so many fresh wounds to her hearer.

A momentary sense of desperation came over Bessie. Tom must not, should not, be sacrificed.

"Mrs. Colston," she cried, with desperate pleading in her tones. "This will be a terrible thing for my brother. Tell me, is there no escape?"

"I don't know what you call escape, Miss Brandreth. An engagement is an engagement to an honourable man, and it is that and that only that stands between my stepdaughter and the workhouse."

She spoke roughly, terrified that even now something should prevent the marriage.

"My brother is young, and might be so very happy; this will ruin him!"

"That is his affair. I cannot do more than I have done. I don't say that I should have put her out of my house if it had not been for this engagement; but she has had her chance; I have done my duty, and if she loses this chance it is her affair and not mine. There is always the workhouse."

"May I see Lettice?"

"I will call her."

Mrs. Colston went towards the door, then suddenly turned back and came hastily up to Bessie, catching hold of her hand.

"Miss Brandreth," she said, "you won't set yourself against it, will you? So much depends on you, and faulty as she may be you could not help loving Lettice, could you? You won't be the one to break it off?"

"No," said Bessie, faintly. "I will do my best for her."

Even then Bessie had a faint far-away notion that the sacrifice would involve, not her brother's life only, but her own, but she did not shrink.

Mrs. Colston went away, and presently Lettice came in.

As Bessie looked up a swift wonder whether it could be true flashed across her mind. There was something so noble, so stately, in her beauty. Those wonderful dark eyes glanced up first with a pathetic expression, and then fell down to the ground as the beautiful face drooped on her breast and she stood motionless awaiting judgment.

Bessie put her arms round her and drew her to a seat, and sat down beside her. With the sense of the greatness of her self-sacrifice she must needs call love to her aid; without that help she could not do it. She was a very woman.

"Lettice," she whispered, "we know it all."

"And you have come to give me up?"

"No, dear. Tom will not do that."

Lettice covered her face with her hands.

Bessie sat silent for a moment or two, then she touched her gently. "Speak to me, Lettice," she said.

"What can I say? My heart is so full; it is bursting."

"You wanted to warn us before," said Bessie, wistfully.

"She would not let me. I begged, I entreated her, but she would not even listen, and I could not go against her will. She has been very good to me. You do not know how good!" she said, catching at Bessie's hand. "For I want help so badly. I cannot do without help."

"I will help you."

"If you will help me, Bessie, it will be all right. You must not imagine," she exclaimed, passionately, "that I do not try! I do try, Bessie. I do try!"

"If we try hard enough God will let us succeed," said Bessie, earnestly.

"I should like to tell you how it began," said Lettice, speaking in quick, eager tones. "I want to make you sympathise with me, and see why it is that I cannot help it."

"Don't say that!" cried Bessie.

"But I must say it. Mrs. Colston says that I don't speak the truth, and she never believes a word that I say, and it makes me half wild when I am speaking the truth not to be believed. You will believe me, won't you?"

"Yes, Lettice."

"I used to be very happy long ago, when my own mother was *alive*; I was like other girls, bright and silly and full of fun. We did not live here in this dreadful town, but outside in a house near the old mill stream, where there

were cherry trees in the orchards. Cherry trees are not always in flower, are they? They are always in flower when I think of my old home, and it makes me think of something white and clear and pure, like snow and the angels. Mother was like that, and my little brother Teddie was the same, but he was very delicate, and he never got strong; he grew slowly, and was always on the sofa, smiling and singing, as happy as the day was long. The doctor said that he was in a decline and could never live to grow up. But when one is young indefinite trouble is scarcely trouble at all. He was very pretty, and I was very fond of him. I have great capacities of loving, Bessie." And she looked at her future sister-in-law with wistful eyes, hungering for sympathy.

"And did your little brother die, Lettice?"

A troubled look passed over her face.

"Wait, wait!" she cried, "I have not come to it yet. This is not a pretty little story I am telling you; it is the horrible experience of my life."

"Do you ever go to your old home now?"

But the girl seemed to have fallen into a sort of dream, and did not answer.

"Was your father with you, Lettice?"

She started, "My father? Oh, yes! He was very proud of me. Fancy anyone being proud of me!" with a strange little laugh. "I was part of the cherry-blossom life, and it is refreshing to a man who is at his desk all day, in a dark town office, to come out into the whiteness of cherry-blossom life. Contrast is a great boon. I used to love contrasts, but as one gets older contrasts vanish into a kind of monotony one cannot shake off."

"Your father was a clerk?"

"Yes, in the bank. I thought you knew that. I don't know why he married Mrs. Colston afterwards; once I heard her say that it was a swindle, and that he only wanted a wife to look after me; but she was angry when she said it, and she has been very good to me."

Bessie sat listening to the disjointed story. It seemed as if Lettice were putting off and off something she dreaded saying, that must be said sooner or later. Bessie could not hurry her by questions, she feared what might be coming too much.

At that moment she felt as if the bruden on her was almost unbearable; strong self-conquest was needed to prevent her from turning and fleeing away, far as the ends of the earth, from the degradation.

Lettice went on. "I used to go to school at Brainton, but when I was eighteen mother said that I should not go to school any more, but stay at home. Can you play?"

"Oh, yes."

"I can also. I was well educated. Does Tom like music?"

Bessie could not suppress a sharp shiver. She had forgotten Tom. At the moment she had been only conscious of how this thing affected herself personally; but Tom was different.

"Don't take away your hand, Bessie," said Lettice, plaintively. "I want to please you if I can. I can play very well."

"Tom likes music," faltered his sister.

"Then I will play to him whenever he likes. Tell me, are there any cherry trees at Springfield?"

"No, but we can have some planted."

Lettice shook her head. "They would take a long time to grow," she said. "Hark! Mrs. Colston is calling me. You will not go? You will wait till I come back?"

"Yes. I will wait."

(*To be continued.*)

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"HE IS MY FATHER!"

"I MUST see Fan!" said Loveridge to Jack. "Bring her here directly."

Jack had left his father, Fan, and the dogs together, a happy party, and had run upstairs to look after his patient. Miss Vigors had departed, and he found him alone.

"Why do you want to see Fan?" asked Jack.

"Bring her to me and you shall know. Fan and I are better acquainted than you fancy."

Poor Jack! Where would Fan's friends come to an end?

He found her in her accustomed seat at his father's side, her hand in his, her now radiant face full of excitement, the dogs surrounding her.

"You must not ask me now, dear Sir," she was saying; "I will tell you everything soon."

"Naughty Fan!" said Mr. Harton, caressingly, and at the name the dogs wagged their tails.

"Naughty Fan is wanted already. Come and show yourself," interrupted Jack.

Fan rose obediently; she had always done what Jack bade her.

"You must moderate your instincts, Fan, for this is a hospital," said Jack, mounting the stairs as quietly as he could. "The Squire is in the spare room, Loveridge in mine."

"Who?" cried Fan, at the top of her voice.

"Hush, and you shall see."

Fan dashed into the room, but halted at sight of Loveridge, still partially enveloped in cotton wool; for though his burns were gradually healing, they had not yet quite healed.

"Don't be afraid, Fan. It is I in so much of the flesh as the flames have left me. Our friend Jack must know all, for he is truer than steel."

Fan hesitated as she approached him, and looked at Jack, who was close to her.

"What does it all mean?" she asked.

"I only know that his name is Loveridge, and that he saved Mr. Aspenel from the fire, and that they are both here, with nurses and doctors *ad libitum*," he whispered.

"He is my father," murmured Fan.

She went hesitatingly towards Loveridge, and took his hand. Bewildered, Jack followed. He noticed that she was quiet and subdued, and that there was none of the effusion in her greeting that there had been when she met his father. Her manner was rather that of protector than protected.

"I knew something must have happened to keep you so long away," she said. "Now you know all, Jack. It was with him—my father, who married my poor mother Clorandy—that I left Hoplands. Father, may I tell Sir?"

"Not yet, Fan; not until we all go off to Canada together—Jack, and you, and I."

"Oh! that would be beautiful!" cried Fan, clasping her hands, and looking inquiringly at Jack.

He was so astonished that he had nothing to say. Loveridge detailed to Fan the events of the fire, and told her that it was something Jack had said to the Tigress which induced him to send for her.

"He has nursed me so far, Fan; now you must do the rest," he said. "Has Mr. Clarville arrived? He promised to come here to-night."

Almost as he spoke, Gerard entered. He had come by the last train. The Tigress had told him that Fan was found, and that she was the daughter of the man who had rescued Aspenel. He went at once to Fan and welcomed her home again; then he asked for an explanation.

"Under the seal of secrecy for the present," returned Loveridge. "Fan, you had better go back to Mr. Harton, and take Jack with you, or we shall all be suspected of conspiracy."

Jack disliked the familiarity as much as the parentage, though he had been interested in Loveridge before. Fan felt this insensibly.

"I could not help it," she said, pathetically. "Let us go down to Sir."

"A handsome couple, made for one another and the colonies," said Loveridge, watching them from the room. "Now, Mr. Clarville, when am I to see Aspenel?"

"Not until he has returned to the Park. He will not see you here, though he insists on a meeting before you leave the country. He says you are identical with the man who once tried to extort money from him, and that you have been the bane of his life, until at last you have saved it. Is it so?"

"Yes. He alone has the power to explain. I pray God that we may live to meet. I have been a wild, reckless fellow, while he has been heaping up gold. I have ruined myself, and have no excuse. I lived among the gipsies, and they called me Wandering Will. I married the beautiful Clorandy and left her, meaning to return. But when I came back from abroad she was dead, and the Tigress gone off to the East. She alone knew about Fan, and I only learnt a short time ago that she was my daughter. I determined to turn over a new leaf, and began the *rôle* of Loveridge. Your words awakened my conscience, and your intervention between Aspenel and me saved me. Tell him that now I put myself entirely in his hands, and want nothing from him but reconciliation. As to the paltry money, I never cared for it when we were young, and now it would seem to me the wages of sin or intimidation."

"Am I to tell him this?" interrupted Gerard.

"Yes. Tell him all you know of me and Fan; but not to-night."

"Certainly not to-night," said Gerard. "I should not have come here but for your message through Mrs. Lee, and am warned by Mrs. Trueman and the doctor not to excite him."

Gerard looked into the dining-room before he left Hoplands, and had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Harton, Fan, Jack, and the dogs- surrounding the supper-table.

"Fan declares she means to relieve Jack by nursing that romantic hero Loveridge," cried Mr. Harton. "Do you think she ought?"

"You should know best, but I dare say Jack will be glad of a substitute. Now I am going to spread the glad news that Fan has come back," replied Gerard.

"Tell Mrs. Clarville and Miss Aspenel that I am not so bad as I seem," said Fan, with a furtive look at Gerard, which cleared when she read his kind face. "Say I am so happy! Oh, so happy!"

When Gerard reached his mother's small abode, his first words were, "Fan is found. She has come home!" while Mrs. Clarville and Edith said, almost simultaneously, "Mrs. Aspenel is found. She is with Janet in Paris." These astounding revelations almost took the breath out of the trio. Edith's sweet, pale face gleamed with a joy that had not beautified it since the fire; and Gerard, looking at her, trembled lest it should soon be clouded. The close intimacy of the last days had intensified his love for her, and he sometimes hoped, or feared, as might be, that it was returned. But no word passed between them; they had matter of such moment to think of that all other feeling not bearing upon it was repressed.

Janet had written to Edith, and communicated the events already detailed. She had never had a secret from her sister, and resolved to tell her all, whether Mrs. Aspenel and Tom Harton approved or not. She had told them she should do so, after their private interview, of the subject of which she knew nothing. They demurred, but Janet was resolute. Gerard at once said she was quite right, and that the sooner they all returned the better, though secrecy would be needed for a time. He was sure Mr. Aspenel would be relieved of a terrible burden if his wife and son would come back, and that the doctors now advised his being moved to the habitable portion of his own house. Gerard transacted all his business, while Nurse True attended to him. He would see no one else, and their responsibilities were enormous. As to Gerard, he was quite worn out. He nearly lived on the railway; for the irritable invalid had no sooner got through one difficulty than another arose, and the fate of millions seemed to hang on the capacity and promptitude of this young man, who was the only one in whom Aspenel put implicit faith. Clerks and clients came to and from Hoplands, but Aspenel received them vicariously, and Gerard was the scapegoat. Strange as it may seem, he could do no wrong. The millionaire trusted him who had refused to be enriched at his hands; him who chose love rather than gold, and despised the unrighteous mammon. The unforeseen grip of death clears the soul from darkness, and reveals the hidden mysteries of eternity.

Edith was well again, and only waiting permission to nurse her father. Miranda had vacated her small room, and, to satisfy Edith, Mrs. Clarville had allowed her to occupy it, while the maiden of the kitchen had managed as best she could. Under great emergencies people overcome minor impediments, and this fire at the Park seemed to smooth all sorts of asperities. However, ten days or a fortnight of "impediments" try the temper, and Gerard was doing his best, aided by workmen from all parts, to obey Mr. Aspenel's incessant order "to have at least rooms prepared for him, Edith, and Nurse True." He also issued a command that the site of his study should be boarded up, and no one allowed to touch either ruined floor or burnt rafter until he could himself superintend it. He never seemed to realise the possibility of his own incapacity. But he was so reserved, that it was difficult to discover what he did or did not realise.

"I think it would be quite safe to go home at once," said Edith, when the amazing news of the unexpected turning up of lost friends had been discussed, and Gerard was preparing to go to his dormitory at Mrs. Lucy's. "I have been at the house all day, and dear Mrs. Clarville has found us helps for our time of need."

"You!" remonstrated Gerard. "We cannot afford to have you ill."

"My maid has helped me, and we have turned the breakfast-room into a bedroom for papa, and I can occupy the morning-room that opens into it. Fortunately the front rooms are uninjured, but papa will be best on the ground floor; so said Dr. Roberts."

"Mother, do you think she is equal to this?" asked Gerard.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Clarville, cheerfully. "She will probably be all the better for larger rooms and her old surroundings."

"You want to get rid of me. I do not wonder," said Edith, with a voice between a smile and tear. "But I have been so peaceful with you, that it has seemed like a new life for me, and but for poor papa I should have been very, very happy."

Mrs. Clarville saw her son's eager glance, and knew what dangerous ground these, her dear ones, were treading, so, to avoid further complications, she hurried Gerard away.

But he was not permitted to go to No. 4, for Jack Harton was waiting for him.

"The Squire won't rest till he has seen you," he began. "Unfortunately he heard your voice, and the unusual commotion of Fan's return—the dear girl can never be undemonstrative—and is sure something fresh has happened. That wonderful phenomenon, Mrs. True, says you had better come, if possible, and the respectable Loveridge, my future father-in-law, is of opinion that he had better be told all about Fan. What the Squire and Fan can have to do with one another nobody knows; but there's no end to the mysteries."

"There certainly is not," said weary Gerard, retracing his steps towards Hoplands.

He found Mr. Aspenel much excited. Nurse True was afraid of fever, and consequent delirium.

"Clarville, why did you not come to me?" he began. "There is something wrong. Has a vessel foundered, or a bank broke, or a firm stopped payment, or am I ruined at last? What of the funds?"

"They are all right, sir. I came to see Loveridge."

"Loveridge! What can he want with you now? When I move back to the Park, he must go there too. Tell him I insist upon it, or he shall not have the three hundred a year. Tell Edith to prepare a room for him. I shall then be able to see him at leisure, and no one need be surprised, since he dragged me from the fire, and they will credit me with gratitude. Ha! ha! Aspenel grateful."

Gerard saw that this was no time for new disclosures; still he thought it might be well to prepare his mind for coming events.

"Will there be room for Loveridge if Janet comes home? She is very anxious to see you. Then, it is possible that Mrs. Aspenel may hear of the fire and return unexpectedly," said Gerard, cautiously.

"Mrs. Aspenel forsook me; Loveridge saved me. He must have the best, she the worst. All the ravens will come if they smell carrion afar off. What did you want with Loveridge?"

"To give him a messags from old Mrs. Lee, the gipsy."

"About his wife, or—or—lost child? The fool, to marry as he did. What of them?"

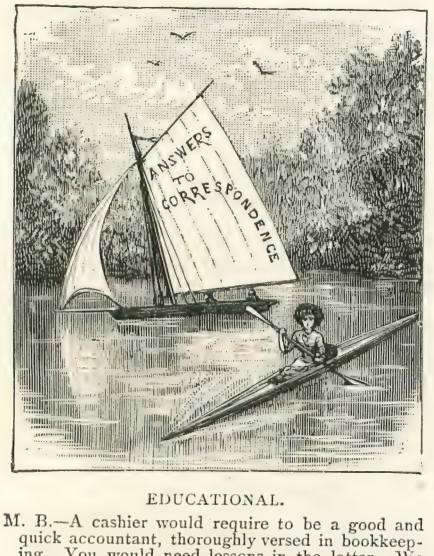
"The wife is dead. But the child is still alive."

"Does he mean to heap her on my back as another burden?"

"I think not. He intends to take her to Canada with him."

"Thank you. That will do Tell him what I say, and that I am determined to return to the Park the day after to-morrow. I must have an interview with Harton before I leave, and thank him for his kindness. I, who never acknowledged a favour to mortal man, and owe everything to my own exertions, must eat humble pie at last. As True says, 'God is stronger than man.' Good-night and thank you."

(To be continued.)



EDUCATIONAL.

M. B.—A cashier would require to be a good and quick accountant, thoroughly versed in bookkeeping. You would need lessons in the latter. We believe classes are held by several societies and institutes—The Birkbeck, Chancery and Fetter Lanes, and at the Polytechnic in Regent Street, as well as the College for Working Women, at 7, Fitzroy Street, W.

CANTATRICE, we suppose, has a personal knowledge of the professor about whom she writes. We should think Brussels a very good place for study, and the terms asked are not high.

SYLVIA.—The terms for a daily governess vary much, and depend on what she does—from £40 to £80 perhaps. It would be impossible to give a price.

ENQUIRER, K. T. W.—The title "Christadelphi" was applied to the followers of Fra Dolcino, an Italian reformer, who was put to death at Vercelli, A.D. 1307. It was also applied to the Anabaptists under Münzer, A.D. 1555.

MAY.—There are no rules, so far as we know, for the salaries of teachers in private schools. Such positions are obtained by advertisement, or through agencies. We think you might safely take your master's advice on any of these points, especially on your musical education as an intending teacher and public performer.

LILLIAN A. M.—Try to procure the instruction which is offered to you. Write to the master first, and make an appointment.

HOLLYBUSH.—If you have "only just turned twenty," you are not eligible for admission as a hospital nurse at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, London. You might be received after twenty-one years of age, health and other considerations proving satisfactory. But whether there will be a vacancy at that time, it is impossible for us to know. The usual age for admission is twenty-five.

GERTRUDE LEE.—The articles on Good Breeding and Duties, in the several conditions, and under varied circumstances of daily life, appeared in the first six vols. of the "G.O.P." under different names. Some are headed the Art of Conversing or Writing, the Art of Penmanship, the Habits of Polite Society, Dinners in Society, Etiquette, Letters of Invitation, and are all by the same writer.

J. K.—We thank you, but regret that we cannot advertise your society and papers. The "London Directory" will give all addresses to inquirers for information.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUBY.—The yearly index to the "G.O.P." is generally to be found with the September numbers, which close the year.

BEATRICE ST. CLAIR.—Amusements are only sinful when they stand between us and our duty, or when our minds are so absorbed by them as to prevent our dwelling on better things; and likewise when they do harm to others. But we must remember the homely proverb of "All work and no play," and its effect on "Jack," and so unite our pleasures and our work wisely. Home duties come before anything else, for which we have our Lord's own example during thirty-three years of His life.

USTAM KITTSON.—The Royal family of England is connected directly with most of the Royal families of Europe, through some of its members—with Russia, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, and Portugal.

SUSAN.—The sycamine-tree named in St. Luke xvii. 6 is not the sycamore. It is the *morus*, or mulberry tree, known to the breeders of silkworms. Of this tree there are both kinds in Palestine and Syria, producing respectively the black and the white mulberries. The sycamore is the *ficus sycomorus*, or sycamore fig tree, the fruit of which grows in clusters like grapes.

F. W. (Fallowfield).—We thank you for your subscription and that of your maid to "Our Girls' Home;" also for your kind letter and information given. The work we consulted respecting the tunnels that you name gave somewhat different measurements. We are, however, quite ready to believe that you are accurate in stating that the Woodhead Tunnel is between three and four miles long; and the Diggle Tunnel, between Manchester and Huddersfield, five miles and a half and upwards by a few yards, and thus the longest in England.

SAPPHO (Russia).—The brighter the moonlight, and especially when the moon is near the zenith, the less visible the stars must become; just as in the day, the greater light of the sun outshines even the most brilliant. Then, if around the horizon there were any haze, added to the greater thickness of the atmosphere, it is possible that you might not see the stars at all. Your English does you great credit, and we are much gratified by your praise of our magazine.

MISS COCHRANE.—The cat should not be deprived of all her kittens. Leave her one till the latter be able to feed like herself, and then find a home for it; otherwise remove the kittens the moment they are born.

"CANNOT SEE," ETC.—There seems to be some defect in your circulation. Try a short course of Turkish baths, and a residence at the seaside. Possibly the pores of the skin are in fault, and do not act freely.

SHADRACH.—Sleepwalkers should never be wakened while out of bed; they should be led gently back, and then wakened and scolded for having got up. If this do not prove effectual in breaking the habit, they should be tied to the bed, and candle and matches placed beyond their reach. Also, there should be no exciting conversation nor exciting book read before going to bed.

KATHLEEN (Dublin).—Try the use of fuller's earth to remove the oil stain from the carpet; or "carpet soap." If these prove inefficient, consult a chemist, and procure from him what he may recommend.

A. D. should take her bath tepid, and use plenty of friction afterwards, keeping herself covered with a bath sheet.

A SAILOR'S LASS.—If you be married in England, one marriage is quite enough, provided you be married in the regular order. Or you might be married before the registrar.

BRINKBURN.—May 23, 1864, was a Monday. There is no examination to pass before entering a hospital as a nurse.

GWENDOLINE.—We fail to see anything unchristian in the magazine you name. The body rests in the grave, not the spirit. The former is "sown a natural body," and "it is raised a spiritual body."

L. WATSON.—1. The idol god of the Phœnicians and Canaanites, called Baal, was supposed to represent the sun or the planet Jupiter. The Baal hammân (Lord) of the Phœnician inscriptions is "Baal the Sun-God." "Baal" is often compounded with other words, such as Zebub, the fly-lord, or averter of flies; and Baal Gad, "Lord of good fortune." The corresponding female deity was Ashtoreth; the moon, or planet Venus, of which name the Greek form is Astarte, wearing a crescent over her forehead. The "groves" spoken of as connected with the worship of these false gods is an incorrect translation. They seem to have consisted of wooden statues representing Ashtoreth, stuck upright into the ground in high and shady places; and these the Israelites were commanded to cut down and burn. 2. If you desire information of ways and means by which you can help in works of usefulness, without leaving home or neglecting home duties, we recommend you to consult a book by one of our staff, called "Restful Work for Youthful Hands" (Griffith, Farran and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.).

VERITAS is sincerely thanked for her most encouraging approval of the "G.O.P." Perhaps it might be well to offer her article to the Sunday School Union. We are overstocked at present.

F. M. B.—The first duty in your life is to follow the steps of Christ, in "honouring and obeying your parents." Do not strive after great ways of serving Him, if you cannot obey Him in the little things. Do not listen to any reasoning which would lead you contrary to this. Remember that "He was subject to them." Do not spoil the obedience by sulky unwillingness.

WHITE LILY.—The principal registrar of the province and diocese of Canterbury is John Hassard, Esq., 5, Dean's Court, Doctors' Commons, E.C. We should think that would be the place to inquire.

J. W. J.—Agnostics is the name given (about 1876) to philosophers who assert that we have no knowledge but that which we acquire by means of our senses.

F. A. J.—Everything for your outfit would be better purchased in England, as it would be cheaper than in New York. The climate there is very cold in winter and extremely hot in summer.

JULIET.—The question as to how the Israelites supplied their flocks as well as themselves with water during their long sojourn in the wilderness, is a natural one, but easily answered. In the present day the sand of the desert has encroached and swept over the ancient sites of large cities, whose existence is demonstrated by the ruins still remaining. Elusa and Eboda were once places of importance, and it would be absurd to suppose that sites would have been selected for them destitute of water and herbage. There were some oases, in one place there were twelve wells or fountains, and only one place is specially distinguished as having no water; and here the rock gave forth all the Israelites needed by the command of God. Besides this, the explorers Stanley and Ritter say that there has been a great change and decrease of water in the Sinaitic peninsula, and no acacia trees exist like those of which the tabernacle was made. Three thousand years ago the wilderness was indisputably very different from what it now is. Yet even now, according to the statements of the Arabs, any increase in the rainfall causes plenty of grass to spring up all over the face of the desert.

KITTY CLOVER must make her bath warmer, and keep her body as well covered as possible while she is taking it. She has evidently no heat to lose. 2. Pea-flour is the same thing always of course; it is made from peas. 3. We should think what you can enjoy in the way of vegetables are good for you.

A READER OF THE "G.O.P."—We are much obliged for your letter. We constantly deal with the subject of "dress reform" in our columns, where you will find all the latest ideas on the subject.

BEAUTY can write to the secretary (A. G. Browning, Esq.) of the French Protestant Hospital, Victoria Park Road, E., and may perhaps get the information she requires.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 447.] JULY 21, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

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"'A GREAT LIGHT RUSHED UP INTO THE SKY.'"

CHAPTER VI.

IT was some minutes before Lettice returned. Bessie sat quite still, her hands clasped tightly together. One vision after another passed through her imagination.

She could picture to herself the pretty house by the deep mill-pool, with its sunny cherry orchard; the mother whom all the world had spoken of as even more handsome than Lettice, lovingly tending her fading child. The very songs of birds and chirp of grasshoppers were in her ears. Lettice, as she must have been, a laughing eager girl, now changed into a beautiful careworn woman, with a dark secret that had eaten away all the fresh sweetness of life, and left her the slave of that deadly curse which stalks over the world.

"Bessie!"

Lettice had come back—come back swiftly, with that strangely noiseless tread which was characteristic of her, and now she was standing before her, looking down on her with a curious look in her great brown eyes.

"I must go on," she said, "or I shall never have done, and you must be wanting to go home to Tom. One day my father had to go away from home; he was sent to London for a night on business. I don't know what business it was: it had something to do with the bank. You know that our house by the mill was far from any neighbours; it was very lonely. The mill used to be shut up and left at night; a big dog was chained close by to guard it, and the men went away. Poor little Teddie's illness had taken a bad turn, and mother had been up with him two nights running. It was Sunday; we none of us went to church; mother could not leave Teddie. I was going, and I had already put on my hat when Eliza, our maid, came running to me in great distress; her only sister had met with an accident, she had fallen downstairs in her place, and they feared that she was very badly hurt, and Eliza wanted to go to her at once. It was twelve miles off, but I said that she might have the pony and cart that my father used, and go as best she could. She thought that she could get a farm man to go with her whom she knew; his name was Coppin."

Bessie started.

"Did she marry him afterwards?" she asked.

"Yes. Do you know them?"

"You will find her at Springfield."

"Ah."

Lettice did not seem to notice it. She was still standing up, and now her breathing became irregular and in gasps, and her voice husky.

"So the woman went. My father was in London, and mother and Teddie and I were alone in the house. During the evening Teddie's breathing was easier, and mother came down to tea. I had fried some eggs and bacon for tea, for she wanted all the strength she could get, and she sat there and enjoyed it.

"'It is very lonely for you, my child,' she said, 'to be sitting here all alone, but I cannot have you upstairs; it is too hot for you in there on this warm night with the room full of steam for Teddie.'

"'I shall go to bed early,' I said. Mother kissed me and went upstairs. I did go to bed early, and was fast asleep when the gleam of a candle awakened me, and there was mother standing beside me white as any ghost.

"'Get up, darling,' she said; 'Teddie is taken much worse, and I don't know what to do.'

"I got up and dressed, and followed her. Oh! I was frightened, frightened, for it was the first time in all her life that mother had ever said to me, 'I don't know what to do.' Teddie was very ill. I saw it, and I said, 'Mother, we must have the doctor at once.' And she just nodded.

"There was nobody but me to fetch the doctor, and he lived three miles away at Brainton, and it was the middle of the night, and Eliza had taken away the pony cart.

"'I will go,' I said, and mother only looked at me in great anguish, for she was frightened for both her children. She did not say yes or no, but she kissed me three times and let me do as I said. She went with me to the door, and when I went out she locked it behind me."

Bessie put out her hand and held Lettice's fast.

"It was very dark; there was no moon, only a few pale stars, but the road, as soon as I reached it from our lane, was visible enough. I never was a good runner; I could not go fast, it caught my breath, so that I had to sit down several times under the hedge; not to rest, but to get breath. At last I reached Brainton and Dr. West's house. Oh, Bessie, Bessie, he was out! The servant took me in and lighted a candle, and set me down to wait, but it seemed a lifetime before his gig drove up to the door and he came in. He was very kind; he had not been in bed that night, but he gave no thought to that. He had a great regard for my father, everyone had. He put me in his gig also, and we drove fast through the darkness."

Bessie held her hand more tightly, for Lettice's voice was strained and wild.

"We must have been getting near, when a sudden exclamation from the doctor's man roused me up. 'Look there, sir!' he shouted. What was it? It was a dark night, as I said, but just before us a great light rushed up into the sky, a blaze that seemed to reach heaven itself, and then a volume of smoke even blacker than the blackness of the night.

"I remember how he lashed the horse, how we seemed to fly through the air, and how they were talking over my head, but I remember no words. We arrived at last. Our house was blazing, the flames pouring out of the lower windows. I rushed to the door; I tore at it might and main; but what could I do? With her own hands mother had locked me out. 'Mother! mother!' I cried, and I could hear my cry, like the voice of someone else, again and again through the roar of the flames and the crash of the falling glass.

"The doctor and his man had their coats off, and were doing all they could. Then I remembered the alarm bell on the hill, and I rushed there and rang it till all the world seemed to be one resounding clang, clang! I can hear it now.

"The men came at last. At last the door gave way, and I would have rushed in, but they held me back; they held me fast, because the end was come. Inside that burning roaring furnace my mother and Teddie were burning to death. Bessie, Bessie, the red flames devouring them; and they held me fast!

"There came a fearful crash. Something struck me, I think; for when the roof fell in I remembered nothing more."

Lettice sank down upon her knees and hid her face in Bessie's lap, shuddering terribly.

Presently she raised her head, put aside the gentle soothing hands, and went on—

"I promised to tell you all," she said. "And I do speak the truth. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, yes."

"I awoke at a neighbour's house. My father was there. Ah! if I had never awakened it would have been better for me; better for all who have ever known me."

Her voice sank to a whisper.

"I had nothing left of my mother's. I longed, I pined for some tiny relic; some trinket that she had worn that I could wear also. We pine for such things, we women; for something that they have touched which we can hold to our hearts and lips, because the touch lingers there. I had nothing, until one day my father brought me something; it was not much, but I have worn it ever since—a fragment of her Sunday gown.

"It began soon after that. Bessie, pity me! In that awful sinking that followed, Dr. West ordered me brandy."

Bessie covered her face with her hands. Lettice was speaking very fast, with agonised eyes, watching for the sympathy that must fail now.

"As I got better I found my nerves gone. I was haunted by terrors such as you can never even imagine. I could always see the burning—the actual visible burning before me. I could hear cries and moans, and see my mother pressing Teddie's face to her bosom that he might not see it coming. I knew where the brandy was kept, and when I could get at it, it was all right. Do you understand? Oh, do you understand, Bessie?

"Once I was sitting by the fire in our new house in Brainton—this house, Bessie, and I suppose I fell asleep; for when I awoke Dr. West and my father were together in the room, and I heard Dr. West say distinctly, 'God forgive me, Colston, I never thought of this.'

"My father grew harsh and furious, and I was driven to secrecy."

"Don't tell me any more, Lettice," cried Bessie. "You have told me enough."

"And you believe me? You will believe me?"

Bessie nodded; she could not speak.

"I know what it is, Bessie; it is not hidden from me. This thing is a degradation, a terrible disgrace; but I try, oh! I do try."

"Yes."

"My life is all one fear. If I had but courage I would go to the deep mill-dam and step down into the cold, dark water and sleep there, but I dare not. I dare not die, I dare not lose my soul. Help me! help me! Bessie, hold it away from me. Save me from myself. Oh, tell me that this mercy that God has given me cannot be to deepen my curse, but to save me—save me, Bessie!"

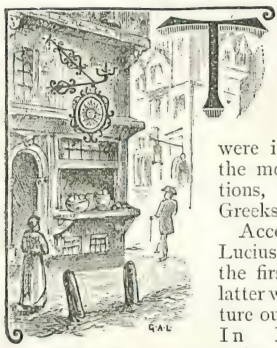
Her agitation was frightful. Bessie threw her arms round her and strained her to her breast. The appeal went to her very heart; the cry of that falling, trembling soul seemed to her to be a call from heaven; there could be no drawing back now. As Bessie gathered up the shrinking, shuddering creature into her arms, she accepted her own fate—she resigned all and everything to the duty that lay before her.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART VI.



THE subject of signboards must come next under our consideration. They were in use amongst the most ancient nations, including the Greeks and Romans.

According to Pliny, Lucius Muminius was the first amongst the latter who placed a picture outside his house. In Herculaneum and Pompeii many signboards have been discovered, including those of a baker, dairyman, wine merchant, and shoemaker; the sign of the latter representing a flying cupid, holding a lady's shoes, one in each hand. This interesting relic was found at Herculaneum. Perhaps the most remarkable at Pompeii was that indicating a schoolhouse. Alas! poor scholars, if really significant, it represented a boy under the operation of birching!

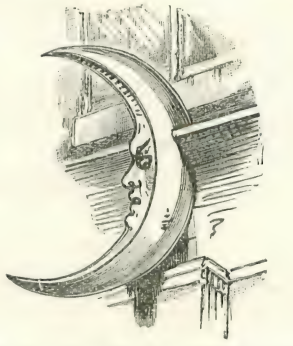
Not only were signs in use among the ancients having reference to the living of the "work-a-day" world, but they were carried to the grave, as memorials of the dead. The "tire-woman," Veneria, is distinguished from others of her name by a sculptured comb and mirror; while Diogenes, the grave-digger, is distinguished by an axe and a lamp, the latter indicating that his lugubrious vocation was carried on at night in those olden times. Every profession and trade was represented on these Roman tombs.

In our own country they were restricted to the use of the living (with some rare exceptions), but they served a double purpose; viz., they indicated the profession or trade of the inmate of a house, and likewise served the purpose of street names, as guides to pedestrians, purchasers, and business folk. Later on they took the form of heraldic coats of arms and crests, indicating the head proprietorship of the house, who bore arms by hereditary right, and was distinguished by his family cognizance. Many houses not employed for purposes of trade, or that only subsequently became so, were distinguished by these heraldic signs, not merely as an indication of ownership, but because they were essential for the reception of travellers, at a period when hostelries were very rare. Hospitality was then accorded free of cost by the gentry to their own class, and to others of apparent respectability; and this fact will account for so many signs carried down on successive houses, replacing the original, which have no connection whatever with the reception of travellers, nor the selling of wines and beer. Many names and charges of old escutcheons have, in the course of generations, been so corrupted that they can scarcely be traced back to their origin, nor the combinations reduced to common sense. For example, "The Pig and Whistle" is probably derived from the "Boar's Head and Wassail Cup;" of the olden banquets, the "Bag of Nails," which was originally represented by a Satyr of the Woods, surrounded by his fellows, the chief being painted black, and thus supposed to be the devil, while the rest were called "Bacchanals"—was corrupted into "Bag-of-Nails." This sign of dancing figures, so miscalled, indicated a celebrated tavern by the river's side at Chelsea.

Then there were misconceptions of certain armorial charges of the landowners or house proprietors. For example, "The Cats," a common sign in Sussex, is a corruption with which the sign painter of long ago was chargeable; tortoiseshell, or black and white cats being substituted for the "Two Leopards, argent, spotted sable," which are the supporters of the Dorset family. "Catt" is the name of one of the very old yeoman families of Sussex; probably owing its origin to the same mistake as to the arms of their liege lords.

Signboards were very picturesquely conspicuous in the representation of "Old London" at the exhibitions at South Kensington; but many still more quaint and curious might have been given.

Every article of dress was represented for tavern-hotel signs, which, by order of government, were hung out to indicate a place of rest for the traveller, and were, as I said, adopted by tradesmen to show where certain wares could be obtained. Sometimes a good deal of quaint humour was exhibited by these signboards as, for example, the picture of the shirt hung out by a despairing tavern-keeper, bearing the touching inscription, "This is my last shift." It should be remembered that in Saxon times no distinction of terms existed between the garments which we distinguish as a "shirt" and a "shift." The sign adopted by the unprosperous Boniface might have been of a very handsome and decorative character; for at certain periods of our history those undergarments worn by the nobility, titled and untitled, were both handsome and costly; and those who have seen the tomb of Cœur de Lion, at Fontevrault, may have observed that the undergarment serving the purpose of a shirt has a border of gold and raised studs.



THE ONLY OLD SHOP SIGN THAT REMAINS IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION IN A LONDON STREET—HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

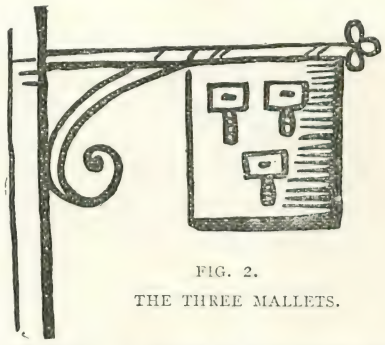


FIG. 2.

THE THREE MALLETS.

"The Tabard" inn, in Southwark, famous in history as the resting-place of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," is spoken of by Stowe, who describes the sign. According to ancient usage, it was suspended across the road on two uprights, and it bore an inscription commemorative of the resting in that hostelry of Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the twenty-nine pilgrims, A.D. 1583. The original name "Tabard," representing the ancient building, is now corrupted to "The Talbot," which designates the more modern tavern now standing on its site.

"The Good Woman," a headless figure, found likewise as "The King's Head and Good Woman," points grimly to the origin of its own name, for the king represented on one side of the signboard is the portrait of our "Bluebeard" sovereign. The headless woman on the other represented Anne Boleyn, styled "good," as having identified herself very prominently with the interests of the Lollards, and having come of a Lollard family. But the idea had a still earlier origin, although its application in our own country was that which I have stated; for in early Roman times the sign had reference to saints martyred by decapitation, often represented as holding their heads in their hands. The idea which has been very ungallantly associated with it by persons of a different sex, *i.e.*, that to be "good" a woman must be deprived of her tongue, is simply not true as regards the origin of the sign.

Another, amongst the most ancient, is that

of "The Cock," which was common amongst the Romans. In Christian times it obtained a new signification and prestige, from the religious and mystical idea connected with that bird. Thus we find in that curious book, "The Armory of Byrdes," by Skelton, Poet Laureate (Poems imprynted at London by John Wyght,—tempo. Henry VIII.), the following stanzas—

"The Cocke dyd say—
'I use alway
To crow both first and last.
Lyke a Postle I am,
For I preache to Man,
And tell him the nyght is past.'

'I bring new tydynges,
That the 'king of Kynges,'
In tactu profudit chorus;
Then sang he, mellodious,
'*Te Gloriosus,*
Apostolorum chorus.'"

In Bourne's "Observations on Popular Antiquities" (1725) we find that at the "cock crowing" our Saviour was reputed to have been born; and the third watch was the time supposed to be that of our Lord's coming to judgment, and of the morning of the Resurrection. The "cock crowing" was likewise regarded as a warning voice, having been thus specially notified as a sign and reminder of the Divine prediction to St. Peter, of the grievous fall to which self-sufficiency, in a time of great trial, would involve him.

An illustration (fig. 1) is given of the only old shop sign, as some have said, that remains in its original position in a London street, *i.e.*, Holywell Street, Strand, W.C. Some twenty years ago, or rather more, the shop was that of a mercer; now it is a bookseller's. The corner post of a court beside it is decorated with a boldly carved lion's head and paws, acting as a support. The house beside the "Half Moon" (really a crescent moon) is still older. But while granting that the distinction above given to the "Halt Moon" may be due to it, another sign disputes that honour. An old tin hat, minus all its original plumes and decorations, may

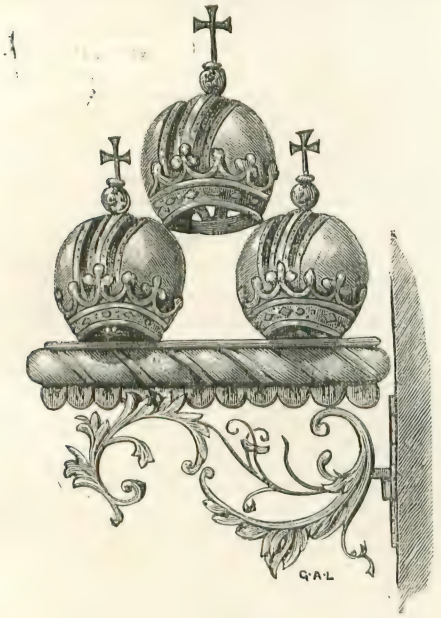


FIG. 3.

still be seen somewhere in Whitechapel, once known as the "Cocked Hat;" representing the manner of headgear worn towards the latter part of the last century.

Another illustration (fig. 2) shows the sign

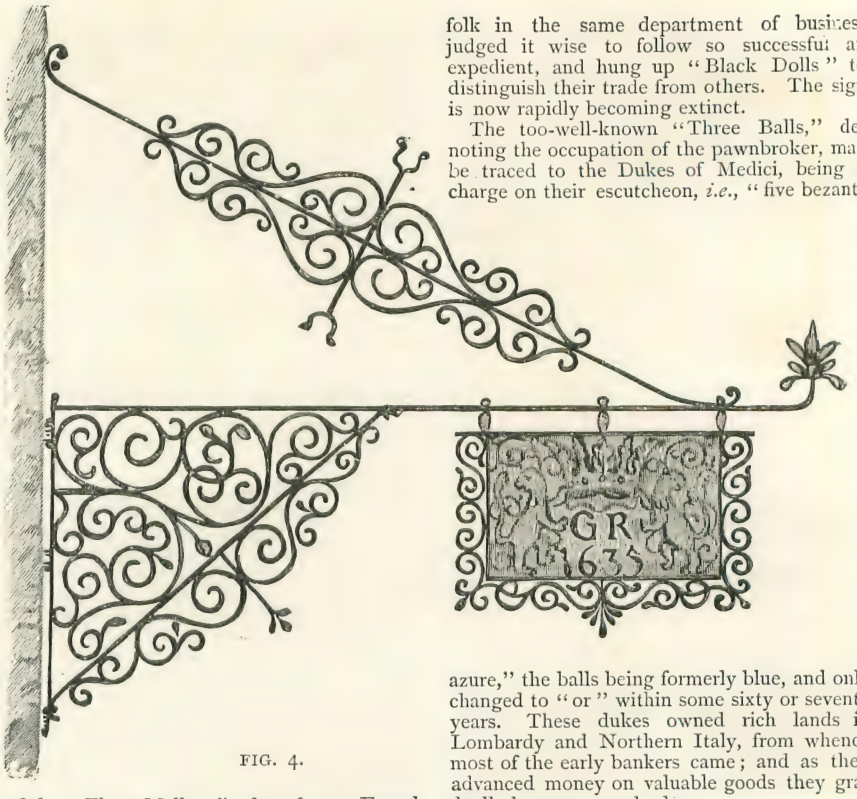


FIG. 4.

of the "Three Mallets," taken from a French "broadside," 1641.

Our third sketch is a very handsome wrought-iron Italian sign, designated what it represents, "Three Crowns" of very Turkish or Saracenic style (to be seen in the South Kensington Museum).

Fig. 4 shows a Royal Crown, supported by two lions, surmounting the initials "G.R.," and the date 1635. It is of German wrought-iron; and with its brackets and supports projects ten feet over the street represented at South Kensington.

Fig. 5 is the "Golden Key," and is the sign of a locksmith, date early 17th century. The sketch is taken from the original in Nüremburg.

"The Goat and Compasses" is of old Puritan origin; and the corruption is so great that the interpretation must be given. "God encompass us" was the devout prayer of the pious proprietor of the house first so distinguished, long gone, we hope, to his rest.

The last I shall name is "The Black Doll." To this day such a sign is to be seen indicating a shop for the purchase and sale of second-hand clothing, including a miscellaneous collection of marine stores. The origin of the selection of such a sign, so unconnected apparently with the trade it was designed to indicate, is one which was very creditable to the "Good-man" who first employed it. It seems that some equally honest—because very trustful—dame left a bundle of apparel in the hands of the dealer for his inspection and consideration at leisure, proposing to call again and be paid the next day. Whether she failed to find her way back, or what became of her, history and tradition fail to tell; but discovering a pair of diamond earrings and a black doll wrapped up, clearly by accident, in the bundle of clothes, our worthy storekeeper conceived the idea of hanging the doll over his shop door, to indicate his whereabouts to the poor woman, that he might restore the valuable trinkets she had inadvertently left with him. The honesty of the dealer was rewarded through this novel expedient, for it is recorded that the new sign attracted customers to his shop; and other folk in the same department of business judged it wise to follow so successful an expedient, and hung up "Black Dolls" to distinguish their trade from others. The sign is now rapidly becoming extinct.

The too-well-known "Three Balls," denoting the occupation of the pawnbroker, may be traced to the Dukes of Medici, being a charge on their escutcheon, *i.e.*, "five bezants azure," the balls being formerly blue, and only changed to "or" within some sixty or seventy years. These dukes owned rich lands in Lombardy and Northern Italy, from whence most of the early bankers came; and as they advanced money on valuable goods they gradually became pawnbrokers.

Before closing the subject of signboards I will return to that of the "King's Head," as represented outside a little rustic hostelry up in the Oxfordshire hills, at a place called "Collin's End." The sign, now faded by long exposure, represents the unfortunate monarch Charles I., and the painting, which has considerable merit, is a copy from an original by Van Dyke. Tradition informs us that during his residence as a prisoner at Caversham he rode with his escort to this little inn, hearing that it possessed a bowling-green which was patronised by the gentry of the county. Here he tried for a brief time to forget his cruel position and terrible anxieties, by joining with them in the favourite game of those times. Beneath the portrait the following inscription may still be read—

"Stop, traveller, stop; in yonder peaceful glade
His favourite game the Royal Martyr played.
Here, stripped of honours, children, freedom, rank,
Drank from the bowl, and bowled for what he drank;
Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,
And changed his Guinea ere he lost his Crown."

The adoption of distinctive signboards, as of heraldic insignia, shields, banners and badges, trade-marks and devices, seems to be an outcome of natural human feelings, and an inherited necessity, both of our nature and our external circumstances, under a great variety of phases. We need to express ourselves by other means than that of spoken words, whether to proclaim our rank and parentage, our prowess in arms, our craft and trade, our faith, or even our private domicile. Thus we may trace to a kindred source the inscriptions from Holy Writ, which artistically and sentimentally beautify the wood-carved dwellings of Alpine, as of other countries of an equally unsophisticated and primitive character. The simple faith of the proprietor, and oftentimes the welcome offered to the stranger, are gracious in a two-fold sense, and pleasant to behold.

Our last subject is that of War-cries, or *Cris*

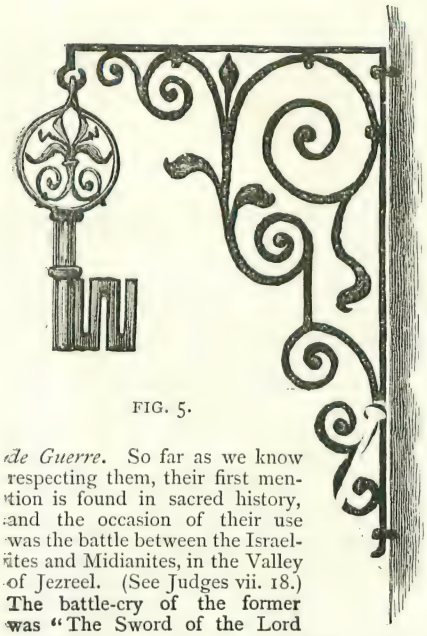


FIG. 5.

de Guerre. So far as we know respecting them, their first mention is found in sacred history, and the occasion of their use was the battle between the Israelites and Midianites, in the Valley of Jezreel. (See Judges vii. 18.) **The battle-cry of the former was "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The "war whoop" of the Red Indians is a veritable "war-cry," and most savage tribes have one. All civilised nations have had their distinctive shout of battle, to stimulate the *esprit de corps* of their armies, more especially when reverses have damped their hopes and paralysed their *élan* in the struggle for victory. Our National Anthem embodies the watchword and countersign appointed by the Lord High Admiral, under Henry VIII., A.D. 1545, to be used throughout the Royal Navy, *i.e.*,** "The watchwords in the night shall be thus: 'God save King Henrye;' th' other shal answer, 'And long to reign over us.'" "Cœur de Lion" was, it is recorded, heard to say, "Not me, but God and our right have vanquished France and Gisors," and this statement was probably adopted (in part) as a war-cry, and thence became a Royal motto of our English arms. "God and St. George," and "St George for Merrie England," were favourites amongst our armies, and quoted by Shakespeare in *Henry VII.*, Part 3, Act II., where Prince Edward exclaims—

> "Then strike up, drums;
> God and St. George for us!"

Who is not familiar with the *Slogans* of Ireland and Scotland? The *Faugh-a-Ballagh* of the Goughs—of which the meaning is, "Clear the Way!" the *Crom-a-Boo* of the FitzGeralds; the *Thanet-a-Boo* of the Earls of Desmond; and the *Butler-a-Boo* of the Earl of Ormond. It seems that the word *Aboo!* was the ancient war-cry of the aboriginal tribes of Ireland, and it became affixed to the names of their nobles and leaders in battle, or to their castles.

Certain distinguished families were granted the privilege of having a special *cri de guerre* of their own; but the *cri*, and the *droit de bannière*, were prerogatives appertaining to the nobility only. In Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion," the Scots are made to cry, "St. Andrew and our right;" and at the battle of Hylton-on-the-Wear it was, "The Lord of Hosts is with us," and, "Now or never," that of the Marquis of Northampton. Those of you who have read "The Lord of the Isles" will remember the lines—

> "The Bruce, the Bruce! in that dread word
> The knell of hundred deaths was heard."

Both here and all over the Continent of Europe the name of the chief leader of a battle was adopted as the war-cry more commonly than any motto.

In addition to the honour of giving their names as the *cris de guerre* to an army, some noble families were distinguished by a *sobriquet*. It would seem, however, that this descriptive title was chiefly confined to certain ancient historic families of Dauphiné, Provence, and Vaud (Suisse). Sometimes these *sobriquets* were highly complimentary, some otherwise, as for instance, "Inconstance de Baux," and "Desloyauté de Beaufort." We find them indicative of personal beauty, as "Visage d'Arvilar" (of Dauphiné); and wealth likewise gave a name, as in "Riche d'Aperioculos," and "Grandeur des Porcellets," which might have denoted magnanimity, nobleness, or personal size. These all, with one exception, were of Provence. Lack of space precludes the mention of further examples amongst the French nobility.

Of the *Pays de Vaud* we find the "Antiquité de Blonay," whose grand old hereditary *château* stands nobly on a height overlooking the Lake of Geneva, to the east of Vevey, where the chiefs of the great representative family, once petty sovereigns of the canton, have lived for the last thousand years. The noble and ancient family of de Joffrey, now extinct in the male line, and represented by a lady and her two nieces only, was distinguished by the significant *sobriquet*, "Parenté de Joffrey." Then there is the "Grandeur d'Alinges Coudrée," the "Hautess-de-Cœur de Gingins," the "Prudence de Tavel," the "Noblesse d'Estavaye," etc. The family de Gumöens is rightly a Bernese family, though named in M. le Roux de Lincy's "*Proverbes Français*," among the families of Vaud. But their ancient *château* "*de Worb*" stands to the left, in view of the railroad, on the line from Berne to Lucerne. Here they have resided (though owning more than one more modern family place) for nine hundred years; and were distinguished by the gracious characteristic *sobriquet*, "Amitié de Gumöens." But one, at least, of the few remaining descendants of this family resides in Vaud, married to a member of the noble family Couvreu de Deckersberg.

JOAN OF ARC'S BANNER.

The banner of Joan of Arc is taken from a piece of contemporary German tapestry, in the Orleans Museum. Tradition affirms that this is the actual banner which was worked into the design representing Joan arriving at Chinon.

The tail-piece at the conclusion of this article gives our national war-cries, and an illustration of our national patron saint vanquishing the dragon. In "The Golden Legend," 1500, you will find confirmation of this fact: "The blyssyd and holy martyr, Saynt George, is patron of this realme of Englande, and the crye of men of warre," and thus it ran,

> "St. George for merrie England!
> *Dieu et mon droit.*"

We hear much of "merrie England" in those days of the May-pole dances on the village greens; of the harvest-home festivals; of the "Minnie singers," when England was more rural and agricultural; the "Fear God, honour the King" days, when the country was not cut in pieces by iron railroads, and the trees and flowering hedgerows were fresh and fragrant, unblacked with the smoke and sulphur of manufacturers' chimneys; and all the good simple folk of the country side went to their churches and believed what they were taught. The merriness which existed under a simpler condition of things, in spite of terrible storms of civil war and religious persecutions, is a story of the past; and the ancient laws of chivalry, gallantry to women, and outward distinctions of class, are gradually becoming obsolete, in the ever-increasing hurry and struggle for the means of subsistence. The war-cry of this present day is one of general adoption, "Everyone for himself"; while few comparatively can realise the blessedness of the latter clause of the motto, "and God for us all!"

RESTITUTION;

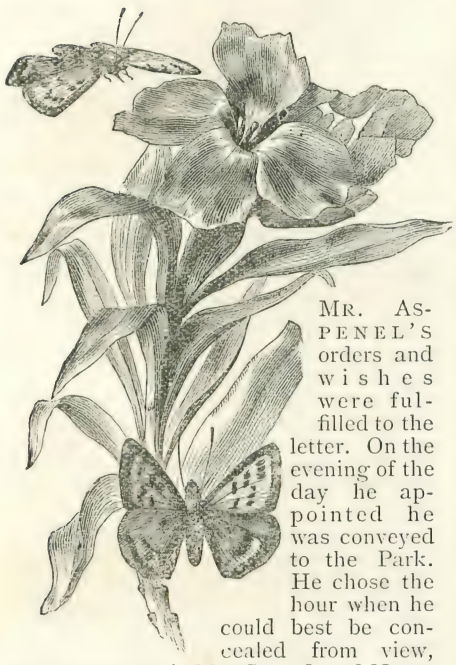
OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BACK AT THE PARK.



MR. ASPENEL'S orders and wishes were fulfilled to the letter. On the evening of the day he appointed he was conveyed to the Park. He chose the hour when he could best be concealed from view, and, accompanied by Gerard and Nurse True, was borne to his carriage on a mattress, placed in it, and removed to his half-dismantled house. He had previously had a short interview with Mr. Harton, which had tended to soften some of the prejudices of that good man's mind. They had not seen one another, for Aspenel insisted on a darkened room to the last; and was so enveloped when carried downstairs that no portion of him was visible. He had, evidently, a nervous horror of being seen, and bade the doctors abstain from pronouncing on his case, either to himself or others. No one but they and Nurse True knew the amount of injury he had sustained, and she, fearing to trouble her dear Edith, was silent thereupon. She and Gerard managed everything between them, from the closed blinds of his carriage to the darkened windows of the breakfast-room to which he was conveyed.

Here Edith awaited him, but she did not venture to make her presence known to him until he was placed on the bed prepared for him, and signified to Nurse True his wish to see her. Gerard was by her side, encouraging her. As soon as he had helped the afflicted father, his first thought had been for the trembling daughter. They stood together a few moments alone, at one end of the large airy room. It had been hastily arranged as a sleeping apartment, and, but for the bed at the further end, looked much as it used to look when Edith partook of those dreary breakfasts, and arranged the papers, etc., when they were over.

"Bring Edith and leave us alone," said Mr. Aspenel to Nurse True.

Hearing these words, Edith advanced and was received in Nurse True's motherly arms, as she passed towards her father.

"God help you, my darling," prayed that good woman, and a similar petition rose from Gerard's heart, as they silently left the room.

"Your unworthy father," were the words that greeted Edith when she reached the bed.

She knelt down and took the hand that lay on the coverlet. It was the left. She kissed it, and her tears fell upon it.

"My dear papa," was all she could say. Words come slowly at such times.

She could not see him, happily, for Nurse True had so arranged his bandages that they were hidden by curtains and semi-darkness.

"Only you, Nurse True, and Gerard Clarville will come near me until I express other wishes," he said, in a strangely muffled voice.

"No, dear papa. Thank you for admitting me," she replied, repressing her feelings.

"You have been a good daughter. Is the man who saved my life here?"

"Not yet. I understand he promises to come to-morrow. Bruce's study has been prepared for him."

"Ah, Bruce! If you hear anything of him or—his mother—let them come home. Home, indeed! Oh, that awful fire! But for—for the man Loveridge I should have been burnt to death. And you?"

"Mr. Gerard Clarville saved me, by the Divine guidance."

"To what cause is the fire ascribed?"

"They say it originated in your study, dear papa."

"My study. Ha! This unworthy hand. Was it Cranmer who thrust an 'unworthy hand' into the flames?"

"Now we are together again, we will try to forget the flames, dear papa. They have haunted me, but they are gradually fading from my imagination."

"They will never fade from mine. Your pious Nurse True says I must look beyond and above them, but while I feel them that is impossible."

Edith felt how unequal she was to the task of combating horrors such as these, and remained silent.

"Have you nothing to say to comfort me, or give me hope, or ease the terrors of my soul?" he asked, irritably. "Do you know that ruin stares us in the face, and that I lost a fortune with this house? Do you know that I have worked my way up to fabulous wealth, only to be foiled by an element—by fire. It is preposterous."

"God's ways are so mysterious," hazarded Edith, in a voice nearly inaudible. "Perhaps He may work good out of all this evil."

Aspenel was silent, and Edith prayed for strength for the work before her. Suddenly her father began again about the flames, and she feared he was wandering in his mind.

"I think you had better try to rest after the exertion of coming here," she said, quietly. "I will send Nurse True and come again."

He made no objection, and she left him. The doctor had just arrived, and went with Nurse True to Aspenel, while she and Gerard were again, for a few minutes, alone. He saw how agitated she was, and sought to reassure her.

"Dr. Sant has taken upon himself to order a first-rate nurse from London to relieve Nurse True," he said.

"He will not endure her presence, I am sure of that," she replied. "We must wait on him between us. Dear Mrs. Clarville offers to come, and I believe if there is any one whom he would consent to see, it is she. Besides, Mrs. Aspenel and Janet will be back, and perhaps he may see them. If there is any difficulty, Mr. Austen has placed the Rectory at our disposal. I hinted to him that we might want additional rooms, and he offered them at once. Everyone is so kind; so kind!"

The repressed tears gave way, and rolled slowly down her cheek. She turned towards the open window near which they were standing to conceal them; but in spite of the gathering darkness, he felt that she wept. The night was still, save for the nightingale's song, which floated through the waves of air with a rich, mysterious rapture.

"My mother and I would do anything in the world to help you," half whispered Gerard.

"I know! I know!" returned Edith. "You are our best and dearest friends. Do you—do the doctors—think he will die?"

This abrupt question was instantly partially answered by Dr. Sant himself, who joined them. Candles were brought in, and dispelled Edith's temporary depression.

"The move has been, as I feared, rather too much for him," said the doctor. "He is in great excitement. He will have no one near him but Mrs. Truman and Miss Aspenel, and the one is already knocked up—the other will soon be incapable."

"I am stronger than you think," said Edith, returning the inquiring glance reassuringly.

"My mother will help her, and I could sit up with him, if necessary," added Gerard.

"I shall remain here to night. Mrs. Truman must have rest; and if Mrs. Clarville were at hand, perhaps we might manage," rejoined Dr. Sant.

Gerard said he would go and fetch his mother, and Edith was left alone with the doctor. She repeated her question as to whether her father must die, which was answered with the usual medical diplomacy. Quiet and freedom from excitement would do much, but it was difficult to allay the fever of the mind, etc., which, fortunately, left Edith in a state of uncertainty. However, she had not much time for reflection. At Dr. Sant's request she called Nurse True from her father's room, while he returned to it. She was horrified at seeing how ill and worn her dear old friend looked. She had been in attendance unaided for ten days and nights, and it was no wonder.

"You are to go to bed at once," said Edith, with the gentle imperativeness she was wont to use with Nurse True when she wanted to help that good woman. "Mrs. Clarville is coming, and she and I can manage between us, with Dr. Sant."

"I will lie down awhile, my deary. I will dress and refresh myself, but I will not leave you to nurse poor Mr. Aspenel alone. I am not spent yet; when I am will be time enough to give in. God fits the nurse to the patient, as well as the back to the burden."

This was all the concession Edith could obtain, and she gave Nurse True into the care of her friend Rebecca, who was one of the helps found in the emergency. Mrs. Clarville arrived soon after, and Edith felt that she had the support she needed in her and Gerard. But the doctor gave Mr. Aspenel a sleeping draught which took effect almost immediately, and Edith's first night of watching passed without disturbance. Mrs. Clarville was in the adjoining room, but was not required. All this was providential, since Nurse True slept all through the night without once awakening. Her distress of mind was great when she became aware of it in the morning; but she was comforted when she found her patient still asleep, and Edith curled up in an easy chair at his side, also folded in sleep like a white dove. She left them thus, in order to see after the strangely disorganised household.

She found it better than she expected, for one or two of the old servants, who were still out of place, had volunteered to return, "to oblige Miss Aspenel," and they had improvised a kitchen and other apartments in such part of the mansion as had remained intact. It was a bewildering scene, and everybody was running over everybody else; while workmen were swarming in all parts, repairing and making safe what seemed insecure, under orders from the master himself, given through Gerard. The sudden catastrophe aroused good feelings in the neighbourhood which had never existed before, and enemies became friends of him whom they had hated in times past.

"As matters seem more hopeful this morning I will go on to Hoplands," said Dr. Sant to Mrs. Clarville. "One must eat, and I would rather breakfast there than here. Keep him quiet, and let him sleep till doomsday if he will. I never had such an awful patient before, or saw so devoted a nurse as that old True. Certainly we don't all get our deserts in this world. The man who saved this poor wreck of manhood is by far the best of the two."

Dr. Sant found the party at Hoplands very cheerful, and greatly relieved by the absence of Aspenel. Still they inquired anxiously for him. Fan was at her post at the breakfast-table, all fun and frolic, as of old; her slaves, Mr. Harton, Jack and the dogs were all waiting upon her. The doctor sat down gleefully amongst them, declaring that he had made a good choice between two stools, and would not be likely to fall to the ground.

"I mean to carry up his breakfast, Fan," said Jack. "He hasn't a bad appetite, considering, doctor. I don't mean in spite of the doctors, but considering his 'burns and blains.' Two slices of bacon and two eggs, Fan. What do you think of that, Dr. Sant?"

"Let him lay in as much as he can while he's here. Short commons over there, just at present," replied the doctor, pointing in the direction of the Park.

After breakfast the doctor visited Loveridge, and while with him Gerard arrived with an imperative message from Aspenel. The trio consulted together.

"Mr. Aspenel insists on your coming at once to the Park," said Gerard to Loveridge. "As soon as he awoke he inquired for you, and bade me go and tell you that he could not rest until he had seen his deliverer. He was much excited. He ordered the carriage to be sent for you at eleven o'clock, and would not hear of a later hour."

"You had better go," said the doctor. "He owes his life to you, and the best chance of prolonging it is by humouring him in all things. I am glad he has some gratitude, poor wretch. Reports are abroad that his affairs are in confusion, and that he is not as rich as he was reported; but you know best, Mr. Clarville."

"His mind is clear, and he only confides in me what is absolutely necessary," replied Gerard, evasively. "He requests me to go with you to the Park," he added to Loveridge. "One of the state drawing-rooms has been hastily prepared for you, and you will be near him."

"I shall be grander in my latter end than my beginning," laughed Loveridge. "What shall I look like in a state drawing-room? I should wish to see my benefactor first—I mean your friend Mr. Harton; for you are all my benefactors."

Gerard and Dr. Sant left and sent up Mr. Harton. He had not yet been apprised of the relationship between Fan and Loveridge. When the greetings were over, and Harton was seated, he suddenly exclaimed—

"Surely I have seen you before? You are my old friend Wandering Will."

"At your service," replied Loveridge, who was never abashed by any kind of discovery. "Whatever my other alias, I am always Wandering Will, and shall be to the end of the chapter. Before leaving your truly hospitable mansion, I want to thank you for more benefits than you know of. First, for taking me in when I was half dead, and bringing me to life again; secondly, for housing, clothing, and feeding my only child."

His voice faltered, and he nearly gave way.

"Your only child! Not Fan?" said Harton.

"Yes, sir; Fan. Your son Jack will tell you all about it, for I cannot."

Here the strange man fairly broke down. Harton let him recover himself, and then asked, severely for him, why he had forsaken her.

"I—I—did not forsake her," sobbed Loveridge. "I did not know where she was. Her mother, my wife, Clorandy, must have left her at your gate, meaning to return. I was in foreign parts, and all I know is that she was taken suddenly ill and died, just as the van was moving from place to place. Whether she left the child of *malice prepense* will never be known; but you will receive my eternal gratitude for taking her in, and making of her the Fan she is. It was with me, her father, she left your house, and to me she has returned, at my request."

"And you mean to deprive me of her?"

"That shall be as you see fit. Wandering Will is nothing if not grateful. You have rescued my girl, and you only shall dispose of her. I resign my right in her to you."

Mr. Harton's severity relaxed.

"You and I were young men when you used to flit over the common like a will-o'-the-wisp," he said. "Now we are elderly, if not exactly old. How have you spent the interval?"

"It would take hours to tell you, and I must prepare for the most wonderful of all my adventures—a visit to Aspenel Park by invitation of its owner. Perhaps when that is over I may tell you more. Meanwhile I pray God to bless and reward you as I never can."

Fan came in at this moment, and said Mr. Aspenel's carriage had arrived.

"And so, Fan, you have found your real father. I know all," said Mr. Harton, kindly, but with a little choke in his voice.

"Yes, dear Sir. Is it not strange?" she replied, looking down as if she had done wrong.

"You couldn't help it, Fan. Give me a kiss, and let us all be friends."

Fan flung her arms round Mr. Harton; and poor Loveridge, looking on, shook his head, sighed, and repented.

(To be continued.)

A VILLAGE CONCERT.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE room is poor and shabby :
  She has pinched herself for days,
Just to buy her lace and ribbons,
  And the flimsy jasmine sprays
That with quick and tasteful fingers,
  And a brow of anxious care—
Though her heart with hope is beating—
  She is wreathing in her hair.

"Will he like it?"—she is thinking—
  "I am handsomer than Nell;
And I'm sure this starry jasmine
  Suits my dark complexion well.
I have seen him looking at me
  When I wore my smart new gown,
And he spoke to me on Sunday,
  In despite of father's frown.

"Poor dear Nell is always dowdy,
  In a prim old-fashioned way,
And when we are all so merry,
  She has not a word to say.
I've no reason to be jealous,
  But of all the girls he'll see
At the concert, it is lucky
  He knows only Nell and me."

Nell called in to walk with Annie
  To the village concert room—
'Twas the school across the meadows,
  Fragrant with the hawthorn bloom;
And she chattered fast and gaily
  As they lightly sped along,
Or broke into trills and snatches
  Of the often practised song.

She was vaguely disconcerted
  By the grave young master's face,
As he took their shawls, and marshalled
  Each to her appointed place;
There was not the admiration
  She expected to have met
In the eyes that fell upon her,
  And her own with tears were wet

As she saw him turn so often
  To the seat by gentle Nell,
In the simple frock of muslin
  That became her looks so well.
Now and then poor Annie faltered
  As she sang the well-known song
He had praised when last she sang it,
  And the evening seemed so long;

For the master came not near her,
  And at last, the concert o'er,
It was Nell to whom he whispered
  As they gained the school-room door;—
It was Nell whom he assisted
  To surmount the churchyard stile,
And with whom he sauntered homeward,
  Talking softly all the while.

Foolish Annie, in her chamber,
  Thrust her ribbons out of sight,
With a pain and disappointment
  All unknown until that night;
While sweet Nell, in meekness kneeling,
  Thanked her Father up in Heaven
For the gift of pure affection
  Which to bless her had been given.

ENGLISH GIRLS.

By the Author of "The Bachelors in Central Italy," etc.

I.—GIRLS WHO SHOULD EARN MONEY OR DO HOUSEHOLD WORK AS AN EQUIVALENT.

WHEN judging the inhabitants of a foreign country we are apt to compare them with ourselves, and though this is to an extent hard on the foreigner—for we English are notorious for admiring everything English—yet so difficult, so almost impossible is it to form an ideal for an alien race, that perhaps this practice of judging others from our own standpoint is the best plan. Presumably we know our own capabilities, however, and if not blinded by egotism and narrow mindedness, we ought to acknowledge wherein we fall short of those capabilities; to take into consideration the circumstances in which we are placed, the temperament of our race, and the special excellences of which it is capable, and the failings to which it is prone, and to establish an ideal for ourselves and judge our actions from our own ideal.

English girls and women have much to be thankful for, and their position is now much more independent than it has ever been. The education of girls has greatly improved during the last twenty years, and it cannot be said that we are now behindhand in this matter. Social intercourse with the other sex is very little restricted. Our great universities are throwing open their doors to women, and giving to them all those advantages for acquiring knowledge which, until lately, were allowed to men only. Our musical and art academies possess more girl than men students. In literature girls and women can and do contribute to many of the magazines; nay, more, there are women novelists and women journalists. In dressmaking, millinery, and domestic service girls are as much in the majority now as ever they were. In the arts of painting and sculpture few restrictions are placed on them. In teaching it cannot be said that men have encroached on their domain, while they now do certain work which was formerly considered to be fit for men only. Women doctors! Such an idea would have shocked our forefathers. That girls are employed as Civil Service clerks is, however, as it should be, and the only pity is that the remuneration is so small.

Now we will turn for a minute—only for a minute—and see the position of Englishwomen in the married state. Whatever faults may be alleged against the Englishman, it cannot be said that he is undomesticated. He, less than any foreigner, spends his spare time away from his wife. Again, in humble society such a spectacle as a hard-working wife supporting the household entirely by herself, the husband being an encumbrance and the chief spender, is, thank God, comparatively rare with us.

So much for the opportunities for acquiring knowledge and livelihood possessed by English girls. Now we will go to the girls themselves; and for this purpose it will be necessary to divide them into classes: the lower, the poor middle class, the richer middle class, and the upper class, though it must be remarked that girls of what are called the "upper ten thousand," and those of the richer middle class, do not so greatly differ in their mode of life, nor are they so easily distinguished as men in the corresponding positions.

Our readers may notice that we pass over the distinction of upper and lower middle class, not because we ignore it, but because it affects the rule of life of English girls but slightly; whereas the distinction we draw is an arbitrary one, and very greatly affects their style of life. We do not say that *in se* wealth is so very important, but it is undeniably important in relation to our conduct, and is in some cases the arbitrator of right and wrong. One law for the rich and another for the poor is of course immoral, but the same law may condemn a poor girl and not a rich one. A rich girl buys a bracelet and can afford it; a poor girl buys the same bracelet, and in order to pay for it has to spend money which is wanted for more necessary things; of course, one is justified, and not the other. It is an extravagance on the part of the poor girl, but is not so with the rich one, whose income assures her all necessities, and supplies a surplus to be spent directly or indirectly on the community, and the buying of the bracelet is an indirect boon to the community.

GIRLS OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

If we go into the villages and seek the girls of the labouring class, we at once are struck with the enormous change the educational laws have effected in them. The State now compels all to be educated, and the younger girls, by attending the schools and learning to read, gain knowledge of hundreds of things unknown to their older sisters. The young women whose early life was spent before education was made obligatory, were, or rather are (for the contact with their young educated sisters affects them very little), as a

"I AM SURE THIS STARRY JASMINE
SUITS MY DARK COMPLEXION WELL."

rule honest, hard-working, and contented, but terribly ignorant. This ignorance does not mean "book larnin'," which of course they cannot possess, being unable to read, but a want of intelligence, a want of ability to grasp those things which, in a Christian and civilised community, we should have thought would not have been beyond their ken. They are as a rule, especially in the south, very conservative, and look up with great veneration to the squire of the district. The clergyman also exerts an important influence on them, and if he is an energetic man he will improve their tone for a whole generation.

Our uneducated peasant class seem thoroughly impervious to the romantic and the beautiful; but they have a great advantage in not being at all tinged with those dangerous and revolutionary ideas which work sad havoc in some other countries. Our peasant girls are not frugal; they never think of saving money; they are, moreover, extravagant in their food, and would reject with scorn a meal which many foreign peasants would consider almost luxurious.

We do not think that the girls in the out-of-the-way towns and villages compare, on the whole, favourably with those in London and some of the other large towns, though in one or two of the manufacturing cities of the North, unhealthy occupations and the hard conditions of life have a bad effect on the characters of the girls. It is a curious thing that in this great city of ours—in this vast modern Babylon, London, with its crowded population, its terrible temptations, and its rushing stirring life—the girls, as a whole, should be such good specimens of English girls.

As we have said before, the educational laws have made the younger girls in the country places quite different from their older sisters, and much more like the girls in the cities; and that the change is one for good we cannot doubt. At the same time it has its dangers; amongst others, a tendency to discontent and an impatience of control. The discontent leads to large numbers of them flocking to London and the large cities, and helping to swell the already too great populations; and the tendency to be impatient of control, to a certain extent brought about by the educational laws, and noticeable in town and country alike, is shown by the fact that those who enter service no longer look up to their mistresses in the way they once did. Of course this must always to some extent be the case. Education has a power, an almost unlimited power, over ignorance. The educated mind rules and leads the uneducated one, and when the mistress, in addition to her superior position as employer and payer of labour, is removed from the servant by this great barrier, she must needs have a more complete control than when the servant is also educated; more especially if, as sometimes happens, there is little to choose between the knowledge possessed by the two.

We say that the education of girls of the masses has a tendency to make them impatient of control; but it must not be supposed that we therefore condemn the education, that is to say so long as it is Christian. Our readers may be tempted to ask the necessity of the last sentence. How is an unchristian education more dangerous than an unchristian ignorance? It is more dangerous, however, because it leads to socialism and revolution. It need not necessarily do so, because if there is no future state it is better for the community that there should be a distinction of classes, a ruling and a working class; but it is impossible to bring this truth home to the hardest worked, without inculcating in them a perfect and workable system of political and social ethics. Now we know of no such system having been formulated, or at all events we know of none which is sufficiently widely accepted to be regularly taught. Of course such an education is unnecessary for Christians, as Christianity teaches a thoroughly workable and thoroughly complete system of ethics, and moreover it enforces its teaching under pain of punishment in another world.

Girls of the Middle-class.

It is a fact that there are faults which run through all the strata of English society, and are therefore national failings. The two most noticeable are extravagance, and a burning desire to appear richer and in a better position than we really are. Now it will be seen at once that English girls and English women are largely responsible for these two failings; which, be it remarked, will if not curbed, do more to ruin this great country than costly foreign wars and foolish legislation at home.

To go a step higher into middle class society. Pages upon pages might be written upon the excellences of girls in this position of life. The heart of England beats in this class, and the greatness of England has been and is largely due to the admirable qualities possessed by her middle-class population. But it is the girls in this position who possess to the greatest extent the two faults we have mentioned above. We will take a household belonging to an Englishman of the middle-class with an increasing family and a limited income. Now when the girls in such a family get to the age of sixteen or seventeen it is their duty to share the household duties, to do much of the cleaning, and a great deal of the work which would be done by servants if their father's income was twice or thrice as large as it is. In France or Germany they would; but in England it is an exception to find the daughter so employed. The work is relegated to servants who, without considering the expense of their keep, cannot be expected to look after economy, and to take scrupulous care that there is no waste. No; the daughters must be "ladies," and cannot spoil their hands by doing menial work. They must make friends, try to get invitations to parties, try, above all, to get husbands. They must learn to play the piano, to sing, and to play lawn tennis. These things are good in themselves, but in the case we are considering, that is to say, where economy is absolutely necessary, household duties and not accomplishments should be the first consideration of the daughters. They are poor, and must recognise it; and though their father is a thorough gentleman, and is in a highly respectable position, and they themselves are young ladies who have been well educated, and are equal in most respects to their wealthier acquaintances, yet they must not make it their object in life to live up to those acquaintances by appearing to be as rich, as well dressed, and as fashionably accomplished.

Let such girls think a little of their father engaged in a profession or in some occupation where competition is increasing to an alarming extent, who is now getting on in years, whose income has probably long remained stationary, who never gets a holiday, whose life is one never-ceasing grind. The daughters may turn round and say, "But we are going to get husbands, and then we shall no longer be an expense to our family." They may not, however, marry at all; young men find every day a greater difficulty in getting remunerative employment, and as a consequence some delay marriage, while others do not marry at all. Besides which, suppose such girls do get married. What is the consequence? They would not recognise that they were poor daughters, and the probability is that they will not now recognise that they are poor wives. They must have servants, and so propagate this habit of living quite up to or beyond their income—a habit which has become a national failing, and which if not controlled will lead this great country to ruin.

We cannot but think that the daughters of poor professional and commercial gentlemen neglect the duty of doing household work, not so much because they dislike it, or because they are lazy, as because it takes them away from their accomplishments, makes their hands rough, and mitigates against their success in social life, if indeed it does not altogether prevent their taking part in it. It may be thought by some how "small" this last consideration is; but this liking, this more than liking, this passion for society, lies at the very root of the nature of the majority of English-women. It pervades all classes, and to it may be traced many of the distinguishing characteristics of the race, both good and bad. There is no woman in the world who possesses more acquaintances, who is so ever anxious to increase their number, who thinks more of them, who lives up to them and for them to so great an extent, and is so scrupulously anxious to appear well before them as the Englishwoman, and it is the same with the English girl. That this is altogether unhealthy we do not say, and amongst the rich and upper classes this national passion is good for trade; it circulates money and produces a market for labour; but that it is productive of much misery and failure in the poor daughters of gentlemen, we unhesitatingly affirm.

Of course there is a difficulty, for as we have attempted to explain, there is danger in poor girls forming acquaintances with those who are much richer than themselves, their style of living being necessarily so different, and the natural sensitiveness and education of a lady prevents her mixing with those who are unrefined. It is open to such girls to make acquaintances of those who, like themselves, are the daughters of poor gentlemen; but this society, which they love, means party giving and calling (and amongst exact equals the party giving must be reciprocal), and poor ladies have neither money for the one nor time for the other. We therefore earnestly beg girls in this position to think more of domestic life, to take enjoyment in helping their mothers and looking to the welfare of their brothers and sisters, to stamp out this craving for society, and substitute for it one or two real friends who care nothing for the petty trifling of "social life," and who will be found in the long run to be worth all the "society" in the world.

There are many English girls of this poorer middle-class who dislike household work, but who recognise their position, and by educating some talent they may possess, earn enough money to keep themselves, or at all events contribute to their support. All honour to these, and they are not a few. The number of girls who earn money has increased largely of late. Some become teachers, others pianistes, others telegraph clerks, others Civil Servants, and so on. Their earnings usually are not large, but they are a great help, and such of these girls who marry will make thrifty wives; knowing how difficult it is to earn money, they will look well after that of their husbands.

Before finishing our first paper, we should like to linger over the many excellent qualities of English girls; on their attachment to their parents, and the good influence they have over their brothers. Let anyone compare the boys and young men who have sisters with those who have not. What a difference there is! How much better as a rule are the former. More than all the preachers, more than all the teachers, do these sisters do for their brothers, who, to use the phrase, are "entering into life." How many temptations, how many vices they save him from! Above all, how by their example and words they preserve in him a belief in, and a reverence for, the sacred truths of Christianity, and a fear, but a trustful fear in God, who is to judge us for the life eternal!

(To be concluded.)

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOUND WANTING.

PIQUED by the careless way in which they had been left for her, the spoiled beauty, whose birthday-gifts had been many and choice, had opened the parcels indiscriminately, with sleepy indifference.

She chanced to open Miss Pringle's packet first, a sweet odour, a soft something at the top, suggesting some feminine trifle for personal adornment; possibly some of the old point-lace her mother's aunt had hoarded up out of sight.

Not so. Lying on the top of an octavo volume was a purple satin scent-sachet, the size of the book, fringed with small pearls. A passion-flower had been daintily embroidered on the one side with tinted silks. "Very pretty and very sweet," she said, turning it over with no conception of its suggestiveness. Her countenance changed. On the reverse, delicately outlined in minute seed pearls was lettered this triplet—

"Perfumes precious, graces three,
Patience, prudence, piety,
May this birthday bring to thee."

The sachet was tossed contemptuously aside.

"Pgh! Aunt Pringle's everlasting pearls!" she ejaculated. "I suppose her book will be equally precious. It is handsomely bound, at all events. Royal purple, of course. Oh, 'The Pilgrim's Progress!' Is that all? That antiquated thing!"

It had opened at the title page. Opposite, on the fly-leaf, was written in a small neat hand, "From Phillis Penelope Pringle to her dear grandniece Mabel Heathfield at the prime portal of life's pilgrimage. Pursue Christian's path: pleasure and profit may be found ere the end. Peruse, ponder, and preserve."

The book followed the despised sachet. The shapely shoulders went up in a shrug.

"I wish Aunt Pringle would not be so absurd. No wonder everyone laughs at her. She treats me as a child. Preserve her precious gift? I will trust my bookshelf to do that. It will not be worn out with my perusal. She might have found me something more suitable and sensible."

Her fingers were already busy with the other packet.

"Ah, this is *charmant!*" she exclaimed, as Longfellow's "Golden Legend" and "Evangeline," bound together in ivory, lay before her in a cardboard box. "Hubert has decidedly good taste. *Mais*, what is this?"

Her colour deepened. Her blue eyes expanded with pleasure.

"Hubert Underwood, to Mabel Heathfield, on the twenty-first anniversary of her birth, with every good wish and sentiment of regard."

"Ah, this is a gift worth having. 'Regard!' The word from him means more than all the 'devotion' Arthur professes."

A sealed note had lain under the book. She tore it open impatiently. It was very brief.

"Dear Mabel,—I have been very troubled and unhappy of late, but if you accept my little offering all will be well.

"Yours most truly,
"HUBERT."

She hurried into bed in a flutter of delight; vanity and love of admiration triumphant. It all read like the preface to a proposal. It was delicious to feel that she had made a conquest of him. Hubert was handsomer than either Gilbert Sheperton or Arthur, and the pale-faced curate was nowhere beside him. And if he was not rich already, Mr. Crossley's favour meant a fortune for him. But did the acceptance of his gift mean the acceptance of himself? She was not sure about that. At all events there was no hurry. Then she recollected that she had snubbed him that afternoon, and he had gone away in displeasure. If Mr. Gilbert had but given her a hint of his improving prospects earlier! What then? She could not have been less agreeable to the young squire just to keep others in good humour. Arthur had been as jealous as a bear all the afternoon. It had been quite amusing to watch the glances he cast towards them whilst they were partners.

Yet she was not altogether satisfied with the impression she had made on Mr. Gilbert, and was disquieted with fears lest in neglecting Hubert and her simple little aunt she had dropped the substance for the shadow. And then what did her Aunt Pringle mean by suggesting that she had neither patience, nor prudence, nor piety? She went to church as regularly as the rest, if she did not profess to be goody-goody. She would defy anyone to say she was not prudent. She was not a prude, if that was what her aunt meant, and she confessed she enjoyed a little innocent flirtation, but there—that aunt of hers would try the patience of a saint.

It was such thoughts as these chasing each other through her brain that drove sleep and satisfaction from her pillow, not concern for the sudden relapse of her good mother. Her conscience was at no times super-sensitive, and she had not sufficiently realised the fact of danger to be affected by more than a passing qualm.

It was not that she loved her mother little, but that she loved herself much. She had been set up by false indulgence on a pedestal to be idolised; had never been called upon to sacrifice a toy or a whim. What wonder, then, if the lines written by the Princess Amelia respecting herself were also applicable to Mabel Heathfield!

"Unthinking, idle, gay and young,
I laughed, and danced, and played and sung,
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me."

She had no notion as she lay on her pillow with her head in a whirl of tennis-playing, flirtation, presents, compliments and what not, that on the other side the staircase her mother's head was also in a whirl over the excitement of the day, in which fears lest Arthur Rivers engrossed too much of her much-loved daughter's attention played their part, or that the already enfeebled frame had been utterly prostrated by the party Mabel had found so pleasurable.

She pooh-poohed the fears her sister expressed when she at last had a chance to seek repose.

"Oh, you are so fanciful! Mother will be better in the morning. She was over-fatigued, that is all."

It was not all, she discovered in the morning, when the doctor with a grave face left with Phillis—not with her—strict orders for perfect quietude in the house and in the patient's bedroom; for the frequent application of a cooling lotion to the heated head, of hot-water bottles to the chilly feet, and for the administration of medicines; hurrying Bob off with him to bring back the needed medicaments with all speed.

She went into the darkened room, and came out sobbing and crying over the change a night had wrought, and made everyone around uncomfortable with her distress, and her lamentations that her mother had come downstairs so foolishly; but she took no blame to herself for persistently assembling the party, whilst her mother was so much out of health.

There might be some infinitesimal germs of a disturbing consciousness in her overflowing tears, but the good farmer only took them as tokens of "Mab's tender heart," and strove to comfort her—he who had so much more need of comfort, with his beloved wife in peril upstairs, his sheep in danger in the fold.

In any case she spoiled breakfast for him and Bob, with her red eyes and intermittent sobs, with which the latter had much less sympathy than had his father. He was as deeply grieved at the turn his mother's illness had taken, but he had a young man's country-side appetite, and he told her bluntly she was not fit to preside at table if she could not control her feelings to perform her duties. She would not find Phillis crying in the room overhead to disturb her mother, he would answer for it.

No, Phillis might be sad and sorry,

but she had no time for tears. It was for her to carry out the doctor's orders, to watch for any change of condition, and to supply every need of the sick mother. Her breakfast was a cup of coffee brought by attentive Hepsy, and swallowed hastily by the bedside. At noon, the good woman supplied her place, whilst she took almost as hasty a meal downstairs; but all that afternoon, and all the night through, the girl kept her patient and anxious watch, moving about on shoeless feet, lest a sound should jar an over-sensitive nerve. And oh, how many a silent prayer went up in those still hours for the preservation of a life far dearer than her own!

Hepsy, very contrite after her Saturday's ill-humour, had volunteered to take her place during the night, but the assurance of Phillis that she could not sleep if she went to bed, sent the heavy-hearted woman to her own, conscious that she had her work before her in house and dairy, and must rest whilst she could. She did not mean to let Miss Phillis sit up a second night to wear herself out.

She was up on Monday before the lark began his orisons, and rousing sleepy Ann, bestirred herself to have a hot cup of coffee ready for the watcher, and another for her mistress if it could be taken, before the business of the day began.

Breakfast was early, and Mabel as usual was late. Had not Hepsy gone to the release of Phillis, the farmer and his son must have sat down to their meal alone.

They were rising from table when Mabel came down in sad *déshabille*, with the excuse that she had cried herself to sleep, and slept heavily.

"Ah, poor lass," said her father, "I wish I could have slept," but he made no further comment. The wakeful watch of the younger girl was a matter of course.

Through the morning, as through the previous afternoon, Mabel had crept to the door of her mother's room to inquire how she was going on, but she barely set her foot across the threshold, she "could not bear to see her suffering," she said. When the doctor came she rushed up to him with an entreaty that he would relieve her agony and tell her that her mother was better. And when he shook his head, and said, "Scarcely; but she has a careful and attentive nurse," her tears flowed again, from very helplessness.

"Look you, Miss Mabel, if you'd stir yourself, and do something to help a body, you'd not feel so bad. And if you thought how ugly red eyes make you, there'd be less call for your handkercher," cried Hepsy, whose bile was rapidly rising. "Don't you think it would be as well if you took your turn to tend your mother a spell this afternoon and let your sister have a bit of sleep!"

"I, Hepsy; I never nursed anyone in my life, and I can't bear to see my dear mother tossing her head about so."

"Then it's time you tried," said the other, with the freedom of long service and small reverence. "Miss Phillis has to bear it, an' her feelings be as fine as yours, I reckons."

The rebuke told, as did the hint about the ugliness of red eyes. At noon she offered to relieve her sister, much to the satisfaction of the father, who regarded the offer as spontaneous and generous in one so sensitive.

He did not accredit his younger daughter with equally deep feelings. If he thought of her at all, it was that she had more nerve, and that nursing was just one of her domestic functions.

Hepsy made no such mistake. She had a clear head under her tousled red hair, if she had a hot temper, and she knew the signs of strong emotion and quick feeling. Had she not marked the hot flush, the sudden flash of an angry eye, the grip of a small clenched hand as some stabbing word, some painful token of favouritism had stirred Phillis the child, Phillis the ripening schoolgirl, to the depths of her nature? and had she not seen the breast heave, the lips compress, the grip relax, as the child, or the growing girl, made her effort at self-suppression, until patient endurance took the place of hot resentment?

If she could not imitate she could at least admire, and many a time she said to herself—

"Well, well, our folk might be blind. It may please the Lord to open their eyes some day."

She said it then when, after receiving minute instructions from heavy-eyed Phillis, Mabel, with visible shrinking, relieved guard at her instigation. And she resolved from time to time, whilst Phillis rested, to step upstairs herself to see how the place of the true nurse was supplied.

She did more. When the farm servants came in for their supper she gave Roger a hint to call at Pilgrim Place and let Miss Pringle know the state of affairs at Upland Farm; a hint he took with right good will as an opportunity for seeing his sweetheart Ruth.

No amount of verbal instruction will make a true nurse. There must be a deft hand, quick perception, a delicate touch, unlimited patience, thorough sympathy with suffering, and self-abnegation. In many cases love intuitively supplies the lack of skill, but never the want of self-abnegation.

How Mabel was qualified for the high office she had undertaken may be well supposed. She was strong and healthy, and had no remembrance of the ailments of her childhood. Pain was to her an unknown quantity. Then she was dainty, and did not care to soil her fingers.

She had gone intending to do whatever she could for her mother's relief. But when a poultice had to be changed or the lotion-rag replaced, she handled the things with a shrinking repulsion that made her awkward, and her mother wince. Then she had a restless desire to be doing something; she could not sit still and silent in that dimly-lighted room, listening to the ticking of the mantelpiece clock, and the low moans of her mother. She had crude notions that jelly and barley water must be in frequent requisition, and that when her mother turned her head from side to side her pillow was uncomfortable and needed readjustment, and she had no idea it was part of her province to sit still.

"Do leave that pillow a-be," said Hepsy, coming in on one of these occasions, and speaking with bated breath. "You do more harm than good, disturbing missus."

"I'm sure I am doing the best I can," murmured Mabel, in displeasure, and she repeated the words when her mother feeling the difference of her touch, moaned, "Where's Phillis? I want Phillis."

She felt aggrieved at this want of appreciation, and relinquished her post at tea-time, with no inclination to resume it unless compelled.

Never had her Aunt Pringle been so welcome as when she walked in on the Tuesday morning with a nursing-apron and other odd matters in her purse-pouch, prepared to make herself generally useful in the sick-room or out of it.

She had missed the family from church on the Sunday morning, and had accredited Barbara's ill-health and the doings of the previous day with their absence. A tremendous thunder-storm which had rolled over the hills and drenched the valleys, had thinned the afternoon congregation, and made absence from the second service still less remarkable.

Roger's message from Hepsy had put another colour on the matter. Her pique at Mabel's palpable neglect of herself and Hubert passed into the background in her double anxiety to have Barbara well cared for, without overtaxing the strength of loving Phillis.

"I know the child—she'll kill herself rather than give in or complain. I'll see she's not put upon," had been the old lady's thought as she crossed the damp meadows to the footbridge.

With all her peculiarities the farmer welcomed Miss Pringle sincerely. He knew her love for Barbara, and knew her capacity for nursing the sick, and keeping a house in order. He did not over-estimate her abilities. Her patchwork had exercised her talent for methodical arrangement; she sat much alone, and if she had the "gift of the gab," she had also the gift of silence; she was light of foot and of hand, and never permitted self to stand in the way of well-doing.

"Mrs. Heathfield could not be in better hands," said the doctor, who had met her beside the bed of many a poor patient. And it was in company with her godmother under lowly cottage roofs the child Phillis had first learned to make poultices and apply fomentations.

For weeks Mrs. Heathfield's life hung in a fluctuating balance, then there was a change, but recovery was slow and protracted. Miss Pringle alternated the day and night watches with Phillis, rejecting the services of Hepsy with characteristic promptitude and due appreciation.

Until that favourable change came Mabel sat moping all day long. Now and again Miss Pringle spurred her to exertion and called her to help in the sick-room or the kitchen, but the atmosphere of neither was congenial, and she found her, as she said, "an impracticable pupil."

At the end of a fortnight, when the

close confinement and sleepless nights were telling on both Miss Pringle and Phillis, there came a welcome volunteer in the shape of Lucy Hope, who neither burned gruel nor spoiled beef-tea, and did not touch a damp cloth with the tips of her fingers.

Her coming was a relief to Mabel. Her mother's illness was a trouble to her in many ways. She was filled with morbid fears and apprehensions, there was a gloomy cloud upon her brow, and she knew not whither to turn for comfort. She did not dare to open her piano, shame forbade her to quit the house for idle calls. She must remain to receive the few friends that came out of their way to make inquiries. Those went away impressed with her dutiful solicitude for her mother, and but few had an idea what a release it was to her when the crisis was past.

The very next day she dressed and drove out to see her Aunt Rivers, laying the flattering unction to her soul that she was not wanted at home now her mother was likely to get better, and had three people to wait upon her. But she did not ask one of those three to drive out with her.

(To be continued.)

LOVELY THOUGH PLAIN.

As a matter of fact, it may be said that there are far more plain-faced people of both sexes than there are beautiful ones. This must have been the ground of Goethe's declaration in "Wilhelm Meister" concerning beauty, to the effect that few can set it forth and many need it. This is true also of outward nature, when we descend to details, for we find that plainness predominates, unless the inner charms are made to shine through some way for us. It is just the same, too, in outward nature, even when it is worked on by human ingenuity. This is seen when we walk through a really beautiful pleasure ground. It is not always and everywhere enchanting alike. The parts that are lovely one day are plain another day, and sometimes when we expect nothing extraordinary, we are dazzled by a wonderful transformation of beauty, which is quite as charming as it is unexpected. In nature and human nature we find that ordinary beauty of form and feature is external, while real loveliness is internal, and that when the inner grace comes forth there is a transfiguration of the ordinarily apparent plainness into a beauty which becomes a present delight and an everlasting treasure.

The loveliness of the human face is seen through the plainness as the beauty of rock and shell and weed is seen through the plain but transparent surface of the water of the sea. Then the features only hide a little of what George Herbert called "a box where sweets compacted lie," and thus loveliness becomes victorious over plainness. Longfellow has well described this condition Of one such he said, "Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness, of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the 'lampeggiar dell' angelico riso'—the lightning of the angelic smile." Even Thomas Moore, whose chief theme was loveliness, only touched the fringe of the reality when he sang of "The light that lies in woman's eyes," and failed to reach the idea of what Lovelace and Byron agreed in calling "the music of the face," when the features are harmonised by the heart. Such beauty, arising from the expansion of the capacities of the mind, is the source of the harmony of the form which contains it; such beauty makes, as Shakespeare expressed it, "a feasting presence full of light," even in the dark places of the world; and only by the development of such beauty can the full force of personal loveliness be made into an abiding reality.

It may be asked at this point, why is it that there are more plain-faced men than women? The answer is not very difficult to find, in view of what has already been adduced. Love is the one great source of beauty, and the expression of love is most continually seen in the face of woman. This was indicated surely by the author of "Don Juan," when, reaching further in his thought than he perhaps intended, he said—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

It may be quite true, as Walter Savage Landor wrote, "That women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade," but they certainly obtain the highest forms of beauty from the character of the motives and the inward emotions. Indeed, of men it may be emphatically affirmed that the world is far too much with them, and that they are too much influenced by worldly ways. They "have too much respect upon the world." With Wordsworth men may mostly say—

"The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart."

Now women are certainly less worldly-minded than men, and are not so much under its influence, consequently the higher forces of the heart and mind have fuller play and scope, and manifest themselves in forms of loveliness. "The heart aye's the part aye" that has making of the beautiful.

Now a handsome face is an indication of a present physical excellence, and denotes what it may be when completed, if it is ever finished, while a plain face is mostly a prognostication which only a favoured few can discern. Even ugliness, that comes not of an evil disposition, is either undevelopment or retarded growth. Motives of evil create something worse than mere plainness, and very few people are aware how much the appearance is influenced by the passions. So-called plainness, however, is generally accompanied and is determined by unseen conditions favourable to a larger development, for, as Sheridan Knowles put it, "Mind is the brightness of the body—lights it;" and that light, acting upon the favourable conditions, ensures a blossoming forth into the highest forms that loveliness can take. Such beauty it is that shines through the plainness when the face is lit up by some external circumstance or some internal emotion. Under those circumstances, at times, the cheek, as Shakespeare said, "is apter than the tongue to tell an errand." Under those circumstances, very often, every movement of the face is charmingly eloquent, and there are wonderfully luminous escapes of enlightened, if not of inspired, thought. This resultant loveliness of expression the poet Donne described thus:—

"The eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheek and so distinctly wrought,
You might have almost said her body thought."

The face, then, is the real index of the heart. A countenance which is always influenced by amiable emotions comes to have in the course of time a beauty of the finest kind, for the deepest and the most predominating feelings of the heart are stamped upon it, and though it be not a beauty according to the standard of so-called society, it is as noble and superior as it is indescribable. Yes, indescribable, for, in a higher sense than the poet had in mind—

"Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?"

This elevated form of loveliness is gathered and garnered as years revolve by those who tread the paths of duty and love, by those who have made simple truth and honesty their friends. This beauty, through plainness, comes from the heart. As King Henry V. is made to say to Princess Katherine, "A fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly." So it comes to pass that while we may affirm with Pope that—

"'Tis not the lip or eye we beauty call,

But the joint force and full result of all,"

we are constrained to say that goodness of heart both heightens and enhances even beauty's self. As Spenser said so wisely—

"For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

What Plato called the "privilege of beauty," especially in its higher forms, is seldom under ordinary circumstances attained speedily. Indeed, forms of ideal beauty are seldom early consummated. Often it appears only in age, and then it is not as an Indian summer, merely a reflex of youthful bloom, but it is a maturity of bloom, a development slow but sure, of heaven's own comeliness. Of course the plain countenance must require more developing for the completion of its design, and the more it gets, like the photographer's plate, the more will be the result. But, after all, this growth is quickened by the influence and by the manifestation of love, and, consequently, under the most favourable circumstances it may suddenly manifest itself. Two instances of this sudden but unmistakable manifestation of the highest form of loveliness may be instanced. The first occurs when even a plain-featured woman accepts her lover, and the change is apparent sometimes before the words of love are uttered. The second instance is when a mother gazes on her first-born to assure it of her affection. Here we have influence of the highest kind at work, and if the manifestation be but transitory, for the time at least it illuminates even the homeliest of the homely. As Beattie said—

"Its ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure, heavenly lustre to the languid eyes."

Francis Quarles said, "Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt desires." That done, there is a chance for loveliness to shine forth, and not else. When the mind is fair and sound, the internal quality not only gleams through the face and beautifies the plainness, but it becomes reflective of all lovely and good things outside. Not only do the inherent qualities appear, but everything beautiful around is seen as in a glass. Surely it was such beauty Bacon had in mind when he declared, "It maketh virtues shine and vices blush." The chief thing is to be able to see through the surface plainness. When that is accomplished there are real revelations in store. And what marvels of great surprise in the way of heavenly beauty and loveliness await those who can see through that surface of plainness, and who have patience to help the transformation, and to watch with sympathetic eyes the transfiguration of the heavenly and beloved faces of those about them! Unto this there is nothing in the universe to be compared.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

CHAPTER III.

JANET met her mistress in the hall; she had seen Mr. Paton at the gate, and was very anxious to know something of what had taken place, but she did not venture to ask any questions: and it was not until she was removing the meat at dinner that Miss Borrodale spoke of what had passed. Then she said carelessly—

"Mr. Paton and his little girls are coming to tea this afternoon, Janet; bring in the sponge cake you made yesterday, and put out some preserve."

"To think of that now, ma'am," said Janet, stopping on her way to the door with the tray poised on one hand. "Mercy said she'd be glad if he would go out a little. I'm right down glad he's coming here; and don't you fear, ma'am, nor worrit and fret yourself: you go and sit in the garden, and I'll see the table's set fit for a lord."

When the handmaiden spoke thus Miss Borrodale knew that things would be done properly. Janet had a mild way of tyrannising over her mistress, who succumbed meekly; and accordingly after dinner she betook herself and her book to a shady part of the garden, where she might doze undisturbed. Victor came to lie down at her feet, but he was a dog with much discernment, and he never disturbed his mistress's slumbers unless there was good cause.

It was a lovely afternoon; the air had an intense still heat, but the leaves wore their fresh greenness, and the heat had not lasted long enough to have a parching effect; the church bells were ringing for afternoon service, though as the wind was the other way that sound came to Miss Borrodale's ears mellowed and softened. Now and then she could hear the voices of children as they passed on their way to service. It was the perfection of a Sunday afternoon; all nature told of peace and rest, the very ducks floated quietly on the pond within sight, and did not have their usual play in the water. A softening influence was in Miss Borrodale's heart, and instead of sleeping, she looked away into the deep blue sky, flecked here and there with pure white clouds, and thought.

She thought of Edmund Langton. Did he think less bitterly of her? Was he alive, living a happy life with wife and children, without a thought of her? Or did his thoughts ever go back to her, excusing her wilfulness, and condoning the faults that had caused him so much suffering? Ah, she did not know, perhaps never would know! And he, how could he know how tenderly she was thinking of him, as she blamed herself alone and entirely for her blighted life? Well, once the vicar had said in a sermon, which at the time she scarcely noted, that all misunderstandings, from the greatest to the most trivial, would be set right some day; that we need not grieve so bitterly when our dear ones pass away, leaving our mistakes unrectified, and our harsh unloving words not taken back. Where they had passed, the vicar had said he did not believe such things hurt them any more; with purer, clearer vision they could see things, and would understand our unexpressed sorrow, loving us more tenderly with a love that could never be grieved or offended. Then the preacher had added some practical words, warning his hearers to take good heed to be gentle and tender with their dear ones while they lived, and not heap to themselves the bitter sorrow of those who grieved over unkindness done to those who had passed out of reach. It all came back to Miss Borrodale's mind that bright Sunday afternoon, and a sudden rush of tears filled her eyes.

"Oh, Edmund," she said softly; "I am very sorry, dear; if you have gone away perhaps you understand it all now. I am very sorry, Edmund, dear, and I will try to be as you would like. I have been very miserable and selfish, but I will try to be as you would like now; only, Edmund, dear, pray for me, for I am very weak."

It was a moment of exalted fervour, such as comes to most of us sometimes; well for us if, like Miss Borrodale, we turn them to practical and lasting good. She covered her face with her hands and sat in silence, but from the silence a very real though unconscious cry was going up to Him Who, amidst the praises of His angels, catches the faintest sigh from a returning penitent. A most blessed difference came to her life as she sat quietly beneath the summer sky; outwardly all things remained the same, but inwardly they were all altered, with an alteration that bore fruit outwardly; and for Charlotte Borrodale, over fifty years old, a better birthday dawned that Sunday afternoon.

Lucy Paton disturbed her at last. The little girl had run on before her father and sisters, secure of her welcome. Miss Borrodale went to meet her guests, and they strolled about the garden, quietly talking. She had taken quite a fancy to the man who, though so young, had known so much sorrow; and her manner to him was gentle and cordial.

Presently they sat together on a garden seat: Chrissie in her father's arms clinging to him rather shyly. Miss Borrodale drew Lucy towards her, and the little girl noticed the new gentleness of her manner, and commented on it with a child's frankness.

"How pretty you look," she said, touching the grey silk dress with an admiring hand. "I do like you to-day."

"Lucy, Lucy, don't be rude," said her father. "Little girls shouldn't make remarks about older people."

"I don't believe Miss Borrodale minds a bit; she's werry kind," said Lucy, quaintly, squeezing her friend's hand coaxingly.

"No, she doesn't mind," Miss Borrodale answered, smilingly.

"Tell me a 'tory, please," was the child's next speech; but her father interfered, and sent her and Milly down to the pond to look at the ducks.

"She has an insatiable appetite for stories," said Mr. Paton, watching his little daughters fondly.

"Yes, I have found that out," Miss Borrodale answered. "But she is particular about them, and not pleased with all."

"Oh, you have found her out, then; she cannot bear them to end sadly. My dear wife was much touched and interested by that trait in her, and always found out a way to make her stories end happily."

"Lucy has told me about her mother's stories," said Miss Borrodale; "they seem to have made a great impression on her, but I don't quite understand what she meant. I asked if none of the children in those stories died or suffered, and she said, 'Yes;' but even then they were happy ever afterwards, though she did not like the one I told her about a boy who was killed."

"I think I know what she meant," said Lucy's father, stroking Chrissie's pretty hair. "My wife tried to make her understand that all pain and sorrow, if patiently borne, has a happy ending, if not here in the world to come."

There was a moment's silence, then Miss Borrodale spoke of what was in her heart. "You believe that too, I see, Mr. Paton. But what if the suffering is the result of one's own fault; has it a happy ending then?"

"Yes, I believe so. Nay, I am sure of it," he answered unhesitatingly. "Of course I mean if the sorrow is taken in the right spirit I do believe that it has a most blessed and happy ending. I don't believe the results of repented faults are allowed to follow us through eternity."

As Mr. Paton finished speaking Janet came to say tea was ready, and there was no opportunity for Miss Borrodale to reply, and she was thankful to be spared; her visitor's words, spoken in such unconsciousness of her need, were yet just what she required to brace and strengthen her, and with the happy ending before her how could she not persevere?

Mr. Paton took his little daughters home when Miss Borrodale went to evensong, but he seemed so really pleased at the invitation to come again, and the interest she took in the children, that she felt she should see more of him, and an outer as well as inner joy had come to her life. The Psalms—it was the last day of June—had a meaning for her they had never had before, and she sang them with her whole heart, feeling that all her powers were insufficient to praise God "in His noble acts."

Janet, as she watched her mistress going about so brightly next morning, said to herself that the children were doing good, and she lost no opportunity of speaking their praise. She would have liked to have had them always about the house, and never have thought waiting on them a trouble. Mr. Paton, too, with his sad look, courteous ways, and tender care for his children, had quite won her heart.

But after breakfast on that Monday morning the rain came down in torrents, and there was not the least hope that the little girls would be allowed to venture out. Janet noted her mistress's look of disappointment as she turned from the window, and in a moment she was ready with a proposition.

"I've been thinking, ma'am, the lumber-room would make a nice play-room for the little girls; there isn't anything they could hurt there, and they wouldn't make much noise over your head."

Miss Borrodale was startled but not displeased at her handmaiden's boldness, and she consented at once; and Janet hurried off to inspect the lumber-room. She was busy there most of the morning, and brought in dinner looking flushed and triumphant.

"Come upstairs, will you, ma'am?" she said, and Miss Borrodale followed her, feeling rather curious. Janet had worked to good purpose; the boxes had been moved to the sides of the room, where they would serve as seats, the floor had been scrubbed, and a square carpet put down, and some bright pictures were nailed to the walls.

"Don't it look nice, ma'am?" said Janet, looking admiringly at her handiwork. "I could spare that bit of carpet from the kitchen, and the pictures are what you gave me from the Christmas numbers."

"It looks very nice," said Miss Borrodale. "I think I can find a few more things; and it ought to have a table."

"Yes, ma'am," said Janet eagerly; she had been a little fearful as to how her mistress would look on her proceedings, "there's the side table in the kitchen—I could manage without that."

Nothing would satisfy Janet but to go to The

Mousetrap, and try and persuade Mercy to let her wrap up the little girls and bring them to Garden Cottage. Mercy was not hard to persuade: her temper was not remarkably smooth, and the weather had not improved it; though she was very fond of the children, they often had a good deal to bear from her; and Janet found them sitting in a corner—a forlorn, tearful, little trio—afraid to move lest they should draw down on themselves a fresh burst of the servant's unreasonable anger.

They were delighted to see Janet, and when she told her errand, clung to her skirts rapturously, and willingly submitted to be made bundles of; so they were brought in triumph to Garden Cottage—Chrissie in Janet's arms, and Lucy and Milly clinging to her on either side.

Many happy rainy days after that the three little girls spent in the lumber-room; gradually they removed many of their toys thither, and it came to be designated "The Nursery." Miss Borrodale made various little expeditions to the neighbouring town, always returning with some fresh comfort for the children's room. Mr. Paton remonstrated, saying she spoilt his daughters; but he was deeply thankful for the interest she took in them. As Milly had said, he soon ceased to go away on Monday mornings, and the whole of his time was at his own disposal; but he looked harassed and anxious, and Miss Borrodale wondered whether the money he must have been earning was of much moment to him. He was certainly very careful not to incur fresh expenses, and though the children's best frocks were beginning to look very shabby, he made no effort to replace them.

Often when he was sitting silent, with his brow knitted anxiously, Miss Borrodale longed to ask him whether he was troubled about money matters, but he never said anything that would lead up to it, so not knowing how to begin she left it alone; but in various little ways she tried to spare his purse, if only by replacing strings in pinafores, buying a neck ribbon, or tiny pair of gloves. Some weeks ago she would not have thought of such things, but she had of late been growing very thoughtful for others, and was getting quick to see their needs and wishes.

She tried to sound Milly on the subject, but though the child chattered to her fearlessly and confidently, she had little to say that would enlighten her. Mr. Paton had a private income—of that Miss Borrodale felt well assured; but she suspected that it was so small that he was glad to eke it out by other means. Now that he had so much leisure he taught his little daughters regularly every morning, and he requested Miss Borrodale to give Milly and Lucy a few lessons in needlework, a branch of knowledge he could not profess to teach. That lady was willing enough to do as he asked, and the quiet hours she spent with the little girls, busy on either side of her, were a great enjoyment.

Winter came on—not a pleasant frosty season with the ground hard and dry and the air bracing and exhilarating, but a winter with east winds, plenty of cold, sleety rain, and muddy roads. The room set apart in Garden Cottage for the little girls was of great use; Miss Borrodale had a fire in it nearly every day, and found a pair of rather faded but warm and cheerful-looking curtains for the windows. The children had no new winter coats, though their summer cloaks were quite insufficient to keep out the cold. Miss Borrodale would have liked to buy them some, yet she was a little afraid of seeming to remind Mr. Paton of his want of means; but one day, when she took Lucy on her lap, she felt that the little petticoats were painfully thin, and a bright idea struck her. She would crochet them some warm undergarments, and she sent at once for the wool and began working on them.

One cold night she sat working by the dining-room fire some time after Janet had gone to bed; her fingers moved swiftly, for she was very anxious to get the small petticoat finished, more especially as she was feeling rather uneasy about her little favourite, Lucy, who she thought had seemed dull and heavy that afternoon, more inclined to be nursed and fondled than to be the leader in her sister's games, as she usually was. Miss Borrodale smiled as she held up her work for inspection, and thought how pleased the children would be with the bright colours she had selected. She paused with her work, held at arm's length; it seemed as if she heard someone trying the latch of the garden gate. Nor was she mistaken; the gate was opened, and a man's step sounded on the slushy ground—hasty steps, with no endeavour to keep them hushed; so that when a moment after there came a knock at the door, Miss Borrodale went at once to open it, only taking the precaution of keeping the chain up.

But she drew it out immediately, for Mr. Paton's voice said—

"Is that you, Miss Borrodale? I am so thankful you are not in bed."

"What is the matter, Mr. Paton? I hope the children are well; do come in."

He came into the hall, and put the door to, but did not shut it. "Lucy is very ill; I must go for the doctor. If you would kindly go to her I should be so thankful. I don't like to ask you to go out such a night as this, but Mercy does not seem to know what to do, and I don't like to leave them."

"Of course I will go; I shall be ready directly. Don't wait for me, Mr. Paton. I'm not a bit afraid to go alone. You had better fetch the doctor as soon as possible."

With a hasty apology for letting her go alone, Mr. Paton hurried off, and Miss Borrodale went upstairs to get her outdoor garments, and arouse Janet to tell her where she was going.

Janet was very anxious to go too, but her mistress thought it better not to take her, but said if she did not return the handmaiden might go to The Mousetrap in the morning to see if she could be of any use.

"Janet," she came back to say, "I may want you to bring Milly and Chrissie back with you, if I find that Lucy is very ill; you will take care of them, I know."

"That I will, ma'am! but I do hope you won't find her so very bad."

Miss Borrodale found Lucy Paton very ill indeed, panting for breath, and coughing a short dry cough that seemed to give her great pain. Milly and Chrissie had been taken to their father's room, and Mercy stood looking on the child's sufferings, miserable and helpless.

Lucy gave a cry of pleasure when she saw her friend, and stretched out her little hot hands imploringly. She was frightened at her inability to breathe, and Mercy's unhappy face added to her terror.

"There, hush, darling," said Miss Borrodale, tenderly, as her pleasure and excitement made Lucy cough; "lie back, and we will soon find something to make you better."

She felt less hopeful than her words, for to her eyes, inexperienced as they were in matters of sickness, the child seemed to be very seriously ill. She found that Mercy had made a mustard plaster, but had mixed it with cold water, and Lucy had strongly objected to the unpleasant application. She herself knew better than that, at least, and Lucy submitted to the plaster she mixed with hot water, and applied to the little labouring chest. It relieved her a little, and when Mr. Paton, after what seemed a very long absence, came back with the doctor, the child was lying against Miss Borrodale's shoulder, gasping, indeed, but looking less distressed than when her father left her.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

A Lovely Face.

A face that should content me wond'rous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
Of lively look, all grief for to repel;
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak, without word, such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crispèd gold.
With wit and these perchance I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Burning Brightly.—Religion is a fire which example keeps alive, and which goes out if not communicated.

Looking for Poetry.—Poetry is to be found nowhere unless we carry it within us.

Eating Humble Pie.—In "humble pie" we have a corruption of *numbles*, an old word which stood for the liver, kidneys, &c., of a deer. The word was variously written *nombles*, *numbles*, and very commonly *umbles* or *humbles*. Old cookery-books gave recipes for "umble pie," whence came the saying that a man is made to "eat humble pie"—to content himself with inferior meat—while another may dine on the haunch.

Precious but Imperfect.—Love is like a diamond with a flaw in it; it is precious but imperfect.—*Persian Saying.*

Of Doubtful Meaning.

A man who had accused his neighbour of falsehood was called on for an apology, which he gave in the following terms of rather doubtful meaning:—

"I called you a liar—it is true. You spoke truth: I have told a lie."

Which is the Real Shadow?

There is a fine strain of feeling in the following lines, suggested to an old poet by catching sight of himself in a mirror:

When I revolve this evanescent state,
How fleeting is its form, how short its date!
My being and my stay dependent still
Not on my own, but on another's will;
I ask myself, as I my image view,
Which is the real shadow of the two?

Cautious Evidence.

All must admire the prudence and caution of a banker's clerk in America, in giving evidence on a trial for forgery:—

"When I do hold the cheque this way, it do look slick like the handwriting of Malachi Hudson; when I do hold it that way, it is not at all like Malachi's signature, so that on the whole I should say it's about middling."

EDUCATIONAL.

DOROTHEA MARY.—One of the first physicians in London denounces the teaching of children—at least, lessons worth naming as such—before seven, as the brain is quite soft till then. Geography, by means of maps, may be one of the first lessons taught. Much should be done by conversation before a child should begin to commit any lesson to memory. Writing, also, and reading, by teaching whole words at once—not mere syllables. The first years of childhood should be devoted to the moral training and religious teaching, and reading to them and explaining the four gospels, in "baby language" when necessary. At ten, a child should know multiplication and money tables, and the first three rules of arithmetic; have a fair knowledge of geography, and have read Pinnock's "Goldsmith's English History." Try to make lessons interesting, and never force a child to study when tired and languid.

JULIET.—Of course you could join some educational correspondence classes, and with much advantage. If your aunt approve of your going to church with your friend's brother, even when the friend cannot share the seat with you, you can do so without scruple on your part. If under your aunt's guardianship, she is the proper judge of such a matter. Perhaps your friend's brother is only a schoolboy.

V. M.—We think that a few lessons from a drawing master, or in a drawing class, would soon prove how far the child's ability for drawing might be cultivated with a prospect of success in the future.

AMY.—Perhaps you would find help in the use of the "Bible-Searcher Almanack," published by John Shaw, 48, Paternoster Row, E.C. For every day of the week there is a sentence from the Bible. The scholar has to add the chapter and verse from whence it is taken, and learn the words. Then on Sundays the teacher looks at the several almanacks to see that the correct references are given, and hears each scholar repeat the seven they had to learn, and make a few remarks on, or connected with, each of them.

ALICE.—You had better apply to Miss Constance Maris, 49, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, W., respecting the classes for learning shorthand writing, of which she is secretary. The fees for ten lessons (in town) are £1 1s. each person. For private lessons (in town), 3s. an hour. Arrangements are made at the office for sending shorthand reporters into the country.

ART.

A WOULD-BE ILLUSTRATOR'S sketches are extremely well done. We do not know whether they are original or not, but of course she understands that they must be so if she desires to sell her work. She would do well to learn to draw on wood.

MISS KATE E. COLEMAN, secretary to the "Rover Club of Sketchers," writes to us to say she shall be glad to send rules, etc., to anyone sending her a stamped envelope addressed Bridge Street, Peterborough; subscription, 5s. per annum. Criticism by an artist, and only original sketches received. Specimen sketch to be sent, and beginners not eligible.

"WISER THAN EVER."—We are constantly warning our girls against trusting any of these specious advertisements promising artistic employments, and we regret we can do no more if they will not take notice of our warning words.

LAURA.—Perhaps the "A B C" Drawing Club would suit you. The secretary is Miss Laura Blackall, The Vicarage, Earl's Colne, Essex; and the art critic, D. D. Westmacott, Esq., 1, Kensington Gate, Hyde Park, W. Three prizes are given annually.

B. WINDER.—We are happy to announce to our girls the fact that you have given up your drawing, etching, and painting clubs, according to your expressed wish, and request our readers to take note of the same.

COOKERY.

MYRA.—There are many suitable supper dishes, such as potted beef and mutton, kidneys (boiled or stewed); pickled herrings, cow-heel (boiled, and then fried); pig's-feet, tripe, fish-pie (made of cold fish and mashed potatoes); macaroni cheese, curried eggs, anchovy toast.

MERMAID will find recipe for "curled gingerbread" on page 175, vol. v., G.O.P.

"MY SISTER MARY" finds the fruit in her plum-cakes sink to the bottom during baking because, first, the oven is too hot; the raisins and currants should have been floured before added to the dough, and the mixture needed much more stirring. This is the only explanation we can give.

ETHELWYNNE.—We prefer to use the word "recipe" in reference to the ingredients to make the component parts of any viands; and to employ the word "receipt" as denoting a signed or acquitted bill. We have many times entreated our girls to take no notice of the bows of strange men, who only insult them by presuming to salute them without an introduction.

"TRYING TO BE GOOD" should send her work to some hospital or convalescent home. The New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone Road, London, might be selected. Write to the secretary. We direct your attention to a new book, called "Restful Work for Youthful Hands" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.). It will tell you of many ways of doing good outside home, while residing in it.

M. GIBB.—We are happy to give notice of your "Society for the Study of any Foreign Language," instituted at Glenlyon, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent; secretary, Miss M. Gibb. The half-years commence in May and November.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIOLA had better try to see a lawyer, and take his advice, as her mother was evidently married before the passing of the "Married Woman's Property Act." This will make a difficulty for her own property, but the property settled on the children would be secure.

TROUBLED HEAD.—You cannot "go in company"; you "go into society." Listen to others when conversing, selecting those whose manners you admire, and "take a leaf out of their book." The very essence of good breeding lies in forgetting self, and devoting yourself in a kind and unobtrusive way to others.

MINERVA.—You might use "Sanitas." If there be no chimney in your room you should get a ventilator. A basin full of clean water left all night in the room will absorb much that is bad in the air. On this account all liquids meant for drinking should be covered.

ECILA.—We decline giving directions for knitting and crochet. When a variety of small manuals can be had at 6d. each, this is no deprivation to any of our readers. We have given the directions you desire more than once. See vol. i., page 591.

PANSY.—There is no law against the intermarriage of second cousins. See the "Table of Degrees of Affinity" in reference to marriage in the Prayer Book. First cousins are equally free to intermarry likewise.

SARAH G.—Your verses are fairly correct in metre, and no doubt were very gratifying to your friend.

MRS. RICHARDSON.—The first vol. of the "G.O.P." is out of print, but might be found at a secondhand bookstall. We have sold out the weekly numbers likewise. Your question should have been addressed to Mr. Tarn, of our publishing department, not to the editor.

CONSTANT READER should have a legal opinion on the subject.

WOULD-BE TALKER.—It is a pity for a girl to be so shy as to be an encumbrance at a social meeting of friends; but a girl should not be "talkative" and put herself forward. It could not be any question of being "proud and reserved" when probably she is not in a position to be so. Such a charge is ridiculous; but you may be very "heavy on hand," and dull. Speak pleasantly when "spoken to." If you "cannot find a subject to talk about," be the more on the look-out to be useful in your attendance on the guests at your own home. Niobe was a woman, a daughter of Tantalus, King of Lydia, and was so proud of her numerous family that she insulted Latona, mother of Apollo and Diana. She, in her turn, entreated her son and daughter to punish her. Consequently every child was shot dead by Apollo and Diana, except her daughter Chloris, upon which Niobe was changed into stone, and all who attempted to bury them were petrified by Jupiter.

L. A. W.—The golden circle above the heads of saints, called the Nimbus, is of great antiquity, and found in Egyptian, Greek, and Indian Art. In its most ancient form it was the attribute of the Sun God Re, and afterwards of the Greek God Apollo. It was subsequently introduced into Christian Art.

MAY.—Take daily outdoor exercise, if possible; work much in the garden, if you have one. Go to bed early, and take cocoa at your tea, and try to forget yourself altogether, and live for the help and comfort of others.

NURSE LINNESS.—You are right in giving a tenth back to the Divine Giver. We thank you for your subscription, and wish you God speed on your sometimes difficult, yet happy onward way, "till the daybreak, and the shadows flee away."

MAY DAY.—You should wear crape for a year for either of your parents. Read our article on "Mourning Attire."

A STOCKWELL VIOLET.—We appreciate the effort you have so successfully made for the help of our Convalescent Home. Your request for prayers has not been overlooked. We sympathise with you much, and trust that you may soon be relieved of much, if not all, of your sufferings.

TEACHER.—The meaning of the word "gospel" should be understood by all Sunday-school teachers. It is a compound of two Saxon words, God and spell. The former signifies "good," exemplifying the passage in which our Lord says, "There is none good, save one: that is God." The latter word means "tidings" or "message," and the two combined mean "God's message" or "good tidings"; God and good being acknowledged by our forefathers as synonymous. Our authority for this is Dr. W. F. Hook, D.D. The Old Testament was written in Hebrew, with the exception of the Books of Ezra and Daniel, which were written in Chaldee.

BUTTERFLY.—1. The New Testament was not all "written in Greek." St. Matthew, for instance, did not write in Greek, but in Hebrew (or Syriac); St. Mark in Latin, and the other books in Greek. We state this on the authority above-named. 2. Your two questions are widely dissimilar in character. "What food do you recommend as best for tadpoles?" Leave their diet to the care of their mammas! Frogs subsist chiefly on flies. When their babies begin to need animal food, they may possibly provide them with the drumstick of a fly.

IGNORAMUS.—You ask too many questions. Visits are paid in the afternoon. Give your name to the servant for announcement, not your card. Visitors arriving at four or five o'clock should have tea. Bride cake is not given on any occasion to visitors.

IRENE K. and MAGGIE S.—The 16th Dec., 1863, was a Wednesday; the 26th of March, 1868, was a Thursday. There is nothing uncommon in the eclipses this year that we know of. The two eclipses are six months apart.

A MILKMAID writes a pretty, legible hand. In reference to red hands, we can give no further advice than will be found in the G.O.P., by "Medicus."

VOL. IX.—No. 448.] JULY 28, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

"Pretium laborum non fit."

THE proposal to found a GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT was made in the first number of the current volume, and during the ten months since then, not only, as we have mentioned before, have innumerable letters been received expressing the warmest sympathy with the idea, but many girls have generously aided us by subscribing to the fund needed for carrying it out.

The time seems now to have come for putting our scheme into practice. During the last few weeks we have been inundated with letters referring to what our correspondents all assert is an incident deserving recognition at the hands of those entitled to vote for the conferring of our newly-founded decoration.

The case is that of Nurse Finnis, who, in St. William's Hospital at Rochester, in Kent, was recently reported to have risked her own life in the hope of saving that of a little child, a patient entrusted to her care.

The deep feeling of enthusiasm which this incident had evidently aroused made us, in our number of the 30th of June, undertake to ascertain full particulars, and the satisfactory result of our inquiries has now to be laid before the reader.

It appears that in the early part of May a little child, a boy of five years of age, was lying at home in Rochester, ill with the dreadful malady of diphtheria, than which few diseases are more dreaded either by doctors or patients.

When the doctor called to see him, on the 11th of May, the breathing of the poor little fellow was not only difficult, it threatened to become impossible; he was "gasping his last," said his mother.

The only way to prevent suffocation was to perform the operation of tracheotomy, and with this in view he was at once conveyed to St. William's Hospital. The operation of tracheotomy, the name of which has grown familiar to us in connection with the illness of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, consists, we may as well explain, in opening the windpipe and inserting a tube or

NURSE FINNIS.

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cannula, through which breathing may be carried on. The tube is double, so that the inner one can from time to time be removed for the purpose of being freed from secretion, or otherwise cleaned.

The operation was successfully performed, and at first the little patient seemed to progress satisfactorily, the nurse to whose constant watchfulness the boy was entrusted from the time of his admission to the hospital being Nurse Laura Finnis.

The second night, however, did not begin favourably, and about twelve o'clock the child was again struggling for breath. Removal of the outer tube gave no relief, and he was evidently on the threshold of death.

A brave resolution was at once taken by Nurse Finnis. She resolved to suck the remaining tube, in hopes to save the life of the child, even though it might be at the expense of her own.

She knew the terrible risk she ran, and those about her did not allow it to be forgotten. "Urgent representations," we are told, "were made to her as to the danger attending such self-sacrificing conduct."

It was a case, however, of choosing between life and duty. The duty of a nurse, she felt, is at all hazards to save the patient she has undertaken to tend.

She then, without shrinking, applied her lips to the tube.

Unhappily, the little sufferer, for whose relief this brave deed was done, did not long profit by it. He breathed his last soon afterwards. But this does not lessen the heroism of Nurse Finnis, who, it is pleasing to add, escaped by a miracle, with no ill consequences except a slight sore throat.

No wonder her courageous act has excited warm admiration! "Surely," says one girl writing to us, "there can be no deed more heroic than risking one's life to relieve a sufferer." And to this remark we shall add the saying of an old philosopher, who when asked what virtue was, replied, "Noble and brilliant virtue is that which exposes itself to danger, in order to be useful to others without expecting any recompense."

To make a cheerful sacrifice of oneself for the benefit of another is the noblest possible exhibition of Christian love. A nurse's calling tries what mettle a woman is made of, and this display of self-devotion on the part of Nurse Finnis makes plain to everyone her real worth and sterling quality.

Another example of a noble deed has brought us several letters.

In this case the heroine is Miss Ione Macdonald, of Liphook, who is thirteen years of age, and who distinguished herself recently by saving a young lady —Miss A. Arthur by name — from drowning in Portsmouth Harbour.

Miss Arthur, who is twenty-two years of age, was swimming near the yacht *St. Bernard*, which was lying in five fathoms of water, about two hundred yards from the shore. The yacht took a sudden sheer, and the young lady grew frightened, lost her presence of mind, and was in evident danger of drowning.

Miss Macdonald was on the deck of the yacht at the time. She saw Miss Arthur struggling, and, without a moment's hesitation, jumped, fully clothed, overboard and swam to her assistance.

She succeeded in getting hold of Miss Arthur, and supporting her till help arrived, and in this instance of heroism everything ended well.

This brave deed has been recognised by the Royal Humane Society, who have presented Miss Macdonald with their bronze medal.

It is a pleasure that by means of our ORDER OF MERIT we are able in a practical way to show appreciation of such noble examples as the two we have just given.

No doubt, reward or no reward, risks should be incurred and good deeds should be performed. But recognition is sweet, and "Well done!" uttered by the lips of thousands of our girls, and emphasised by the presentation of the gold medal of the GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT, may prove a source of lasting joy to her whose intrepid spirit or self-sacrificing conduct has been held worthy of such notice.

Whether either of the heroines whose brave deeds we have told are entitled, as has been suggested by scores of our correspondents, to receive the medal of the GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT, must be left to the decision of our readers.

Every subscriber to the current volume of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER is entitled to a vote in awarding the Gold Medal, and we hope that all who have the right will exercise it, and thereby add to the importance of our recognition of true courage and humanity.

Each girl must send her vote on a postcard in the following form:—

(*Address.*)

I, ..., *subscriber to the current volume of* THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *hereby vote that the Gold Medal of the Girls' Own Order of Merit be awarded to* .....

(*Signed*).....

(*Date.*)

This is to be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, and must be posted so as to reach him not later than Monday, the 30th of July.

WEE ELSIE.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

O' a' the bonny wee bit lasses
That e'er I've kent, not ane surpasses
My Elsie.

An' O she has sic denty ways,
Auld furrant a' she does an' says;
Just watch the bairnie as she plays
"At mither," dressed in mither's claes.

Like twa sweet rosebuds on ae stalk,
Her lips pert in her guileless talk;
She hauds a key that wad unlock
Yer hert, were't hard as granite rock.

Sae fearless are her een o' blue,
They seem tae look ye through an' through;
But though sae brave, an' frank, an' true,
Wi' happy fun they're brimmin' fou.

Adoun her shoulders floats her hair,
Sae long, sae silken, an' sae fair,—
In truth it seems a verra snare
That's caught an' kept a sunbeam there.

But better faur, those graces meet
Aroun' a nature just as sweet;
Methinks the bairnie is complete
Frae wise wee heed tae willin' feet.

"O' A' THE BONNY WEE BIT LASSES
THAT E'ER I'VE KENT, NOT ANE SURPASSES
MY ELSIE."

See page 690.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

CHAPTER IV.

R. Mellish talked to his little patient cheerfully, but neither Miss Borrodale nor her father were deceived by his manner, and they followed him out of the room anxiously.

"Is she very ill, doctor?" Miss Borrodale was the first to inquire.

"She has a sharp attack of congestion of the lungs," Mr. Mellish answered. "Is there no one but that woman there to see to her?"

Of course he knew to whom he was speaking, though he did not know the great interest Miss Borrodale took in the children.

"I will nurse her. I am afraid I do not know very much about nursing, but I will do as you tell me, and I think I shall be able to manage."

"Manage! Yes, indeed," said the doctor, who spoke rather roughly at times. "It only wants a little common sense and strict obedience to orders."

Mr. Paton looked at the lady gratefully. He well knew Mercy's inefficiency, and, though he was ready to do all he could for his little daughter, he knew how necessary a woman's presence is in matters of sickness. He was very glad to accept Miss Borrodale's offer to send the other children to Garden Cottage, and they were very pleased to go to Janet, who never scolded, and was never too busy to attend to them and answer their questions.

So Miss Borrodale and Mr. Paton took the nursing between them. Lucy was very patient and good, but her illness made her so weak that there seemed as much danger in the weakness as in the illness itself. She never tired of hearing stories when she was able to attend to them, and Miss Borrodale's powers of imagination were taxed to the utmost; but the faint smile that came to the wan little lips at the "lived happy ever after," was payment enough for any trouble or weariness.

Mr. Hilling, the vicar of Little Croughton, soon found out the small sick member of his flock, and often came to inquire for her, and Lucy was glad to see him, and tried to fold her hands at the short prayers he said by her. But soon the child became too weak to move, and would lie for hours with closed eyes as though death had already laid its hand on her.

Everything was done for her that could be done; Miss Borrodale felt that it was not a time for any false delicacy, and when she found that Mr. Paton had really not the means of procuring expensive necessaries, she got them herself, and he with his child's life at stake could only take them gratefully, thanking her with a quiet manliness that touched her deeply.

Sometimes when Lucy was worse than usual he could not leave Miss Borrodale alone during the night watch, and in those quiet hours when the child either slept, or was lying quite still, they had long talks together, talks they could scarcely have had in full daylight, but which seemed easy and natural enough in the quiet half-lighted room, with no sound of human life reaching them from the outside.

One night they had been talking of the little girl and her fondness for happy endings, and her father said with a broken voice while his eyes were full of tears—

"If it pleases God to take her now, I shall indeed know that it is a most blessed and happy ending for her, or rather, an ending that is but a beginning."

"What made you call her 'Lucy Charlotte?'" Miss Borrodale asked, rather suddenly.

"Lucy was her godmother's name; my dear wife's father wished her to be called Charlotte; it was the name of some one he cared for."

"What was his name?" Miss Borrodale scarcely knew why she persisted in her questions, but Mr. Paton answered without showing any surprise.

"Langton—Edmund Langton; he was so good I often wish I had been able to know more of him, but he was not well for some time, and could not stay with us, and he died soon after Lucy was born. Did you know him?" Mr. Paton asked, suddenly, noticing Miss Borrodale's manner.

"Yes, yes, I think so," she said, in a stifled voice, and he, hardly knowing why he did so, said—

"I have some of the letters he wrote to Milly, my wife. Would you like to see them? I believe I have the one he wrote about Lucy's name."

"If you don't mind," Miss Borrodale could scarcely answer; and while Edward Paton was gone out of the room she sat perfectly still.

"I have found it," he said, returning quietly and putting a letter into her hand.

How the sight of the address thrilled her! There was the firm, manly writing she knew so well, the writing in which she had read so many terms of endearment. She could scarcely see the beginning for tears; it began by rejoicing that his daughter was better, and said some tender things of the tiny grandchild; then the letter went on—

"I am glad you are thinking of calling her Lucy; apart from its being after so good a woman as her proposed godmother, it is a beautiful name in itself. I hope the little bearer of it will be always a light, a light reflecting the True Light. If you have not settled on a second name, I should very much like it to be Charlotte. There was once someone of that name very dear to me, someone whom I still hold in tender remembrance and often pray for, though I do not know whether she be dead or alive. Good-bye, my own darling child. Give my love to Edward, and kiss the little blossoms for me. God bless and keep you always.

"Your loving father,

"EDMUND LANGTON."

After all these years her Edmund had held her in "tender remembrance." The knowledge that he had done so filled Charlotte Borrodale's heart to overflowing; then the thought came to her like a flash that it was Edmund Langton's little grandchild she was nursing, that it was Edmund Langton's little grandchild whose tiny hand had drawn her out of the way of hard selfishness which she had been treading.

Edward Paton had drawn close to his child, whom he was watching tenderly, and he had thus left Miss Borrodale alone. Presently she came to the bed with a cup of beef-tea, a few spoonfuls of which they gave the child, who did not thoroughly rouse as she took them.

When they were sitting down quietly again, Miss Borrodale gave back the letter, and said in a low voice, "Thank you so much, Mr. Paton. I am the Charlotte of whom he speaks."

"I thought it might be so," Mr. Paton said. Then he added, "Would you like to keep the letter, Miss Borrodale? I have others of his, and I should be very glad for you to keep it if you care to."

"I cannot thank you enough," Miss Borrodale answered, in a faltering voice, as she took back the letter and touched it caressingly.

The knowledge that they were Edmund Langton's grandchildren of whom she had become so fond gave Miss Borrodale a sense of ownership in them that she had not had before, and she felt she could speak to their father more boldly about his circumstances, though she waited her opportunity.

Lucy had been taken ill in November, and by the beginning of December she was getting quite convalescent. She was still very shadowy looking, and so weak she could only lie still and be petted; but she was able to enjoy the petting, and could enjoy the company of her sisters, who were good and quiet when admitted to her room.

All through Lucy's illness it had been very difficult to keep her room warm and free from draughts. The Mousetrap, though a pretty enough little house to look at, was badly built, and it had been let to Mr. Paton at so low a rent that the landlord would scarcely do any repairs, and it was getting very dilapidated. Miss Borrodale had put up thick curtains in the sick room, but when the child should be able to come downstairs again it would be impossible to keep all draughts from her, though Mr. Mellish warned them to take the greatest care of her. She was a fragile little thing, with a tendency to consumption, which, however, he thought might be overcome if every care were taken of her.

After hearing the doctor's verdict, Mr. Paton looked sad and anxious, but he exerted himself to talk to Miss Borrodale, who was looking tired and fagged with the nursing. He asked her to take a little walk with him; it was a bright invigorating day, and Janet could come and sit with Lucy.

They walked on, enjoying the frosty air, and presently Mr. Paton, seeing his companion was getting tired, offered her his arm.

"How lovely it looks," said she, pausing and looking back at the village, which was a little beneath. Behind the church the winter sun was setting; the sky was cloudlessly blue, only flushed with crimson in the west. The leafless trees that stretched their arms in pathetic waiting were silvered with frost—frost which the light of the setting sun burnished into a weird beauty.

"Yes, there is a beautiful view from here," Mr. Paton assented, rather absently, scarcely looking at it.

"And it makes it seem so much nicer now that dear Lucy is getting better," Miss Borrodale went on, and her mouth curved into a very sweet smile.

"I ought to be thankful, I know, Miss Borrodale," Mr. Paton broke out; "but I feel as if I cannot. It would have been better to have seen her die than to have let her get better, and then pine away for what she cannot have. I am very faithless, I know; but all my spring seems to have gone. I have tried so hard to get something to do, and now it seems as if I must give it all up. I don't think I can bear to see my little Lucy die for want of warm clothes and nourishing food."

"Mr. Paton," Miss Borrodale said, her voice trembling with eagerness, "I am so glad you have spoken. There was something I wanted to say to you, but I did not know how to begin. Please do not refuse me, for I do think it will be for the good of the dear children; and I am sure it will be for my happiness. I know The Mousetrap is not healthy. I have plenty of room for you all. Please come and live with me."

Mr. Paton started and reddened, whether from pleasure or pain Miss Borrodale could not tell. She pressed his arm. "Indeed I did not mean to offend you," she said, very humbly.

"I do wish it more than I can tell, but I would not have it unless it is for their good."

"It is too much for you to do; I do not think I ought to allow it." But there was a ring in Edward Paton's voice that made Miss Borrodale say hopefully—

"You must allow it. See, Mr. Paton, I am not offering you charity; it would be far greater charity to me. Of course I should expect you to contribute a share to the housekeeping, but there is plenty of room in Garden Cottage, and you know I do not have to pay rent for it."

"For my children's sake I dare not refuse, and I cannot thank you, but I ought to tell you that at present my income is only eighty pounds a year——"

"And you have all been living on that?" she interrupted.

"Yes," he said, simply, "or trying to. I have been looking for something else to do, but it is hopeless work. I hoped to save my dear wife, so I threw up everything, and took her away. I had to borrow money at last. When that is all paid I shall have a hundred a year; but I do so long to get something to do."

"You will have more heart to try when the children are less on your mind. Mr. Paton, have you ever tried to do anything by your drawing? Those sketches you did for Lucy seemed to me remarkably clever."

He smiled a little sadly.

"I am afraid you are prejudiced in my favour. I do not think I could do anything by drawing, at least unless I had strong friends to back me. It has merely been a solace and amusement, though I thought perhaps I might teach the children."

"But you will come to me?" Miss Borrodale said, too anxious to attend to what he was saying till that point was settled.

"Yes, only too thankfully," he answered; and soon they turned to go back again. When they had reached the Mousetrap, Mr. Paton said, rather hesitatingly—

"Miss Borrodale, please excuse my saying this, but have you no relations who would be thankful for you to do for them as you propose doing for me?"

"You are right to ask," Miss Borrodale hastened to assure him, "but both my brother and sister are doing well, and like to have their children with them; indeed, I believe they will like this arrangement. They say I ought not to live so alone, but my nephews and nieces did not care to stay with a cross old maid."

Miss Borrodale was right as to her brother and sister approving of the arrangement; they both wrote cordial letters to her, in which they said they hoped soon to become acquainted with Mr. Paton and his little daughters. If they either of them felt a pang of natural jealousy at her doing so much for strangers, they conquered it, and were really glad for the new interest that would take her out of herself.

Preparations for the migration were soon made. Mercy had been rather a perplexity; for though Janet must of course have more help, she and Mercy did not get on well together, and Mr. Paton felt he owed a debt of gratitude to his old servant who had served him and his children faithfully, if not tenderly. Mercy herself came to the rescue by saying a cousin of hers, who was parlourmaid at a young ladies' school in London, had written to ask her to go there as housemaid, and she herself was anxious to go, though she would not have left her master unprovided for.

The little girls were delighted to come and live with "auntie," as they were beginning to call Miss Borrodale, and on the fifteenth of December Lucy was wrapped in blankets and carried to Garden Cottage by her father. She was not the worse for the move, but she was frail and delicate; a spinal weakness had developed itself, and the doctor said she must lie down a good deal. Her father feared that would be a great trial to her, but she did not feel strong enough to care to race about with her sisters, though she was very bright, and always ready to be quietly amused.

Miss Borrodale's hopefulness that Mr. Paton would soon get employment infected him, and with her care and companionship he became more cheerful, and entered readily into her plans for making Christmas very bright for the little girls. Secretly Miss Borrodale had a plan for making it bright for him too, but of course he did not know that.

On Christmas morning Miss Borrodale and Mr. Paton went to early communion together, and they returned home talking tenderly of the children. Milly opened the door, and she and Chrissie clung to them, eagerly wishing "a happy Christmas," and it was not till they were in the dining-room that Mr. Paton was able to notice their appearance, and then it was only by Chrissie's calling attention to herself with a "Look at me, farver." Then he saw they were both clad in black velvet frocks and muslin pinafores, looking very fair and dainty. He could only turn and clasp Miss Borrodale's hand gratefully.

"Oh, father, you haven't seen Lucy," said Milly; "she isn't like us, 'cause she can't run about yet, but she does look nice."

"Here her is," said Lucy herself, coming in in Janet's arms. Her fair little face was flushed with excitement and pleasure, and she wore a tiny white dressing-gown of some soft woollen material, with knots of white satin ribbon on it. She sat on her father's knee to have breakfast, and afterwards auntie had presents for them—dolls for the younger ones, and a beautiful book for Milly.

"Poor fader hasn't got a present," said Lucy, stroking his cheek lovingly. "I would give you mine, fader dear, but I'm 'fraid you don't care much about dolls."

"It is present enough to me to see you so happy," he said, drawing the fair little head to his shoulder.

"But auntie has a present for father, too," Miss Borrodale said, and she took a letter from her pocket and gave it to Milly, bidding her carry it to her father. The little girl took it carefully, evidently wondering what sort of a present it could be. It was an ordinary looking letter that had been opened; moreover, Milly could read well enough to see it was directed to Miss Borrodale.

Mr. Paton read it while his little girls looked on curiously. When he had finished he turned quite pale and looked at Miss Borrodale. "I don't seem to understand it," he said. "He says my drawings; but he has not seen them. I know it is your brother."

"Yes, he has seen them. I sent those you did for Lucy, and told him of you. He used to be head clerk to that publishing firm, but he has been taken into partnership for some time, and they think a great deal of his judgment. You see, he says he would like you to illustrate a book they are bringing out, and he thinks he can introduce you to a good deal more work."

That was an almost overwhelming Christmas present to Edward Paton, it came so by surprise and from such an unlooked-for source. He had never expected to make anything by what was to him an almost unsuspected talent; he had so feared he would have had to leave his little girls, and now that fear was quite allayed. He could only take his gratitude to the Giver of all good, and his voice swelled the "Gloria in Excelsis" that morning as an overflowing act of praise and thankfulness.

After dinner Milly and Chrissie had some romps with their father, while Lucy watched them happily; then as dusk came on they gathered round the fire, and Mr. Paton took Lucy on his knee. Chrissie established herself on auntie's lap, and Milly drew a footstool between the two. The little girls begged for a story, and Miss Borrodale, who was by this time quite prepared for such a request, told them one, finishing with Lucy's formula, "and they lived happy ever after." Afterwards they sat still for some time, till Lucy fell asleep, and her sisters went to find Janet.

"I see it all now," said Miss Borrodale, softly, looking into the fire; "there is a happy ending to most things if only we will look for the bright side, and if it does not come here it will hereafter; only," and with a sudden impulse she laid her hand on Edward Paton's, "I am finding it now. Thank God for His many and undeserved mercies."

[THE END.]

THE MICROSCOPE.

I.—How to Choose a Microscope.

Nowadays, when everyone knows more or less of natural science, many girls have, or contemplate having, a microscope. And how much better is it for a girl to have a knowledge of the manipulation of such an instrument, without having to rely on the assistance of her brothers! What a world of hitherto unknown delight and wonder is there laid out before her! The fields, the ponds, the roadside, all alike contribute their share to her instruction and to the vindication of the great care of that Creator who is glorified no less by their mute testimony than by the voices of His higher creatures.

How the cultivation of such a knowledge lends interest and an object to many an otherwise aimless walk! How often have we felt, on picking up a leaf or flower, a longing to have its tiny beauties magnified? How often, when one is rambling with one's friends in the country lanes, do we hear the remark, "I wonder how that would look under a microscope."

A girl who has her microscope, has with her a companion who will never fail in supplying interest; a friend that will speak to her, telling her the wonders of creation; a guide that will point out truthfully all the beauties of the till now invisible world; a magician who will turn a drop of pond water into a city peopled with denizens of the most varied forms and habits, but all alike in beauty and interest. Nor are its powers limited by climate, place, or time; each climate yields its quota to this imperial master, each place produces objects which may be examined night or day.

What in our holidays, whether they be spent inland or near sea, can enhance the pleasure of their rest more than the microscope? One has read, one has walked, perhaps gathered a few flowers or a little seaweed, and one has done all that one can do. Stay! there is the microscope. We can sit quietly and peer into and examine the things we have

collected in our walk, making them tell us their very heart-secrets and reveal their long-hidden beauties. Our microscope is our constant friend who does not desert us in our necessity.

There is nearly always in one's holidays one of those miserable days of incessant rain which are the heritage of our English climate—one of those days that must be spent indoors. The more talented among us may amuse themselves with drawing or music, or with some form of artistic work, but each and all bring with them an attendant weariness and demand a previous hard-earned skill; to our aid steps forth our microscope, and for a minimum of attention gives us a maximum of delight, and this without the exaction of years of toil. Our microscope is not the arrogant master that music or painting is.

From the moment that the microscope is taken up the interest never fails, and instead of anticipating the diversion caused by the appearance of one's meals, one has a reluctant hesitation in leaving the instrument that has so profitably and ably whiled away the time. It has been reading the best written of all well-written books of interest and amusement—"Nature's Book"; and we have experienced the sensation of the rapid flight of time induced by a subject of all-absorbing interest, a sensation fully appreciated and delightfully described by the old classic poets, and one which, whatever its cause may happen to be, will always be one of the most startling of modern-day miracles. And we shall find that the use of the microscope is a most powerful cause of this delightful feeling.

Before a girl begins to use a microscope she must exercise some judgment and knowledge in the choice of one, and to that end I propose to lay down a few set rules, the observance of which may guide her to a satisfactory selection.

First let me pick a microscope to pieces and describe it. I will take an ordinary microscope of the so-called German pattern, as they are usually the cheapest and easiest to work.

Fig. 1 represents such a microscope, and is made by Hartnack, of Potsdam. Let us begin at the top. First of all we have the "Eye-piece" (A), a little tube about two inches long, having two lenses in it, and fitting into a long brass tube (D), which in some microscopes is plain, but in most is capable of elongation like a telescope. This tube (D) is called the "Draw Tube" or "Coarse Adjustment," and is capable of sliding up and down inside another fixed tube (O). Fastened to the tube (O) is a "Condenser," which is really a bulls-eye, and which you will very rarely have to use.

Now we come to the most important and most expensive part of the microscope. Screwed into the end of the tube (D) is the "Objective" (J); this is the lens which is placed nearest the object to be examined, and on this lens depends, for the most part, the number of times a thing is magnified.

The next part of the anatomy of our microscope is the "Stage" (L), *i.e.*, the platform on which the object to be examined rests, and to which it is fixed by two little clips (Q). In the centre of the stage is a circular aperture of about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, situate immediately in a line with the objective, so that light may be reflected through it on to the objective by means of the "Mirror" (N), which is placed beneath the stage. To regulate the amount of light so reflected, there is placed in contact with the under-surface of the stage the "Diaphragm" (M); this is a black disc with holes of various sizes cut in it, each of which is capable of being placed beneath the aperture in the stage, and thus allowing only so much light as will pass through the hole in the diaphragm to be reflected on to the objective. Last of all comes the "Stand" or "Pedestal" (P), which is horse-shoe-shaped, of iron, and very heavy. If you look at Fig. 1 you will see at the back of the microscope a screw (H); this is called the "Fine Adjustment," and you will learn its use ere long.

Such then, briefly, is the kind of instrument which an optician or microscope-maker would place before you; and here let me caution you not to purchase a microscope with a long tube and cumbersome adjustments, such as the old English pattern; the small microscopes of the pattern of Fig. 1 are much easier to manipulate. Microscopes vary very much, and you must know how to choose one for yourself.

For the purpose of examining objects under the microscope, glass slides are made, on which the object is placed or "mounted." These slides are known as "microscopic glass slides," and are generally three inches long and one inch broad. When the object has been placed on one of these slides a thin disc of glass, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, called a "cover-glass," is placed over it, and the specimen is ready for examination.

I will suppose that you are going to test a microscope before purchasing it (most dealers will allow you to have one on approval). Choose a table near a window looking preferably towards the north, and sit at it so that the light comes from your left, *i.e.*, with your face to the east; now straighten your microscope, and place it on the table so that the fine adjustment (H) is nearest to you. (In Fig. 1 you will see that the microscope is bent to an angle by means of a joint beneath the stage; never work with your instrument in this position, but always straighten it. Some microscopes have not this joint, so that with them this caution is unnecessary.) The next thing to do is to screw on the objective which has the least magnifying power; in England the so-called one-inch and half-inch objectives are "low powers," the quarter-inch and one-eighth of an inch being "high"; abroad each maker has his own numbers or letters, *e.g.*, "A" is lower than "D" or "E" in Zeiss's lenses, and "3" is lower than "7" in Hartnack's. If you have one of Hartnack's manufacture you will use objective "3," which with "eye-piece" "3" will give a magnifying power of fifty diameters.

To screw on the objective you must take the tube "D" (Fig. 1) right out of "O," and having screwed the objective on, clean the interior of the tube "O" and the exterior of tube "D," *i.e.*, the frictional surfaces. Now replace "D" in "O," and push it down with a screwing movement, until the objective is within two inches of the stage. Great importance must be attached to the screwing movement, as if the tube be simply pushed, it may go down suddenly and strike the stage or specimen, and injure the object or the lens. Having got your objective on, the next thing is to "find your light"; this is done by moving the mirror "N," which is capable of very free movement, until a good light is thrown up the tube "D," through the hole in the stage; with the low objective a large opening in the diaphragm should be used; with the high power a small one. By looking down the microscope you will be able to judge of the efficacy of the illumination; you should merely see a circular plane of white light; if any black specks are visible they will probably be on the eyepiece, which should be taken out and each lens carefully wiped with a soft, dry wash-leather. It is well also always to wipe the objective with wash-leather after you have screwed it in, otherwise the object examined will appear dim and ill-defined. Now, having found your light, and with the objective about two inches from the stage, you may leave your microscope for a moment, and turn your attention to

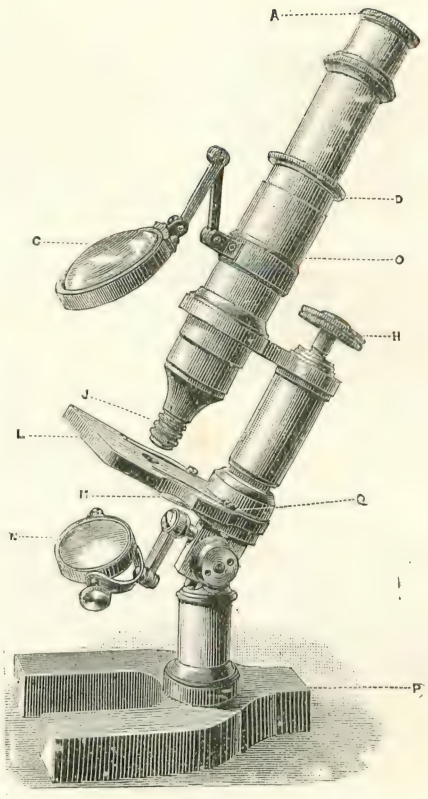


FIG. 1.

THE PREPARATION OF A SIMPLE SPECIMEN.

You should have on your table a bowl of white earthenware half full of water. First you must clean a glass slide. This should always be done with scrupulous care; wash it in the bowl of water, and dry it with a piece of clean linen; let it rest, when cleaned, on its edge—never let it lie flat on the table when not in use. Next you must clean a cover slip: this is not such an easy matter, as the glass is very liable to break unless carefully handled. When you have washed it in the water, hold it by its edges between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand, and dry it gently by a cloth held lightly between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. When dry, place it on its edge to lean against something till wanted. It is well to have a sheet of white notepaper before you, on which to lay your slide when in use, as the object placed on it, so long as it be not white, will show up better.

The best test for a microscope, and that most easily obtained, is a drop of fresh blood. Here now one's brothers may be of particular service, but most girls, I am sure, will be ready to assert their own independence by pricking their finger, especially when they know how to do it with little or no pain. The best method is this: let your hand hang down by your side for a few seconds, then tie a handkerchief tightly round the middle of your left forefinger, and then with a needle prick the tip of your finger; with a very slight prick you can get a drop of blood sufficient for the purpose. Directly the blood comes, touch the slide with it, and having left a drop on the slide, cover it quickly with the cover-glass, letting it fall on the slide obliquely, *i.e.*, so that one part touches it before the other; by this method all air-bubbles are excluded, which is not the case if it be let fall flat. Having done this you are ready for the next step—

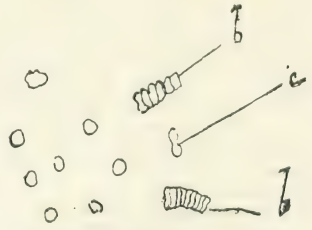
THE EXAMINATION OF A SIMPLE SPECIMEN.

Place your slide with the cover-slip uppermost and immediately over the opening in the stage, so that the light comes through it from the mirror. Next you must "focus" your object: look down the microscope, and if you

do not see the object, first of all lift the tube "D" a little, never push it on first; looking down the instrument, if the object does not appear, reverse the action, and push gently in a "spiral" manner, till the object comes dimly into view. Now you will find the use of the screw "H," which I called the fine adjustment; turn this to the right till the object shows sharply, but never use it till you have the object dimly in view by means of the coarse adjustment.

BLOOD UNDER LOW POWER.

Under the low power you will see that blood looks like a number of yellowish-looking spots floating about in a colourless medium. Having examined it, take off your low power, and put the high one on instead, and proceeding as before, lower the objective to within half an inch of the cover-glass, watching for the object all the time; directly it comes into view use the fine adjustment "H." Under this objective you will see that blood consists of a number of yellowish discs, and perhaps by this time many of them may have collected together like a pile of coins, having formed what are called "rouleaux."



BLOOD UNDER HIGH POWER.

a. Single disc, seen sideways.

b. Rouleaux.

After this preliminary instruction, you are more in a position to test and select your microscope, though you should always, if possible, ask someone experienced in their use to test it for you as well. Meanwhile you will do well to bear in mind that the following are the attributes of a good microscope:—

Stability. The microscope should be steady, and the specimen under observation should not move as you use the fine adjustment.

Definition. If it is impossible to see the edges of the discs in blood distinctly, even on careful focussing, the "definition" is not good, and the objective should be rejected.

Achromatism. I said that the discs were yellow; if, when they are in sharp focus, there be any halo of colour round each, the objective is not achromatic, and must be rejected.

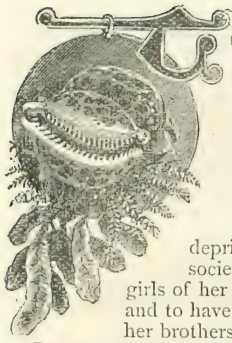
Evenness of field. The area viewed under the microscope is generally termed "the field." Some microscopes, when "D" is fully elongated by means of a telescopic slide, and the object carefully focussed, show the discs in the centre of the field sharply, whilst those towards the edge are misty; the field is said to be in these cases uneven, and the lens must be rejected.

And now, after these remarks on choosing a microscope, I trust that any girl will at least know how to handle one both with pleasure and profit to herself. The several rules laid down must be rigidly adhered to, and all manipulations should be undertaken in the order in which they are dealt with above. Routine, method, and cleanliness, with intelligent observation, are the keys to that glorious success which attends the careful investigation of the indefinitely small. At some future time I propose to give some suggestions as to selection and hints as to preparation of microscopical specimens of common objects to be met with alike in a garden in town or a roadside in the country.

W. L. LISTON.

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.



THE friendship between Clare and Nell grew closer as time passed, and was the source of much happiness to the latter. Nell had felt very much the loss of her schoolfellows; it was a great change to be deprived suddenly of the society of a number of girls of her own age and tastes, and to have no companions but her brothers.

"Boys are really very nice," she graciously admitted to her mother, "much easier to get on with than I expected, but after all there is no solid comfort in them, like there is in a real girl friend."

So that she felt a great want in her life was filled by Clare, different though the girls were in character.

Roger's sudden attachment, however, seemed likely to break in upon the prevailing harmony. Though he had hitherto been looked upon as the pink of propriety and self-possession, he now appeared in a new character. No longer superior to the rest of poor human nature, he showed himself to be very much in love.

Most of the family found this state of things very amusing; the boys, for once, had reasonable excuse for teasing and joking, though awe of their prim brother prevented their going to very great lengths. Nell alone found it a source of unmixed vexation.

"Mother, it really is provoking," she began, one morning. "No sooner do I find the one thing I've been wishing for, a nice girl friend, than Roger comes and spoils it all."

"How does he spoil it?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, with a lurking smile at Nell's view of the case.

"He always finds out when she is coming here, and contrives to arrive home early and interrupt our reading or whatever we may be doing; and when I go there, it's just the same. I really think Clare has liked my friendship as well as I have hers, but now it will all be at an end," she said, tears of vexation rising in her eyes. "I do not think she cares for Roger yet, but of course she will soon; he always gets what he wants, and he will insist on her liking him, and I think it's most unfair! I shall try and prevent it, if I can."

"Oh, Nell, for shame! I did not think you could be so selfish. Fancy thinking of your own happiness before that of Roger and possibly of Clare too! This is not acting like the Brothers' Benefactor you resolved to be. Do you not remember telling me you were determined to let your brothers' interests always come first, and to devote yourself to them as your life work? I was so pleased to hear you say so, for a good, sensible, and devoted sister has an immense influence on the life and character of men. But it seems to me, in the first case of any importance you are quite forgetting your good resolutions."

Mrs. Lawrence spoke gravely, and Nell thought over her words for some time. Then, as usual, her better nature conquered, and she determined to do her best for her brother's happiness, even though it meant losing her friend.

"At the same time, I don't see any harm in asking her to spend Friday here, though I happen to know Roger will be away till quite evening. Clare really wants to help me with the boys' cricketing things, and we can have a nice day together."

Clare was accordingly invited and gladly came, for the good-natured girl was never happier than when helping others.

Mr. Lawrence was greatly impressed by the ignorance and degradation of many of the inhabitants of the country and small villages round him. He had told his family about it, and declared the children in their own village did not know how to play.

"I declare, boys, cricket and football are perfectly unknown to them; you would be real missionaries if you could teach them how to amuse and recreate themselves, for the habit of lolling about doing nothing and thinking of nothing renders them almost incapable of receiving any moral and spiritual impressions whatever—they become mere animals, not men and women." The hint had been taken up by Mark and Roger, who had spent much of the winter vacation in organising a village football club for the young men, whilst George and Will started one for the younger lads. The colours and badges were very important features, and involved much discussion and thought. When finally decided upon, the jerseys were knitted by an old woman in the village, whilst Nell undertook to embroider the club initials on the breast of each. This she did in cross-stitch, using coarse red ingrain knitting cotton, which showed well on a dark blue jersey. The arrangement of the letters in the first place required some care. Nell counted the number of knitted ribs in the space to be occupied by the initials. Then cutting a piece of paper to the exact size of the space, she indicated the ribs on the paper by lines, and in this manner was able to draw a design for her letters, allowing so many ribs to each letter; and having once got the proportions right on paper, she could copy directly from it on to the jersey. Nell found it best to complete a letter, working only one way first, and to cross the stitches altogether afterwards. They looked more even in this way, and in case of any mistake, there was less unpicking.

Mrs. Lawrence crocheted some fishermen's

caps for the lads, using the following pattern:—Four chain, join and work twelve double into the round. Next round, two double into every stitch, taking up both top threads of the stitch. Next round, two double into first stitch, one double on second, two double on third, one double on fourth, and so on to the end of the round.

Next row, two double in each third stitch, one double on the rest.

Next row, two double in each fifth stitch.

Next row, put two doubles six times in course of round.

Next four rows, increase four times in course of round. After this only three increasings in each round, till there are ninety-three double stitches in the round.

Then work plain doubles till the cap is twelve inches long. Turn the cap and work thirty more plain rounds for the band, which is rolled up or just folded double. The top or end of the cap is finished by a tuft of wool.

The football club proved such a success, and was so much appreciated by the lads, that the captains determined to keep the members together during the summer by interesting them in cricket and boating, which latter sport could be enjoyed on the river some two miles away. The boys' "flannels" would do for both purposes, but George and Will, the leaders of the junior club, were determined to have caps for boating and quite distinct ones for cricket, and it was to the making of these caps that the girls were devoting the day which Nell had fixed in consequence of Roger's absence.

The weather being warm and bright, they settled themselves to their work in the summer-house, which was furnished with a table and chairs, and was more often occupied than is usual with these generally useless structures. Nell had procured the white flannel caps from the neighbouring town, and her task was to work on them, in some way, the club initials. This was a very different matter from the cross-stitch letters on the football caps, the success of which merely depended on correct counting and regularity of stitch; and, indeed, it proved a very troublesome piece of work. A bold and simple style of letter was chosen, so that, even as a monogram, they were legible and not at all complicated. They were traced directly on to the caps, and were filled in thickly first with crewel wool, in ordinary crewel stitch; this was then very carefully marked over in silk, satin stitch being used: and the silk matching exactly in colour the crewel wool, so that if a morsel of the latter should show through, it would not be noticeable. The letters were finished off with an edging of gold thread, couched round each.

Clare had volunteered to improvise some knitted or crochet caps for the boating costume, and after one or two attempts she accomplished one which gave satisfaction to the somewhat critical wearers; it was in two colours, and required rather over three ounces of wool and a No. 8 tricot needle. The colours were navy blue and crimson, and directions were as follows:—

Start with the navy, and work thirty-three chain. Work back, making a tricot stitch on each chain, having, of course, at the end of the row thirty-three tricot stitches on the needle. Work back in ordinary tricot.

Second row: Work in tricot till thirty-two stitches are picked up; leave the last stitch, and work back.

Go on in this way, leaving one stitch at the end of each row till in the fifteenth row you have only nineteen stitches. Join on the red wool, pick up the nineteen stitches, together with the fourteen which have been left in the previous rows, and starting again with thirty-three stitches proceed in exactly the same way till you are again reduced to sixteen stitches. Then again join on the blue wool, and go on in this way till you have eight divisions done. For the band, pick up the stitches along the straight edge of the cap, one hundred and twenty in all, and work plain tricot backwards for sixteen rows, and fasten off. The band may be worked tighter than the rest, otherwise it seems rather large compared with the upper part. Stitch up the cap and draw the top together. The band may be rolled up or folded double.

In the afternoon the industrious little party in the summer-house were pleasantly interrupted by a visit from the daughter of the vicar of a parish some miles away, a bright lively girl, whom distance alone prevented from seeing more of Nell. She had always something new to tell or some adventure to relate. This afternoon she was full of a bazaar she had lately attended. "You never saw such a collection of rubbish in your lives, my dears!" she said; "excepting at my friend's stall, and there I did see a few new ideas. One was such a pretty frame for a water-colour drawing—a sea-piece. It was a plain, unpolished oak frame, square, and the wood about three inches wide around the picture. Along the top and hanging down one side was draped a piece of fishing-net—I don't suppose it was real, any bit of fine netting in reddish twine would do. Then fixed on the net were a few star fishes, quite dried up, you know, but with the pretty shades of pink and crimson as bright as ever. There was a large one in the top left-hand corner, and two or three smaller ones below. Along the bottom of the frame were a few little dried-up crabs or crayfish—I don't know which—and around the frame, at the edge, was a rope, just coiled at the corners; and you can't think how pretty and nautical it looked. The bright tones of the crabs and star fishes against the brown wood, net, and rope were just lovely."

Nell made a mental resolve to try one for her sea-loving brother George, and then asked their visitor what else she had seen.

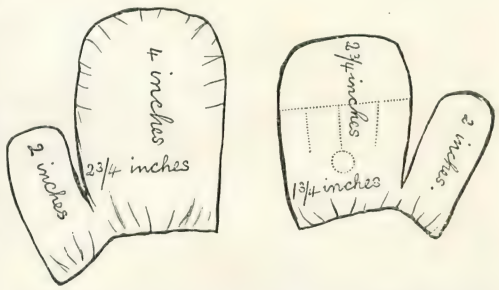
"I liked some little stools made of wood, exactly in the shape of toadstools. Any carpenter could make them, if you could only induce him to really copy nature. They are large enough to sit on, and make a cosy little low perch for the fireside. The foot of the stem is very thick, as in nature, and slightly tapers towards the top, so that they form a steadier resting-place than you might expect. But of course the colouring is the great thing. Those I saw were wonderfully done; you know fungus grows in the most vivid and brilliant colours, so you can have plenty of choice. The prettiest I saw was crimson, deep in the middle and shaded off at the edge; the stem was a sort of salmon colour. On the top were a few brown spots, such as one often sees on a toadstool; it was all painted exactly like nature, and looked so cunning and pretty."

"I should think Frank could make one easily, with his lathe and other tools," said Nell.

"And I think I could paint one," put in Clare. "I have often noticed and admired the lovely colours of fungus, and thought it strange that such a low development of vegetable life should be so beautful; but I think you said you had seen something else new?"

"Oh, yes; I brought it with me to show you, Nell, as I know you are always glad to know of any little present suitable for boys, old and young. It is a pen-wiper, which I think rather neat; you see it is like a little boxing-glove. But as I must run away now I will leave it for a pattern; I'm sure you will want to make one like it — amongst so many brothers there must be a birthday looming, surely!"

The glove was made of chamois leather, and was stuffed with wadding. It was made in two parts, as illustration—the larger piece, fo



the back of the hand, being slightly gathered round the top, into the smaller, which is for the palm. The rows of back-stitching, indicated by dots, are first worked on the palm; and then the two pieces, back and front, are closely stitched round together, on the wrong side; the glove is turned, and the wadding put in, being pushed well up into the top of the glove and the thumb, so that it may feel quite firm and solid. The chamois leather is then drawn in a little at the wrist, and a little bunch of scraps of black cloth stitched in at the same time, to form the actual pen-wiper. A gauntlet of leather is added, enclosing the scraps of cloth, and a piece of narrow ribbon tied round hides the joining of gauntlet and glove, and finishes it off neatly. The edge of the gauntlet may be bound with ribbon.

Nell made a boxing-glove pen-wiper, and sent it to Mark with a letter, an extract from which will show some conclusions she arrived at after the day spent in Clare's company. "I made up my mind to help Roger as much as I could, so I talked about him, and, in a light and airy way, mentioned his good qualities. Clare did not appear to find the subject specially interesting, and at last I grew tired of dragging him into conversations to which he did not naturally belong. By-and-by Roger himself appeared (he is a magician in finding out when Clare is to be with me!). Dear Mark, I do not know much about love affairs, except from books and the experiences of a French governess at school, who had once had a lover, but all I can say is, Clare did not blush nor appear flustered, nor did she drop her thimble in her agitation at his sudden appearance; and do you not think she ought to have done so? I cannot understand it at all—she seems to like being with me, and talking about you and other boys even better than being with or talking of Roger, and I never met with such a case in any of the books I ever read!"

(*To be continued.*)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It seems as if people were never weary of discussing the subject of tight-lacing. One of the weekly papers has had a running correspondence on the subject, which has been accompanied by illustrations of small waists, which were enough to appal the stoutest heart. Some of the letters, too, were very dreadful to read; and altogether one cannot help hoping that some day our girls and women will cease to make such guys of themselves, and to do such a foolish thing as to risk the health and happiness of their lives. Certainly, if they adopt the Swedish exercises, they will have to remake their clothes, as no ordinarily cut dress will answer for them. A visit to the off-shoot of the Stockholm College, established in London, should be made by all our girls. It is situated at Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead, close to the Finchley Road Station. The college is under the experienced management of Madame Bergmann Osteberg, and the pupils taught there are reported to be in great demand—the full course of instruction extending over two years.

One result of taking lessons in the Swedish exercises is a great increase of size in the chest, and a marvellous increase of health, and beauty of figure and face. To my mind these exercises are our best cure, and best safeguard against the dreadful evil of tight-lacing. No girl who has once undertaken them will ever distort the body that God made.

Now that hygienic dress is so much thought about, and our girls are really trying to comprehend the best conditions of dress for work and for play, I look forward to better times for women, to days of improved health, and of real pleasure and enjoyment in this life, an existence so often hitherto made ailing and miserable, simply because God's laws of life and health were not understood and not conformed to with sufficient care. When once we know how much is in our own power in ways conducive to health and happiness, we shall grow far wiser than we generally are. The great thing, in my opinion, is first to get rid of all the superfluous under-garments, and so of needless weight. We must supply their place with well-cut flannel or woven under-garments, which will be lighter and warmer, and will distribute the weight more evenly over our frames.

More natural flowers are worn this year than ever, amongst the best-dressed people. No one seems dressed without a bodice bouquet fastened in, to contrast with or match the costume worn. They are larger even for men than they were, and one is glad to see this taste for these natural, simplest, and fairest of jewels spreading through all classes. In London to-day the "young men and maidens" alike do not grudge a penny for their flowers. I hear of one pretty young lady being seen in the Park with a boa made entirely of red roses; and parasols are to be seen covered with fresh blossoms, the daisy being the greatest favourite.

IN SUMMER DAYS.

SUMMER ULSTERS AND WATERPROOFS.

The order for a general mourning brought black and white greatly into vogue, and some of the mixtures were very pretty. Black silk dresses were covered with white embroideries, the deep flouncing coming from the waist, a black sash at the back, and sometimes a thick foot-ruching of black. A small white fichu was worn with this, and a black lace bonnet, or straw and lace hat. Where people have half-worn or old black dresses, they can make them easily available by expending a small sum on the very moderately priced embroideries now to be found everywhere. Black and white sashes are worn, which are placed at the back of many black gowns, either of woollen or silk, making them look much more dressy and elegant. These sashes are large, and generally of black and white striped silk. White washing silks and Corahs are much worn, and are trimmed with black velvet, long looped bows being used for both bodice and skirt. Black materials striped with white are also in much request, and are made up with white waistcoats. White roses, daisies, and white lilac are greatly used for black bonnets, which are also draped with white *crêpe-lisse* and white silk muslin.

There are some very pretty black cotton gowns to be seen this year. Some of them are printed all over in white patterns, like the foulards. They look exceedingly pretty when made up with white ribbons. One of the newest introductions is the "Directoire" coat, made up of black material, and worn over white embroidered muslin skirts. In fact, one sees these "Directoire" coats, manufactured in many hues, intended to be worn over these white skirts, so that it seems quite a special fashion. Black hats and gloves are worn with them, or coloured ones to match, if the coats be coloured.

Tan-coloured gloves are worn in preference to every other colour; and many ladies wear tan-coloured shoes also, which are not so pretty. The usual summer shoes appear to be a combination of kid or cashmere tops with patent leather toes. These look very seasonable, and are useful and inexpensive. In millinery, flowers are more used just now than feathers; and green hats and bonnets seem in great favour. Red parasols are more used than they were last year, and the very long handles have met with universal approval from everyone. Many people say that they seem to supply a great want, for the stick is a very pleasant support in walking. So we are gradually coming back to old fashions, and perhaps the winter may see us all carrying walking-sticks. But there is, unhappily, one drawback, and that is, that we cannot do without umbrellas, and the day we go out without them we assuredly are made to feel the want of their covering. In the country many ladies enjoy the use of sticks, and have done for years, finding them a great comfort on rough roads and field paths; and

in the highlands of Scotland and the mountains of Switzerland one can well fancy them to be quite indispensable.

Nearly all the bodices of washing dresses are of the Norfolk blouse, Garibaldi, or some form of shirt style; these are tucked, gathered, and honey-combed in many different ways. In fact, nothing has displaced them from favour, and they seem likely to remain with us, being so useful and comfortable and suitable for wear with any skirt and at any time also. All the new bodies of washing gowns are full on the shoulders. This is the case whether the waist be belted or pointed, or have one of the rather clumsy-looking folded "Empire" sashes. What may be called our national tailor-made gowns have been as much used as ever during the summer, only they are made of thinner cloths. The new cloths have very delicate stripings, and are of extremely fine and beautiful texture. I am sure that my readers, hearing so much of "redingotes," must often wonder what is the exact difference between them and polonaises. Well, one difference is very decided. A polonaise may be draped, but a redingote must always hang in straight lines, and is never by any chance draped. Most redingotes have the bodice part made like a jacket or coat with lapels.

The skirts of most of the summer and autumn dresses are very simple, and not intricate in the way of draperies. The foundation skirt is from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide, and it always has a flounce on it at the edge. But this flounce is not much seen, as the upper drapery is so long that it quite covers it, the flounce seeming to be only useful in keeping the plain drapery from setting in too flatly over the feet. The newest way of making the back drapery is to sew it into the back, with large pleats, which hang down in folds, the drapery falling straight to the edge of the skirt. The only variation to this arrangement is that the back-breadth is lifted up and caught here and there with a stitch, to add slightly to its fulness. The foundation skirt consists only of a gored front breadth, a gored breadth at each side, and a straight width at the back ungored. There is very little "dress improver" to be seen just now; and what there is, is not at all conspicuous in any way. A small mattress about seven inches square is worn, and one or two steels. These last are no longer put in in a straight line, but form an arch upwards; the top steel coming about six inches below the waist in the centre, and about twelve inches at each end. This is a much more comfortable way of putting in the steels than the old one.

Amongst the materials most worn we must name alpaca, which has been much adopted in grey shades, and wears extremely well as the material of travelling gowns. There are also quantities of all kinds of grenadines, and silk, and wool in stripes, which are useful dresses for summer. The newest "Nun's veilings" are shot, and sometimes have a printed border. All kinds of soft silks seem to be worn, and what are called "Liberty shades" are liked the most of all.

Most young people wear the long scarf of gauze, or lace, or sometimes of China silk, or else a small mantle which is very highly decorated with jet, fringe, and lace. The little cloth jackets of fine cloth or of stockingette are as much in vogue as ever. They nearly all have loose fronts and tight-fitting backs, and have no trimming whatever, and others no visible buttons. Small hoods are seen on some of them, which are generally lined with a colour. The dust cloaks of the year are generally made with capes in front and backs tight-fitting; or else they have a yoke at the neck, and are trimmed with ruchings or velvet.

In the illustration called "Everyday Dresses" I have tried to gather together all the ideas in bodices, skirts, and trimmings that are most worn. As will be seen, the hats are very much trimmed, and generally rather large, and the same upright bows of ribbon are still in vogue. The new summer ulsters are mostly waterproofed inside, the outside being of light summer tweed; and they look like a becoming wrap-cloak. In the pretty sketch called "In Summer Days," two of the new forms of Garibaldi blouse are shown, intended for the country and for tennis playing. A diagram is also given, to show the way in which the needlework stitch, called "honey-combing," is worked. Now that the dotted paper for working it by can be purchased, it no longer presents any difficulty. This can be ironed off on to the material which is to be honey-combed, like any other pattern for embroidery or braiding. The diagram is as follows: the dots

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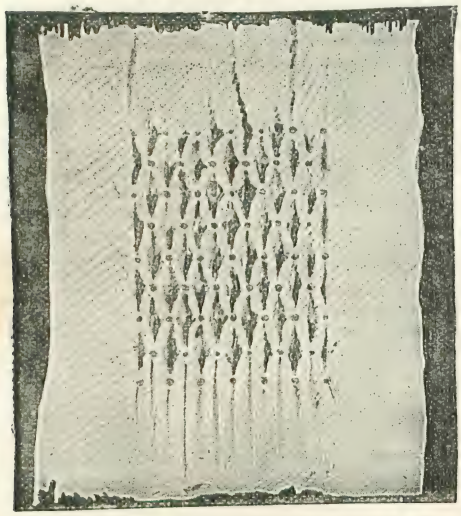
represent where the material is sewn together, either with coloured or black silks, or silk to match the colour of the dress.

The honey-combed Garibaldi shirt has been selected for the paper pattern of the month, and the Lady Dressmaker hopes that no trouble will be found in doing the work with the diagram given. The dots in it represent the stitches where the tiny pleats are sewn together; strong cotton is first used to tack the stitches at each dot on the material, and then when drawn together the fancy stitches are worked. The paper pattern is in four pieces for the inside or foundation, front, back, and two sleeve patterns. For the outside or honeycomb portion there is front, back, collar band, and sleeve. The foundation may be used as a lining or not, as required, but the honey-combing must be done to that size. Many people prefer to have them lined for warmth alone. No turnings are allowed; the quantity of material required is about 5 yards of 30-inch. The basque is plainly hemmed at the edge, and the edges of the wrists and collar are turned in so as to be double. The belt should be lined with buckram to keep it stiff.



HONEYCOMBING.

HONEYCOMBED GARIBALDI SHIRT — (PAPER PATTERN).

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.," price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps, except for postage, should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as will be of use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give all the new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of all of the best methods of dressing themselves. In hygienic underclothing the following have been given already:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (or nightdress combinations). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, with new skirt pattern, with rounded back, polonaise with waterfall back, blouse polonaise, plain polonaise with front buttoned up, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, jacket, and waistcoast (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long ends, sling-sleeved mantle with full fronts, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, winter bodice with full sleeves, corselet bodice, bathing dress, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, Canadian blanket-dressing gown, dress drawers, Emancipation suit, new spring mantles, polonaise with pointed fronts.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLV.

A CURIOUS MEDLEY.

WILL see him alone first; then you and Gerard Clarville will come when summoned," said Mr. Aspenel to Edith.

A few moments after the door closed on Loveridge, and he stood hesitating in the semi-darkness of the obscure and curtained room.

"Is it you, Will?" came from the bed.

"It is I, Henry," from the trembling Loveridge.

"Come here," moaned Aspenel; and the other went. Silence ensued.

"You have saved my life. Can you forgive me?" at last from Aspenel.

"Yes. Can you forgive me?" from Loveridge.

The left hand moved uneasily on the counterpane, and Loveridge took it and sat down. Another silence longer than the first. At last Loveridge spoke.

"Then we are friends. I want no money, Henry."

A groan from the bed was the reply.

"All the old love came back when you were in danger; all the greed and anger vanished. I remembered our mother. 'She has been with me ever since."

"Our mother!" with another groan from the bed.

"She loved us both. She forgave you, Harry."

"She could not. What did she say?"

"She said, 'It is not Harry, it is mammon; it is the devil. He was a good lad.'"

"Mother was right. I sold myself to the devil for gold. Purified as by fire—by fire—says Nurse True. Can the burnings of the body save the soul?"

"If they can't, Christ can; so preaches and prays Gerard Clarville. But are you so very bad, Harry?"

Aspenel groaned again, but did not answer.

Tears were rolling down Loveridge's cheeks. His voice was strangely pathetic when he spoke next.

"We have both been great sinners, and wasted our lives; you in hoarding, I in squandering. You have been too ambitious, I too grovelling. We have both left our proper sphere; you to rise higher, I to sink lower. We have forgotten the Lord that bought us."

"You turned preacher!" muttered Aspenel.

"Not preacher, but penitent. Let us begin again. Let us lead new lives."

"Too late! too late."

Aspenel spoke those words as so many have done, in an agony of remorse, and Loveridge had no words of comfort ready; so there was silence again.

"Perhaps if our father had been different we might have been different," spoke Loveridge at last, wishing to make excuses for Aspenel, if not for himself.

"Then my sins must be visited on my boy," groaned Aspenel.

"Not if you give him good guardians and teachers."

"But I know not what has become of him. All hope is taken from me. I am wrecked body and soul—wrecked and ruined. Do you know that the mines are shut up, and—and——"

Here a tremor shook the bed, and Loveridge found that the grip of the old enemy was on him still.

"What matters?" he said. "We must leave it all behind us. I have nothing to leave. Yes—I forgot I have my child. Clorandy is dead, but my child lives."

"Your child? What of her?"

"I cannot tell you now. But you have also children, and must struggle up again for their sakes and your wife's."

"Maimed — disfigured — ruined. Never! Never!"

"Oh! don't say that!" cried Loveridge, affecting cheerfulness. "We are friends, and I mean never to offend you again. I am going off to Canada, and you know 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' so we shall learn to admire and love one another, and I shall be out of your way. I'm heartily sorry for all the threats I've used to extort money from you, and be you sure I will never repeat them. But you held a tight rein, Harry."

"I did. It was pride as well as avarice. I could not bear to see your degradation. I, who was —— But what am I now? All but a charred and mutilated corpse."

"My dear Harry, your mind is wandering. What can I do for you?"

Loveridge rose and tried to look through the closed curtains upon the form within. But nothing was visible. He could bear the effort of the broken conversation no longer, and asked in a constrained, anxious voice whether Aspenel really wished to see his daughter and Clarville.

"Yes. Call them in," he replied.

Loveridge had left them in the adjoining room, and opening the door which communicated with it, saw that they were there still. He beckoned them in. They were scarcely seated—Edith on the side of the bed opposite Loveridge, Gerard at its foot—when Aspenel said, in a hollow voice, and dragging out the words one by one——

"This man—Loveridge—who has risked his life to save mine—is—my—brother!"

He did not see the astonished start of the trio; for Loveridge was as much surprised by the suddenness of the disclosure, as the others by its strangeness—still, he felt it; for he added—

"You are amazed. No wonder. William, tell them our history. All—all. They, and they alone, must know the whole. Conceal nothing."

"There is not much to tell," began Loveridge, in a nervous, constrained way. "Our father was a goldsmith who made his own fortune. His name was Brand. Our mother was a good woman, who was once his housekeeper. They gave us a first-class education. We were sent to schools and colleges enough for a dozen young goldsmiths. I was intended for the church; my brother, the eldest, for merchandise. I was always a scapegrace; he had a genius for business, like my father. I soon declared that I would not take orders, and offended my father. When he died he left the business to my brother, and a certain portion to me, provided I turned over a new leaf. He was an odd man, and left my mother to our joint care, not providing specially for her."

Here Aspenel groaned.

"Harry turned the business to good account, and grew richer, and richer, and richer. He changed his name to Aspenel. I did not reform, and grew poorer, and poorer, and poorer; and changed my name to Loveridge, an old gipsy name, as good as Aspenel for that much. He stuck to his merchandise, and rose; I to my gipsying, and sank. As long as our mother lived, I strove to maintain her; when she died I became Wild Will, Wandering Will, and all sorts of characters."

"I let our mother starve," groaned Aspenel.

"You offered to maintain her if she would leave me and live in retirement; but she declined. You said you would abide by the terms of the will and give me a share of the business if I reformed, and I declined. We kept one another *in terrorem*. I extracted money from you

by threatening to disclose your origin, name, history, and our brotherhood; and you kept me silent by declaring that if I did so I should never have another penny. It was tit-for-tat."

"I was hard, cruel, relentless," broke in Aspenel.

"I was reckless, selfish, obstinate," continued Loveridge. "We tried to hate one another, and succeeded but too well. Yet we loved one another when we were little children and went hand in hand. How is that, Gerard Clarville? A mystery—a mystery—like life and death. Yea, verily, it was death that opened up the springs of life. But for that fire I might have been a Cain. God only knows, for I have been fearfully malignant. But for you, Gerard Clarville, I had perhaps been a murderer."

"And I!" came with anguish from the bed. "Go on—finish quickly."

"After mother's death I went off and wandered all over the world, returning from time to time to extract money from one who willed to keep it. I married a gipsy, and he knew it, and it angered him more and more. We were married in church, so he had nothing to say on that head. Forgive me, Harry; I am forgetting your presence. There is no more to tell that I know of, except that, having found my daughter, I was beginning to be respectable, and had some claim on the portion promised to the reformed prodigal. This was being negotiated by you, Mr. Clarville; but we both stood out as to the sum required. Now dread of death has conquered us both. He will give everything; I will take nothing. I have my child. We will begin life together."

"Who is your child?" murmured Aspenel.

"Fan."

At this name Edith rose with an involuntary exclamation, checked, however, by her father.

"Fan! I knew it, for she has crossed my path," he said. "You also now know all, Gerard and Edith. Listen and decide. I must have someone to manage for me, bound to me by strong ties: some one who can be secret as well as faithful. You have both worked for me without greed. Will you continue to do so? I constitute you my stewards, and give my consent to your marriage."

At this wonderful and unexpected announcement, Edith, humbled and dismayed, left the room. What did her father mean? Word of love had never passed between her and Gerard.

"I shall never be able to speak to him again," she thought, as, unperceived by all but him, she glided away.

"You misunderstand, sir," began Gerard, in undisguised agitation. "You have imagined what has never occurred. Miss Aspenel and I are—are—only friends. I will do all I can for you, but she must not be trammelled."

"You saved her life," murmured Aspenel. "You must now avert my ruin. I have no faith in anyone but you. Call Edith—call Nurse True. I think I am dying. Send for Mr. Austen; bring back my wife and son. Let Janet come. I must make peace—peace."

Gerard had witnessed one or two similar outbreaks of remorse and fear, and signed to Loveridge to withdraw, whispering him to send the nurse. She came, and between them they soothed the patient. Edith crept back, and Gerard immediately withdrew. Here was a complication as perplexing as those which had preceded it. He went with Loveridge—as we must still call him—to the sumptuous drawing-room prepared for his reception. Here Loveridge's natural manner returned. He shook Gerard heartily by the hand, exclaiming—

"The murder's out, and you know all. If we were but shrewd enough to understand, we should acknowledge that all the world's akin. Millionaires and outcasts—fine ladies and gipsies—pietists and penitents, here we are all jumbled together in this fine house, and all related or about to be. You will be my nephew, and Fan your cousin by marriage, while ——" He paused; then added—"I suppose you don't mean to refuse the fortune thrust upon you? I know you are a dreamer, and above the lust of riches; but here is an opportunity of serving your fellow creatures which even you dare not lose. Still, never marry for money, or for anything but a love likely to last. I married for a passionate admiration of beauty, and I soon tired of my poor Clorandy and left her. She was Fan without Fan's education, and I was, if a scamp, at least a sort of a gentleman. But you and Miss Aspenel ——"

"Hush!" broke in Gerard. "If you have any love for me, as you say you have, you will keep that scene secret and sacred as long as you live. You saw her leave the room at the strange proposal made by her father, and I felt as if I should shrink into nothing. His mind was wandering, and he will not remember what he said to-morrow. But your strange tale we shall never forget. What remains for us to do is to keep your poor brother's resolution alive, so that he may do you tardy justice."

"I want none of his money," interrupted Loveridge.

"But a portion of it is your due if you begin a new life. And you have Fan to think of. Fan! That is the strangest episode of all. And Jack! Unselfish, true-hearted Jack."

"It is a curious medley, Mr. Gerard, and all its complications due, more or less, to my poor brother, God help him. I hope you pray for him as you did for me."

"I have prayed for him long, and so have others. But I have work to do for him. I must be off to town on his business, for now that he is back in his own house, he means to have his lawyers down to make a new will, as I understand him. His brain is over active, and the doctors say he will go out of his mind if he is not humoured. His sufferings are still awful."

"Perhaps I should have done better to let him alone," said Loveridge, reflectively.

"And lose his soul!" added Gerard, with unusual austerity.

"Ah! I forgot that portion of our complex being. I always have ignored it, but I mean to redeem the past. Thank you, Gerard Clarville, for helping me."

They shook hands again, and Gerard hastened away. He was soon replaced by Edith. She came in looking very white and terrified. She had watched Gerard leave the house first.

"Papa is better," she began. "He wishes you to know that he was not really dying. I cannot quite understand what has just passed. It took me by surprise. Will you kindly explain? Are you really my father's brother? Is Fanny—my—cousin?"

She trembled perceptibly, and Loveridge placed a chair for her. He could not quite realise that the fair, refined girl before him was so nearly related to him and his wild, impetuous child. He recapitulated calmly what he had said in her father's sick-room, with such additions as he thought might interest her. His manners became those of a gentleman, and she gradually perceived the results of early education not quite eradicated by a wild life.

"Your father and I once loved one another," he said, pathetically, when he had concluded his narrative.

"That I understand. You could not have risked your life to save his had you not loved him," she returned, and she thought, simultaneously, of how Gerard had saved hers.

But with the thought came a grave regret for what her father had so lately proposed. She put it aside, however, and continued to question her newly-found uncle. She asked if she had any other relations on her father's side, and he replied, with an amused smile, that he knew of none. He said their early history, if they ever had one, had been long blotted out of all heraldic books, and had recommenced under the name of Aspenel. Then he enlarged upon Gerard's tact and kindness, until she fancied he referred to her father's late disclosure, and she nervously turned the conversation upon Fan. She said that everybody liked Fan, particularly Janet, who would be glad of the kinship. She could not say truthfully that she herself rejoiced at it; and this the shrewd Loveridge was not slow to perceive.

"Do you think she would like to come here?" she asked.

"Certainly not," he replied. "One interloper is enough, and I am made that unwelcome spectre by King Circumstance. You see, having been a strolling player in my time, I become poetical, and no sooner do I resolve to be reformed than I think of publishing my poems."

Loveridge was about to begin a rhodomontade with a view to clearing off the clouds on her fair brow—so he put it to himself—when Nurse True came in to say Mr. Aspenel particularly wanted to see him, and with a studied and somewhat theatrical bow and smile, he left Edith to her very troubled meditations.

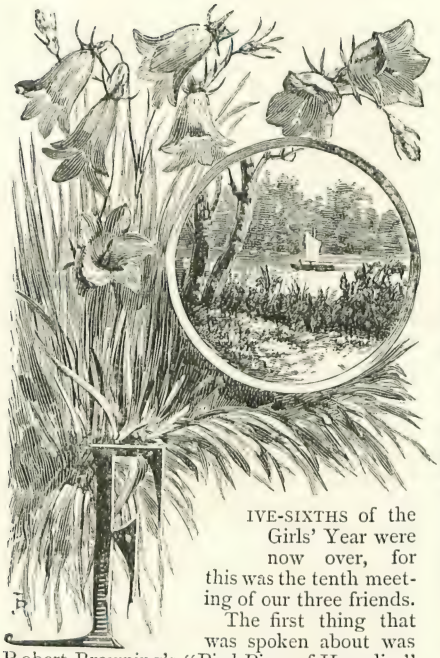
(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.



IVE-SIXTHS of the Girls' Year were now over, for this was the tenth meeting of our three friends. The first thing that was spoken about was Robert Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." Edith mentioned that it was founded on an old legend, and that the date of the piper's revenge, when the children followed his wonderful music into the cavern and "the door in the mountain side shut fast," was given in a curious work called "The Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," as the 22nd day of July in the year of our Lord 1376.

"What a number of odd notions there are about rats," said Lucy. "I have read that people long ago believed that you could extirpate rats by a persevering course of anathematising them in rhyme. Reginald Scot says that the Irish thought they could rhyme any beast to death; but the notion was in general restricted to the rat."

"No doubt," remarked Florence, "Rosalind had that belief in her mind when she says, in *As You Like It*, 'I never was so berhymed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.'"

The Scottish ballad of "The Braes of Yarrow" had met with most hearty appreciation from Florence, perhaps because she was able to dispense with the trouble of a glossary in the reading of it. "It was written," she said, "by William Hamilton of Bangour, a poet of an ancient Ayrshire family, who was born in 1704."

Edith read the following criticism on "The Braes of Yarrow" from Archbishop Trench's "Household Book of English Poetry." "The immense superiority of this poem," says the Archbishop, "over every other in the little volume of Hamilton of Bangour's poems, which was published at Edinburgh in 1760, some six years after his death, is not easy to account for. This poem has its faults; that it is a modern seeking to write in an ancient manner, is sometimes too evident; but it is a tragic story, tragically told, the situation boldly conceived, and the treatment marked by strength and passion throughout. Nothing else in the volume contains a trace of passion or of power, or is of the slightest value whatever."

"There is one peculiarity about it," remarked Lucy, "that I can't stand; that is the repetition of words without their adding in the least to the sense. For example—

'Lang maun she, *lang maun she, maun she* weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow.'

In these two lines there are just nine words too many."

By reading Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the three students had made themselves acquainted with one of the celebrated books of the world. It made a great stir between thirty and forty years ago, though not so much heard of nowadays, the state of things which called it forth having fortunately passed away.

"When was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first published?" asked Florence.

"The exact date," answered Lucy, "was, I find, the 20th of March, 1852. The author published it with fear and trembling, thinking she would get no readers. But instead of that ten thousand copies were sold in a few days, and over three hundred thousand within a year; and eight power-presses, running night and day, were barely able to keep pace with the demand. It was read everywhere, apparently, and by everybody."

"It has been translated, too, into other languages," remarked Edith.

"Translated! I should rather think so," exclaimed Lucy. "In the library of the British Museum there are translations in at least twenty languages. Mr. George Bullen gives this list of them in alphabetical order: Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian or Magyar, Illyrian, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Romaic or Modern Greek, Russian, Servian, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian, and Welsh."

"Who was Barry Cornwall, whose life of Charles Lamb we have just been reading?" Edith inquired.

"His real name," answered Lucy, "was Bryan Walter Procter, and of that name Barry Cornwall is an imperfect anagram."

"His 'Life of Lamb,'" said Edith, "is a delightful book: I feel now as if I had known Lamb personally, and shall read the 'Essays of Elia' with twice as much interest as before. The charming feature of his life, which must endear him to everybody, is his devotion to his sister. Only to think of his giving up all his days to her protection and benefit!"

The historical subject of the Abolition of Slavery fell next to be talked about, and the most interesting contribution to the discussion was made by Lucy, who said she had recently read in the *Leisure Hour* how Clarkson, the great anti-slavery advocate, had discovered his right mission in the world.

"The dedication of himself to labour for the abolition of the slave trade," she said, "dated from a journey Clarkson made from Cambridge to London after reading a prize essay on slavery at the university. Near the village of Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, he sat down in a disconsolate mood upon the grass by the roadside, holding his horse by the bridle; and at that very instant the thought flashed into his mind that if the atrocities he had told about in his essay were true, the time had arrived when some person should come forward and put an end to the traffic in human flesh and blood. From that moment the work of his life really began."

The point reached in Sir Henry Roscoe's "Chemistry" by the end of July, was the 69th page, but Lucy, in communicating this account of their progress, has been careful to inform us that they did not get as much benefit as they might out of this interesting and instructive primer on account of their united funds not being equal to buying the apparatus and materials necessary for trying the experiments.

Nothing particular is to be set down about the musical study of the Carnival of Schumann, the domestic economy study of "Invalid Cookery," or the essay on "Letter-writing as it Should Be."

We therefore go on to record the arrangements made for mental improvement in the following month.

The two short poems chosen for reading were the "Ode to The Passions," by William Collins, and Milton's "Lycidas."

The work of fiction selected was "The Pickwick Papers," of Charles Dickens.

The "Life of Wesley," by Robert Southey, was an admirable choice in the field of biography.

As an historical subject, all three agreed that the Franco-Prussian War would keep them full of excitement for a month at least.

Sir Henry Roscoe's "Chemistry" was to be continued.

The subject of study in music was to be the Nocturne in D flat, by Chopin.

In domestic economy, besides the usual table of foods in season, they were to study the subject of Kitchen Utensils, and how to keep them in order.

The essay was to be on Decision of Character.

Here follow the Aphorisms for August—on the subject of Health—and the Anniversary Calendar for the month.

MAXIMS ON HEALTH FOR THE GIRLS' YEAR.

I. *Preliminary praise.* O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. She that has thee has little more to wish for, and she who is so wretched as to want thee wants everything with thee.—*Sterne.*

II. *Early preparation.* They who would be young when they are old must be old when they are young.

III. *Health and happiness.*

Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
—*Gay.*

IV. *Sickness of service.* Sickness is a sort of old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with thoughts of a future better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines.

V. *Health and wealth.* There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied but the least enjoyed; health is most enjoyed but the least envied, and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.—*Colton.*

VI. *Agreeable rules.* There are many hygienic rules which it is actually pleasanter,

from the very first, to live in accordance with than to disregard.

VII. *Friends and enemies.* Exercise, temperance, and cheerfulness preserve and restore health; and, on the contrary, indolence, intemperance, and vexation destroy it.

VIII. *A safe prescription.*

The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

IX. *A rule for the rich.* The only rule for a rich man to be healthy is, by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he were poor.—*Sir William Temple.*

X. *Body and mind.* The grand secret seems to be to contrive that the exercise of the body and that of the mind may serve as relaxations to each other.

XI. *A celebrated surgeon's advice.* "I tell you honestly," says Dr. Abernethy, "what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race: it is their gourmandising, and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to an excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause; the fidgeting and discontenting themselves about that which cannot be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions and worldly cares, pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action and do a great deal of harm."

XII. *Overdoing it.* In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat twice as much as nature requires.—*Franklin.*

XIII. *Dear bargains.* Many a pie has cost an industrious husband a twenty-pound note in doctors' bills; and many a human life has paid for an apple-dumpling.

XIV. *On the safe side.* We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

XV. *The best diet.* Simple diet is best; for many dishes bring many diseases.—*Pliny.*

XVI. *A defensive virtue.*

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue—abstinence.
—*Herrick.*

XVII. *A bridle of gold.* Temperance is a bridle of gold; he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man.—*Burton.*

XVIII. *An easy cure.* Abstinence is the easiest, cheapest, and best cure for the disorders which arise from indigestion or intemperance. I do not mean what Celsus calls the first degree of it, "when the sick man takes nothing," but the second, "when he takes nothing but what he ought."—*Dr. Kitchener.*

XIX. *With deliberation.* She who spends her energies deliberately has the most inexhaustible bank to draw upon, and will draw upon it the longest.

XX. *Drafts on old age.* The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date. *Colton.*

XXI. *Candidates for health.* Those who are candidates for health must be as circumspect in the task they set their minds as in the exercise they give their bodies.

XXII. *Happy and cheerful.* The mental condition has far more influence on the bodily health than is generally supposed. To be physically well, one must in general be happy. The reverse, however, is not always the case; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

XXIII. *Students in error.* It is too frequently the pride of students to despise those amusements and recreations which give to the rest of mankind strength of limbs and cheerfulness of heart.—*Johnson.*

XXIV. *A wearisome malady.* Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady.

XXV. *Foolishly fond.*

Fond of lawsuits, little wealth.
Fond of doctors, little health.

XXVI. *Sources of evil.*

The surest way to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
—*Churchill.*

XXVII. *Doctors and patients.* The patient can oftener do without the doctor than the doctor without the patient.

XXVIII. *Out of danger.*

God and the doctor we alike adore,
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited;
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted.

XXIX. *Members of the faculty.* The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Mr. Merryman.

XXX. *Death and Dr. Bolus.*

"My dart," cried Death, "I cannot find,
So now I'm quite at sea."
Quoth Dr. Bolus, "Never mind,
Here take this recipe."

XXXI. *A great loss.* He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health; and if you have it praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it and be thankful for it.—*Izaak Walton.*

August Anniversaries of the Girls' Year.

1. Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald, dramatist and novelist, died in 1821. "Biography," says Dr. Chambers, "does not perhaps record a finer example of industry, prudence, self-denial, and beneficence than the story of Mrs. Inchbald." With all her prudence, however, she loved gaiety and frolic. Leigh Hunt quotes what he calls "a delicious memorandum" from her diary: "Dined, drank tea and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. At dark she and I and her son William walked out; and *I rapped at doors in New Street and King William Street and ran away.*" This was in 1788, when she was five and thirty!

2. Mrs. Margaret Godolphin, whose life has been written by John Evelyn, born in 1652. Her lot was cast in the darkest age of England's morals, and she lived in a Court where vice and littleness flourished in their rankest luxuriance. But in a general reign of wickedness she was a living witness for truth and holiness. "Neither the license of those evil days, nor the scandal and detraction with which they abounded, ever touched her in spirit or reputation. Verily she walked in the flames of 'the fiery furnace and felt no hurt, neither did the smell of fire pass upon her.'"

3. Lady Anne Bacon, the wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon and mother of the illustrious Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, born in 1528. She was eminent for learning and piety, and well versed in Greek, Latin, and Italian.

4. Henrietta of Bourbon, born in 1627. Justified by her birth, her fortunes, her connections, her talents, in the most aspiring views, the life of Henrietta of Bourbon exhibited nothing but a series of vexations, disappointments, and mortifications.

5. Margaret of Anjou, born in 1429. She married Henry VI. of England on April 22, 1445, a union by which a feeble monarch was placed completely under the control of one of the ablest, most imperious, and vindictive of her sex.

6. Anne Shakespeare, the widow of the great dramatist, died in 1623. Her maiden name was Anne Hathaway. She married Shakespeare in 1582, he being then eighteen and a half years old and she seven or eight years older. In Shakespeare's will the sole mention of Anne Shakespeare is in the item "I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture," and some people have used this fact to support a supposition that Shakespeare's domestic life was not particularly happy. Mr. Knight, however, has pointed out that Mrs. Shakespeare would, by law, have a third part of her husband's means; so that there was presumably the less reason to remember her with special gifts of affection.

7. Princess Amelia, born in 1783. She was the youngest and favourite daughter of George III. When on her death-bed, in 1810, the king visited her, and she put on his finger a ring containing her own hair, and with the motto—"Remember me when I am gone." This simple but sorrowful act put a finishing stroke to the mental derangement of George III.: he retired from the bedside of his dying daughter a confirmed lunatic.

8. Antonia, the eldest daughter of Mark Antony and Octavia, died in 792. She inherited the virtues and misfortunes of her mother.

9. Madame Vestris, a famous comic actress, died in 1857. Her first husband was M. Vestris; her second was Charles Mathews, the comedian, whom she married in 1838.

10. Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., died in 1669. She was the daughter of Henry IV. of France, and married Charles in 1625. It was an unhappy alliance, not only from the circumstances of the queen being a Roman Catholic, but also because she was a self-willed, intriguing and vindictive woman, fond of meddling in public affairs, who acquired unbounded influence over the mind of her husband, and always exerted it with a view to conform his regal government to the despotism of France.

11. Catharine Hayes, a distinguished soprano, died at Sydenham in 1861. She had a beautiful voice, but was an imperfect musician and did not study. In society and domestic life she was greatly esteemed and beloved.

12. Anne Baynard, born in 1672. She devoted herself to learning in an age when few women took learning for their province. A saying to which she gave utterance when on her death-bed deserves to be repeated. "That women," she observed, "are capable of such improvements which will better their judgments and understandings is past all doubt, would they but set about it in earnest, and spend but half of that time in study and thinking which they do in visits, vanity, and folly. It would introduce a composure of mind, and lay a solid basis for wisdom and knowledge, by which they would be better enabled to serve God and to help their neighbours."

13. Regina Mingotti, a celebrated singer, born at Naples in 1728. She was a very accomplished vocalist and actress; her only fault, if she had one, being a little want of feminine grace and softness. She spoke three languages—German, French, and Italian—so well, that it was difficult to say which of them was her own. "English she likewise spoke, and Spanish, well enough to converse in them, and understood Latin; but in the three languages first mentioned she was truly eloquent."

14. Letitia Elizabeth Landon—generally known by her initials, L. E. L.—born in 1802. It was said of this popular minor poetess, "that she could write with a crystal pen dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing;" but the real fact was that her locality for invoking the Muses was her bedroom—a bare, homely-looking room facing the street, where she wrote at an old worn-out desk, placed on a little old dressing-table.

15. Philippa of Hainault, queen of Edward III. of England, died in 1369. It was she who, by her intercession, induced Edward to spare the lives of the burgesses of Calais, on the surrender of that place after a prolonged siege in 1347.

16. Constanze Weber married Mozart, the celebrated composer, in 1782. "His marriage involved Mozart in innumerable troubles. With many good qualities his wife was a thoroughly bad manager, and this was the worst defect possible, since Mozart was naturally careless in money matters. They began housekeeping with next to nothing, and their resources were uncertain at the best." Mozart, however, was sincerely attached to his wife, and she, in return, lavished upon him every care and attention.

17. Catharine of Arragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, born in 1483. She was the first wife of Henry VIII.; from him she was divorced in 1533, her place being taken by the ill-starred Anne Boleyn.

18. Lady Eleanor Davies, died in 1625. She received a learned education, but her learning, acting on an eccentric imagination and a fanatical turn of mind, seems to have produced partial insanity. She pretended to prophetic inspiration, and make much of an anagram based on her name "Reveal, O Daniel." The laugh was turned against her, however, when some one discovered in Dame Eleanor Davies the still better anagram of "Never so mad a lady."

19. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, died in 1596. She was the daughter of James I. of England, and the mother of the princes Rupert and Maurice, and the princess Sophia, who in her turn was the mother of George I.

20. Kate Fanny Loder, musical composer and pianoforte player, born at Bath in 1826. In 1851 she married Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent surgeon, and in 1854, at the Philharmonic concert, she made her last public appearance.

21. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, died in 1762. Her residence in the East for two years, during which time her husband was ambassador at Constantinople, produced her celebrated "Letters," pieces abounding both in liveliness and observation, and altogether reckoned deservedly among the very best things of their kind.

22. Ethelfleda, known in history as the celebrated "Lady of Mercia," died in 922. She was the eldest daughter of Alfred the Great, and was married to Ethelred, Earl of Mercia. On the death of her consort she conducted the government of Mercia with regal power, displaying an energy and wisdom becoming the daughter of Alfred.

23. Jane, Queen of France, born in 1337. She married Charles V. in 1350, neither she nor her husband having completed their thirteenth year. She is spoken of by historians as one of the most accomplished and virtuous princesses of her time.

24. Letitia Buonaparte, the mother of Napoleon, born in 1750, at Ajaccio, Corsica. Napoleon ever acknowledged with the warmest regard the obligations laid on him at the threshold of life by her sagacity and wisdom. He always avowed his belief that he owed his subsequent elevation principally to her early lessons, and, indeed, laid it down as a maxim that "the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on the mother."

25. Sophia Restaud de Cottin, French novelist, died in 1807. To English readers her best known work is "Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia," translations of which have been widely circulated.

26. Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, died in 1800. She founded the "Blue Stocking Club," about 1760, and showed the kindness of her disposition by long entertaining the chimney-sweeps of London on May-day.

27. Anne Killigrew, poetess, born in 1660. "She was in beauty a grace; a muse in wit." Dryden, who is lavish in her commendation, thus compliments her, in an ode prefixed to her poems:—

"Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want supply,
So rich in treasure of her own
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem borrowed where 'twas only born."

28. Mrs. Masham, born in 1682. Her maiden name was Abigail Hill. She was full cousin to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, by whom she was introduced to the service of Queen Anne. In the end she supplanted her patroness in the favour of her Majesty, and from the notoriety of Mrs. Masham's rise in the position of a waiting-woman seems to have come the practice of Swift, Fielding, and other wits in using Abigail as a term for a lady's-maid.

29. Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, authoress, died in 1856. Her best known work is the "Select Memoirs of Port Royal," which is full of striking incidents and beauties.

30. Mary, Queen of Hungary, born in 1503. After the death of her husband at the battle of Mohatz, she was made governor of the Low Countries, in which station she displayed great courage, prudence, and capacity. She conducted several wars with glory and success, frequently mingling personally on horseback among the troops.

31. Lady Dorothy Pakington, authoress, died in 1679. She was the daughter of Lord Coventry and the wife of Sir John Pakington, and was a lady distinguished for virtue and piety.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

THE suggestion in the May number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, that women and girls throughout the country should help forward the Home by giving readings concerts, or some kind of entertainment in their drawing-rooms and work-rooms, set me thinking, as I doubt not it did others who take an interest in the weary, over-worked girl bread-winners.

The suggestion seemed to open out a way for us all to help according to our means and our talents, and there is no doubt that if it were carried out generally, we should soon realise the thousand pounds necessary for the commencement of the Home.

By no means a secondary benefit involved in the carrying out of this suggestion, is that we get interested in that for which we work, and make others take an interest in it also. We cannot be at great pains, we cannot be self-sacrificing without learning to love that for which the sacrifice is made, and the trouble taken.

In following out the suggestion, we shall create a hundred centres of interest and activity, and make thousands of girls happy by setting them to work for those who sorely need their loving help.

There is, I believe, deep down in the hearts of most of us a passionate desire to do some good in the world; and we are all thankful when a way of doing it is pointed out to us. Those who live in the country towns and villages would make these little entertainments sources of pleasure to the inhabitants, as well as of profit to the Convalescent Home.

It is more difficult, perhaps, in the metropolis or in large towns to carry out the suggestion, as amusement of every kind is within the reach of all, and private efforts are therefore less appreciated. But let no one be discouraged by this. The pleasure of getting up or preparing for the entertainment is by no means to be overlooked, and it is wonderful how every kind of talent possessed by our friends can be utilised, whether they be of hand, heart, intellect, or genius.

Some such thoughts as these crossed my mind as I read the suggestion in the May number, and I began to muster my forces, in order to see what could be done to carry it out.

The result was that I wrote to about thirty girl and women friends to meet me and talk over the matter. We determined to get up the cantata of *Cinderella*, by Myles B. Foster. This should be the first part of the entertainment, and for the second we selected some pretty popular advertisements, and made up our minds to personate them. These would be a departure from the ordinary entertainments, and would, we thought, attract by their novelty.

Then we selected our best voices for Cinderella, the Prince, the Fairy Godmother, and Herald, and from the remainder who had good voices we told off the Fairies and Gossips. We then selected from the whole company a certain number to take part in the tableaux of advertisements.

For the first practice of *Cinderella* we asked Mr. Myles B. Foster if he would come and put us in the way of working at it correctly. He not only did this, but has been present at all our rehearsals, so that we owe him a great deal.

We made a few laws at our first meeting, viz., that the whole entertainment must be got up by girls and women alone.

That the dresses, as far as possible, should be designed, cut out, and made by ourselves.

That working-bees should be held once or twice a week, until the work was completed.

Fortunately, one of our number was a clever artist, and she made designs for the dresses of the Prince, Herald, Godmother, and Trumpeter, which we faithfully carried out.

Of course there was a great deal of ermine upon the cloaks, which, for lack of the real article, was made of swansdown-calico, and black Berlin wool. This was undertaken by the mother of one of our girls at the working bees, and so well was it done that it was almost difficult to distinguish it from the real.

The cloaks of the Gossips were cut out and arranged by one of our girls, while another chose the colours, which were pretty and soft; the material being of cheap sateen.

We were all delighted when one of our number, in whose taste and skill we had perfect confidence, undertook to superintend the advertisement tableaux, which were chiefly of white statuary.

The many rehearsals of *Cinderella* and the tableaux, together with the working bees, have been sources of great pleasure to us all; but as the time drew near for the actual representations, there was a good deal of

excitement and some little nervousness, for each one felt a sense of responsibility, and recognised that nothing but her very best would do for those who were kind enough to pay money to come and see her do her part.

It has been very amusing to watch the peculiarities of character which have cropped up in individuals at our various meetings; how quite unconsciously they have come to the surface, showing distinctly the motherliness, the unselfishness, the helpfulness, the orderliness or its opposite; the wit, the humour, the sensitiveness which, as a rule, are hidden away from the observer; and, even in a small company like ours, the influence of a strong will upon the weaker ones was distinctly seen. A conclusion forced upon me from what I have seen is that girls exercise a good deal more self-control now than formerly, and but for this something disastrous might have happened to our little band.

It had been growing dark, and one of the lamps was placed on the top of the piano, around which the girls were standing, when owing to the vibration or some other cause, the lamp was shaken to the edge, and down it came with a crash, passing close to Mr. Foster and in the midst of the circle of girls.

There was no screaming or rushing about; all were obedient to my wish that they should stand back a little and not be frightened. Mr. Foster and I got the lamp up and extinguished the light, and but for an unpleasant smell, there was nothing left to remind us of what might have happened but for God's good care of us.

Now to come to the actual performance. We used screens covered on one side with white and the other red. The white sides represented the walls of Cinderella's kitchen, a few new bright tin articles were put on the mantelpiece, and a common chair and table, with a broom in the corner, were all we could do.

We charged two shillings admission to our public rehearsal, and every seat was taken. For our performance the price was half-a-guinea per seat.

In order to keep the room cool we took a foot-bath, tied it round and round with fine string, into which we stuck flowers and leaves, till it looked like a huge mass of flowers, and inside we placed a large pyramid of ice, over which we threw some permanganate of potash. The effect was very good.

The music of the cantata is most graceful. It must, I think, be very good, or we never could have endured the repetition of it, morning, noon, and night, and like it better at the end of our rehearsals than at the beginning. The audiences on the first and second night were extremely pleased with the quiet graceful manner in which all who were engaged in it did their parts.

After an interval of ten minutes we produced our advertisements, turning the red side of the screens round for background.

1. The Donegal Industry. Industry busy with her distaff; and Ireland with an Irish harp in her hand.

The figures looked as though chiselled out of marble.

2. Pears' Soap, "The Dirty Boy," was very well done, and called forth a good deal of laughter.

3. Mason's Beef, or the nursing sister holding a little pot of it in her hand, was very good.

4. As Pink's Pickles took rather long to prepare, a lady gave us an old English ballad, "Sigh no more, ladies." When the curtain drew up it was to show a pretty picture of a girl holding a basket full of vegetables, and a girl kneeling at her feet offering flowers. We called it "Fruit and Flowers."

Next came "Topsy" as a representation of James' Dome Black Lead.

And lastly, "The United Kingdom Tea Company, England, Ireland, and Scotland." A charming group.

And to finish the evening everyone present joined in "God Save the Queen." The whole entertainment took a little less than two hours.

We have settled our account, and, after paying all expenses, we have £26 14s. 7½d. to offer for the Girls' Own Convalescent Home.

E. BREWER.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Amount previously acknowledged in No. 444 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £159.

Florence F. Gent (collected), 15s. 6d., Jessie J. Deacon (collected), 5s., F. Caroline Cox (collected), 5s., K. Trew (collected), 16s., J. F. D. M. (1s. per annum), 1s., A Friend, 1s. 6d., Olive Campbell (collected), 2s. 1d., Elizabeth Jameson, 1s., E. M. Grime, 2s. 6d., S. A. L., 6d., Margaret, 1s., Annie, 1s., Frances Ede Waller (collected), 5s., Oak Leaf, 2s. 6d., Emily Ashby (collected), £1 10s., Tryphena Dawson (collected), 14s. 6d., Dora E. Meek (collected), 6s. 6d., An Anxious Wife, 3d., Ruth Hicks, 12s. 6d., White Lilac (1s. per annum), 1s., A Salopian, 1s. 6d., Nance and Dider, 2s., Alice Irwin, 1s., A Farmer's Girl, 2s., A. M. B. (collected), 2s., Florence A. Grice (collected), 17s. 6d., S. E. Thorp, 2s., E. A. B., 1s. 6d., "Artful Designer," 2s. 6d., A Lover of the G.O.P., 5s., R. E. W., 3d., Winifred Broome, 1s., Ada H. Ward (collected), 15s., Mary H. Francis (collected), 19s., Miss Bull (collected), 3s. 4d., Alice Farnhill (2s. 6d. per annum), 10s. 6d., E. H. and H. H., 2s., M. E. C., 1s., Miss Armitage (collected), 5s., Lily E. Hall, 2s. 6d., E. T. Lynd, 1s., Trio, 3s., A Yorkshire Lassie, 4s., A Lover of the Sea, 2s. 6d., Emily C. Boyle (collected), 17s., Profits from Mrs. Brewer's Entertainment, £26 14s. 7½d.

Total amount received up to June 19th, £198 3s. 0½d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

STUDENT.—We are unable to say "who invented University degrees." They cannot be traced to any individual founder. Of course, any student who had passed through the schools at Alexandria, and the "Kuklos," or cycle of studies, must have received some certificate to give future proof of his or her proficiency and scholastic standing. How such matters were arranged in the Middle Ages is a question which seems involved in obscurity. Bologna appears to claim the first institution of academical degrees (according to Bulaus), and Oxford first awarded the degree of M.A. (A.D. 680) to St. John of Beverley, according to Wood. He also says that in the reign of Richard I. and John this degree had become common. That of "Doctor" is said to have been introduced into the Universities by the celebrated jurist, Irnerius, at Bologna, when Bulgarus was so distinguished (1130). Although Spelman thinks that no title nor degree was introduced in our Universities till about 1207, many ancient English writers affirm that the first "doctor" at Cambridge was the Venerable Bede, and the first at Oxford was John of Beverley.

A NURSE.—You are too young to be eligible for training as a hospital nurse. You should prepare a little at home, and begin by learning to spell better. If able to cook a little, why not go out as a kitchenmaid under a good cook, and so learn more?

RHODA.—We think you had better write to Miss Pryde, Governesses' Home, 23, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne (near l'Arc de Triomphe), Paris. If admitted you could perfect yourself in conversational French there, under a (*diplomée*) French governess. This would be the best step you could take in the first instance, and safer than entering any French school to learn French as an equivalent for giving lessons in English.

TALLICA and B. WOODROOFF.—We think you had better apply for such information at 32, Sackville Street, W., the office of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. They have a provident fund to which you could subscribe. They also give annuities and temporary help; and they have a home at 47, Harley Street, W., for governesses when out of situations. The secretary is Mr. C. W. Klugh. The annuities can be purchased upon Government security, and they have "elective annuities" for aged governesses, on invested capital. This institution is incorporated by Royal Charter, and is under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen.

L. W.—Apply to Mrs. Thorne, 30, Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, W.C., for all information respecting the London School of Medicine for Women.

WORK.

STOCKING KNITTER.—The directions for knitting the stocking on page 470 contain several mistakes which we suppose are misprints. The whole of the directions for the knitting competition were taken from those of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, as given in their books. The rule for a well-made stocking is that the foot should be one-third the length of the leg. Thus a 25 inch leg should have an 8 inch foot. The decreasing of the leg to the ankle should bring the stitches down to three-quarters of their original number; thus 90 stitches at the top to 68. These decreasings occupy 4 inches of the lower leg, then knit the ankle by working 68 plain rows. For the heel put 39 stitches on the centre needle, 15 on each side, and work the heel till it is as long as the ankle is wide, then pick up for the instep and have 82 stitches on the instep, work off till the 68 stitches on at the beginning of the ankle are arrived at, and work the foot with these. A man's stocking measures 13 inches round the top, 25 inches long in the leg, 8 inches long in the foot.

ELSIE'S MAMMA.—You letter is most gratifying in its assurances. You might knit or crochet a light woollen rug for the perambulator in strips of pale blue and white, to be sewn together afterwards. It would be less heavy to hold made thus, as summer work. We thank you for your good wishes, which we sincerely reciprocate, for you and yours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. W. LLOYD should call, if possible, after having been entertained.

DODDINGTON MARGUERITE.—If, as you say, your admirer be a gentleman, and can never marry you, as an honest man he should give up seeing and writing to you altogether. It can lead to no good; quite the contrary.

MADGE BEECHEY.—Try to bring Christ into your daily and hourly life, by doing all your daily work as if in His sight. Remember that God sees us always too, therefore be truthful, honest in word and deed, faithful to those who depend on you for service, and doing unto others as you would be done by. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Perhaps the reason of your "want of progress in the Christian life" is, that you have forgotten that it is practical, and that we must pray and work too.

M. A. N.—Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima, the seventieth, sixtieth, and fiftieth days before Easter; the third, second, and last Sundays before Lent.

STUDENT should be accompanied by another person in such a case. But why cannot she have lessons at home?

BLACK SEA.—1. The 29th Dec., 1868, was a Tuesday. 2. The "Good Parliament" was in the reign of Edward III., while the Black Prince was still living; so-called from the severity with which it pursued the unpopular party of the Duke of Lancaster.

PERUVIAN BALSAM.—"Balsam of Peru" is very well known, we believe. It is a thick, vivid, dark-red substance, of fragrant odour but acrid taste, obtained by making incisions into the trunk of *Myrospernum Peruifernum*, a tree growing in the State of Salvador, in Central America.

GAMLE NORGE.—"The Handy Guide to Norway" (Stanford) is the cheapest and best. The new "stations," etc., are given in the new edition just published. We hope to print the story of a typical Norwegian tour shortly.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 449.] AUGUST 4, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BENEMILDA:

OR,

THE PATH OF DUTY.

BY MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

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"SHE WAS FOND OF HAVING THEM WITH HER."

"What think you of this page, my lord?
I think the boy hath grace in him.
I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy."—*Shakespeare.*

ONCE upon a time there was a Vizier who retired in disgust. He thought his services were not sufficiently estimated by his sovereign; that his talents were not appreciated; that his exertions in behalf of the populace had not obtained him a due amount of honours, revenues, renown, or adulation. He resolved, therefore, to quit the busy world of the Court, for which he felt himself to be too great and too good, and to retire forthwith to the solitude of a certain country mansion he possessed on the shores of a lake among the mountains. Unattended, and all abruptly, he set forth from his town house one gloomy evening, leaving not a trace behind him of his intention or his whereabout.

The Vizier had an only daughter, named Benemilda, who was as wise as she was fair; and this is saying a great deal for her wisdom, inasmuch as she was universally admitted to be the most beautiful maiden in all the territory possessed by the monarch to whom her father was Grand Vizier. She was altogether so accomplished a creature in mind and person, that the king's son, Prince Amanzor, was secretly in love with her, and was only restrained from avowing his passion by a doubt that his father should disapprove of his espousing anyone under the rank of a princess; and also by a modest dread lest his own merit should be inadequate to win the esteem of so admirable a woman. It will be readily seen that Amanzor was no common prince; indeed, it was only his own diffidence that could have suggested a doubt of his success, for he was as surpassingly handsome as he was generous and noble-minded.

On the morning after her father's mysterious departure, Benemilda's grief at his unexplained absence was enhanced by the tidings that all was in confusion at the palace. The Grand Vizier's failure in his usual attendance at the council board was the signal for inquiry; and when it was ascertained that he was nowhere to be found, the consternation which was universally felt, from that which appeared on the royal countenance and was reflected in every courtier's face, down to that which might be traced among the very beggars who crowded the avenues to the palace, might have proved beyond a question that the value of the Vizier's presence was held importantly enough to have satisfied even his growing ambition.

In a transport of anger and perplexity, the king broke up the council for that day, declaring that nothing could be done without the sage advice which had been so long the support of the crown; that he trusted the consciousness of his duty, which the Vizier owed his sovereign and the people's weal, would bring him back to his post; in which case a gracious welcome should await him; but that, if the last day of the month passed without his return, he should then only return at the peril of his head.

This royal sentence no sooner reached the ears of Benemilda than she cast about in her mind how best to avail herself of its clement forbearance, how best to avoid its contingent rigour. Could she contrive to inform her father of what had taken place, and induce him to retrace his steps during the interval allowed by the king, all might yet be well. She recalled the day of the month; it was only the fourth; she had therefore a full three weeks' time before her. But how was she to forward intelligence to her father? In what direction had he departed? Where was his retreat? She went to walk upon the broad terrace, which overlooked the banks of the river at the back of her father's town residence, that the open air, the face of Nature, might assist her to a clear perception of her difficulties and the means of vanquishing them. She called her two favourite attendants to her side, that she might have them with her during her self-communing. These were her great rough water-dog, Faithful Heart, and her sharp little terrier, Quick Wit. She was fond of having them with her, especially when she had any matter of importance under consideration; for though they were not gifted with speech, yet they possessed a mute but expressive language of their own, which to her was perfectly intelligible.

"I will not trust to any messenger. I will go myself," was her first thought.

"Who so fit as a daughter to carry comfort and counsel to a father's heart?" she said, as her hand rested upon the shaggy head of the large dog. "Besides, where a thing is to be speedily and trustily done, best not do it by deputy," she added, looking into the bright eyes of the smaller one. "He will doubtless by this time want his child's society, and be glad to have me with him," and her eye glanced towards Faithful Heart, who bespoke her attention by placing his shaggy muzzle on her knee. "But let me think where it is most likely he is gone to," she thought the next instant, as she noticed the brisk wagging of Quick Wit's tail.

She next bethought her of having heard her father speak, in moments of disappointment and mortification, of a solitary house on the shores of a lake called Lake Lonely, to which he had dropped hints of wishing to retire, whenever he should have done with the world and its ingratitude. She wondered in what quarter this lake lay.

"It lies among the mountains, I know," mused she. "I will set forward towards them at any rate." The great rough dog shook himself, and she roused herself from her reverie, and walked a few hasty steps, as if about to begin her journey immediately; but the terrier dog happening at that instant to make a snap at a gilded fly, she paused and said, "I'll furnish myself with a purse of gold, and some jewels, and plenty of silver coin, before I set out; for money and bribes will often make time and distance short, and even help to avert danger, or to rescue from peril. I may as well take some store of meat and drink with me, too; for provisions not seldom fail on a journey through unknown districts, so that worse evils than their wants ensue, such as failure of strength and energy, weakness of body and mind, delay, incapacity, defeat. I will also provide myself with plainer raiment than these rich robes, in which a father's love has clad me, that so I may escape notice, and be the less impeded in my progress."

Her course once resolved upon, she lost no time in equipping herself, and then set out upon her pious errand. She sped along the public streets, holding her head down, though muffled in a coarse veil, lest she might be known; but none recognised the beautiful Benemilda, the Grand Vizier's daughter, beneath that humble garb, with no attendant save her two dogs. Her way led her not far from the palace; perhaps unconsciously her feet had inclined thither, and as she passed its royal walls she gave one involuntary glance towards that wing which she knew contained the suite of apartments occupied by Prince Amanzor, but she would not allow herself to dwell upon thought which should detain her from the task of filial duty upon which she was bent. Withdrawing her eyes resolutely, therefore, she was hurrying on, when a little ragged boy touched her skirt, and, in a plaintive tone, besought charity.

At that voice, so piteously pleading, her hand instinctively dropped a piece of money into the child's outstretched palm; but as she glanced into its countenance, instead of the woe-begone, pale, thin one she expected to behold, as fittingly in keeping with the mournful cadence in which she had been addressed, she saw one of the most roguish, plump, bright-eyed, cherry-cheeked faces that ever met her view. Smiles dimpled in his cheeks, smiles played around his lips, smiles danced in his eyes as he looked up into Benemilda's, with a glance full of sly assurance, at the same time holding up one of his baby fingers with a half-stealthy, half-confident motion towards the windows she had just before been gazing at. Her eye, for one second, involuntarily followed the direction of the pointing finger—the next, it returned to look upon that impudently arch face; but it was gone, the ragged urchin had vanished.

Her dogs were both whining impatiently, and pulling at her skirts, so with one more glance towards the windows, and one fervently breathed prayer of blessing and farewell, she turned and pursued her way in earnest.

Soon she left the gates of the city, and passed along the open road. A sense of freedom and of joy took possession of her, and the consciousness of rectitude sat gaily at her heart. She inhaled the sweet scents and fresh air of the country, and thought she had never so truly, so purely enjoyed them. She felt hopefully with regard to her journey; and scarcely a misgiving beset her but that she should discover her father and persuade him to return.

"I feel that I am on the right track," said she, as the two dogs gambolled at her side, or bounded on before her. "I shall find my way, and reach Lake Lonely in time to save him from disgrace and death. Let me think of that glorious rescue, that I may indulge no selfish reflection upon what might have been my own happiness, could I have remained where I was. For I feel convinced that a very few days, nay, perhaps a few hours, would have brought from Amanzor's lips the words I have thirsted to hear, ever since I read the avowal of his tenderness in each look, each accent. Then I might have quitted him, assured of his love, and happy in the exchange of vows; whereas now—but my father's honour, my father's life, demand the sacrifice, and shall I hesitate?"

During these reflections Benemilda had not noticed that there was a little barefooted step pattering after her, a panting breath, a murmured voice; but as she checked the sigh to which her thoughts of Amanzor had given rise, with a firm conclusion of devoting herself at all hazards to her father, she felt a little hand pluck her by the sleeve, and she turned to behold the same child who had before

accosted her. There he was, his chubby limbs covered with rags, his rosy face dimpled with smiles, his voice full of beseeching plaint.

"Won't you hear me, lady?" he said, in tones like the murmuring of stock-doves; "won't you pity a poor boy?"

Quick Wit, the terrier, barked a short, significant bark, which had much of human intelligence in its sound, and was not far from being a contemptuous laugh.

Benemilda stopped short, and looked the urchin full in the face.

He looked in hers, nowise abashed, but with as arch, as roguishly confident a smile as ever parted a pair of red lips or displayed a row of pearly teeth.

Benemilda could not resist the infection of that smile, and smiled in return, as she said—

"Pity you! you look vastly in need of pity, truly, with that blithe face of yours! I'm afraid you're as very a hypocrite as ever breathed!"

"Do you think so, lady?" whined the little fellow, yet with the same sly smile and an added twinkle of his merry eyes. "Oh, dear! I'm the meekest, humblest of created beings—suing is my vocation."

"And what is your suit to me, child?" said Benemilda.

"I could wish to be your page, dear lady, your constant attendant, your trusty emissary, your confidential servant, your faithful squire, your——"

"You are somewhat young, methinks, for such doughty service, boy," interrupted Benemilda, glancing at the childish limbs and curly head, that seemed scarce to have seen many summers.

"I'm stronger than I look," said the urchin, with one of his archest smiles and a confident nod.

"Are you indeed?" said Benemilda, unable to forbear laughing at his manner. "But do you know I'm not accustomed to engage in my service those I do not know, or to trust those who have given me an impression of falseness; and I confess your woe-begone voice, belied by your tell-tale eyes and lips, have given me anything but a conviction of your sincerity."

"You judge me harshly, lady," said the plaintive voice; "I'm a worthy little fellow, I assure you, if you would but try me, and allow me to be near you, and accept my service." Here his eye gave such a beam of cunning intelligence, that it was as if he had had a double meaning in his last words; but he added: "My ambition is to be your adherent, your retainer, lady; do let me be one of your train. To share your caresses, even with your dogs, would be a high privilege to me. Let me be your page."

"You are bold, sirrah," said the lady Benemilda, drawing herself up. "I do not give my caresses to strangers; my dogs are of tried affection, of proved worth, of known constancy."

"I would be no less constant, lady, I promise you," pleaded the boy.

"You must prove your worth before I give your constancy a trial," said Benemilda, who was less and less favourably impressed by this saucy perseverance on the part of the little vagabond.

"If you will not have me for a page, lady," said he, "you can't help having me for a follower. Good-bye, for the present; but you shall see me again, before you reach your journey's end, depend on't."

So saying, the little urchin sprang upon the bough of a myrtle bush close at hand; and as the pliant spray waved to and fro beneath his bird's weight, he seemed almost flying; while he sang a jocund strain that rang clear and melodious through the neighbouring woods, as if a nightingale were carolling in the evening air.

Benemilda passed on with her two faithful four-footed companions. The western glow faded in the sky, the sun set, the moon arose, the stars peeped forth.

"It is as light as day," thought the Vizier's daughter; "I can as well pursue my journey by such glorious moonshine as this, and even better than I could in the blaze of noon. I will but rest awhile, and then on."

Benemilda seated herself beneath an umbrageous tree, leaning her back against its stem, with her two dogs at her feet. She had not sat thus many minutes, when a little pompous cough, that sounded just overhead, caught her attention; and, looking up, she perceived, perched on one of the low branches,

"'WHEN I REFLECT UPON THE MARVELLOUS IGNORANCE OF YOUNG PEOPLE,' CONTINUED THE OWL."

an owl, who was holding a small volume in one claw, and reading with an air of profound attention, with spectacles on.

Benemilda was too well-bred to interrupt the bird's studies, and so contented herself with watching it in silence; but presently the owl said in a tone of importance, yet as if rebuke would fain temper itself by urbanity—

"It has frequently been remarked that beauty, uninformed by mind, is a deplorable perversion of what might be fairest in creation; and I own it fills me with amazement that a young creature, whose personal attractions are by no means slight, should be so wanting in judgment as to be travelling without the companionship of a book. For my part, I make it a point never to perform a journey unprovided with the means of invigoration for the mind, when I indulge in repose for the body, which, alas! will claim its due season of refreshment."

"Is not the mind also benefited by intervals of rest, madam?" inquired Benemilda, modestly. "Besides, I am inclined, when I travel, to read and enjoy the face of nature, as the best of studies, then."

"*Adolescentula inepta!*" exclaimed the owl, with a stern expression visible for an instant, ere the nictitating membrane shot athwart its glaring eyes. "Alas! what crude absurdities will not the folly of youth permit itself to utter! When I reflect upon the marvellous ignorance of young people," continued the owl, bending back the volume and laying its open face upon the branch, that she might resume at the page where she left off, and, raising her claw to her spectacles, pushed them back upon her forehead, the more leisurely to ruminate, "when I contemplate, I say, the pitiable blindness that seals the eyes of the juvenile, I feel as if I longed to undertake, as a sacred mission, the couching of the whole race, and yet, what would be my recompense? Insult, scorn, mockery!"

"What would be your advice to me, madam?" said Benemilda. "I assure you, I am very happy to learn."

The owl, at these words, looked downwards with so sudden a complacency, that the glasses slipped off the top of her head and struck upon her nose, or rather her beak; which being smooth, curved, and polished, as well as not very long, some nicety was required to adjust the spectacles athwart its bridge. Finding that this could not be done while she was looking down towards the Vizier's daughter, the owl took them off, and swung them airily in one claw, while she proceeded to reply: "You express yourself discreetly, child, when you thus defer to superior wisdom; and therefore I appeal to your own good sense, whether you would not be more profitably employed at home, pursuing your studies, and losing no hour of the too-fleeting period of youth for storing knowledge, than in thus idling about the country, on an uncertain errand, and with but a vague hope of success to guide you."

"Do you know my errand?" said Benemilda.

"There are few things hidden from me, I believe, child. Either my research or my penetration enables me to discover most secrets, whether of Art or of Nature," said the owl, with a motion of the spectacles, as if she were fanning herself.

"Indeed!" said Benemilda, who felt her eyelids irresistibly disposed to droop.

"Yes; permit me to give you a short abstract of my principles in the one, and of my discoveries in the other," said the owl.

Benemilda found herself nodding, partly in acquiescence, partly from some other cause.

"I should premise that I hold strong opinions on the subject of æsthetic formulæ," said the owl.

"Do you really?" said Benemilda, with a polite effort to assume a tone of interest, while she sat up, pulled her fingers, rubbed her eyes, tried to fix them upon the branch where the owl sat, and used every means to keep herself awake; but all was of no avail, she sank gently back against the stem of the sheltering tree, her head drooped, her eyes closed, while the last thing of which she was conscious was the owl's prosy, droning voice, going on something about "the ancients, their esoteric and exoteric doctrines—the initiate—the vulgar—systems—promulgation—mysterious," which faded off into a feeble attempt on her own part to utter the words, "Doubtless, madam."

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH GIRLS.

By the Author of "The Bachelors in Central Italy," etc.

IN our first article we spoke of those girls whose duty it is to help their fathers or mothers to maintain the household either by *earning* money, or by doing household work, and thus *saving* money which would otherwise be spent on servants.

In this article we are going to discuss girls, the daughters of parents who are not poor, or to put it in another way, those girls who are able to get the practical work of money-making done for them, and are therefore at liberty either to continue their education, after they have left school, in directions which may not necessarily bring them money, or to become managers and overseers of labour, the hardest and most menial portions of which are performed by servants.

It is the duty of the rich to give employment to the poor, and if the political economy of the state were perfect, if the rich by their surplus money could give employment to all the labouring classes, even though the employment meant waiting upon them and providing them luxuries, then perhaps giving in charity would be superfluous. But a state where this was the case would be an Utopia, an ideal commonwealth which has never existed, certainly does not at present exist, and probably never will exist. The poor we always have with us, and their wants must often be supplied by the direct giving of charity; and therefore a rich girl must spend a portion of her money on her necessities, a second portion on the labour for her luxuries, and a third portion on the indigent poor, if she is to perform her duty to her church and country.

We now come back to our subject, and for the sake of clearness we take three representatives of English girl-life, two of whom are anxious to perform the duties of their state, while the third abandons all responsibility and lives a selfish life of pleasure. The three girls have approached that borderland of their existence (to use a happy metaphor of a writer in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER) when the period of immediate supervision is over, when the character exerts itself, and enables the free will to choose a path in life.

Our first girl has been fairly successful at school, has liked her studies, has paid attention to her pianoforte practice, and read good literature; arrived at the borderland of her existence, she finds herself a well-educated young girl, fairly fond of art and music. She will probably be introduced by her mother to suitable friends, and her rule of life will be something as follows. An hour or two's musical practice, and some little time given to the study of a foreign language or another accomplishment, will occupy her mornings. The afternoon she will spend in reading either instructive literature or good fiction, and two or three times during the week she will call upon her friends, and about once a fortnight will go to a concert or visit a picture gallery. She will probably be engaged in some philanthropic work, and will make and mend clothes for poor children, and occasionally visit an orphanage or poor school. Some of her evenings will be spent in society, but the greater number at home.

There is much to praise in this style of life; perhaps the best feature is the philanthropic work, which is a good sign of the times, a large amount of such work being done by young English girls. Such a girl as we are now considering would probably be a good sister and a good daughter, and would make a good wife, that is to say, so long as there is no necessity for thrift. But if her parents' income gets reduced, or should she marry a poor husband, then will come the "rub." We must remind our girls that the foreign competition in trade, the depression in agriculture, the alarming increase of population, and the difficulty in getting remunerative employment, are solemn facts which cannot be ignored. A reduction of income must needs be met by a reduction in expenditure, and it is often said—too often truly—that it is the daughters and the wives who will not face the difficulty, take into consideration an altered state of things, and curtail expenses.

We English are not a thrifty race, and our phenomenal wealth and success have fostered our spirit of extravagance. How many English people save? But to return to our subject; our representative girl, by her education and her rule of life, has been led to shut out all idea of economy; her accomplishments, her little extravagances, above all, her social life, are to her almost necessities. Now a result of this is that many thoughtful men remain bachelors rather than marry girls with such "expensive" ideas; while the unthoughtful ones soon find that saving is out of the question, living up to the utmost farthing of their income the order of the day, and debt and bankruptcy not improbable in the future.

We therefore impress upon all girls the necessity of becoming business-like, of obtaining some idea of the "working of a household," of realising that they may not always be so well off as they are at present, and may some day be called upon to superintend the domestic work and eke out their husband's income. It is not necessary that the daughters of fairly well-off parents should scrub the pots and pans and make the beds, though such work, as we pointed out in our first article, ought to be done by many ladies. What we want to impress upon our readers is the folly of living fully up to the present income, under the idea that times may get better, but cannot possibly get worse. So many girls of the present day commence where their mothers leave off, and when they marry they expect their husbands to provide them with at least as expensive a household as they were accustomed to at home. This of course is wrong; they ought not to expect such a household until they are their mother's age. As can well be imagined, young men complain bitterly of such extravagant ideas, and this "levelling up" process of expenditure, which is the ambition of our girls, together with the increasing difficulty of getting a livelihood, make it incumbent on men to wait until they are getting towards middle age before they enter the marriage state.

We now go to our second type of English girl, who, after an industrious childhood, arrives at the borderland and chooses intellectual work. Her parents are fairly well off, and consequently it is not incumbent on her to be a bread-winner; her work may bring her money—if it does all the better, and she will appreciate it as a test that her work is good; but it is the work and not the money for which she strives. Of course, work, especially work which is paid for, is a common ground upon which all classes of society meet—talent, not birth or wealth, determining the position; but a girl who is well off has the advantage of being able to study the higher branches of the subject in which she is interested. A poor girl cannot always do this; for instance, suppose she has a talent for musical composition, but has to keep herself and give pianoforte lessons at a comparatively early age, and at the same time make her fingers nimble by frequent practice, she may not have the opportunity, the time, or even sufficient education to employ her gift of originating music. This is sad, but it cannot be helped. Genius surmounts all difficulties; but geniuses are rare, and it is most often the case that the best work has been done by those who have had the most thorough and complete education.

Our clever girl may be thankful that she lives in this age, for as we have said before, she can have University training; she can enter the art schools, and can employ her talents in almost any branch of work without being considered unfeminine, a blue stocking, or a prude. English girls have, in a large measure, themselves to thank for this altered state of things, and have availed themselves nobly of their opportunities. They do well in art, fairly well in sculpture, gloriously well in literature; they take honours at the University, and produce good musical compositions.

Partly perhaps because they have done so well, and also because being human the more they want the more they desire, many wish to cast down all barriers, to place themselves on an equality with man, and to compete with him in every branch of work. This feeling shows itself in the great desire many women have to enter the political arena, to vote side by side with men, and like them to represent the country in Parliament. How the problem of "woman's rights" will work out is difficult to say, and we have no space to discuss the question, though perhaps in a future article we may put before our readers some thoughts on so important a subject.

Our second girl, in addition to the great satisfaction she gets from her work, will certainly be most popular if she avoids that "aggressive" manner which is so common a fault of clever girls. What we mean by an aggressive manner is that habit of showing off, of trying to bear others down in conversation, of being too much *en évidence*. This is most unladylike; when conversing, ladies—especially if they be young unmarried girls—should not be too ready to take the initiative, and should be content to be listeners as well as talkers. We have also noticed with regret that art and musical students occasionally adopt a Bohemian style of conversation, which in girls is most objectionable. They are fond of using slang technical expressions, of affecting that kind of roughness which, if he be clever in his work, we overlook in the man artist; but which we cannot tolerate in a woman, who must always be careful of her dignity and maidenly reserve.

We now pass on to our third type of English girl, who has been indolent and troublesome at school, and who, on arriving at the borderland of her existence, is altogether different from the girl of work, and unlike our first girl, cares little for her accomplishments (except as a means for gaining admiration), and less for her home life. Art is dead for her, and she has none of that seriousness and steadiness which make us like our first example, notwithstanding her want of thrift. No, our third girl goes to swell the ranks of that vast army whose principal object in life is frivolous amusement. With some girls this frivolity is the beginning and the end, the almost sole object in life (our readers must notice we say with some girls, for however frivolous older women may be, they cease after awhile to consider everything but frivolity as unworthy of their attention); but others, while thinking and caring far too much for trifling, have thoughts for better things, and either when they realise the terrible suffering and misery in the world, or have a household to manage, abandon frivolity altogether, and look back with regret to the time they have wasted.

Our readers must understand what we mean by frivolity. Frivolity means trifling, lightness, the reverse of seriousness. Every girl, when she arrives at a certain age, will see that the world is divided into two classes—those who are and those who are not serious; those who consider life a responsibility, and those who look upon it as a plaything. The spirit of frivolity arises in some instances from evil passions, in others from mere idleness, which induces us to live, so to speak, on the surface of things. It is the spirit and the thought, often as much as the action, which constitute frivolity. A girl may play lawn tennis and other amusements, and not be frivolous; but she becomes so when she relaxes all serious thought, and courts pleasure for its own sake.

But we will return to our third representative girl. Being a trifler, and not caring for serious thought or art, she begins to think little of her own mind and the minds of others, and values to a far greater extent personal appearance. As a consequence, a longing for admiration, an inordinate self-consciousness soon follow, and she is already, though she may not know it, giving way to vanity and selfishness. To be alone with her family becomes distasteful to her, and going out to parties a passionate craving.

This girl having become thoroughly frivolous in spirit, chooses between two courses of conduct. She either flouts her frivolity before others, or, what is more frequent with English girls, attempts to hide it, at all events before acquaintances. If she chooses the former course—and there are numbers who do—she will deliberately appear to be more stupid than she really is, and will abandon her accomplishments, if she has ever had any; but will endeavour to make herself an adept in the games of social life—dancing, tennis, and the like. Such a girl in conversation, more especially with men, will talk nothing but nonsense, and will ridicule others unlike herself. She will sneer at art and artists, and above all will she sneer at religion—and this to utter strangers.

Now look what frivolity has done for this girl! She is not vicious, but to such an extent has this hateful spirit of frivolity warped her better nature, that she is willing to abandon all which she in her heart of hearts knows to be grandest and best, in order to be considered attractive and "smart."

If this frivolous girl adopts the second course, and attempts to hide her trivial mind from her friends, she will keep a feeble hold on art and literature—will work at her pianoforte playing, will visit picture galleries and attend concerts; but her object in all this is simply to gain admiration, and be considered intellectual, or to avoid being thought "bad form."

We have noticed that curious failing of English women and girls, of trying to appear to belong to a higher society than they really do; and so much falseness, extravagance. egotism, and vulgarity arise from this stupid ambition. No one can help remarking the difference in manners between the girls of the aristocracy and those of the richer middle class. There is a refinement and easy dignity about the former, which partly arises from the fact that they do not assert themselves—perhaps because it is unnecessary; their position being assured requires no advertisement; and thus their manner in society does not so greatly differ from their manner at home as it does with the richer middle class girls. The latter are generally more rough in their behaviour at home, but in society they are more stilted.

England is even now an aristocratic country, and a kind of glamour surrounds our nobility and our "blue-blooded" families. The highest class in rank has hitherto, as a rule, been the wealthiest, but their wealth depends upon the value of land, and land in England (except in the large towns) having deteriorated in value, they are no longer so wealthy as they were, and perhaps as a consequence they accept the advances of the wealthy middle class. This, and the progress of democratic ideas, is bringing about a fusion of class, and a bridge is being thrown over the barrier which separated the owners of the soil from those who have been successful in the active pursuits of life. "Society," which in its narrowed sense means the class who set the fashion and lay the standard of taste, is thus less exclusive than it was.

When considering girls of the upper class, it is necessary to speak of this society which imposes upon the individual the taste and judgment in other matters which it has decreed shall be the fashion for the time. Now the worst of society is that it crushes the critical faculty of the individual girl, and by forcing upon her a standard of taste prevents her from forming judgment for herself. In fact, society is in some respects like the "vulgar herd," fickle to its favourites, perpetually changing its ideas, and ever striving for some new excitement. There never was a time when society talked so much about art, music, and literature as at present, nor was there ever a time when it was more frivolous and inane. In fact, if it were not for the love of sport and of muscular exercise, which distinguish English girls, their health would utterly break down under the giddy excitement and "toil" of the London season.

We have now come to the end of our space, and will finish our remarks on English girls by giving them credit for a large share in building up this great country—in some respects the most cultured and civilised state in the world. It is the men of England who have planted our flag in all parts of the globe, and raised England to the foremost place amongst the nations of the earth; but it is largely owing to the women of England that the great power and wealth of this country have been so great a gain to civilisation and virtue.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL IN GOOD TIME.

DURING those three weary weeks nothing had been seen of Hubert Underwood at Upland Farm. He had gone back to business unconscious of any trouble there.

A brief note from Miss Pringle was his first informant. It expressed her desire that he should remain at Llama Lodge until she was released from attendance on Mrs. Heathfield, and at home again to make him perfectly comfortable when he came.

He wrote Bob a few lines of unaffected sympathy, but he fell in with Miss Pringle's wishes more readily than might have been expected considering the spirit in which he had previously offered his tribute to Mabel. Still he had left it for her acceptance with much doubt and dissatisfaction. She had not treated him with ordinary courtesy over her tennis-party; and he regarded her absence from church on the Sunday morning as a token of personal avoidance. And when no acknowledgment of his offering came to him, even through the second-hand medium of Miss Pringle, his bewilderment and dissatisfaction were intensified.

He was in no wise sorry to have a sufficient reason for remaining out of reach of her heart-breaking caprices, where her neglect and his torment would be alike unseen. He made allowance for the confusion and distress consequent on a mother's illness, but, he argued, she might have, at least, sent a word of acknowledgment some way, to allay his mental pain,

Then his high spirit took fire at the affront, and he devoted himself with more than his usual energy to business, resolved to dismiss her from his thoughts, and remain in Great Woolton until he had mastered his own emotions.

A month, five weeks, went by; Miss Pringle and Lucy Hope alternately came and went between their own homes and the farm; there was no longer any apparent reason why he should not spend his Sundays in Shepperley, yet he came not.

Then a delicately tinted and perfumed billet was put into his hand by the postman at Crossley's gate, and his resolution melted as he read.

So prettily did Mabel apologise for delay in thanking him for his charming birthday-gift, on the ground that her mother's serious illness had absorbed all thought and attention and cast every other consideration into the shade, trusting so old and intimate a friend would pardon any seeming rudeness, that he

forgave her straightway and blamed himself as a jolter-head for not seeing that whilst her mother's life was in danger delicacy would restrain her pen, even if, in the consequent alarm and anxiety, his simple parcel did not lie wholly unheeded.

The following day was Saturday, dull, wet, and disagreeable. What cared he? That little note had wrapt him in waterproof, spread a cerulean sky overhead; the October skies might weep, but he had sunshine in his eyes and in his heart. He had been six weeks away from Shepperley already, he explained to Mrs. Crossley when the motherly old lady, in kindly regard for his health, would have kept him on her own hearth. Did he not go to business in all weathers? He should take no harm in the train, and Miss Pringle would expect him.

It was not to Miss Pringle he first presented himself.

He took no circuitous route to Shepperley, though he was long enough on the road. He quitted the stuffy omnibus at the top of Upland Lane, and shut up his dripping umbrella under the porch on the broad doorstep of the farm.

Ann opened the door and answered him. Mr. Robert was out on horseback somewhere on the farm. Mr. Heathfield was in his little office paying servants and labourers. Miss Phillis was upstairs with her mother. Miss Pringle he knew would be at home. There was no one but Mabel to receive him. He was not sorry for that.

He found her in the new sitting-room, charmingly dressed in a well-fitting velvet-trimmed afternoon dress of rich brown cashmere, which set off her fair transparent skin and wealth of yellowy-flaxen hair to perfection. On the table beside her stood her mother's work-basket and a pile of clean linen, to which she was supposed to be doing needful repairs.

He smiled with additional pleasure on seeing her domestic occupation. It was something he had not expected. She could not be the frivolous creature Aunt Pringle seemed to think.

He had not heard her say to Hepsy when the work was laid before her—

"I hate sewing on shirt buttons and darning stockings; surely Phillis might do them upstairs." And he had not seen the frown upon her brow when her thread snapped with an impatient jerk.

She had heard his step along the passage. Her hand was busy, her smile ready when he entered. There was a slight deepening of the faint rose-tint on her rounded cheek—the spell was complete.

She spoke of the book he had given her as "a perfect gem, a treasure," regretted her inability to read it except by snatches, owing to her mother's unfortunate condition, which had demanded the attention of the whole household, and she spoke of "Aunt Pringle's kind assistance" with a warmth certain to touch the grateful heart of Hubert.

There was no intentional hypocrisy in all this. She thoroughly believed herself to be a most devoted daughter, and considered she had done "the utmost in her power—all that could be expected from her," under the extreme circumstances.

Thus there was a sympathetic ring in her voice that conveyed the belief to Hubert, and was the very one thing wanting to complete his enthralment.

He, to whom Miss Pringle had stood *in loco parentis* so many years, who had lost father and mother so early, was moved to the depths of his soul by this girl's sensitive expression of filial devotion. If he never loved her before, he loved her then. His eyes were eloquent, a declaration trembled on his tongue.

Bob's heavy step in the passage, his hand on the latch of the door, a hearty, "Hullo, old chap, where have you been all these weeks?" put the warm words to flight, and though Hubert lingered long after Phillis had shown her watch-weary face at the tea-table, and Mr. Heathfield had smoked his after-tea pipe, no such opportunity came again.

What Mabel thought it is not easy to say. She was disappointed, for she fed on the incense of adulation. She felt as if it was her special province to fascinate all who came within her sphere, old or young, and in many unsuspected ways had striven to bring to her feet this handsome young Australian; this steady and sedulous business aspirant whom Bob and Phillis held in such high esteem. They had been antagonistic in those schooldays, when he constituted himself her sister's champion; it would be a proud moment when she could enlist him among her sworn devotees. Yet she was not altogether sorry for Bob's interruption. She was willing—nay, desirous—to bind Hubert Underwood captive at her chariot wheels, but she was not prepared to tie herself down to accept any one admirer for the present. She certainly liked him best of all her friends, but he was always so terribly in earnest; flirtation with him would be impossible, and he had as many religious scruples as Phillis or the curate. There was no knowing how they two would get on together. It would not do to let him slip, but she was not content to sell her freedom of choice yet awhile.

The skies were clear and the stars shining when Robert and he sauntered down the lane and into Shepperley, arm-in-arm; but although Hubert looked wistfully back at the graceful figure waving a white hand to him in the doorway, he never raised his head to the upper window, where a pale young face, worn with anxious night-watches and busy days, was pressed against a pane, and a pair of sad black eyes followed his tall figure down the star-lit lane, until the tall hedgerow overtopped his felt hat.

The young men talked of many things as they went; or rather, Bob talked, for he was as communicative as Hubert was reticent.

It was the shooting season, the football season. Bob was as ardent a sportsman as a footballer. He had much to say of games and goals, of game and guns. But he was also a farmer, and he had to tell his appreciative listener of a recent ploughing match, and of his father's heavy loss through the ravages of the fly among the fleeces of their sheep. This led by coincidence to the day of the tennis party, and the renewal of his mother's illness, aggravated, as he insisted, by his "Cousin Maud's musical fireworks." Thence by natural transition he ran on to a theme very near his heart—the goodness of Lucy Hope in coming to relieve Phillis and Aunt Pringle in their fatiguing care of the dear invalid, the sweetness of her disposition and her untiring patience, almost as great as that of Phillis.

Hubert, listening to his eulogiums of Lucy—and incidentally of Phillis—how one did this, or the other did that, noted somewhat jealously that nothing was said of Mabel's share in the good work.

"Where was Mabel all the time?" he asked at last, in the tone of one who thought she was unfairly ignored. "Her mother's sufferings have caused her as poignant anguish as others."

"Oh, aye!" assented Bob, "she shed tears like a thunder-cloud, nearly made herself ill with fretting, but I never heard much of her in the nursing line. It's not her *forte*. Now you should see Lucy!"—and so forth, Lucy first, Lucy last; when Hubert was longing to hear of Mabel, only Mabel.

He did hear of her from Miss Pringle, but only in contrast to her patient, unselfish sister. But as Miss Pringle was not given to disparage anyone unduly, least of all one of Barbara's children, she did not say all she thought, and what she did say, with a lover's fatuity, he set down to prejudice in the one case, prepossession for her godchild in the other. Not that he doubted the filial love and domestic qualifications of Phillis for one instant, but in the very loyalty of his nature he refused to believe that her irresistibly charming sister, whose lovely eyes were humid when she spoke of her mother's pain, could be deficient in aught that was loving and devoted—aught that beseemed a follower of Christ.

Yet they had certainly set him thinking, and a good deal of thinking may be done in a week, even by one immersed in business during the day, and the thinking gave a temporary check to his impetuosity. It might have been otherwise had he spent the Sunday evening at the farm; but he had been away so long Miss Pringle claimed him, and, "to give her dear boy pleasure," had invited the Rev. Ernest Hope, his mother, and sister, to spend the hours before and after evening service with them, at Pilgrim Place, when the best parlour and the best of everything was set in trim, and a bright fire burned in the polished grate to welcome those whom she delighted to honour.

True, Mabel was at church in the morning along with her father and Robert—not Phillis; she was reading the service for the day aloud to her sick mother; but so were the Shepertons at church, and the Rivers family, all in new autumnal drapery, and though he contrived to press her daintily gloved hand, as he shook it amid the throng outside the church gates, there were many others to greet himself and her, and though he walked across the meadows with them, so also did the Shepertons; and though the squire and

the farmer strode manfully on together in advance, Miss Sheperton, by the side of Mabel, kept her in close conversation, throwing him and Gilbert back on Bob.

They had no lack of a topic for conversation. The Rector, in announcing from the pulpit the necessity he was under to spend the winter in the more congenial climate of Mentone, and his intention to leave the Rev. Ernest Hope as his "Curate in charge," had furnished that, and it was not exhausted when Hubert, seeing no chance of a *tête-à-tête* with Mabel, shook hands again at the footbridge and reluctantly turned on his heel.

The week's leisure for thinking expanded into three, for John Crossley, having occasion to attend some special sale of foreign and colonial wools, carried off with him to London his promising pupil, Miss Pringle's *protégé*, ostensibly for the young man's instruction and recreation, though a desire for intelligent companionship might be privately superadded.

"Here's a fine opportunity you've lost, with your billiards and tennis-playing, you young scamp," was the irate salutation of pompous James Rivers to his son, when he carried the news into their private counting-house. "Here's John Crossley gone and taken that lad Underwood with him to London now. What will he be doing next? He may be for making him his heir. He's neither child nor chick of his own; his brother's children are well provided for, and, egad, if he does, the steady young fellow deserves it; whilst you——"

"Well but, governor——" began Arthur, composedly flicking the ash from a cigar.

"Don't 'well but' me," interrupted his father. "If you'd only played your cards as well as that chap's done, you might have been first and foremost there. If you had only shown a talent for business instead of making an ass of yourself at Cambridge, smoking and idling, boating and betting when you came home, Crossleys would have found an opening for you. And a berth with them spells fortune for a sharp, steady lad with his eyes set right in his head, as I've reason to know; to say nothing of relationship. And here, you lounging good-for-naught, you've let a stranger, picked up on a moor and brought up by charity, take the chances out of your hand. See that he does not supplant you in the other quarter. Heathfield's certain to give his favourite a good round sum to set up housekeeping, and something over. Aye, and you'll need it all, even if I do take you into partnership, for this business will hardly serve to keep up two establishments without fresh capital. I'm under obligations to Heathfield as it is. Trade is not what it was, and there's no standing the constant drain of your mother's extravagant expenditure. It's well Maud has brought Jack Hylton to book. She'll be one off my hands. But there, I shall have to dip them pretty deeply into my pocket first." And the irate manufacturer drew his pocket-handkerchief across his brow, as if either the heat of the argument or the sudden dread of that prospective dip into his pocket had brought a dew there for which the weather was not accountable.

With his legs astride, his back to the office fire, his coat-tails drawn over his arms, his shoulders resting against the stone mantel-piece in negligent travestie of his father's common attitude, Arthur puffed away at his cigar in silence until this tirade came to an end. Then he began, with cool effrontery—

"Look here, governor, don't blame me for what's no fault of mine. I've been brought up with expensive habits, and I indulge them. I've been reared in the belief that you coined gold out of the rags in the gutter, and if I've flung some of it back into the gutter, I'd a notion the coin you everlastingly jingled in your pockets could have no end. If you wanted to make a plodding business man of me, you should have brought me into the mill when I was a boy, and set me to work for a living as you did before me, and as poor Aunt Pringle sent that precious *protégé* of hers. If you wanted me to get round the Crossleys you should have put me up to it, and sent me there in good time. I'll warrant I'd have kept Underwood out, or in his proper place. But you brought me up as a gentleman, and—I'm not at home in the manufactory; there's the truth."

The father looked at his son in blank astonishment, unable to frame a retort. The latter threw the dead end of his cigar into the fire, and went on with imperturbability.

"Yet I'll bet you anything you like Underwood does not supplant me with Mabel. The chances are ten to one against him. He can only show up once in a week or month, and when business is over. I'm free any day. It's rather slow up at the farm now the tennis season is over, and the old woman's illness has put a stopper on music and singing, but Mabel is more at home under our roof than at the farm, and if the season is gone for flower-shows, boating, or tennis, winter parties and concerts will be coming on. Trust me, sir, to make the most of my opportunities. Why, Underwood will be nowhere. His stiff notions are sure to clash with her airy ones. Make your mind easy, Mabel and her money are as good as mine."

A gloomy and dubious "I wish they were," from the elder, put an end to the colloquy.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES

"New Unkraut."

A gentleman in New York, who read the story, "Two Schoolfellows of New Unkraut," which appeared in our February monthly number, decided in consequence that he would like to send his two daughters to the school therein described. So he wrote to the director, and addressed his letter to New Unkraut on the Rhine, asking for a prospectus, etc. It speaks well for the intelligence of German post office clerks that the letter arrived safely at the Moravian Ladies' School at Neuwied. New Unkraut was a play on the two syllables of the real name, Neu being German for New, and weed in English being Unkraut in German. Professor Henry Morley, who was educated at the boys' school there, first gave it the name in his delightful reminiscences of his school days, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. "Brother Mieth and his Brothers" was one of these; and when I wrote my true story for The Girl's Own Paper, I asked Professor Morley's permission to use his title.

J. A. Owen.

Concealing One's Age.—The infirmity of falsifying our age is at least as old as Cicero, who, hearing one of his contemporaries attempting to make himself ten years younger than he really was, dryly observed—"Then at the time you and I were at school together you were not born."

A Metrical Version of the Lord's Prayer.

The following metrical version of the Lord's Prayer is by George Wither, a poet who died in 1667. The remarkable feature about it is its compactness. It contains only two words more than the prose of the authorised version.

Our Father, which in heaven art,
We sanctify Thy name;
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done,
In heaven and earth the same:
Give us this day our daily bread:
And us forgive Thou so,
As we on them that us offend
Forgiveness do bestow:
Into temptation lead us not,
But us from evil free:
For Thine the kingdom, power, and praise,
Is and shall ever be.

Riding Through the Air.—Lord Mansfield had an old woman brought before him as a witch, and among other things she was charged with riding through the air. The great judge dismissed the case, observing—"My opinion is that this good woman should be suffered to return home; and whether she do so walking on the ground or riding through the air must be left to her own judgment; for there is nothing contrary to the laws of England in either."

On an Ignorant Physician.

My friend, an eminent physician,
Trusted his son to my tuition;
The father wished me to explain
The beauties of old Homer's strain.
But scarce these lines the youth had read,
"Of thousands numbered with the dead,
Of ghastly wounds and closing eyes,
Of broken limbs and heart-felt sighs"—
"Great sage," exclaimed the youth, "adieu:
My sire can teach as well as you."

From the Greek.

A Solemn Epitaph.—In the epitaph of Cardinal Onuphrio at Rome there breathes a solemn, almost a bitter conviction of the vanity of earthly grandeur—"*Hic jacet umbra—cinis—nihil.*"—Here lies a shadow—ashes—nothing.

THE GIPSY.

WANDERING from the busy fair,
Free awhile from noise and bustle,
Rests she idly in the shade;
And the softness of the air,
And the young leaves' dreamy rustle,
Seem to soothe the little maid.

Look of bird, half bold, half shy,
Pretty smile, now grave, now pleasant,
And a certain careless grace;
Dusky tresses, brilliant eye,
Air of princess, yet of peasant—
All bespeak her gipsy race.

She is silent as the morn,
Yet her kindling eyes say clearly:
"I like not your friendly stare,
Which scarce hides your kindly scorn
For the life we love most dearly,
Though we tramp from fair to fair.

"Nay, then, smile—if you must gaze—
On the humble path we follow,
While we bless you, hearth and hall:
Though they wander different ways,
Do the tame bird and the swallow,
They are sisters—after all!

"And, suppose we sometimes tire
Of the tambourine and spangles,
Of the noises and the glare;
Have you nothing to desire?
Has your world no harsher jangles
Than the music of the fair?"

ELLIS WALTON.

SIXTY POUNDS PER ANNUM, AND HOW I LIVE UPON IT.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days after I was comfortably settled in my new abode, I was making rapid progress in learning how to manage my income, so that I bid fair to realise the ideal for which I was striving, *i.e.*, to live and provide light, fire, house, and food for £40 per annum. I knew this could not be managed without great and incessant care, but still I thought it possible. It was not, however, at first that I fully arrived at my results, for I had to win my experience at every point, and I tried various modes of living before I discovered a solution for my difficulties, and adopted a settled plan that suited me. At first I began with the usual tea or coffee for breakfast, with bread and butter, but afterwards I found that wheatmeal porridge was a better substitute, with milk, for my morning's meal, and was, moreover, a decided saving. When I advanced as far as this, I also arrived at grinding my own meal in a coffee mill, for which I paid 3s. 6d., and found a considerable saving in doing so, as wheat is generally about a penny halfpenny a pound, and five pounds of wheat lasted me a fortnight for my unleavened bread and my porridge. Then I discovered that I could make the latter twice a week, as it was more nutritious after keeping a day or two. When I got tired of wheatmeal porridge, I fell back on oatmeal and Indian meal instead. The last-named can also be ground in a coffee-mill, and is worth about a penny a pound.

One of the secrets of making any kind of porridge is to have the water you are about to use really boiling—bubbling up, I mean. Sprinkle the meal in with the left hand, while you stir with the right. This prevents it gathering into lumps. Oatmeal requires at least twenty minutes' brisk boiling, but wheaten meal will be cooked in ten minutes. Indian meal takes the longest time to boil of all, and will not be cooked under thirty or forty minutes. It may, however, be mixed with wheat or oatmeal with advantage. All these moist foods (I am told by a doctor) should be eaten very slowly. They may be eaten with salt or with sugar and milk, or else with "golden syrup" or a syrup made of fruit. One drawback in London is the dearness of milk. It is rarely to be depended on, save from a thoroughly good company, and costs from fourpence to fivepence a quart. Now, however, skim-milk can be got, and so can buttermilk. All the milk used should, in my opinion, be boiled before using. The unsweetened "Swiss milk" is considered by many to be the least expensive form of milk, but I did not find this the case. Perhaps I should have been more successful if I had liked it for porridge, but I did not, though it is very nice for tea or coffee; and also is preferred by many to eat with puddings, instead of cream.

I had thought a great deal over the subject of diet before I went to my new home, and I saw that I should not be able to manage on the usual diet, nor the general method of preparing the meals of the day.

In the first place, the cooking of meat was not to be thought of—even the smell and the grease alone put that entirely out of the question. So I was either thrown back on buying meat and poultry ready cooked, or on becoming in some sort a vegetarian, while retaining milk, cheese, butter and eggs in my diet. This last decision suited me best, and I felt I could manage very well on it, as I had never been a great meat-eater in my life, and did not care about it at all. I had learnt quite enough of the respective values of edibles to know that meat held a very low place, compared to the cereals, beans, peas, or lentils; the latter, indeed, contains more nutriment than can be found in any other single food. So my mind was made up. My object was to live, and to make eight shillings a week sufficient for everything, and so I went to work to arrive at my wished-for goal as soon as might be possible. The first thing after making porridge was to try to make bread.

I was rather proud, as the days went on, of my success in this way. It was unfermented, and I had learnt to like it long before in my girlish days, and everyone who tasted it enjoyed it. I had several ways of making it, either with whole wheatmeal, white flour, or a mixture of Indian-meal, ryemeal, or oatmeal, with flour or whole wheatmeal. Any of these compounds were good. The flour, whatever it be, must be mixed with boiling water till resolved into a thick dough, and then rolled out into a flat cake, which I used to bake, as the Australians do their "damper," I believe, in the frying-pan, which latter requires in the first instance a very slight greasing. Do not wet the dough too much, nor roll more than twice, if possible, for fear of making it too heavy, and doubtless I need not say to you, do not make them thick; about an inch in thickness is quite enough, if not too much. Only experience will enable you to make them well, as it is impossible to say how much flour is needed, or how much water to mix it with. I used a large white basin, and one of my cakes sometimes lasted two days. But I am not a great bread-eater. Mrs. Murray, who used to come to tea very often, thought them delicious when first made, and eaten hot, cut open and buttered. Honey is a very agreeable addition to them.

People unaccustomed to unfermented bread and cakes require to get used to it; for our tastes have become so vitiated by civilisation that we cannot get used to the primitive forms. Cornmeal bread and cakes I am particularly fond of, and they are equally good hot or cold. The following is a good and simple recipe for corn-bread.

One pint of corn-flour, one pint of ordinary flour, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Mix the two flours together first, and rub the soda smoothly into the milk—a small quantity of milk to begin with. Mix the cream of tartar dry with the flour, then add the milk. Beat till quite smooth with a wooden spoon, and bake in a quick oven for about thirty minutes.

The Gipsy

Derbyshire Seed Bread.

Take one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, a few caraway seeds, one egg well beaten, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix the baking powder with a little cold milk; rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and the egg, and lastly mix the whole into a light dough with a little cold milk. A few raisins will be an improvement to this very modest recipe, which costs little and will keep for days. Bake in a slow oven, forming into the shape of buns on the tin you bake in.

My small household arrangements in my new home were all gathered together in one of the large cupboards, standing about four feet high, which were fixtures on either side of the mantelpiece in the sitting-room. They were sufficiently deep and commodious to hold all my belongings, and were pantry, kitchen, and larder in one, while I used the top as my kitchen table, and had a sheet of white American cloth as a cover, which could easily be washed clean. The first summer and autumn of my living alone I did all my cooking with the aid of a spirit lamp. I have the lamp, stand, two saucepans, a frying pan, and a tea kettle. I can, I think, perform all kinds of cookery on my spirit lamp. The best of these lamps are those that have a lid, by means of which one can reduce the fire to half, and this will be found to keep the pot boiling or saucepan cooking for fully half an hour. The best saucepans are of enamelled iron, which are easily kept clean, and the frying pan should be of this also. Stewed fruit, rice milk, batter puddings, custard puddings, blancmange, stewed tomatoes, all kinds of soups; all of these are most successfully managed with the spirit lamp, and so is my wheatmeal porridge and my unfermented bread, which is baked in the frying pan.

With the advent of winter the sphere of my cookery enlarged, and I boiled my beans, peas, and lentils over the fire; and did enough of the former, and boiled enough potatoes to last some days, sometimes, indeed, quite a week. My method of cooking the beans was to soak them overnight in cold water; about half a pint of beans are enough; the small white haricots must be used. In the morning drain the beans and put them into a saucepan with plenty of cold water and a little salt. They should boil gently till they are tender, but not reduced to a pulp. Two hours is usually sufficient to cook them, then pour away nearly all the water and dredge in plenty of flour, with an ounce of butter, stirring them till they are thickened; a table-spoonful of chopped parsley is also added. Another way is to rub the butter into an ounce of flour, add half a pint of water and a table-spoonful of parsley, and when the beans are drained into a cullender, put them back into a saucepan in which the sauce has been heated. Shake them well over the fire till thoroughly mixed with it.

When cold they should be put away in a covered basin, and may be warmed up in many ways: curried, fried, mixed with Liebig's essence, and with grated cheese.

I add a few more recipes, which may be useful, if only as suggestions.

Buttered Eggs, or "Rumbled Eggs."

Break two or three eggs into a small stew-pan, put in a table-spoonful of milk, a table-spoonful of butter, a little salt, and a little pepper. Set the pan over a moderate fire and stir the eggs with a spoon, being careful to keep all in motion till the eggs are set. Make a slice of toast, and pour the eggs on it, lightly pepper the top, and serve.

Potatoes "a la Maitre d'Hotel."

Put a table-spoonful of butter into your pan, melt it, and mix smoothly into it a small table-spoonful of flour. Then stir in slowly a pint of milk. Stir constantly, till the milk begins to rise, when it is done. Then put in your cold potatoes, cut in slices, and add a little parsley chopped-up finely. The potatoes are ready to serve as soon as they are hot throughout.

An Easily Made Omelet.

Take a small table-spoonful of flour, add enough water, or milk, to make a thin batter. Beat up two eggs very well, and add them to it, with a pinch of salt, and a little chopped up ham, or parsley. Pour the mixture into a well-greased pan, and fry to a light brown; turn and roll when done.

Ham Toast.

Chop-up very finely the lean of a little boiled ham, beat-up the yolk and white of an egg, and mix with the ham, adding a little milk, to make a soft batter. Scald it over the fire, stirring all the time; have ready some well-buttered toast, and pour the mixture on it, and serve.

Apple and Lemon Sauce.

Boil half-a-pint of water, with three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, till it becomes a rich syrup. Add the grated peel and juice of a large lemon, and a pound of apples, weighed after they have been peeled, cored, and cut small. Boil till reduced to a pulp; put into a jar. This sauce will keep for a year if needful.

Cheap Marmalade.

Add to twelve sweet oranges, one lemon. Squeeze out the juice, and boil the rinds till quite tender. Then cut into chips, taking out the seeds. Add to the juice, with a pound of sugar to every pound of orange peel. Boil for an hour over a slow fire, and when it begins to fasten, it is done.

Macaroni and Cheese.

Take two ounces of macaroni, boil for three-quarters of an hour, strain off the water; make a sauce of two table-spoonfuls of corn-flour and a little milk; put into the saucepan and boil. Then add the macaroni, and sprinkle in four table-spoonfuls of grated cheese, add a little butter and pepper, stir up well for a quarter of an hour, and serve. This may be also baked in the oven, with a little more cheese and butter on the top to make it brown, and served as "macaroni cheese."

Stewed Tomatoes.

Take a third part of the contents of a tin of tomatoes, or three or four fresh ones, cut up, put them into a saucepan on the fire, and add breadcrumbs to thicken them, a small lump of better, pepper and salt. Boil for about fifteen minutes.

Tomato Soup.

Take half the contents of a tin of tomatoes, put them on the fire in a small saucepan, and thicken with a table-spoonful of flour, rubbed up with a little butter. When hot, add a pint of milk, boil till thick enough, and serve. This is delicious tomato soup, and with bread, will form an appetising dinner.

Soup with "Liebig's Extract of Meat."

Take a handful of the dried prepared vegetables for soup, and boil in a pint and a half of water for about half an hour; then mix enough extract in a cup with boiling water and a little salt to flavour the soup. This is generally about three-quarters of a tea-spoonful.

Apple and Rice.

Boil three table-spoonfuls of rice. When tender, stir in two or three table-spoonfuls of stewed apples, a little piece of butter, and sugar to taste. Serve hot. Any kind of fruit may be substituted for apples in the summer, if already stewed.

Fruit Toast.

Make several rounds of dry toast, pour over them sufficient water to soften it. Have ready a dish of stewed fruit of any kind, with plenty of juice, and while it is boiling hot put the toast in layers in a deep dish, and pour the hot fruit over each layer of toast. The latter will absorb so large a portion of juice as to surprise you, and the dish is a most agreeable one for summer.

As I look over the various cookery books, I think there are numbers of recipes capable of adaptation to the wants of the single woman who wishes to cook for herself. I found after a time that I could reduce my labour in many ways. For instance, as I sat by my fire in the evening, I could prepare and cook the dinner for the morrow; make a little marmalade and boil my beans, peas, or potatoes; and so, when to-morrow came, my meal was soon ready. Beans and peas I considered as a meat course, and generally had some fruit for the sweet portion of the meal. Tea I never took, except at afternoon or "five o'clock tea," as I preferred a little cocoa at night, or even gruel occasionally, or a cup of Liebig, instead of a heavy meal. I am quite sure that the majority of people eat more than is at all needful, and they would be in better health with less to digest, or else with food of a lighter nature, yet more nutritious. This is the case with bread especially. The ordinary white baker's bread, or indeed the usual brown bread sold by them, are neither of them sufficiently nutritious, and people are induced to eat that which does not do them good. The real unfermented bread is so extremely solid and satisfying that one cannot eat much of it.

In addition to being a nice, pleasant woman, I found my kind landlady a most intelligent one, anxious to learn and improve herself in every way. Her admiration for my prowess in the cookery line was immense; and I soon found that she enjoyed nothing so much as a visit while my cookery was going on. Her delight over it was extraordinary, and she soon developed quite a talent for acquiring new ideas, adding to her labours the enthusiasm which I have seen manifested by a first-class *chef*, who considers his art the first in the universe! She was certainly an admirable cook, a "born" cook, such as very few are. She soon supplied herself with a small gas-stove, and her husband declared her new accomplishments had "made her quite a girl again."

Her weekly cleaning of my rooms, with my daily dusting and brushing up the floor with dustpan and brush, kept everything in perfect order, and I was quite comfortable and happy. I was fortunate, too, in having the upstairs watertap close to me, on the little landing above, and consequently I could get my bath with no trouble for myself. As there happened to be no bathroom, I had been obliged to provide myself with a round sponge-bath, which fortunately required but little water. When the winter came my kind landlady insisted on lighting my sitting-room fire every morning, and putting my kettle to boil before I was up. There was no use in remonstrating, for I have learnt that one can give more pleasure to people by accepting small services than by any gift you can bestow upon them.

I think I have, so far, proved that my attempt to live on my income of £60 per annum was, and has been, a successful one. At least, I have not had too many complaints or fault-findings from my aunt, who personifies "Mrs. Grundy" in my existence. She even deigns to partake of afternoon tea with me, and entertains me at dinner, without finding me too much of a "poor relation" to be presented to her friends. I have kept up my languages, and have made great progress with my painting; and Mrs. Murray has been heard to prophesy that I shall take a higher flight yet, and shall probably surprise my friends before long.

[THE END.]

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THERE was life at the Park once more. No sooner was its owner back than affairs began to resume their old aspect. The country was scoured for workmen to expedite the repairs, and for servants to fill such places as were still habitable. Mr. Aspenel appeared suddenly to have lost sight of economy, and to be running into almost unnecessary extravagance.

On the third day after his return, Mrs. Aspenel, Janet, and Bruce arrived, *chaperoned* by their *cavaliere servente*, Tom Harton. They had been made acquainted with events as they had happened, so when the carriage met them at the station, they had all to see, but not much to learn. Mrs. Aspenel's heart sank as she espied the blackened rafters and roofless turrets of the grand house of which she had formerly been mistress, and excitable Janet was ready to jump from the carriage in dismay. Tom Harton soothed them by the trite assurance that it might have been much worse, and when they dropped him at the point nearest Hoplands he pressed their hands expressively, and hoped they would also find Mr. Aspenel better than they expected.

"Does he hope it?" asked Janet of herself.

"I'm glad he's gone. Oh, mammy, isn't it horrid!" cried Bruce.

"It is horrid, Bruce," replied Mrs. Aspenel, while slow tears rolled down her cheeks, and she thought of the morning when she left the Park of her own free will, meaning never to return.

The day was hot, close, and misty, and the travellers felt a strange depression in the atmosphere, which reacted upon them, even upon Bruce, who exclaimed, again and again, "Isn't it horrid! Has the fire frightened away the birds? Where is the sun? It is as hot as it was in Paris."

When they approached the house, however, they were re-assured by its unchanged frontage, and when Edith and Nurse True met them in the hall, it seemed as if nothing could have happened. But as Mrs. Aspenel stood a moment aside to watch the embraces of the others, she felt as if her return were truly a penance for her sins. It was but for a moment, for Edith's loving heart soon turned to her, and her words, "Oh! I am so glad you have come home," brought tears to her eyes. Nurse True's greeting also showed earnest joy, and Bruce's delighted caperings from one to the other proved that she alone had rejoiced in her temporary absence.

"How is he—how is Mr. Aspenel?" she asked, with an emotion she had never thought to experience.

"Better, ma'am, I hope," replied Nurse True. "He has passed a better night."

"And he is very anxious to see you," whispered Edith.

They went into the drawing-room which Loveridge had vacated. He had prevailed on Jack to get him an invitation to Hoplands for that night, at least; for he had tact enough to feel that his presence must be unwelcome at such a time. Accordingly this one state apartment was much as Mrs. Aspenel had left it. When she went upstairs, however, she, as well as Janet and Bruce, became aware of the inroads the fire had made. All their private rooms were destroyed, and such as remained intact were the ones formerly appropriated to guests. When she reached the one prepared for her, Edith alone was with her.

"Edith! I can never see him. Now I have come back I am more terrified than ever," she said, sinking into an easy chair, and covering her face.

"He is very quiet. You will not mind, dear," said Edith, laying her hand caressingly on her shoulder.

Mrs. Aspenel took and held it.

"How thin you are! How wasted!" she exclaimed, thinking for the first time of the fragile girl who had been obliged to bear everybody's burden as well as her own.

She turned to look at her, and was shocked at her appearance. The white dove was whiter than ever. She drew her towards her, and the poor child gave way to much suppressed feeling in her stepmother's arms.

"What love I have wasted! How selfish I have been!" murmured Mrs. Aspenel. "You shall help me to be better for the future."

"We will all help one another!" sobbed Edith.

By degrees they grew calm, and talked over the events that had succeeded each other rapidly since they parted; Janet joined them, asking when she might see her father. She was succeeded by Bruce, whose exuberant spirits had to be checked by Edith, for Nurse True had been recalled to her patient. She followed, however, almost on the footsteps of the boy, with a message from her master, to the effect that he would like to see Mrs. Aspenel as soon as she was rested. Rested! She had had no rest for many a long day.

"May we all go, nurse?" she asked, nervously.

"Master wishes to see you alone, ma'am," replied pitiful True.

Mrs. Aspenel took off her bonnet at once, and followed to her husband's apartment, once her own delightful morning-room.

"You will come in with me?" she said, appealingly.

"I will go in first, ma'am; but perhaps——"

"Of course—of course we must be alone."

"Master is still in a darkened room. You will not really see one another, and you had better not speak of his appearance. Indeed, he is still covered with plaister and linen; you cannot, and must not touch him. Only the left hand."

True unclosed the door gently, and preceded Mrs. Aspenel to the bedside.

"Here is mistress, sir," she said.

"Let her come—let her come," he answered.

Mrs. Aspenel went, trembling all over. She took the inevitable seat and the hand always lying on the counterpane. She could not speak, for words would not come. He spoke first.

"You have come home. Why did you go away?" he said, irritably; and she was thankful for so natural an opening.

"I—I—scarcely know. But I am sorry that I left you," she returned, as unaffectedly as she could.

"I didn't mean to hurt you; but you were so provoking," he said, with an injured tone that set her quite at her ease.

"I know that I am, but if you will forgive me I will try to be a better wife in the future than I have been in the past," she returned, forcing down some rebellious feelings that strove to give the lie to her words.

"Thank you. But you don't know what you promise. It will be for 'worse' and not for 'better.' Ruin and desperate suffering if I live; and if I die——" he shuddered.

"Forgive my past, and I will undertake your future," she said, with a sympathy so real that she felt him press her hand, and almost thought she loved him.

After a pause he began to speak excitedly.

"It is that cursed gold—those awful flames—these fearful burnings. You cannot undertake these," he groaned. "Fetch the doctor—send Nurse True. Let me see Janet and Bruce, for now I must be dying."

She did not know that this was his terrified cry at every fresh excitement; and, frightened herself past restraint, she hastened to the door.

"Stay! stay!" he cried. "We must finish before any one else comes. I am better. It was a passing agony and fear.

You don't know what it is to be in dread of death, and, worse still, the after-death which must come—must come. It is awful. But I repent, and they tell me—Nurse True and Gerard and Austen—that it is never too late to repent. They all say the same; even my poor brother. Never too late. What do you think?"

"Never," groaned Mrs. Aspenel, not knowing what she said.

"Cannot you say something to comfort me? You have said plenty to annoy me," he asked, irritably.

"I cannot find words. I will try to act better," she replied, humbly. "I am very, very sorry for your sufferings, and all you have gone through."

"If you hadn't left me, it wouldn't have happened. I believed you had robbed me, and was counting—counting—always counting—to find out. All of a sudden I was surrounded by flames. I don't know how they began, but they say it was in my own room. I lost my head. I tried to save my gold, so hardly won—so hardly won. I tried to close the safe; I couldn't. I know no more. They will tell you about my rescue."

"I know it all," put in the agitated wife.

"But do you acknowledge that it was your fault?"

"I know I ought not to have left you, but you should not have suspected me; I never robbed you."

She felt that the old spirit was returning, and tried to crush it. But to be accused of originating the fire seemed beyond endurance.

"Never mind that. You married me for my gold—my gold! All melted. Clarville is to see after it in a day or two. You must go with him. It was an iron fire-proof safe, and perhaps some may be left. Do you think me a miser? Not quite. I have given sometimes, and I paid all your debts though I swore I wouldn't; and Bruce's schooling, though Harton cheated me. Did you correspond with Tom Harton?"

This sudden question startled Mrs. Aspenel, and gave her the chance of turning the current of his fearful wanderings. She assured him that she had written to no one since she left the Park.

"He would have known where to find us had I been in communication with him," she said.

"You needn't have gone away at all," he repeated, and she discovered that this was the grievance.

Both were silent for a time, and perplexing thoughts harassed her almost more than his words. Her past life rose before her in amazing swiftness. Yes; she knew that she had married him for his gold; that she had neglected his children; that she had been ambitious, selfish, aggravating; that she had left him because she hated him; and that she had never sought to win him to herself by even the semblance of affection. Such marriages are awful mockeries, and she acknowledged the sin of hers. She did not even seek to palliate it; for she believed the Divine vengeance had fallen upon them both. There, however, by his side, in the solemn silence and semi-darkness of the sick-chamber, she vowed to be a better wife, and, if he were spared, to atone in some degree for her past. But what of him? She shuddered as she asked herself this question. He partly answered it.

"You will be sorry you came back, for I shall be always here, if I get about again. You will never get rid of me. I mean Edith to marry Gerard Clarville, and Bruce to go to school; and Janet—I haven't made up my mind about her; but you will be obliged to be content with me."

"Why will you talk so strangely? Of course I shall," she returned, striving to be natural, but feeling very uncomfortable.

"You are pretty sure to run away again, for I shall never be able to face the world as I now am. Perhaps I had better see the children. Send them

"'HOW THIN YOU ARE! HOW WASTED!' SHE EXCLAIMED."

both together. See them, indeed! Poor blind, maimed wretch that I am. Let me get it over at once."

His irritation seemed to increase, and she rose.

"I may come again?" she said gently.

"Just as you like," he replied.

Nurse True was in the next room, and she went to her master, while Mrs. Aspenel summoned Janet and Bruce. They had been having some refreshment, and were prepared to go to their father. Even Bruce was struck by the extreme pain of his mother's face, and exclaimed—

"What is the matter, mammy? I am frightened to go."

He went, nevertheless, hand-in-hand with Janet, leaving Mrs. Aspenel and Edith together. They talked over what had passed since they parted, until Mrs. Aspenel grew calm, and Janet and Bruce returned. Poor Janet was weeping and trembling, and as to Bruce, he was terribly frightened, and said, as he clung to his mother—

"I don't beleive it is father at all. I peeped through the curtains and saw nothing but bed clothes, and a head all covered with white. I think it was a ghost."

"He was very kind," sobbed Janet; "and I am ashamed of having been so undutiful and wicked a daughter. What if he had died, and I had never seen him again? Edith is the only one who has not to reproach herself."

It was truly a melancholy home-coming for all, and but for Bruce they would have been most miserable. His irrepressible spirits roused them, and by degrees they accustomed themselves to the inevitable. Mrs. Clarville came, and her presence always brought comfort. Janet asked for Gerard, and, to her surprise, Edith left the room, while Mrs. Aspenel connected her disappearance in some way with what her husband had said. She had not ventured to allude to it to Edith, knowing how sensitive she was. In truth, the poor girl had avoided Gerard since her father's painful revelation, and the distance between them seemed more impassable than ever.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY.

By MEDICUS.

BEAUTY? Yes, beauty.

I could not write upon anything else to-day if I tried. A morning in early spring—May 12th, if I must go into particulars. The sun shining in a clear sky, casting a silver sheen over every leaf, causing even the spiculate foliage of the pine trees to glitter as if they really are what the children call them—needles and pins.

Beauty! I can see nothing else as I look abroad from my cottage verandah. Beauty afar off on the wooded hills, on the greenery of dells and fields, beauty but dimly seen because there is a heat-haze over all the landscape. It is as though Nature had donned her bridal veil to-day: summer is being wedded to spring. Beauty close at hand in the garden. Alas! it is beauty that in some cases must soon fade and die, for already the lovely hyacinths are bending their stems groundward, and the gorgeous tulips bow their heads and seem to faint; but the blue-eyed myosotis, the little ranunculus, the sweet wee scillæ, the anemones and pinks and primroses, look up at the sky and laugh in the light. The huge great crimson peonies enjoy it, too, and so do the scarlet wallflowers yonder, that by some mysterious trick of vegetable pedal-progression, have established themselves on the bent and gnarled trunks of the apple-trees. The apple-blossom itself is not out yet, only just showing crimson fingers among the green of the leaves. But it is coming, and the lilacs, white and pink, are coming too; and so are the starry sweet-scented syringas. The plum-trees and the cherry-trees, however, are one mass of snow-white bloom, bee-haunted; their beauty almost dazzles the eyes that behold it.

High up in the hollows of the swaying poplars the starling has built his nest. His changing coloured coat, with all its bright metallic tints, is shimmering in the sunshine, as he tells his wife in song how lovely the cherry-trees are, and how they will be ripe and red or black when the eggs are hatched, and what beautiful bunches he will fetch her, independent of Medicus, who often cries "Shoo!" but never throws stones.

Beauty! Beauty of bird-song everywhere around me now, from morn till dewy eve, and all throughout the livelong night. All the birds have come back; the swallows and martins from far-off lands have returned,

"They twitter on my lonely roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day;
Each morn the recollected proof
Of Time that fleets so fast away."

The nightingales have been here for weeks, making both day and night musical with their joyous chanting. They positively seem to boil and bubble over with song.

"He crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As if fearful that this brief May night
Will be far too short for him to utter forth
All his love chant, and disburden his soul
Of its music."

And so the night is, else why does he sing all day?

The mavis who sings in our trees all the year round sings more merrily now. The blackbirds flute melodiously. One particular bird, with a particularly yellow-enamelled bill, sings among other words, "beauty—beauty—beauty," but whether he refers to the weather or to his dusky bride who sits sedately, chin in air, on her nest in the yew hedge, I cannot tell. Cock-robin sings latest at night, but the blackbird is up and lilting long before sunrise.

The wild pigeons and the turtle-doves are cooing and murmuring by three o'clock, and at this early hour, if I be awake and look out, I can see the charmingly beautiful mahogany-coloured squirrels gambolling on the lawn.

Beauty! Yes, I daresay an article on rheumatism might be of more practical value. But fancy sitting down to write on "the rheumatiz," as old Sally calls it, on a day like this!

It could not be done. At least, not by me. However, I shall now turn a deaf ear to song of bird and hum of insect life, and give my readers a few hints about personal beauty. I know that in doing so I shall be doing good. They say that a man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, deserves well of his country. If I, by this brief paper, can make the eyes of even one girl brighter, or her complexion clearer, do I not also deserve well of my country?

There is an old, old saying which I dare suppose you have often heard, viz., "beauty is but skin deep.' This is simply absurd. Beauty is a fountain that springs clear and lovely from the very heart. Without health there can be no beauty—no lasting beauty.

There is the same difference between true and false beauty that there is between a marble and a wooden monument. You can make the latter very fair and very gay to look upon, by means of paint and varnish, but it may be all soft and unwholesome at the heart nevertheless. Marble needs no paint or varnish—it is solid, wholesome, and hard to the core.

Now the great and grand mistake that fifty per cent. of the fair sex make, when seeking after beauty and comeliness, is that of beginning in the wrong way. Give them a looking-glass and a newspaper containing half a hundred advertisements of quack nostrums, and they think they are made for life; and as soon as they finger a few of these quack nostrums they immediately set about making up for life. Most of these catch-flat nostrums are most elegantly dispensed. The bottles or jars that contain them may be of crystal, cunningly cut and shaped with crystal beribboned stoppers, crimson, blue, or green labels and gilt letters, and they have captivating names. There is hardly a flower in the universe, hardly a pretty word or pretty sentiment that has not been black-mailed to find designations for quackeries, whose main object is to put money into the pockets of those who advertise them. These nostrums, too, promise so much and do so little. But this is not all: many of them are decidedly dangerous, and to some have been traced skin diseases, of a character far too loathsome to be even mentioned in an article on Beauty.

Health is the true basis of all female beauty. I have an observing eye, and make good use of it. Well, I declare to you that when I meet young ladies rouged, powdered, and pencilled, I wonder if the world is getting worse. For deceit thus carried about openly can have no good effects on the moral character. Many girls moving in what is called good society, a sadly mixed compound nowadays, are little better than walking frauds, perambulating fibs. I will not put it any stronger, but I can let my imagination whisper to me what some of these "angelic beings" look like in the morning before they are ready to emerge from their rooms.

I would not speak so plain, I would not hit so hard if I had not a remedy to suggest. To those girls, then, who think they are adding to their beauty by the use of cosmetics, I would say, "There would not be any occasion to use such abominations if you would attend to your health."

"My skin is not so clear as it should be," someone says, and she forthwith powders it, adding, perhaps, a tint of carmine to the lips and a little pencilling to the eyebrows; and lo! she is transformed. Yes, but very transparently so. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." But not in this case. This made-up

girl will not be a thing of beauty after she is twenty-one, and younger girls not made-up, but happy and joyous with the true beauty of health, will laugh and call her "an old thing" when she is not within hearing.

"My skin is not so clear to-day as it should be," says another girl. This is a wise lassie. She does not go to the puff-box. She knows that the slight dim or yellow tinge near the nose, and the dark shade under the eyes, or maybe around them, proceeds from an inactive liver.

She prescribes for herself. Oh, it is easily done. She determines to restrict her diet, and for a time to let it consist to a great degree of vegetables. She will avoid rich dishes and sauces, and look upon stimulants in any form as the poison they are. She will rise early, whether sleepy or not; she will take a Turkish bath once a week, or failing that, a hot bath twice in ten days. She will sleep in a well-ventilated room with growing flowers or plants in it; she will take what is now pretty well-known as "The Girl's Own" bath every morning, viz., the quick wash all over with hot water and mildest transparent soap, followed by the delightful and invigorating cold sponge tub, in which a couple of handfuls of sea-salt has been thrown the night before. And she will go in for as much wholesome, happy exercise as she possibly can get.

Result in one week: clear complexion, bright, bonnie eyes, and a lightsome, happy feeling all over, together with calmness and good temper. The teeth are a great feature of female beauty. Given good ones to begin with, the secret is how to preserve them. Well, here is the secret, and it is worth much fine gold to know it. You are aware, I suppose, that the surface of the teeth is covered with fine white enamel. Well, this must be preserved. Now almost without exception all tooth-powders destroy it, because they rub off or eat off the surface; the teeth look whiter for a time, but as the brushing goes on faster than the enamel is formed by nature, it is soon so far destroyed that the yellow of the tooth itself shines through, then—all is lost.

What tooth-powder do I recommend? None at all, if you do as I tell you. Use a soft brush and rain water every morning, and if possible immediately after every meal; at all events as soon after as possible. Those who adopt this plan will live to pray for Medicus.

I have often given simple remedies for or against sun-browning, freckles, etc., the simplest of all and really the best being the application of buttermilk to the skin before going to bed; it should be allowed to dry on. Or oatmeal water will do well, only rain water should be used for the face.

Never expose the face much to the sun during the heat of the day, and never walk until red. Browning of the face is pretty, if it be but the effects of light and sea air. This is called in sailor parlance being weather-beaten. It shows health, for a girl whose blood is not pure and strong will never get weather-beaten.

About dress. No girl can ever have a naturally beautiful complexion who dresses too tightly around the waist. It displaces the most vital organs, and is destructive to the healthful play and action of liver, spleen, and heart.

It may seem a strange thing to say, but it is nevertheless true, that tight-fitting shoes or boots are destructive to beauty of complexion. I could prove this physiologically, but space forbids, and I feel sure my readers will take my word for it.

Avoid colds if you would retain beauty. Avoid indigestion; nothing is more ruinous to beauty.

So is want of sound, refreshing sleep. If you always sleep well at night you will not look old even at forty.

A word about the eyes. Nature did not consult you about the colour, but you can do a deal to retain their strength and beauty. The white should be clear and bluish. It will be muddy and yellowish if you do anything to incur the displeasure of liver or stomach. *Verbum sap.*

I shall probably have more to say on this subject another day. Let me here just remark that the eyes are focussed for distances, and moved about by a set of the most perfect muscles that exists anywhere in the body, and that these muscles must have plenty of exercise. Therefore the individual who is used to plenty of reading or needlework indoors, and has plenty of exercise out of doors, by which the eyes are trained to gaze at and distinguish far-away objects, will retain the eyesight healthy and strong for a lifetime. Moreover, eyes thus utilised and exercised retain their beauty because they retain their shape.

There can be no true beauty of face if the mind be neglected. The soul must shine through the eye, and be seen reflected in every movement of every muscle of the countenance. A girl without intelligence and a well-balanced mind, however clear her complexion or bright her eye, has no more real beauty than the coloured figures used to show off the dresses in some fashion periodicals, or the dummies we see in the drapers' windows. Read, read, read all you can, if you would be beautiful. Read and think, study nature out of doors, try to love the birds and insects and trees and flowers. Try to look upon them as living sentient beings and things, and they will assuredly lend you a portion of their own beauty.

You must have beauty of voice and felicity and freedom of expression if you would shine as a true beauty. For this reason I counsel reading aloud and singing—not screaming, mind. Feel what you sing; feel the words as well as the music. If you feel you will please those you sing to.

But felicity of expression can only be obtained by studying the writings of our best authors, male and female, and taking notes of their pretty originalities of language. Nor must these notes be left to rust in the note-book. You must learn them, and by-and-by you will come to be a perfect conversationalist.

If I am right, then, in my views, true beauty is somewhat difficult of acquirement, and depends upon the proper balance of mind and body, and upon making the best of both, but all unaffectedly and naturally.

That such beauty may be yours, reader, is the prayer and wish of your mentor, Medicus.

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the following Wednesday the wedding took place, and according to custom Tom went away with his bride on a brief honeymoon.

It was very brief—only three or four days at most. He pleaded his work, the responsibility of his position; and he brought her home quietly without welcome and without any fuss.

Bessie received them in an agony of anxiety. She had a difficult part to play, her longing to know whether her brother was happy was so keen; but she dared not ask him—Lettice was his wife now; his sister could only watch him and try to gather information from his looks and the tone of his voice.

The blow that had fallen on Tom Brandreth had changed him greatly. The merry fun had vanished altogether out of his life; he was a grave, steadfast man.

Some few alterations he made in his way of life: no alcohol was seen in the house, he drank nothing but water, and Bessie tacitly accepted it and did the same.

Lettice soon adopted the position she would henceforth fill. She would take no prominent part in the household management; she leant on Bessie; she appealed to her on every occasion; she so completely trusted to her that she found that it was of no use to resist it; she must manage everything as heretofore, and do her sister-in-law's work as well as her own. The consequence was that Bessie was busy from morning till night, and Lettice glided silently from room to room, watching her work with her great wistful eyes, and doing nothing.

By degrees, as Bessie became accustomed to the new life, her fears grew less and less, for she saw no signs of the dreaded evil, and confidence and hope began to dawn again in her breast. If she could have seen any return of light-heartedness in her brother, if she could once more have heard his cheery whistle as he went about his work, she would have been happy; but Bessie did not know, and probably would never know, what he had undergone when love and pride were shattered at a blow.

"The master looks won'erful pale," old Coppin said to her one day. "I'm thinking he's off his feed, and that ain't good for him. Couldn't ye change his victuals a bit, miss? When they're off their feed I tries 'em with tares or carrots. A mash now is a good thing of a night. Why, he do look bad."

"I don't think that there is much the matter," said Bessie. "But the weather is disappointing."

"Aye, that it be. Seems as if we

ain't going to have no heat at all, and the corn that yellow and sodden with wet as it will be rotten afore harvest."

"And the roots, William?"

"Well, they ain't not to say bad, miss; the mangolds can do with a drop of water, but the hay 'on't be fit for nought if us don't have a mite of sunshine soon."

"Where's your wife to-day?"

"My missus is on broad-work to-day, she's a pickin' twitch. Master have set on a heap o' they females so as to get forward a bit. There's a deal of foot-and-mouth about, miss," scratching his head with a look of perplexity. "We don't want that here, does us now?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Bessie, fervently.

"And look here, miss," went on William, using the privilege of an old and trusty friend. "Don't you let the young master fret. Why, fretting never did no good yet, and there ain't nothing to fret about as I can see to home, be there?"

"It is nothing," said Bessie. "But times are anxious, William, you must confess that."

"That ain't no reason for looking as he do. We all has our moulting season, and some moults harder nor others do, and I ain't going to deny that; but he do look won'erful bad."

"Oh, it is not so bad as that, William," answered Bessie, trying to laugh lightly as she went away.

But the summer proved most disastrous—cold and rainy, without warmth or sunshine, and the hay rotted on the ground uncarried; and the corn never reached its maturity, and was reaped because they dared not leave it longer, and stacked with little heart, it was so cold and discoloured.

Then, worst of all, came sickness in the stock; the much dreaded swine-fever broke out among the pigs, and the hope of considerable gain there vanished away. But the dairy-cows prospered, and Bessie made her dairy pay well. When all the neighbours round about were suffering from the foot-and-mouth disease, that misery at least was spared Tom Brandreth.

The end of that year found him a poorer man than the beginning, poorer both in money and in hope.

By some tacit agreement, never put into words, Tom and Bessie never spoke of anxieties and troubles to Lettice; she lived her own life between them, but not of them. Tom treated her almost ceremoniously; he was so careful of her comfort, so courteous and gentle to her, he spared her all, and he and Bessie arranged and discussed all the business of the farm without reference to her.

For a long time it seemed as if this were to be the future course of their lives. Lettice accepted it as the natural course of things, and seemed to ask for nothing more; but one day something occurred which shook the serenity of her life to its foundations.

Mrs. Colston came to spend a few days with her step-daughter, and with her arrival the restrained, calm life of Lettice seemed to change. A bustling, active person, Mrs. Colston saw the state of things, and took it into her head that it was not good for Lettice to be treated like this, as a kind of queen to be waited on. She determined to rouse her, to awaken her to a sense of her own importance, not as an inert, but as an active, member of the household.

She did not recognise how wonderfully the quiet, restrained life had acted on her step-daughter's feverish, nervous temperament, and was soothing both body and mind. She thought she was acting wisely and well, and in all their interests, but it was a fatal mistake.

The lifting of eyebrows, the little exclamations, "Why, Bessie, do you do all that? Then what on earth does Lettice do all day?" or again, "My dear Lettice, let all the world do your work and you sit idle! I should never have thought it of you!"

One day she went further; she spoke to her step-daughter of the difficulties with which all farmers were beset in these anxious times, and for the first time for many months the old familiar sensation of sharp fear began to creep over her again.

Mrs. Colston went away, and when Lettice came down to supper that night Bessie's watchful eyes detected a change in her. The serene look of peace was gone; she looked anxious, scared even, both lip and eyelids quivering.

After supper the women took their work and Tom lit his pipe. In former days he had never smoked in Bessie's parlour, they had so much to say, and after his last round of inspection of all the animals they went to bed early; but of late Bessie had persuaded him to smoke regardless of their presence—it was soothing, and he looked so very tired and worn when the day's work was over.

As they sat sewing, Lettice suddenly put down her work and looked up.

"Tom," she said, "are times as bad as Mrs. Colston says?"

"You should not trouble about it," he answered. "Times have been as bad before, and have come round."

"But is it true that the hay was all spoilt?"

He nodded.

"And harvest hopelessly ruined. Is that true, Tom?"

"There will be something saved out of it. Don't let it worry you, Lettice," said Bessie, cheerfully.

"Tom, don't hide your troubles from me," said Lettice, faintly. "I—I don't like it."

"You will know them fast enough when they come," said Tom. "No use anticipating them, is it?"

"Certainly not," cried Bessie. "And after all, Lettice, dear, see how lucky we are with the cows. The dairy pays well if nothing else does; there is no doubt about that."

But Lettice was not satisfied; the nervous terror had seized upon her again with all its cruel force.

Presently she stole away upstairs, and paced up and down her room. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" she murmured to herself. Two voices seemed to be within her: one urging her that a little, a very little brandy would at once stop this terrible craving which was once more assailing her; the other warning her, holding her back, showing her that in two moments might be lost the hard won victory of months."

The struggle was fiercer than she had undergone for many months, for she was stronger to resist now she had gained strength to fight. She paced the room faster and faster.

Downstairs the brother and sister talked together anxiously over their affairs. They were going through the week's accounts, and both were white and tired.

At last Tom got up, stretched himself, lit his lantern, and went out to make his round of all the farm buildings. It was a very dark night.

Bessie, waiting to let him in, drew a shawl round her, feeling chilled as she went on with her needlework.

Tom came in late; he had found some trifling omission in the work, and had stayed to rectify it himself. He kissed Bessie and went upstairs.

Bessie was going to bed also. It was a cold night, and she shivered. A little fire lingered yet in the kitchen grate; she thought she would take advantage of its gentle warmth and say her prayers there. She wrapped her shawl round her and knelt down. She was glad afterwards that she had not gone to bed, for suddenly the door opened and Tom came in again. Bessie rose from her knees and looked at him.

All the colour had gone out of his face; he put back the damp hair from his brow with one hand as he advanced and spoke in a strained voice.

"Not gone to bed, Bessie? It is very late."

"What is it, Tom?" she breathed rather than uttered.

He went to the fire and cowered over it.

"It is very cold," he said, and Bessie heard the click of his chattering teeth.

She made up the fire, and kneeling before it blew it silently into a blaze with the bellows.

Tom threw himself on an old-fashioned settle near the fire, bending still to catch its warmth. She sat down on a stool and drew his cold hands into hers.

"Tom," she whispered, hardly above her breath, "has it begun again?"

He did not answer, but she saw it in his haggard eyes, and turned away her face. They did not speak for some time; then she quietly rose and fetched a great plaid and some cushions from the next room and persuaded him to lean back and rest. She held his hands in hers for a long time, till worn out he fell asleep, and she sat motionless beside him till daybreak.

Tom woke with a deep, almost sobbing sigh, and without word or comment kissed her and went out. Bessie crept away for a little while into bed and cried herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY.—To your query as to "who built the Egyptian Pyramids," we can only say that it is a moot point. The Arabians think that they were built by King Saurid before the Deluge. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, ascribes them to his countrymen during their captivity. Pliny and Diodorus Siculus state that 360,000 men were employed in building that of Cheops. Aristotle says, and the opinion is generally received, that the work was set on foot to keep the common people well employed and poor in earning their daily bread, so that they should have no leisure for conspiring as traitors. According to Herodotus, 1,600 talents of silver were spent in providing leeks, onions, and other food for them. It was to this ready-provided diet that the Israelites looked back when in the wilderness.

"A MAID OF HONOUR" has certainly misnamed herself, as anyone so absurdly shy and nervous as to be unable to behave reasonably in society would not be received at Court. Forget yourself in thinking of others.

NYDIA.—If there be a mother and daughter, the latter being already introduced into society, leave two cards on them; but if you have only one, because expecting to be admitted, turn up the side of the card for the young girl. Do not send up your card if the lady be at home, but simply give your name to the servant, distinctly, for announcement. When a visitor is leaving, ring the bell that she may be shown out, and open the drawing-room door for her. If there be a man or boy in the room he should open it; and, if old enough, offer his arm to conduct her downstairs, where the servant will open the hall door. Of course amongst intimate friends formalities are dispensed with, and you may go with them to the garden-gate or the drive-gate, if you like. Old people should be treated with extra attention: you could not pay too much.

A STUDENT.—There is some obscurity with reference to the year when watches were invented. But Robert Bruce (about 1310) had one, so it is said. A watch bearing the date 1541 was preserved in Sir Ashton Lever's museum. They made their first appearance at Nuremberg, and were called "Nuremberg eggs," and were attributed to one Peter Hale, a German mechanic, A.D. 1477. It is recorded that some of the ancient watches struck the hours, and thus the thieves who stole those of Charles V. and Louis XI. were ignominiously betrayed by the striking of their ill-gotten treasures while in their pockets!

ANNIE LAURIE.—The origin of the "Band of Hope" is traced to an American society at Saratoga, New York, founded in 1808. The members pledged themselves to abstain from alcoholic drinks excepting only under three several conditions: the existence of disease, medical advice to the contrary, and public dinners. On this side of the Atlantic Father Matthew was the inaugurator of the temperance movement. Many kindred societies followed in the line, and lastly, Dr. Grindrod and Mrs. Carlisle undertook the task of enrolling children as total abstainers, because youth is the special season of hope, and the young are the hope of society. "Bands of Hope" societies were inaugurated from the year 1845.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES does not tell us her age, nor does she mention the reason for her parents' objection to her proposed marriage. We doubt the "goodness" of any man who proposes an elopement to a girl, and a marriage in absolute opposition to her parents' wishes! Could you not lay your case before some clergyman or old friend, and let him try to see what he can do to help you to reconcile your parents to it, if the marriage you propose be not entirely unsuitable?

AIDGE.—The year of the G.O.P. begins in November. You have therefore two monthly numbers to procure before January.

ALPINE'S tale of the "Sable Knight" is very prettily told in verse, but is not original, either in ideas or expression.

CHARLIE'S SISTER.—The doctor's opinion at the hospital would be more valuable than ours. We can only say that hygienic measures are of more avail than anything else in cases of epilepsy, and in many instances the attacks may be much lessened in severity and frequency by the avoidance of excesses of any kind. A vegetarian diet is one of the recent curative measures adopted. We sympathise with you in your trouble, and thank you for the recipe.

MARGARET GOLD.—We never heard of the insertion of an artificial finger-nail.

F. P. B.—The question of marriage between persons of different faiths has a purely practical side, *i.e.*, marriage is for life, and will both parties think as they do now ten years hence? Will the husband, who now pledges himself to refrain from influencing his wife, and who thinks that difference of opinion is not a bar to happiness, feel the same when his children are involved in the case; and their mother, being a Christian, desires that they should be Christians too? It is in view of this that we cannot advocate such marriages. See 2 Cor. vi. 14.

A. WYSE.—Long-continued dwelling on any personal blemish is bad for mind and body; we can only try to accept such troubles as our cross, and then try to forget them, and order our lives so that we may do the best we can with them, since this is God's will. We must live above them, so to say. Much harm is done to children thus sadly weighted by foolish friends and relations, who dwell on the subject of the blemish in their hearing, instead of making the child see the trouble in a higher spirit, and teaching that the beauty of the body is little compared with the beauty of the soul.

LOVE WORKS WONDERS.—Good health is one of the first requisites to a happy marriage. We think that all you tell us points to a great shock having upset the whole system, and we should recommend, if possible, complete change of air for at least three months; this, with a plentiful diet and fresh air, would work wonders, through God's blessing.

JANE will do better to remain where she is, and help her sick mistress. God has given her practical work to do, of the highest and best kind, and His blessing will be upon her in the doing of it. We so often forget our duties to others when they just come in opposition to our own interests and rules of life. He will open the way for you.

MYSTERE.—1. The name of John Gower, the contemporary of Chaucer, is pronounced "Gow-er" 2. The "Man with the Iron Mask" is now generally thought to have been Count Matthioli, agent of the Duke of Mantua. He was imprisoned for having deceived Louis XIV. in a secret treaty for the purchase of the fortress of Casal, the key of Italy.

HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN IN BUSINESS OR PROFESSIONS.—We are anxious to inform those of our readers coming to London that every home comfort in lodgings, at a moderate charge, can be obtained at the "G. F. S. Lodge," in Brixton; apply by letter to the Matron "G. F. S. Lodge," Brixton Rise, S. W. Trains and omnibuses to all parts of the City and West-end pass the garden door.

EDITH ASPENEL.—The address of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is 105, Jermyn Street, S.W.; address your inquiries to the secretary. How hard it is to learn to be ungrudging in our love, and grateful for kindness! We so often hear it said, "Oh, So-and-so is very good, and does all she can—is most devoted; but she cannot replace what I have lost." Now, when we analyse this speech, how horrid it is! It is a kind of "slap in the face" all round (to use a vulgar phrase). Ungrateful for the present love and devotion sent by a loving Father, because we cannot have what has been taken from us by that Father's hand! "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away." Here is a young girl who lost her own mother when a babe, and so never knew her, and has had a loving, good, and tender stepmother since she was five years old, who has nursed and tended her as her own child; here she is fretting and grieving for the mother she never knew, through four pages of notepaper! Her stepmother, she acknowledges, is everything that is good! "Only not her real parent." How could she be more "a real parent" than she is? This idea seems to us to have been suggested to her by some foolish person.

ANXIOUS ANNIE.—Wrinkles on the forehead are caused by raising the eyebrows. We suppose you have that bad habit, or perhaps are short-sighted. We do not know how to cure wrinkles save by leaving off their cause. Besides, arching the eyebrows gives a silly, owl-like expression.

SOIBA'S handwriting is dreadful to read, and the heavy strokes at the bottom of her letters dazzling and unpleasant to the eyes. The first thing to do if she wishes to write is to change her hand to something more legible. She should write on one side of the paper only, and find something to say. There is nothing original in her present attempt.

DOVEY.—We sympathise much with you in your grief. The lines you send us are not poetry, but rhymed prose, though not good enough for publication as prose. We are sure they were a comfort in writing as a vent in your trouble.

ST. MICHAEL'S, WOOD GREEN.—Your brother would say, in making an introduction, "Mr. So-and-so; My sister, Miss So-and-so;" that would be all. It would be quite right and natural that he should introduce his friend.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 450.] AUGUST 11, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More Than Coronets," etc.

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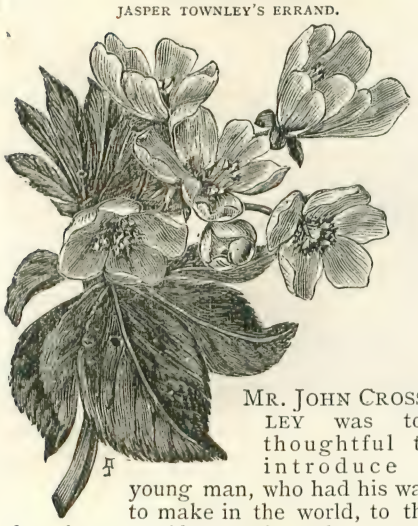
"AS IF TO IMPRISON A LURKING SMILE AT THE BLINKING OF HIS OWN EYES."

CHAPTER XVI.

JASPER TOWNLEY'S ERRAND.



MR. JOHN CROSSLEY was too thoughtful to introduce a young man, who had his way to make in the world, to the luxurious magnificence of a modern metropolitan hotel. It was in anything but a niggardly spirit he ordered the cabman to drive them from the railway station to the Falcon in Aldersgate Street. It had served him in the outset of his career, and might serve him in his age. It was "tolerably quiet, and within easy walking distance of brokers and the Wool Exchange," as he explained to Hubert, and as he added to himself, "much more suitable for a young man of business than one of those monster hotels newly cropping up all over the land. It's a bad thing for one of his age to make a false start. We're here for business, not for pleasure, though I may give him a taste of that before we go back—rationally, of course."

Giving himself no airs, and making no display, he simply bespoke adjoining sleeping apartments, and a good supper to be ready in the commercial-room when they had washed away the grime of the journey.

However much in love the younger man might be, they both had brought with them good North-country appetites and sound digestion. They were still in the midst of a substantial meal, when Hubert, chancing to glance across the room, caught a glimpse of a stranger's face peering at him furtively over the edge of a newspaper, with a puzzled expression of countenance.

Hubert's observation caused the stranger to open out his paper, refold, and scan it over as if in search of some special item.

More than once after that Hubert saw the same perplexed glance directed towards himself, and began to feel disconcerted by the scrutiny, as one fresh from a distant provincial town is apt to do in London for the first time. Presently the brisk waiter was arrested on his way to the door, a negative shake of the head seemed to answer a question, and in a few minutes, after another mystified glance, the stranger threw down his paper and quitted the room.

Then it was Hubert first called Mr. Crossley's attention to the retreating man, a gentleman to all appearance, though not altogether in consonance with Hubert's ideal; at least, there was something un-English about him.

"Oh, most likely he's some peaky Londoner, who has destroyed his digestion with late hours and strong drink, and wondered to see two men despatch a hearty meal," was Mr. Crossley's summing up.

Strange to say, they came across the same individual in the precincts of the Wool Exchange the next morning, and Hubert pointed him out to Mr. Crossley, the same peculiar scrutiny from under lowered brows, the same turning away as if ashamed of his own stare having again attracted attention.

"That fellow seems to haunt us; he meets or follows us wherever we turn," observed the elder later on in the day as they entered a wool-broker's office the other had just left; "I've thought once or twice he meant to speak to you. He might fancy he knew you."

At a broker's, where Mr. Crossley had a special appointment to meet a Melbourne wool-merchant who had just brought over large consignments for the English market, they again came face to face with this persistent starer.

He was a Mr. Sanderson, the very merchant the manufacturer had appointed to meet.

Principals were introduced; Hubert as a mere attendant was ignored; but the Australian did not ignore him. Before a word of business was spoken he said, "Pardon me, Mr. Crossley, if I ask the name of your young friend. He reminds me strongly of an old associate of my own, of whom I have lost sight since he sailed from Melbourne eleven years ago."

Hubert's ears had been on the alert.

"Was his name Hubert Underwood?" he asked eagerly, with a gasp.

"Yes," replied the other quickly. "And you will surely be his son? Shake hands, sir. I saw your father in your face at the Falcon last night. No doubt you thought me impertinent, but I never beheld such a likeness in my life. Where is he now? In London or in the North?"

Hubert's radiant face changed. It was almost an answer without his words. "Alas, sir! my poor father lies in his grave."

"Aye!" struck in John Crossley, "the poor fellow was lost in a snowdrift before he had been in England a week."

"Surely not!" exclaimed the merchant with a start. "It is not more than five years since Jessop heard from him."

"Impossible!" cried two astonished voices simultaneously; and then, whilst the young man's agitation was apparent, as briefly as might be—for business was waiting—Mr. Crossley told how the dead and the living Hubert had been found, the former stripped of bag, papers, coin, everything valuable except a locket worn underneath all, and so missed.

"Ah," said the listener, "that locket would contain his old sweetheart's likeness. And so he had kept that till the last! He showed it to me on shipboard as we sailed from the Cape to Melbourne together nearly five and thirty years ago. There has been foul play somewhere, that must be searched into when I get back. Jessop's remittances to Underwood's banker here were duly called for and paid over the counter till within the last five years. It is very strange. But now to business. I have brought over a large consignment of wool from Jessop now. Here are samples."

Hubert's thoughts ran very little on wool just then; his heart was beating wildly. Here was the recognition and the discovery he had vaguely looked forward to when he accepted John Crossley's generous offer as a boy. It had come to pass almost as he had expected. Barring the fraudulent pretender, he was no longer an unclaimed nobody. Mr. Sanderson had recognised him. Mr. Sanderson would put Mr. Townley in communication with Jessop at Roughet Run. There was an inheritance waiting for the heir. He need no longer be afraid of proposing to Mabel lest he should drag her down. He—but his speculations ran far ahead of our space.

The broker profited by the introduction, for the business transacted between the merchant and the manufacturer was larger than it otherwise might have been.

There was a late dinner together at the Falcon, and other meetings during the busy week, at which the mystery connected with the personation of Hubert's father was openly discussed. John Crossley was for setting detectives at work immediately, and would have telegraphed for Jasper Townley, the Shepperley lawyer, had not Mr. Sanderson, with innate caution, interposed.

"Haste is not always speed," he said. "Bide a wee before you put a lawyer's hand into your pouch. I've no knowledge which was Mr. Underwood's bank. I have no authority to act for Mr. William Jessop. I am ignorant of the conditions under which he holds the farm, whether as lessee or manager. I only know he paid over large sums yearly to Mr. Underwood's account, and though he is as honest up-and-down a fellow as ever handled a sheep, he fights shy of lawyers, and is a tough customer to deal with in a case like this. He will want strong assurance, and so will the bankers, that they have paid Underwood's money to the wrong person, or that this young man has a juster claim. I shall not sail for a month. In the interim let Mr. Townley furnish me with an authenticated statement, copies of newspaper reports of inquest, and of his returned letter, and I will undertake to lay them before Jessop, backed by the evidence of my own eyes. If your lawyer thinks proper to write independently he can. I would not promise to leave my business for a ride up-country to Roughet Run, but Jessop comes occasionally into Melbourne, and I am sure to see him. And don't bruit our meeting abroad, lest the rogue should get wind of it, and decamp with his spoil."

Rare news had Hubert to carry back to Shepperley, though Mr. Sanderson's last suggestion was somewhat of a damper. He longed to shout "Eureka!" in the ears of those who had cherished and those who had scorned him; and here this Australianised Scotchman had cautioned him to be "patient" and "prudent," as if he and Miss Pringle had alike drawn their principles from the

land of their ancestors, as she had derived the precious pearls of which he heard so much and saw nothing.

But during the journey home he reflected that he might woo Mabel with more confidence, and with more assurance that she loved him for himself—if she did love him at all—supposing nothing transpired; and so he was well satisfied to have reserved his news for private telling.

So well pleased was John Crossley with the self-control of the young fellow, that after a couple of days at the manufactory, given to matters connected with his recent purchases of wool, oil, and dye-stuffs, he invited Hubert to take a seat in his brougham, and they drove into Shepperley together.

Curious eyes followed the course of the unfamiliar vehicle, as it turned the corner of the triangular green, and rolled on through the long village street, stopping neither at the doctor's, nor the lawyer's, nor the rector's, but at the unpretentious gate of "poor little Miss Pringle!" It was an event to be chronicled in the annals of Shepperley. Gossips were on the *qui vive*, and when Ruth tripped up to Jasper Townley's door, and was followed home by the short, wiry, close-lipped lawyer, with his eyes winking and twinkling as he went, expectation stood on tiptoe, and speculation ran riot, to small purpose.

"I am proud of the honour you have done my boy, Mr. Crossley," exclaimed Miss Pringle, as she saluted them both on the threshold with a beaming face, then led the way into her cosy little parlour, where a table strewn with many coloured prints and sundry geometric devices in cardboard bespoke her favourite occupation.

"Considering your respective positions it is peculiarly pleasant to receive you together in my poor little place, and you both look as if your London trip had been pleasurable and prosperous."

But when the Australian budget was opened, she clasped her small hands tightly together, and listened in breathless expectancy. Then her hands suddenly went up to her face, and she dropped into her chair, sobbing like a child. It would be hard to say what feeling was uppermost—joy for Hubert's sake, or grief for her own.

"Don't, aunt dear," said Hubert, soothingly, stooping and putting his arm tenderly around her. "I did not think our news would distress you."

"Oh, no, no, no! I shall be better presently. I am only overpowered. I—I—poor Hubert!" And again the tears broke forth. She was thinking of the Hubert lying under a stone coverlet across the road, and the possibility that she might lose the other Hubert also.

The outburst was soon over. She had a wonderful power of self-repression. "Send Ruth for Mr. Townley," were her first words, and by the time he arrived she had her patchwork cleared away, and was "prepared for any proposition he might make," when the case had been restated.

Jasper Townley listened with his head on one side, his chin in his hand, his lips shut tight, putting in a brief question now and again, but expressing no opinion until he had heard all.

Then he spoke. "I agree with this Mr. Sanderson in part, 'Speech is silvern, silence is golden.' Tell *no* one, or rogues may trip us. I hold proofs of identity:—Clothes not of English make; newspaper reports; my own notes at the inquest; the locket miniature. I can arrange all documents forthwith, convey them to London, and confer with your informant. We must proceed with caution. We shall have to circumvent a clever thief and a forger, and we may find Mr. Jessop a second Thomas-a-Didymus. In one material point I differ from Mr. Sanderson, and advise that we do not consult him. I advise immediate application to Scotland Yard, for detectives to start a criminal inquiry. Great is the potency of the police. They will discover Mr. Underwood's bank. Will refer to their books, ascertain whether the man who claimed luggage, and was described by the railway officials, tallies with the drawer of the moneys from the bank, then hunt him up. This is my opinion. Moreover, I advise that a preliminary letter be sent forthwith direct to this Mr. Jessop. And I am prepared to undertake the case on behalf of our young friend here forthwith, if so Miss Pringle authorises."

"*I* authorise you, sir," put in Mr. Crossley, promptly; "and for all reasonable costs you may send in your bill to me. We cannot impose such a burden on Miss Pringle.—For immediate expenses." He had taken a bank-note from his pocket-book, and offered it to the lawyer.

Hubert, dumbfounded at this proof of his employer's liberality, could barely falter out his broken thanks.

Jasper Townley, winking and blinking as if the sun was too strong for him, quietly put back the proffered note with a wave of his hand.

"There can be no question of expenses between Miss Pringle and myself, sir. We are very old friends, and understand one another. We need not tax your generosity if Miss Pringle accepts my services." And he screwed up his mouth as if to imprison a lurking smile at the blinking of his own eyes.

"Pray put back your note in your pocket-book, Mr. John Crossley, and accept Phillis Penelope Pringle's thanks for your proffered kindness to her *protégé*. But," and she smiled at Mr. Crossley's blank astonishment, "should our good friend Mr. Townley's professional expenses prove too heavy, you may, perhaps, be reminded of this pecuniary proffer."

"Well," said he, "I shall not draw back. I shall be only too well pleased to see Mr. Underwood's claim established. Good-morning, sir; I am proud to shake hands with you. A lawyer who declines a fee is a rarity. I am glad Miss Pringle has so disinterested a legal friend. Come, Underwood." But as he led the way to the waiting brougham, he chuckled to himself over his conviction that the lawyer and the little spinster were about to make a match of it.

Hubert lingered a moment to say good-bye to his good "Aunt Pringle," and to thank Jasper Townley, who detained him for a word. "*Don't think* us dilatory, young sir, if results are slow in coming. We have to find a lost clue, and to satisfy a distant stranger. And do not be too sanguine. Stick to business as if you had no other prospects. Remember Miss Pringle's precept, 'Be prudent, be patient, and place your trust in God!' And now, be off. I'll listen to thanks when I've earned them."

Jasper Townley's small bright eyes blinked as he watched the brougham on its way, then, with a broad smile breaking bounds over his face, he turned back into the cottage for a long confidential "chat with poor Miss Pringle."

That was Wednesday. The next evening the lawyer was in London.

"It is all very well for cool old heads to advise; warm young hearts do not always find it easy to follow," said Hubert to himself when he found sticking to business stolidly a tax upon his impetuosity. Memory sent him back to boyhood and his father's farm, among the rough shepherds and their countless flocks, spread over wide plains, where the long-tailed kangaroos leapt and squatted in the long grass under the shade of soft brown sheoaks, feathery tree-ferns, tall auracarias, or the bushy blue-gum tree. Do what he would he could not keep his mind from wandering from the business of his employers to the newer business of Jasper Townley. It was not for himself alone he looked forward to the possession of lands and coin. It was for Mabel and Miss Pringle. Love and gratitude were both involved in the lawyer's success.

He had, however, been too well trained to allow imagination to run away with him. He kept a tight hand on the reins, and had also mastered his first impulse to take his open-hearted friend into his confidence, when he came upon Robert Heathfield in Upland Lane on the Saturday, at the foot of the step-ladder stile admitting to the Home-field.

"Hullo, Bert! What have you been seeing and doing in London?" was the one salutation.

"Well, Bob, and what have you been doing at Upland Farm?" was the parrying question.

"Oh, lots of things. We've just finished sowing the wheat in the Home-field here," and taking the other by the arm he led the way down the lane where a smock-frocked lad was raking up the fallen leaves, and along the bye-road to the great barn, where one man was cutting chaff and another turnips for the sheep, and so on from barn to byre, giving orders, or talking to Hubert as they went of many things—his mother's slow progress towards recovery, the last football match, the statute fair, the sights of London, anything but the unsuspected meeting with Mr. Sanderson. Bob, as usual, did most of the talking, and, as usual, Lucy Hope crept into his discourse. He had generally something fresh to confide to his friend concerning her, something she had said or not said, something she had done or not done, all tending to prove that the curate's sister was only one degree below an angel, and that it would be impossible she could

ever care a straw for a rough-and-ready fellow like himself.

That afternoon Lucy's name was introduced *apropos* of a Dorcas society the curate had established, and which either he or Lucy had persuaded Mabel to join.

"If it had been Phillis now, one would have thought nothing of it; she and Miss Pringle have 'made garments for the poor' times out of mind; but Mabel! it's a revolution. I'd as soon have thought of Aunt Rivers sewing flannel petticoats for helpless old women, or pinafores for ragged little urchins, as our dainty Mab. Come round this way and we'll catch her at it. Ernest Hope may be no beauty, but he has a tongue, and no mistake. I'd not be surprised if he talked her into visiting the sick in Marsh Lane next."

Bob laughed heartily at what he considered an exquisite joke, but there was no echo from Hubert. In the first place, he did not see the fitness of the subject for a jest, and certainly not its point. In the second place, there was a suggestion of the curate's influence that jarred upon his nerves. Yet he suffered his friend to drag him through the poultry-yard, scattering the ducks and geese, and setting up the feathers of the great turkey-cock, and round by the great barn to the southern side of the house, where the well-kept lawn contrasted in its greenness with the scant yellowing foliage around, and the heaps of brown leaves swept together on the walk for removal.

Hubert would have stopped at the side door, but Bob drew him on, and tapped at the French window for admission, causing Mabel, who had the table heaped with her work, to start and flush instinctively, as she caught sight of his companion.

She was not sewing, but sitting in a reverie, her white hands folded loosely in her lap over something, Hubert could not be sure what, a letter or a bit of calico; but she jumped to her feet and hastily huddled it up together with the materials on the table.

She began crossly to Bob—

"I can't let you in. You must open the side door. You've no right to startle one so!" But in almost the same moment she smiled and nodded to Hubert, as if to say, "When did you come home? I am glad to see you."

(To be continued.)

BENEMILDA;

OR,

THE PATH OF DUTY.

By MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bright morning when she awoke. The birds were singing among the trees, the herds were lowing in the distance, the sun was shining, the dew was glistening upon grass, shrub, leaf, and blossom. All things looked fresh and vivid, inspiring new hope, new stimulus to exertion and perseverance. Benemilda started up and resumed her journey.

It was noon when she stopped near the brink of a fountain, to sit down and rest, and eat a portion of her store of provision. She had just approached the sparkling waters, that a pure draught might crown her simple meal, when her attention was attracted by a beautiful peacock that sat sunning itself on the marble edge of the basin which received the fountain's flow. The gorgeous bird, in the full display of its rich plumage—now permitting the green and gold length of its tail feathers to depend against the snow white contrast of the marble, now raising and extending them in the spread panoply of their purple-eyed magnificence, now sleeking its enamelled throat of varying-hued splendour, now twinkling its liquid eye, now quivering its tufted crest—seemed as if it would win the admiration of the Vizier's daughter. So sumptuous was its appearance, that Benemilda advanced her hand, which she had just before intended to dip into the fountain for her draught, towards the plumage of the bird, in the timid wish that it would allow her to caress so much beauty. It seemed rather pleased than offended by the familiarity of her touch, especially as her manner expressed befitting diffidence in approaching so much stateliness and dignity.

"I would rather see that fair hand employed in smoothing my throat, all unworthy as it may be," said the peacock, "than behold it employed in so degrading an office as scooping water from a fountain; the meanest wayside traveller could not descend to a more humble expedient for quenching his thirst."

"But I have no goblet at hand, and can find no other mode of lifting some of this limpid water to my lips," said Benemilda, with a smile. "Do you not think, my lord, the refreshment is worth the momentary compromise of dignity?"

"No merely personal comfort can compensate for degradation, for abasement," said the peacock.

"What degradation is there in a wet hand?" asked Benemilda. "What abasement in the act of waiting upon myself, beyond the mere stooping over the marble brink, far enough to reach the water? I assure you, my long travel has made me sufficiently thirsty to teach me that being my own cup-bearer is a less penalty than foregoing a draught of water."

"Why undertake so long a journey, unattended, unsupported by the due observance and appurtenances of your rank? Where is the train that should follow you? Where the ushers that should precede your steps? Where the lackeys that should succeed them? Where the coach or litter that should sustain your limbs, and bear you on your wearisome pilgrimage?"

"An equipage and train of servants might be impediments rather than aids to such a pilgrimage as mine," observed Benemilda.

"Then why undertake it at all? Why embark in an expedition which demands so much personal sacrifice; and which perhaps, after all, may not be desired by the person in whose behalf it is undertaken?" suggested the peacock. "We should disdain to stoop thus, to act unsolicited, to proffer benefits unsought."

The great dog, Faithful Heart, gave a low growl. "The bird's grandeur of plumage is very alluring," thought Benemilda, "and he affects great loftiness of notion; but it is all personal, not to say selfish; and, certainly, his last sentiments are those of a poor-souled, paltry-spirited creature. I'll not lose any more time with him."

So resolving, she ceased caressing the bird, leant over the fountain's brink, slaked her thirst, and then continued her way.

When an hour or two had elapsed, Benemilda found herself among the mountains, where she fancied Lake Lonely lay. The place was desert and wild, but she steadily pursued her path.

As she advanced, she heard a horrible howling; several sharp, short howls, then a prolonged and mournful howl, then a succession of interchanged brisk howls and moaning howls, that had a very dismal effect, and might have appalled less stout nerves than those of the Lady Benemilda, who was not accustomed to swoon, to go into hysterics, or to give way to nervousness, when she had a duty to perform or a worthy object in view.

Presently a jackal appeared in sight. He stood across her way, grinning with his mouth open from ear to ear, bowing, smirking, grimacing, and laying one paw on his heart, as he bent the other knee to the earth before her.

"And is the brightest lady in the land indeed come hither?" exclaimed he, as if in a sort of ecstasy, and throwing his eyes to heaven in an affected rapture of admiration; "has the peerless beauty indeed ventured into these savage solitudes, where no eye can behold her charms, no adorer yield her meet homage? Alas! and has the never-sufficiently-to-be-adulated princess vouchsafed to set her foot in such a barren wilderness as this? Retreat, bewitching lady; retire, enthralling beauty; retrace your steps, all-dazzling princess, whilst yet you can with safety. Brave not such perils, such disasters as await you here."

"I am no princess, sir," said Benemilda, shortly, "and have an instinctive dislike to flattery."

"Flattery, peerless lady!" exclaimed the jackal. "Presumption itself would not dare to address flattery to you. Even were your transcendent charms to inspire the wish to do them justice in speech, respect for your excellent judgment would forbid the utterance of what might—to you alone, however—appear hyperbole."

"Enough of this, sir," said the Lady Benemilda, "you would transfer from my person to my mind adulation that might thus prove palatable. What flattery is there so subtle as the assurance of being superior to flattery? Be pleased to stand by, sir, and allow me to pass."

The jackal gave a snarl, and displayed his teeth with more than a grin, as he seemed prepared to dispute the lady's farther advance; but her two dogs attacked him so suddenly and so pertinaciously that he was fain to take to his heels, and leave the way clear. Benemilda lost no time in proceeding, and before evening had closed in she came to the shores of Lake Lonely.

It was a dreary place. Not a cheerful sight or sound was there. No bird soared across its sluggish surface, or fluttered on its sandy marge; no fish leaped or sported in its dull waters, no chirp or twitter, no ripple or plash broke the heavy stillness of all around. On one side of the lake, Benemilda perceived a moss-grown, mildewed, dank-looking mansion. Green stains of damp hung about its walls; every stone of the edifice, from basement to roof, seemed crumbling, mouldering, rotting, decaying visibly.

Benemilda felt the dispiriting influence of the scene. She asked herself whether, indeed, she had done rightly in coming hither—whether her father might not upbraid her for venturing to infringe his chosen solitude, for meddling in his affairs at all, for taking upon her to act on her own judgment in an affair where his own had already decided. She knew he was apt to resent interference. Might he not regard as such the step she had taken, and be displeased instead of gratified at seeing her unexpectedly and unbidden here? Should it be so, she had rashly, uselessly, relinquished the delight of Amanzor's society; she had in vain distressed both her lover's heart and her own; for something whispered her that he was her lover, notwithstanding his unavowed preference.

At that moment her sleeve was plucked; she turned, and saw, close at her skirts, the ragged urchin whom she had twice encountered at the beginning of her journey.

"Will you have me for your guide back, lady?" he said, in those pleading tones of his. "I know every step of the way. This is a forlorn place, and when you leave it there is one awaiting your return who will welcome you with delight that would make any spot cheerful. Joy and gladness attend you at home. Here, what offers but gloom and disappointment?"

"Begone, tempter!" said Benemilda; but she said it in a very gentle voice. "I must not listen to you; you are a sad, insinuating boy, I fear; I should be half inclined to chide you, were I not more than half inclined to forgive you."

He looked so pretty and so pleasant, as he stood there smiling in his own arch manner, so rose-cheeked, so red-lipped, so merry-eyed, so gay, so winning, so sly, yet so child-like innocent, that the Lady Benemilda, as she said the last words, could not forbear extending her hand towards him in token of pardon.

The little rogue, as a return for her kindness, seized the proffered hand, as if about to raise it to his lips; but instead of doing so, contrived to draw from her finger a ring she wore, and securing his prize, darted off, scaling one of the rocks that beetled near the edge of the lake with such agility that it seemed as though he flew, rather than climbed, up the face of the cliff.

"Little villain!" muttered Benemilda, as she watched the young thief making his escape. "I felt almost sure that he meditated robbing me of something. Else why follow me so pertinaciously? Why thrust his companionship so perseveringly upon me? I ought to have watched him more narrowly. His pretty looks were surely creeping too near my heart. A stranger to interest me thus! Fie, Benemilda! But I have done with him, a little rogue!"

The Vizier's daughter, patting the heads of her two favourites, the great rough dog and the sharp little terrier, now determined to approach the house, and to knock at the dismantled gates. Two forbidding-looking personages, who seemed the porters of the mansion, stepped forward and asked what she wanted.

"I come to see my father," said the lady; "be so good as to inform him that his daughter Benemilda craves admittance to his presence."

The two attendants looked at each other, seeming to demur.

"Go you, Discontent, and announce the lady," said one of them to the other.

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing; go yourself, Reserve," said the other.

The Lady Benemilda drew her purse from her girdle and offered a fee to each of these forbidding personages, Reserve and Discontent; then, while the two janitors were occupied in counting the gold, the two dogs bustled between them, and favoured the entrance of their mistress, who, quickly availing herself of the opportunity, followed them, and made her way towards a door she saw at the farther end of the hall. The door opened, as she had hoped, into the room where her father sat. He was gazing abstractedly out of the window, across the waters of the lake, so lost in moody thought that he did not perceive his daughter's entrance; but on her advancing and throwing herself at his feet, he placed one hand on her head, while he raised the other to his own brow, and said—

"Benemilda, my child!"

She eagerly poured forth her tale; how his absence had been deplored, how the people had missed him, how the council had been suspended for lack of his assisting voice; how his sovereign had promised favour in the event of speedy return, death in case of one that should exceed the appointed period.

But the Vizier listened to his daughter's appeal unmoved. He raised her almost sternly; bade her retire from his presence, while he reflected upon the tidings she had brought; then called her back and kissed her on the forehead; but, as if repenting of his weakness, he told her in a solemn tone that he would take time to consider his decision, and, to that end, he would not see her till the following morning.

"You will find apartments that you may occupy here, Benemilda," said the Vizier in conclusion; "and you may have the whole range else of the mansion and its demesnes; but I expect that this room, my study, be held sacred from your intrusion."

His daughter withdrew in duteous silence. She found the house within scarcely less dismal than its outward appearance; but she selected a room that struck her as looking least gloomy, from its window being surrounded by honeysuckle, a plant of which had strayed by chance among the ivy that principally clothed the south side of the house; and here she established herself as comfortably as circumstances would permit.

(*To be continued.*)

HADASSAH, THAT IS ESTHER.

(Book of Esther ii. 7.)

HADASSAH means a myrtle,
And Esther means a star;
Hadassah changed to Esther
Gleams out on us afar.

At first a Jewish exile,
An orphan, too, was she;
But oh! her peerless beauty
Was passing fair to see.

Yet all of Esther's fairness
Was not of form and face;
Her gift of outward beauty
Had no less inward grace.

The modest little daisy
We well name "eye of day,"
Its disc and radiant petals
Like sun and sunshine's ray.

Even so the myrtle lowly
To bright star-blossom grows,
Unconscious of what fragrance
Or gems it may enclose.

Though Esther's place was humble,
She filled it well, I ween;
For soon she graced with honour
The throne of Persia's Queen.

There came fierce trial to her,
As comes to low and high;
She hears her father's people
Are foully doomed to die.

Oh! solemn awful crisis!
She prayed o'er it and wept;
Then meekly took the burden
Of secrets she had kept;

And at the call of duty
A queenly pledge she gave,
To risk her life in pity,
Her people's life to save.

So her heroic story
Shines on us from afar;
Hadassah, she is Esther,
And Esther *is* a star.

This, this is lasting beauty
That never dims with age;
Her self-forgetting service
Lives on in sacred page.

The majesty of duty!
May this be ever thine;
High resolution prompting,
And teaching how to shine.

For modest maidens, humble
As fragrant myrtles are,
May blossom into glory:
The myrtle-flower's a star.

A. H. DRYSDALE, M.A.

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE dread that had so long hung over the Brandreths had taken shape at last, and beyond all possibility of concealment. It was one of those sad mysteries that are called open secrets that hung over Springfield. They never spoke of it, and with strenuous perseverance kept the delusion before their eyes that no outsiders knew of it.

How Lettice found the means of satisfying the insatiable thirst that had again taken possession of her was a source of wonder to Bessie. Gently and secretly she had removed, as she thought, every source of temptation out of reach. Tom had even had the cellar emptied long before, its door thrown open, that it might be used for storing potatoes.

Bessie watched as closely as she could, but she could detect nothing; only that her vigilance was somehow eluded was only too evident in the strange look in the unhappy Lettice's eyes, the heavy sleepiness that hung over her, the languid mornings when she could scarcely be persuaded to rise from bed.

In those days Tom grew thin and haggard, his eyes fierce and restless, his temper uncertain.

And matters grew worse on the farm; the days of hope and prosperity seemed to have passed away altogether.

Tom spent a great many of his evenings at a club in Brainton, where a vehement debating society met three times a week, and there he vented some of the concentrated bitterness of his thoughts on denunciations of Free Trade, and the burdens on land, that, in his opinion, were sweeping the yeomen off the face of England. Men listened to him eagerly, for passion carries away its auditors.

Bessie found her task too difficult. She began to see that one duty or the other must be given up; she could not continue to bear all the responsibility and work of the household and watch her sister-in-law as well, and both tasks demanded her full attention.

The winter months passed by, and still Bessie had been unable to discover how poor Lettice managed to procure what she wanted. But the discovery came at last.

It was one of the evenings which Tom spent at Brainton. Bessie had been very busy all day, but there was needlework to finish that she was anxious to accomplish that night. Therefore, when the sisters-in-law went upstairs to bed, and parted for the night, Bessie took her work with her to finish in her own room.

She had been working for about half an hour before she discovered suddenly that she had left her scissors downstairs, and she opened the door and went down to fetch them.

Bessie trod on tiptoe, for she feared that she might awaken her sister-in-law, if she was already asleep.

To her surprise and momentary terror, when she reached the bottom of the stairs, she perceived that the back door was ajar and a white shaft of moonlight stealing across the dark oak floor.

A sudden fear of thieves, of danger to the hen-roosts, even to the cattle, flashed across her, and she went swiftly out into the yard. She was just about to give the alarm, when the sound of low hurried whisperings close to her made her pause and listen. The sound came from an outhouse just outside the dairy where the maids kept numberless odds and ends, and Bessie recognised women's voices.

She boldly entered the place, her heart beating fast as she did so. Two figures were there, talking to each other so eagerly that they did not perceive her entrance, and she rapidly placed herself in the shadow behind the door.

Bessie's heart sank within her, for she recognised in the foremost figure her sister-in-law, in the other the dairy-woman who had once been her servant in days gone by, Eliza Coppin.

"I tell you I must have it!" Lettice was saying. She was standing in the moonlight wrapt in a long white flannel dressing-gown, and her magnificent hair hung down to her knees; in her hand she was holding something that glittered like gold.

"But it ain't yours, ma'am," said Eliza, and her voice was without respect or reticence. "That 'ere bracelet ain't yours. I've a-seen it times on times on Miss Bessie's arm. I 'ont say but what I'll take your own things, as I have done before, but I ain't a-going to risk my character with pawning of stolen goods."

"How dare you!" cried Lettice, lifting her hand as if to strike the woman, but it fell by her side, and her voice changed to abject entreaty.

"Eliza, dear, good Eliza, I have nothing left for you to take, and this bracelet, it is mine! I tell you it is mine. Bessie gave it to me."

Bessie felt as if she could hardly bear it. Had it even come to this?

Eliza answered excitedly—

"I told you as I ain't going to do it, ma'am. You've had more than is good for you this long while; and if master found out my doings, it's the sack he'd give me and my man, born and bred on the farm though he have been."

"But you must, I say you must! I can't do without it, and all my money is gone. See, I will give you your full share of what the man gives for it, ten or twelve shillings at least."

Their voices sank to a whisper, and Bessie held fast by the wall in the shadow. A new terror had come over her. She heard the clatter of hoofs in the yard; her brother had come home early and unexpectedly.

Lettice and Mrs. Coppin also heard it, and they caught each other's hands.

The moments seemed endless while the motionless women stood trembling. Distinctly on the air they could hear every sound of Tom's proceedings, of his unsaddling and grooming and watering his horse, then of his leading it across to the stables.

"Now's your time, ma'am," said Mrs. Coppin, and Lettice with her own peculiarly silent movements glided swiftly round the corner and into the house.

But the alarm had been given; a little tin canister standing unseen in the way rolled over and over with a clinking noise. No ear so keen as the master's ear. Tom heard the sound, and in one moment strode across the yard and into the outhouse.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, sternly; for the terrified dairywoman stood cowering before him, twisting the gold bracelet in her hands.

"Oh law! sir, dear sir, it ain't no doing o' mine," she faltered. "I'm only obeying orders."

"Whose orders, woman?"

Mrs. Coppin burst into tears.

"I ain't a woman!" she cried, in a state of tremulous wrath. "Leastways not so to call a woman, and if I have done what I be told, I always have done it, and nothing said, which there oughtn't to be nothing said, when a body has done what she were told, though it's I as says it."

"What are you doing with this?" cried Tom, taking hold of the bracelet. "Where did you take it?"

"From your own wife, sir, if you must have it. And if someone is to be called a thief it ain't me, that's all I know. She took and gave it me to sell for what she wants, and what that is you know as well as myself."

"It is a lie!" cried Tom, whose face had become livid. "This is not my wife's property; you have stolen it!"

"There! I told her as much," said Mrs. Coppin, in triumph. "And if there's lying and thieving in the matter you ain't got to go far afield, sir, not you ain't."

"Hush; be silent!"

Bessie came forward and laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"Mrs. Coppin," she said, "go home at once; I will speak to you about this by-and-by."

"No," cried the woman, who was both frightened and angry, and, with a cunning instinct of self-defence, wished to carry the war into the enemy's country. "I hold by my character, and I ain't going to lose that to screen nobody. Master says I took it."

Tom caught her roughly by the shoulder.

"Tell me the truth, if you can," he said. "Has your mistress employed you to pawn her trinkets?"

"And if she have, sir, ain't I to obey orders? But I says again, and if it was my last word say it I should, that if this 'ere bracelet is Miss Bessie's, it ain't I as took it."

"It is not mine," said Bessie, quietly; "it belongs to Mrs. Brandreth."

Tom glanced at her furtively. Not a tinge of colour, not a falter betrayed that she was not speaking the truth.

Mrs. Coppin curtsied.

"You'll please to tell me what I am to do, sir," she said.

"Go home, and never show your face again here!" cried Tom, in fierce anger.

"So this is what comes of doing what yer told!" exclaimed Mrs. Coppin, melting into tears.

Bessie fairly pushed her out.

"Go, go!" she said. "I will see you to-morrow."

The woman glanced up at her master, and saw something in his face which frightened her; with a cowering curtsey she hurried away.

Bessie turned to her brother.

"Tom!" she said. "Oh, Tom!"

He was standing with clenched hands, actually grinding his teeth.

"It is the disgrace, the degradation!" he muttered. "This is worst of all. What shall I do?"

"Patience, patience, dear Tom."

"A thief! a liar and a thief! and this is my wife!"

The agony of those last words thrilled through her. His wife, yes, bound to him for all time by that indissoluble tie. This woman was his wife.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—Labour to keep a good conscience, for she that is disfurnished thereof hath fear for her bedfellow and care for her companion.

THE BILL OF COMPANY.—When Dean Swift was invited to dinner by his friend Lord Bolingbroke, and, as an inducement to accept the invitation, was shown the dinner bill, he replied, "A fig for your dinner bill, show me your bill of company."

A MISTAKE.

"Alas! with this despair I die!"
Emma one day o'erheard me sigh,
And like a fury flew:
"Villain, how dare you to aspire?"
"Kind nymph," said I, "restrain your ire,
"I'm not in love with you."

WOMAN'S GLORY.—Purity of soul and conduct is the first glory of women.—*Mme. de Staël.*

CHANGED TIMES.

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we've lived three months asunder,
How I lived with you is the wonder.

A REASON FOR CHANGE.

"I see you have got a new servant," said Mrs. Tomkins.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "I make it a point to get a new one every month."

"But that must be very inconvenient?"

"Yes; but there is nothing going on in this town that I don't hear all about it."

WOMAN'S AFFECTIONS.

What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite, but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambitions. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding the flame.

—*Longfellow.*

UNTHANKFULNESS.—Many favours which God giveth us ravel out for want of hemming through our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them.—*Fuller.*

TO BE OR NOT TO BE?—Three Frenchmen were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their native language, and they endeavoured to translate into English the well known opening to Hamlet's soliloquy—"To be or not to be." The following was the result: First Frenchman: "To was or not to am?" Second Frenchman: "To were or is to not?" Third Frenchman: "To should or not to will?"

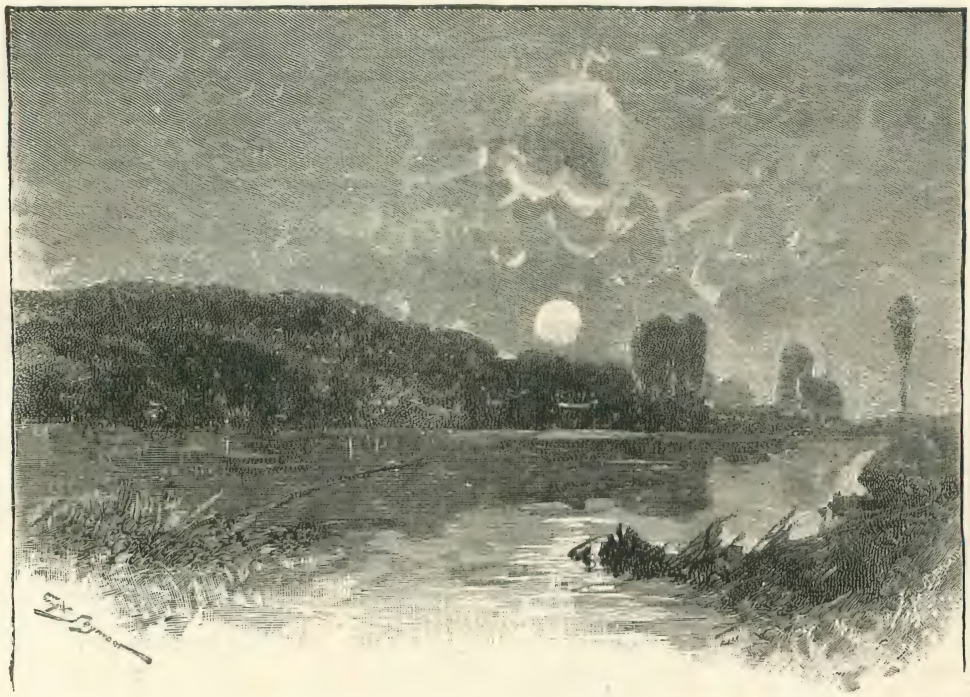
CONSOLATION.—Regard for her own sex was not a characteristic of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. "It goes far," she says, "towards reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one."

DOWN IN A DIVING BELL.

A lady named Morris, of Plymouth, is recorded to have been the first of her sex to venture under water in a diving bell.

She had wit as well as courage, and wrote to her father a poetical epistle, saying:—

"From a belle, my dear father, you've oft had a line,
But not from a bell under water;
Just now I can only assure you I'm thine,
Your diving and dutiful daughter."



EVENSONG.

DUET FOR GIRLS' VOICES.

Words from an old Proverb. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.

SOPRANO. Be the day wea - ry, Be the day long,

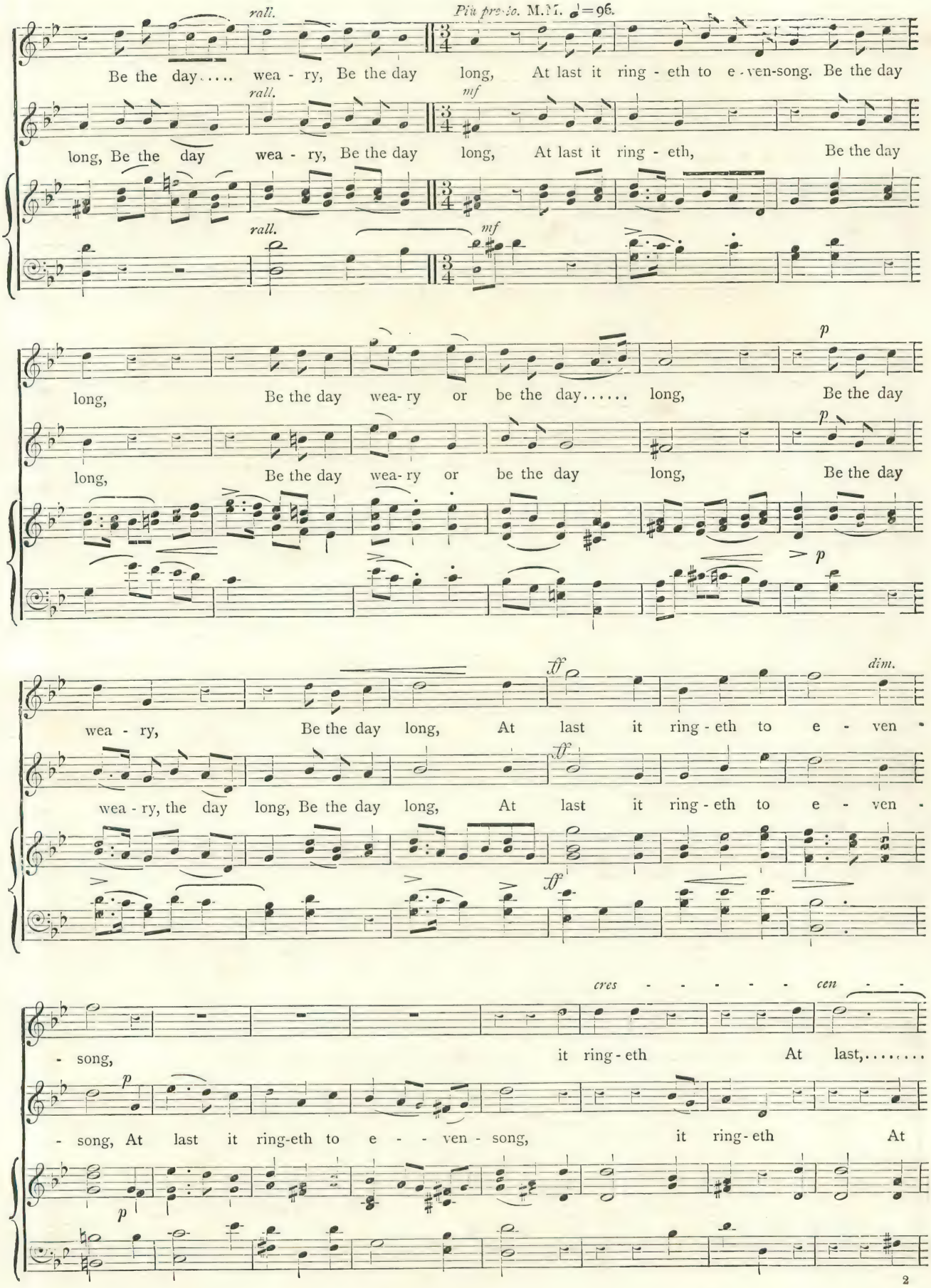
ALTO. *mf* Be the day..... wea - ry, Be the day..... long, Be the

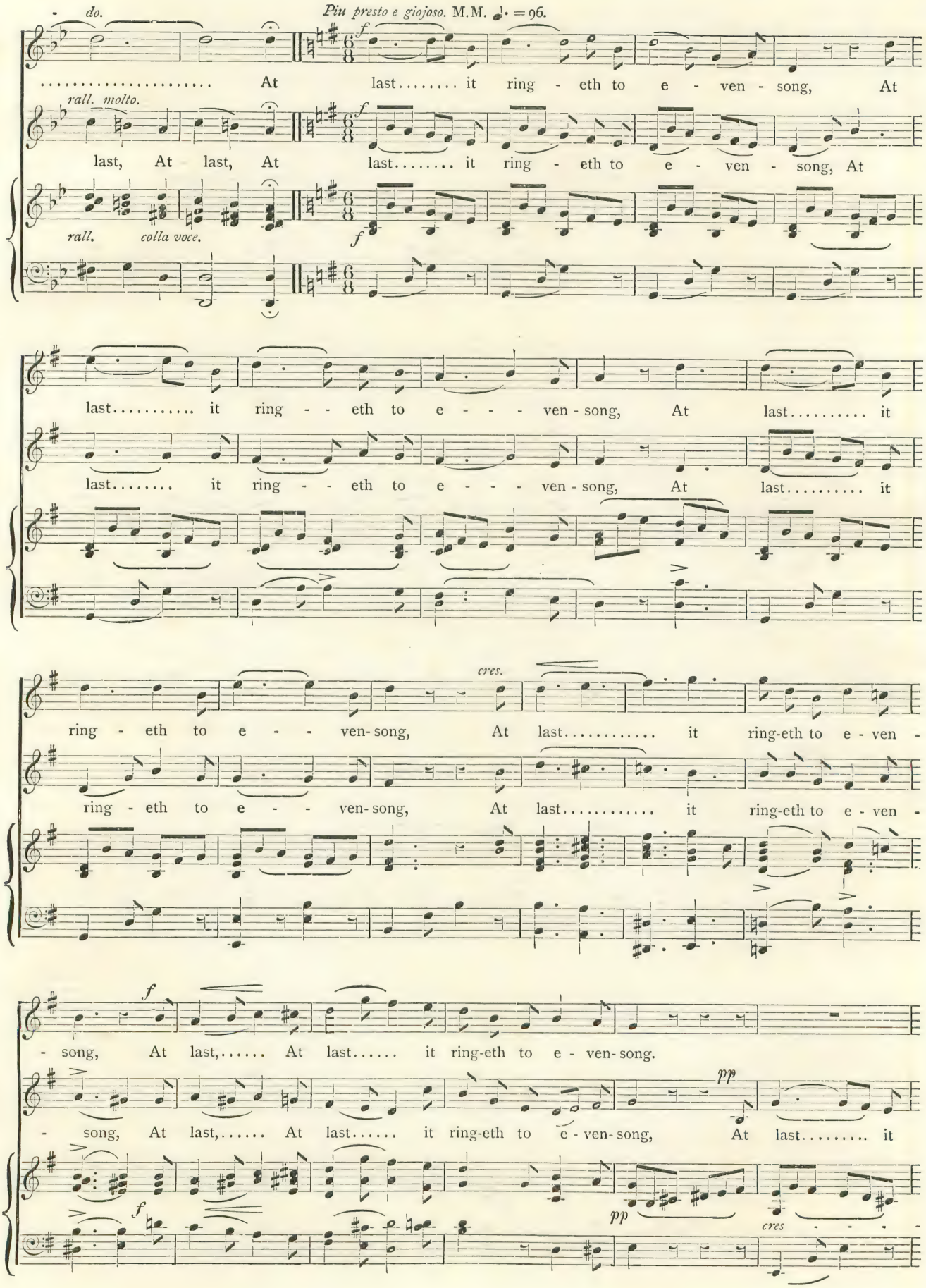
PIANO. *Allegro. mf* M.M. ♩= 84.

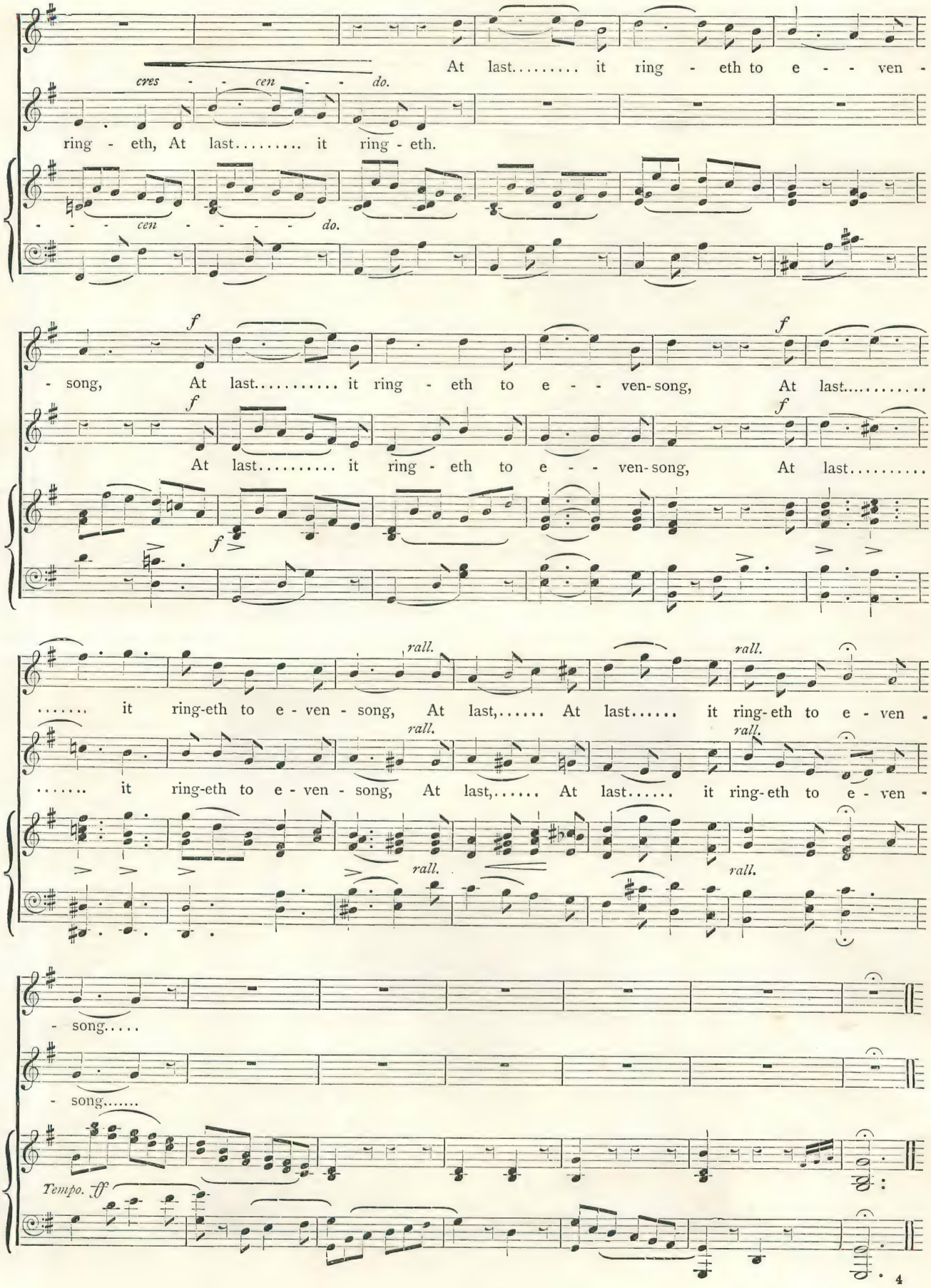
f Be the day wea - ry, Be the day..... long,

dim. *pp* day..... wea - ry, be the day..... long, Be the day..... wea - ry, Be the day

dim. *pp*


rall.
Più presto. M.M. ♩=96.
Be the day..... wea - ry, Be the day long, At last it ring - eth to e - ven-song. Be the day
rall.
mf
long, Be the day wea - ry, Be the day long, At last it ring - eth, Be the day
rall.
mf
p
long, Be the day wea- ry or be the day..... long, Be the day
p
long, Be the day wea- ry or be the day long, Be the day
p
ff
dim.
wea - ry, Be the day long, At last it ring - eth to e - ven -
ff
wea - ry, the day long, Be the day long, At last it ring - eth to e - ven -
ff
cres - - - - - cen - -
- song, it ring - eth At last,.....
p
- song, At last it ring-eth to e - - ven - song, it ring - eth At
p


do.
Più presto e giojoso. M.M. ♩. = 96.
f
..... At last..... it ring - eth to e - ven - song, At
rall. molto.
last, At last, At last..... it ring - eth to e - ven - song, At
rall. colla voce.
last..... it ring - - eth to e - - - ven - song, At last..... it
last..... it ring - - eth to e - - - ven - song, At last..... it
cres.
ring - eth to e - - ven - song, At last..... it ring-eth to e - ven -
ring - eth to e - - ven - song, At last..... it ring-eth to e - ven -
- song, At last,..... At last..... it ring-eth to e - ven - song.
pp
- song, At last,..... At last..... it ring-eth to e - ven - song, At last..... it
pp
cres


At last..... it ring - eth to e - - ven -
cres - - cen - - do.
ring - eth, At last..... it ring - eth.
- - - cen - - - - - do.
f
- song, At last..... it ring - eth to e - - ven-song, At last.....
At last..... it ring - eth to e - - ven-song, At last.....
rall.
..... it ring-eth to e - ven - song, At last,..... At last..... it ring-eth to e - ven -
- song.....
- song.....
Tempo. ff

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

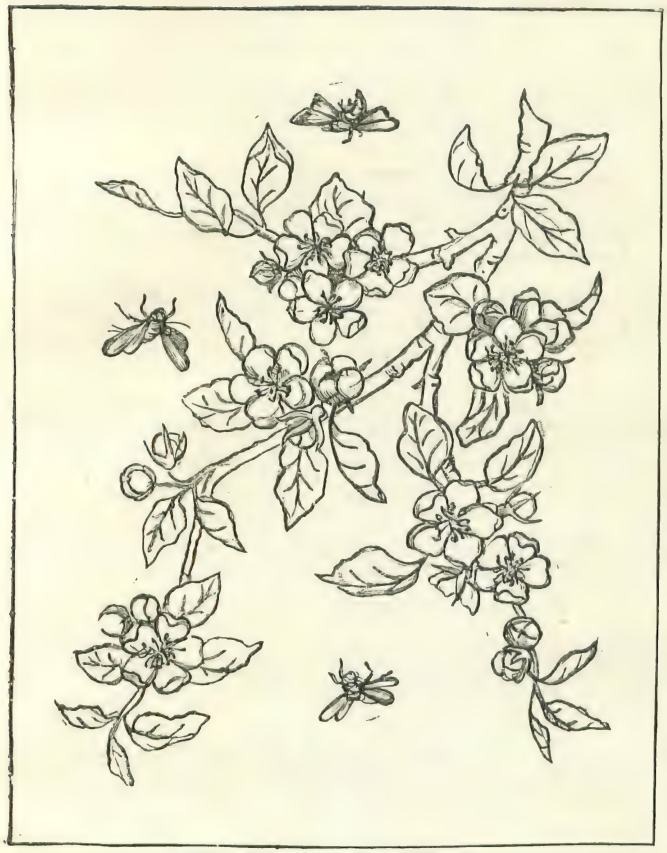


FIG. 1.—BLOTTER OR ALBUM.

FIG. 2.—BLOTTER OR ALBUM.

FIG. 1 is a conventional design for an album or blotter, which can easily be enlarged to any size you please. I do not think I have previously given you any designs for these, and embroidered covers for books of this sort are so very ornamental. For an album it is perhaps best to use expensive material, such as plush or velvet, and with this intention I have drawn the first of the two covers. It should be outlined with Japanese gold, and either wholly or partly filled in with shades of silk, of the same colour as the plush, dark green or blue, brown or crimson; or if you prefer, you could work it entirely in gold thread, with a line of narrow gold cord all round the design, about three-quarters of an inch from the edge of the book.

I think conventional designs, with corners and centres, are best to use for albums; or you may, if you like, put a monogram by way of centre, taking care that the ornament of the letters, which should be very clear, is in keeping with the character of the rest of the design. Blotters are more liable to be injured by use than albums, and therefore it is not usual to work them on such rich material, but the same design would serve, worked in crewel or filoselle on velveteen cloth or jean, for a blotter.

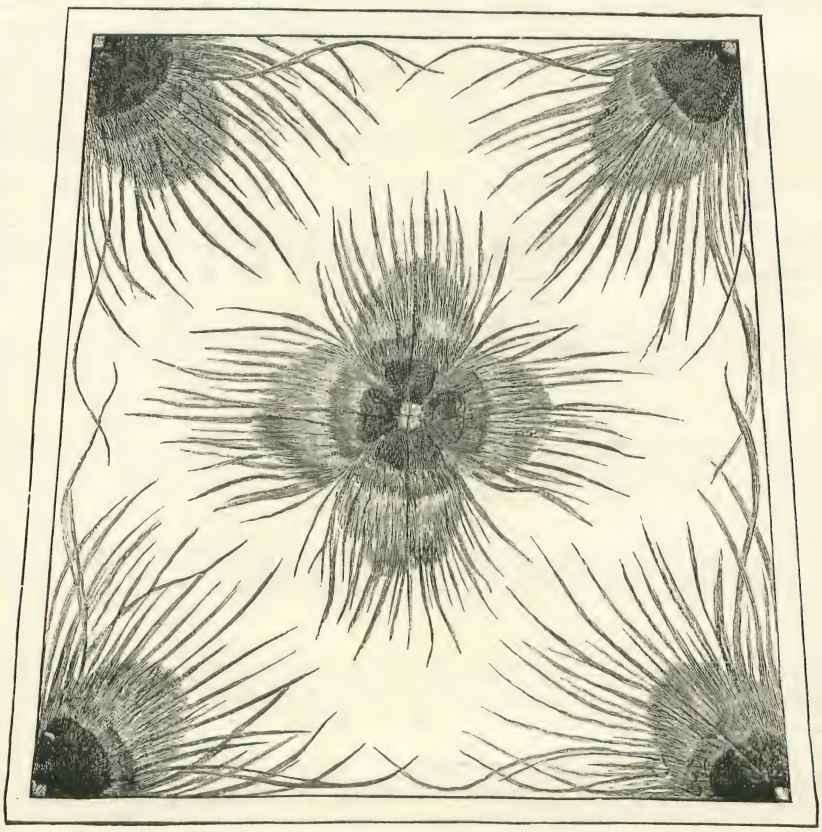


FIG. 3.—SEAT FOR "CHIPPENDALE" CHAIR.

Fig. 2 can also be used for either one or the other, being natural apple blossom. It would work very well solidly, and in its natural colour, on satin, but it would also look well worked on cloth or jean, with crewel leaves and silk flowers.

Fig. 3. A seat for a Chippendale chair is an arrangement of peacock feathers, which, I think, would work very well on dark blue cloth or Roman satin. The colours must not be particularly brilliant. It might also be done on gold-coloured Roman satin, but on this it would not wear so well. You could easily draw it for yourself, by copying feathers placed in the proper position, even if you do not draw much; and then, as nearly as you can, copy natural feathers also

FIG. 4.
CONVENTIONAL
DESIGN
FOR SLIPPERS.

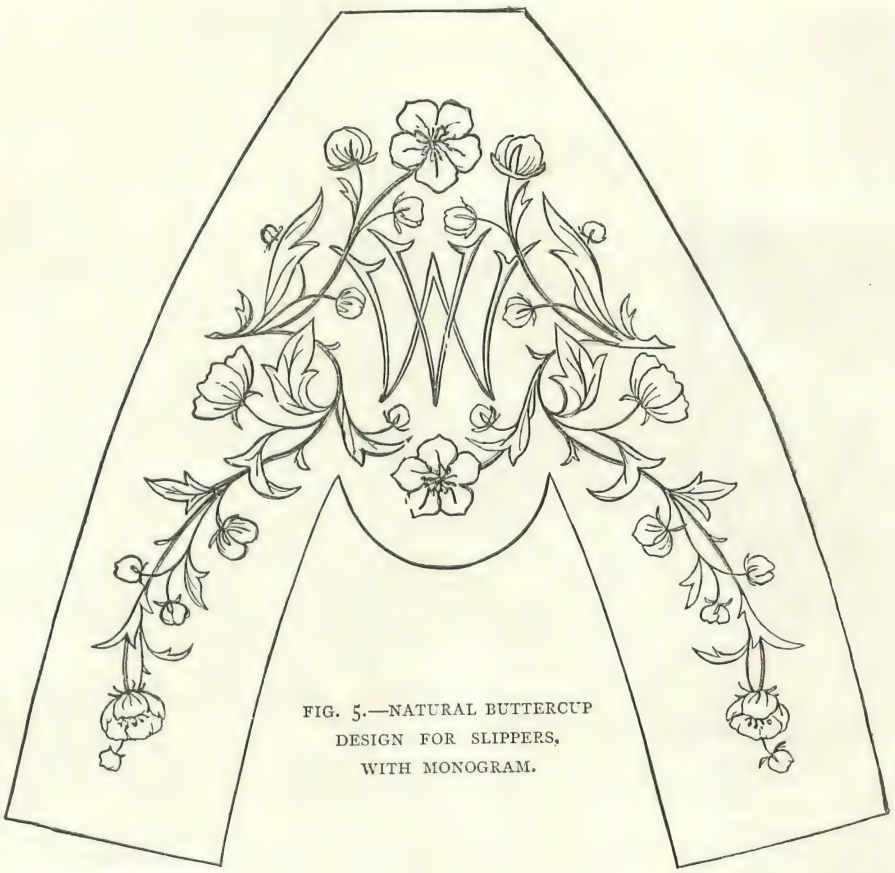


FIG. 5.—NATURAL BUTTERCUP
DESIGN FOR SLIPPERS,
WITH MONOGRAM.

in the working. Covers for chairs of this sort must be worked on material four or five inches larger than the design, which is to fit, within an inch or so, the shape and size of the chair seat, because it has to be drawn down all-round and fastened to the chair with a close row of brass-headed nails. A great many of those called "all-over" designs are also well suited for this sort of chair.

Fig. 4 is half of a design for a slipper, intended for either lady or gentleman. It can be worked in outline on dark-coloured cloth, in gold and brown shaded silk, or you may work it with gold thread on velveteen any colour you like, filling in with silk.

Fig. 5 is also a design for either lady's or gentleman's slippers, leaving a space for a monogram, as the public taste seems to lean towards the use of monograms on so many things just now. It is a conventional arrangement of natural buttercups, and can be worked on cloth solidly and in its natural colours. Slippers of this shape, unlike the bath slippers of which I have previously spoken, require making up properly by a shoemaker.

FIG. 6.—CUSHION FOR SEAT OF "ANGLE" CHAIR.

Fig. 6 is another chair design, and is intended for one of the three-cornered chairs in black wood, with rush seats, called "angle" chairs, which are so pretty and ornamental. The work is made up in the form of a flat cushion, and has a narrow fringe round it. It can be either expensively worked in gold and filoselle, on plush or velveteen, or at a more moderate outlay on cloth; the design I give is intended for plush, and would look very handsome on dark brown, worked with gold thread, and golden brown shades of silk; or on blue plush with lighter blue shades of silk, outlined with gold thread. Conventional designs are best suited for these chairs, and can be made to look well with much less work in them than I have put in this.

All the designs in this paper, except perhaps the chair seat (Fig. 3), should be worked in a frame, as the necessary stretching, after being worked by hand, would be likely to pull them slightly out of shape.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLVII.

RESTITUTION.

"IT is altogether past my comprehension, Miss Janet. I am not a novel reader, or I might understand the romance of it," said Mr. Harton, senior, a day or two after the return of the wanderers. "By 'a marvellous concatenation,' as the penny-a-liners say, we are likely to become connected all round. If Jack marries Fan, Jack and you will be a sort of cousin, but what relation shall I be?"

"A paternal cousin, of course," laughed Janet, who was recovering her spirits, and had come to Hoplands to see her new relatives. "Where is Fan?"

The question was answered by that damsel bursting into the room, followed by Jack and the dogs. She drew back when she saw Janet, and hung her head as if suddenly abashed. She did not advance to meet her, but rather retreated towards Jack, as if for protection.

"What is the matter, Fan?" exclaimed Janet, rising, and going towards her.

"Oh, Miss Janet!" was all the unconventional girl could articulate.

"Dear Fan, we are real cousins now, and I am come to welcome you as my very own relation," cried Janet, first getting hold of her hand, and then striving to kiss her.

"And don't you really mind? Isn't Miss Aspenel ashamed of me?" exclaimed Fan, still irresolute.

"Why, Fan, you know I love you," said Janet, half offended.

"How kind, how good! and me, a born gipsy!" returned Fan, casting her arms round Janet in a sort of rapturous embrace.

She held her so long and close, while tears streamed from her eyes, that at last Jack cried out—

"Fan, you know it will be murder out and out if you stifle Miss Janet."

"And then you'll never marry Jack and go to Canada," added Mr. Harton, who was much moved by the little scene.

So were the dogs, who began to bark and jump as they were wont at Fan's vagaries.

"Are you sure you don't mind?" asked Fan, releasing her prisoner. "It won't matter so much when I'm out of the way. I wish I weren't a born gipsy, though now I'm only half and half, Jack says."

"Whatever you are, Fan, we are first cousins, and I am come to congratulate you, and make acquaintance with your father, my—my uncle you know, and Edith says he is very nice."

"Does she? Does Miss Aspenel really acknowledge us?" interrupted Fan, standing in a dramatic attitude, with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on Janet. "I am afraid of Miss Aspenel, because she is so fair and pure; so different from us."

"You must come and see her, Fan. You would love her if you knew her better. You know she is not like me, full of all sorts of impulses, as Madame de Belleville says, but always gentle and good. I am more like you, and that is why I am so fond of you."

"Dear Miss Janet! Oh, Sir, isn't she beautiful?" cried Fan, ecstatically.

"Because she is like you?" laughed Mr. Harton. "Most vain Fan. Still I am bound to endorse your opinion of Miss Janet," he added, bowing to the really lovely girl who had come among them so kindly.

He did not proclaim what was in his mind, that she certainly was one of the handsomest girls he had ever seen. Janet smiled, and made a graceful little bend in return. She had already learnt to take compliments for what they were worth. She had seated herself in a high-backed chair of carved mahogany, and Fan sat down beside her and took her hand.

"I should like to see your father," she whispered.

Jack overheard, and disappeared in search.

A confidential discourse ensued, such as happens between two girls when one is engaged to be married. Mr. Harton joined in it, and clenched what they said by reasonable explanations.

"You see, Miss Janet," he volunteered, "all they have to do now is to marry."

"Let me be bridesmaid," broke in Janet.

"They have a fine prospect in Canada," he continued. "They are really 'to the manner born,' and Fan's father at least is 'to the manner bred,' so they will go out under good auspices. I am to be left to the tender mercies of Tom and the ladies. But they don't care about me."

"Oh, Sir," cried Fan, leaving Janet's side and going to Mr. Harton. "If only you would come too! But he has promised to go and see Jack's wigwam. He says it is very comfortable."

"I understand that Mr. Aspenel wishes to see me, and perhaps we may make it more comfortable still between us," pursued Harton. "Your father, Miss Janet, makes a deal too much of my enforced hospitality. As to Loveridge, I can't get rid of him—can I, Fan?"

Loveridge and Jack came in at the moment. Fan ran towards them, took the former by the hand, and led him to Janet.

"My father," she said, with strange hesitation. Was she ashamed of him after all?

Janet rose, and they shook hands. It was an uncomfortable introduction, to say the least of it, and the usually confident man stood abashed before the queenly maiden. She was pleasantly surprised at his appearance. He was good-looking, despite a few plaisters which still disfigured his face, and when his momentary shyness passed off, she found him well-mannered. Could this be the Wandering Will of whom she had heard so much?

"You saved my father's life," she said, after a pause. "We must always be grateful to you, even if you were not a—a near relation."

"That has been forgotten so long, that it had better still remain in oblivion," he said, nonchalantly, seeing her hesitation. "I have Fan and Jack. I want no others, though my benefactor, Mr. Harton, condescends to admit me as a future connection. You see, my dear lady, 'all the world's akin,' and this universal relationship suffices for me. Your father and I are brothers by consanguinity, but that does not necessitate further approximation. Excuse the long word. Hard words are bad taste both in conversation and literature. My friend Jack is a brother of the accomplished student in the neighbouring room; but that literate and your humble servant will not be united by the marriage of our relations. We dislike one another, and my kith and kin are those with whom I have perfect sympathy, or affinity, as people call it. You perceive I know all the fashionable slang, just as well as if I had been an inmate of Aspenel Park."

Janet listened, amazed, to this rhapsody. She had heard of the powers of Wandering Will, but little understood the sort of man he was.

"Isn't he clever!" said Fan to Jack.

"He's queer," returned Jack, annoyed.

"So I am, Jack," laughed Loveridge, who still inclined to retain that name, rather than to resume that of Brand. "I am so queer, Miss Aspenel, that you need never fear my introducing myself as that near relation you mentioned. I should no more presume to consider you and that 'sweet, pale Margaret' of a sister of yours as my nieces, than I should the royal princesses. The secret shall die with the few who know it."

"But we are your nieces, and do not wish to disavow it," said Janet, recovering her natural manner; "I am delighted to have Fan for a cousin, and I

think you and I would soon get on very well. I like clever people."

A hearty laugh from Mr. Harton, in which Jack joined, followed this advance to friendship.

"When I am quite reformed," he said, with a somewhat theatrical bow to Janet, "I will acknowledge you as my niece, with that pride which virtue assumes when conscious of superiority; until then we continue very distant relations."

"My father is your only brother," pleaded Janet.

"Yes; I disgraced him, and he disavowed me. I will never disgrace his children lest they, also, send me to Coventry. Will you kindly tell your father that I will be with him this evening?"

Janet rose to go, and they shook hands again. This time their eyes met, and there was an interchange of that sympathy of which he had spoken.

"You are like our mother," he said, gravely; "she was the loveliest and best mother that graceless sons ever had."

His voice faltered, and that one touch of genuine feeling drew the hearts of all those who surrounded him towards him. Janet said, cordially, that she hoped to see him again that evening, and to introduce him to Mrs. Aspenel. He shook his head, and assured her that he could not come near so "bright and particular a star."

Fan went with her to the gate. Her sparkling face was overclouded, for she feared what effect the introduction might have on Janet.

"He isn't like Sir," she said, humbly; "but I couldn't help his being my father."

"Nor I his being my father's brother," returned Janet. "We must make the best of our relations, Fan, and hold our tongues about their history. I am afraid it is not very creditable, but the end may be better than the beginning. If papa recovers, I don't mind."

"Not if you marry a lord? What will he say?" asked Fan.

"I have made up my mind never to marry," said Janet, with a decision that Fan did not understand. "Single people are the happiest, and can pursue art, or good works, or a hundred pleasant things that would be impossible if they had children."

"Oh, Miss Janet! Think of the old ladies!"

"I do, Fan, and consider them the very nicest and most unobjectionable people I know. Why, they haven't a care in the world, and here are we, with all our riches, as miserable as can be."

"I couldn't live without Jack," said Fan, meditatively; "but then I'm a born gipsy, and think a log-hut must be like a palace."

Janet laughed, and went off in high spirits, meditating on other people's prospects. But the spirits were soon depressed, for certainly nothing could exceed the gloom of the Park. Even Bruce was oppressed by it.

Loveridge came in the evening to see his brother. He had made Fan the excuse for his temporary absence, but Mr. Aspenel reproached him for it. He was decidedly better, and the doctors thought his mind was relieved of some weight that might conduce to his recovery. Although he scarcely allowed it, the return of his wife and boy was the cause of the amendment. Nature was recovering some of her rights, and, as Nurse True said, "He has his feelings, like the rest of us." They displayed themselves to his brother in a way quite unexpected. He declared his intention of making amends for the past, and giving him the portion promised him by their father on his reformation. He knew to a fraction what it would have been. His memory was like a ledger. He said it was mere restitution, and not return for saving his life, or silence-money for concealing the past.

"You are not sure that I'm reformed," said Loveridge, who misdoubted this act of justice.

"Gerard Clarville says you are, and I believe him," was the reply. "He is the only man who never told me a lie; never cringed for my money; sacrificed himself for his mother's sake—(Oh! Will, if I had done the same!); did good works without ostentation; practises what he preaches; withstands the temptation of riches, and even yields love to duty. How different to us, who have merely followed our bent to the ruin of our souls."

"Why, Harry, I verily believe you are 'converted,' as the Tigress, my respectable mother-in-law, says," interrupted Loveridge, who felt uncomfortable at this unusual speech, and tried to turn its current.

"I wish I were! I wish I were! All hope of this world has departed, and but for Nurse True and Clarville, I should leave it with all my sins upon me. They bid me cast off the burden, and lay it . . . . but, well, I cannot, I dare not."

These two brothers, miser and spendthrift, sat long silent. Solemn thoughts came to each—thoughts that neither could express, but which were, doubtless, the working of that Spirit which wrestles with the soul of men, even the most vile. Awful Death had been near them, and when the King of Terrors is realised, then it is that the world trembles as in an earthquake, that even foothold loosens, and that some great gulf seems to open. The elder spoke first.

"It is your own money. It is mere restitution. You shall have it, and the interest and compound interest it has gained during all these years, while we have been keeping one another at bay. I know that I bought your silence on hard terms, but had you told my history you would have had nothing."

"And no one would have believed me. All I wanted was a trifle from time to time to keep me going."

"Now you will have a fortune. When do you leave England, that it may be made over to you before your departure?"

"As soon as my child is married. Oh, Harry! What years we have lost! But we are brothers again—and fathers. It is all a dream, and when I try to think, I am lost. You will strive to be happy again, Harry. You will consider your wife and children before mammon. I wish I had been a better brother to you, but fate was against us, Harry. Mother always said you would come round, because she always prayed for you. I laughed at her faith then, but now ——"

Aspenel groaned heavily, and again silence closed the painful theme.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

YOUNG WORKER.—You ought to have a couple of years' apprenticeship at a first-class dressmaker's, and a third year as an "improver." A sum of from £30 to £50 will have to be paid as a premium; but this will cover board and lodging. At the end of the second year you ought to have a small salary. Then we should recommend, supposing that you had a good opportunity for going out with reliable friends or relatives, that you should obtain a good certificate for professional efficiency and good conduct from your employers, and one from your clergyman for general respectability, and then emigrate. First-class dressmakers are wanted in the colonies, and we understand that they can obtain good pay, perhaps better than at home, where the competition is so great.

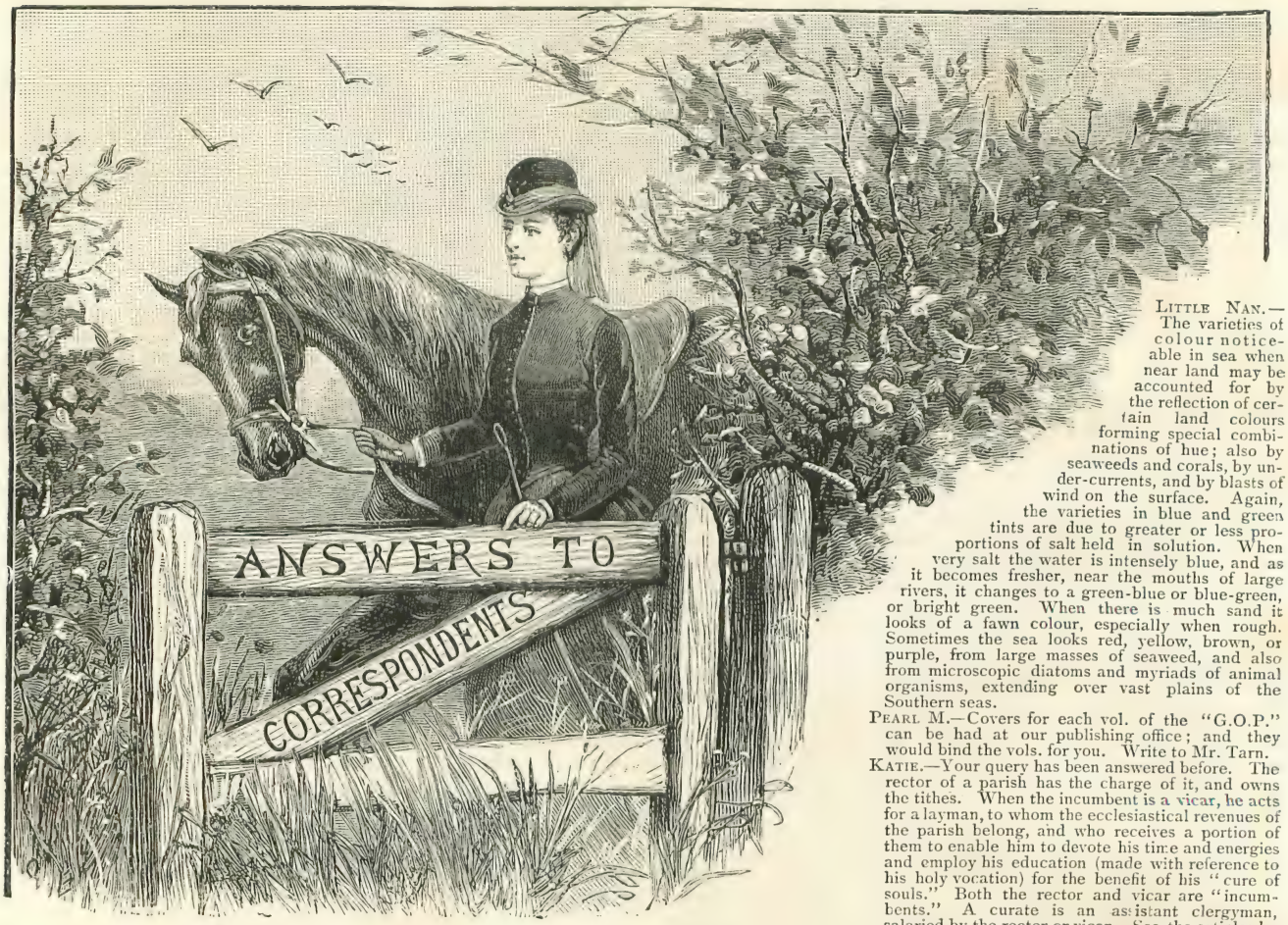
KATIE.—We have read your letter with much sympathy. Write to the Christian Woman's Educational Union; hon. sec., Miss Lloyd, Conference Hall, 143, Clapham Road, S.W. It will do you good to have something in the way of study to do; but do not give up your business on any account, as situations are very difficult to obtain, and you might be unemployed for a time.

POSTMAN, and MOONLIGHT and STARS are both too young to enter hospitals yet. They will find full particulars of nursing, and training for it, in the articles called "Work for All" in vol. v.

CARNER OWEN.—We have read your letter with much sympathy. There is something for all women and girls to do now. You are quite right. See our articles on "Work for All," in vol. v., "G.O.P.;" and there is also the "Englishwoman's Year Book," issued by Hatchards, Piccadilly, price 1s., which goes into all particulars of methods of training expenses and ages, more than we could manage to do in our limited space. Your poetry is full of feeling, and you may succeed in writing something, perhaps by-and-by, a little more original in its conceptions and ideas.

DEVONIA.—We think you would find as much of sacred history as you could desire in a charming illustrated work by Dr. Eadie, called the "Bible Cyclopædia." You forget that the ancient people of God in all ages before the advent of Christ lived under dispensations of their own, the ultimate sacrifice on the cross being foreshadowed (as you are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews) by animal sacrifices for sin (offered as an evidence of a felt need of an atonement) and accepted by Him who mercifully ordained them, in view of His own perfect atonement.

CRANFORD.—You had better refer to the little manual of "Girls' Clubs," and make your own choice out of those described. Perhaps one directed by Miss Allen, 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight, might suit you as a Practising Society; and the Mutual Assistant Drawing Club, directed by Miss C. F. Briggs, Catherinton House, Horndean, Hants.



HOUSEKEEPING.

ANXIOUS LITTLE MARTHA.—You do not give enough particulars of what you have to do with your £83 income. Are clothes included, or, as your father owns the homestead, is it only to be expended in food, light, and heat? The expenditure of £1 a week for four persons for that would be much as follows: Meat, 6s. 6d.; grocer, 5s. 6d.; baker, 3s. 6d.; vegetables, 1s. 6d.; coals, and wood, and light, 2s. 3d.; milk, 1s. If you could bake at home, the bread is cheaper and better; and if you have a garden you should not have to buy vegetables. As you are so young, we should certainly advise you to have a charwoman in once a week to help; she should do the washing and all the heavy cleaning and scrubbing. The new American way of washing would save you much labour. The way employed is as follows: Fill an ordinary sized copper half full of water, put in half a pound of soap, and add one and a half tablespoonfuls of paraffin; heat till the soap be dissolved, then put in, without steeping, the linen of the ordinary wash. Boil well for half an hour, then lift out and rinse through one or two clean waters, as the case may be, and the washing is done. Flannel and coloured things cannot be washed in this manner. The clothes are kept a better colour washed in this way, and all odour of the paraffin disappears when they are dry.

AVERN.—We thank you for your contributions to the Girls' Convalescent Home, and your recipe for home-made wine. We give it hereunder:—Parsnip wine.—Add 3 lb. of parsnips (well washed and thinly peeled) to every gallon of water; cross the parsnips, and boil till quite tender. Then remove from the furnace and strain them through a hair sieve; and to every gallon put 3 lb. of lump sugar. Boil it again for three-quarters of an hour, then put in a tub, and when about milk-warm work it with barm, spread on a piece of toasted bread; stir several times a day during four days, and then pour it into a barrel. A little brandy should be put into the barrel before the wine is poured in, to make it keep, and the fermentation should have stopped before it is "stopped down." Let it remain in the barrel during one year, and then bottle it for use. The best season for making this wine is during March and April.

DAWKINS.—Lemonade for a number of people may be made as follows: To five gallons of water add one quart of lemon juice, one pint of grated or tinned pineapple, four oranges and four lemons sliced; add sugar to your taste.

MARY.—It may be necessary for you to send the feather bed and pillows to be baked, so as to destroy the moth. In fact, if you attempted to clean them out yourself you would fill the house with them the more rapidly. They deposit their eggs in May and June. Brush all woollens very carefully.

A MOTHER.—(1.) We very much doubt whether you could go through the process of re-lacquering at home. Try cleaning the brass with a little cream of tartar. An old recipe for re-lacquering is—1 oz. turmeric, 2 drachms annotto, 2 drachms saffron, and 1 pint of alcohol. Shake for a week, occasionally; filter into a clean bottle through a piece of clean blotting-paper, and then add to the mixture 3 oz. of clean shellac, and shake up the bottle occasionally during a fortnight. Apply with a soft brush, having warmed the brass articles first. (2.) To clean marble and slate, make a thin paste of whiting, soda, and pipeclay, rub it on and leave it to dry. Then rub off and polish with a little oil.

LIZ and GREEN HAG; TOOTSIE and OTHERS.—The white marks are made by the hot dishes and plates that have been placed on the tables and trays. Take 2 oz. of tripoli (powdered), put into a basin with just enough water to cover it, then take a piece of white flannel wet with the tripoli and water, and rub the tables and trays gently. Clean off with a little oil.

HOUSEWIFE.—As a rule the causes of fruit not keeping when preserved are: not enough skimming when boiling, too little sugar, a damp place or lack of air, or the picking of the fruit when it was wet with rain.

SCAMPEY should take two pennyworth of saffron, and put it into a little hot water to draw. Then put it into just enough cold water to cover the white curtains she wants to colour. Let them stay in it for about four hours, then starch and stretch them out to dry. This is generally successful, but if not, "Scampey" can try Judson's dyes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TINNIE.—After having lived for such a long period in Egypt, the Israelites very probably wore much the same style of dress as that used by the Egyptians. They borrowed "raiment" from their hard task-masters when they went out from them. Send your ostrich feathers to a dyer, or they will be spoilt.

A MOTHER.—There is the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary, at Margate, which is strictly limited to cases of scrofulous diseases. The office is at 30, Charing Cross, S.W.; the secretary, Mr. J. T. Walker. Charge, 5s. weekly.

LITTLE NAN.—The varieties of colour noticeable in sea when near land may be accounted for by the reflection of certain land colours forming special combinations of hue; also by seaweeds and corals, by under-currents, and by blasts of wind on the surface. Again, the varieties in blue and green tints are due to greater or less proportions of salt held in solution. When very salt the water is intensely blue, and as it becomes fresher, near the mouths of large rivers, it changes to a green-blue or blue-green, or bright green. When there is much sand it looks of a fawn colour, especially when rough. Sometimes the sea looks red, yellow, brown, or purple, from large masses of seaweed, and also from microscopic diatoms and myriads of animal organisms, extending over vast plains of the Southern seas.

PEARL M.—Covers for each vol. of the "G.O.P." can be had at our publishing office; and they would bind the vols. for you. Write to Mr. Tarn.

KATIE.—Your query has been answered before. The rector of a parish has the charge of it, and owns the tithes. When the incumbent is a vicar, he acts for a layman, to whom the ecclesiastical revenues of the parish belong, and who receives a portion of them to enable him to devote his time and energies and employ his education (made with reference to his holy vocation) for the benefit of his "cure of souls." Both the rector and vicar are "incumbents." A curate is an assistant clergyman, salaried by the rector or vicar. See the articles by "Medicus" on the care of the hair.

CORNISH READER OF "G.O.P."—There is a Provident Surgical Appliance Society—secretary T. J. Woodrow, Esq., F.S.A., 28, Finsbury Circus, E.C.—which relieves the crippled poor by giving surgical supports; crutches, no doubt, included. There is also another charitable institution, called the Surgical Aid Society—Mr. W. Tresidder, secretary, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.—which provides surgical appliances for diseases requiring mechanical support. Chairs also are lent.

CARMEN.—The price of the "Handbook to the English Tongue" is 5s. You can get it from our publisher, at the office, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

S. A. M.—If the blind person in whom you are interested be upwards of fifty years of age, she might be eligible for admission in the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women. The address of the Home and office is Mansion House, Hanley Road, Hornsey Rise, N. Write to the superintendent, or Mr. W. Elliott Terry, secretary. If they have no vacancy, or your poor sufferer were not eligible, you might obtain information and advice respecting other institutions for giving pensions or homes to the blind.

F. L. S.—We do not know of such an institution at Ramsgate or Margate. There are plenty of convalescent homes at seaside places, but that is not what you want. You might obtain information at any office of the Young Women's Friendly Association, or the Young Women's Christian Association. The central office of the latter is at 17, Old Cavendish Street, W.

ELSIE LEGG.—Amongst "the best qualities in a man" we should name honour (including truth), magnanimity, courage, and a chivalrous feeling towards the other sex.

LIZZIE, IVY, LIGHTNING BUG, KATE EDWARDS.—Your poem shows talent, and promises well for the future. It is always well, we think, for all young creatures to find some expression for the morbid feelings they are not likely to tell in matter of fact prose to anyone, and we always have much sympathy for them.

IZETTE.—You must count the feet in your lines more carefully, so as to have them even. Do not destroy them, for we feel sure you sister would like to have them, and their piety and goodness will be a comfort to her.

C. D.—The Queen and the Prince Consort were first cousins. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Prince's father, was brother to the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 451.] AUGUST 18, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BENEMILDA:

OR,

THE PATH OF DUTY.

By MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

"HE OBSERVED HER WITH GRINNING INTEREST."

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE she retired to rest she stood at the open casement, and gave a few thoughts to Prince Amanzor, and to what might be his at that moment; whether of her, and what he might conjecture as to her absence. The moon, though it shone, seemed scarce to penetrate the veil that hung upon lake, shore, and mansion; and there was a dense shadow upon the leaves that rustled close to the lattice against which Benemilda leaned; but, for one instant, she fancied she saw, peering out from among the sweet-scented blossoms of the woodbine, the sly eyes and red smiling lips of the ragged boy.

"Folly!" muttered the Vizier's daughter, as she withdrew from the window after closing it. "I am dreaming ere I lie down. Let me sleep off such idle fancies. A stolen trinket should not haunt me thus; I imagine the thief in every object that meets my view. Pshaw! 'tis but a ring! The child took it as much in sport, perhaps, as in robbery. Yet there's malice in his look."

She threw herself on the couch, her two faithful dogs lay at her feet, and with a prayer for her father, she fell into a profound slumber which lasted, unbroken by dream or vision, till morning.

When Benemilda left the study, her father had sat for some moments in reverie; then he rose, and stepping into a conservatory, where pines, aloes, cypresses, yews, and other not too lively plants were collected, he went towards two gilded perches, on one of which sat an owl, and on the other a peacock,

"THE VIZIER ANNOUNCED TO HER THAT HE HAD DETERMINED TO REMAIN WHERE HE WAS."

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while between the two birds crouched a jackal.

"My faithful friends and counsellors," the Vizier said, as he approached them, "I would fain know what you think of my daughter's advent, and what you would advise me to do in consequence of the tidings she brings. You of course overheard what she said?"

"We did," said the owl, oracularly, taking off her spectacles, that she might wipe their glasses, ready to spy the more closely into the difficulties of the case.

"We shall be proud to help you," said the peacock, with a strut of patronage and lofty condescension.

"Can my lord doubt his vassal's desire to minister to his content?" asked the jackal, with an obsequious cringe.

"My dear friend, Pedantrissa," said the Vizier to the owl; "and you, my respected adviser, Pridesio," to the peacock; "and you also, my trusty Toadyllo," to the jackal, "are all, I am sure, willing to give me the benefit of your united suggestions with regard to my future conduct, as you have hitherto directed my course through life. Can I forget it was your wisdom, my Pedantrissa, that taught me to seek this seclusion, where, with my books and my aloes, I might live apart from the worthless turmoil of the world? Can I forget that it was your high-mindedness and exalted feeling, my Pridesio, that bade me spurn the neglect of an ungrateful mob, while I sought calm and self-respect in this solitude? Can I cease to remember that it was your soothing whispers, my Toadyllo, that led me to a peaceful retreat, where I might list with uninterrupted quiet the balmy consolation they conveyed to a heart cankered and corroded by mortification, mistrust, disappointment?"

The three counsellors acknowledged their master's appeal, and responded to it each after his or her own fashion; the result was that when his daughter entered his study the next morning the Vizier announced to her that he had determined to remain where he was.

"For a week at least I shall remain here," he said, in conclusion, "that I may have due time to make up my mind, and give you my ultimate decision. If you choose to stay here during that period, well; if not, return home when you please."

"I will abide your own time, my father," said Benemilda; "but, oh, may your decision be then what I hope!"

She meekly withdrew, murmuring to herself, "A week hence will still be in time!"

She went to walk on the shores of the lake, attended by her dogs Faithful Heart and Quick Wit. Notwithstanding the cheerlessness in the features of the scene, there was a light that glowed upon the whole, as if a bright presence hovered near. The rocks and cliffs seemed touched by golden light; the few stunted scrubs and scant grass that grew thereabouts seemed traced with an emerald brilliancy; the unruffled surface of the lake looked as if it would fain break into sparkles and ripples, to reflect the sunshine. Benemilda's spirits rose, while she indulged hopes of success with her father of returning with him to their home, of meeting Amanzor once more, of again reading love in the prince's every glance, and perchance of hearing from his lips the expected avowal of his passion.

As these thoughts danced at the heart of Benemilda, her eyes fell upon a distant object that floated in the very centre of the lake. It was too far to be distinctly visible, but it assumed somewhat the form of a little creature seated in a nautilus shell, which rose and fell amid the slight undulation of the water. There was a glitter, a brilliancy, a confusing lustre that invested this object, which, together with its ceaseless motion, prevented the Vizier's daughter from steadily fixing her eye upon it; but she could discern enough to make sure that the little being who occupied this singular boat was employed in aiming some kind of missile towards the shore where she stood. The shafts, if shafts they were, came gleaming through the air across the waters; but they either did not reach her, or they brought no wound with them. On the contrary, as each bright dart sped from the boat-side, Benemilda seemed to feel new hope, new comfort, new joy from the thoughts which fluttered round her heart, of affection towards her father, of love towards Amanzor.

Full of these thoughts, she strolled on, still keeping her eye upon the object in the centre of the lake; when a turn in the windings of the rocks led her away from the shore, and out of sight of what had so enchained her attention. The intricacy of the path in which she now found herself insensibly led her on to explore its depths, and she had proceeded much farther than she imagined, when the path through the rocks suddenly terminated in a vast plain that stretched away to a considerable distance. On the edge of the plain, near to where Benemilda stood, arose a huge granite building, from one of the windows of which lolled a giant, looking idly out, and picking his teeth with a crowbar.

He beckoned to the lady with his iron toothpick, and said:—"Come hither, my little dear; it's long since I've been looking out o' window of an afternoon in hope of seeing somebody pass half as pretty as you are. Half would content me, but quite as pretty is something, indeed, worth looking at. Come hither."

"Excuse me, sir," said the Lady Benemilda, hastily retreating.

"But I can't excuse you, my pretty dear," said the giant. "It isn't every day, I tell you, that we see such faces as yours hereabouts, and I mustn't lose sight of it." So saying, without more ado, he reached his arm out of the window (which, though at a prodigious height, was on his ground-floor) and deliberately stuck the point of his toothpick into the Lady Benemilda's skirts, raising her upon it to his level with as much ease as a pin picks out a periwinkle.

The two dogs, seeing their mistress whisked thus unceremoniously through the air, were full of concern lest she should be conveyed out of their reach; but seeing that the giant landed her gently on the window-sill, where he observed her with grinning interest, as a boy might inspect a new caught butterfly, her faithful attendants looked about for means of following her; and it was not long ere little Quick Wit perceived that the door of the palace was ajar. They accordingly both rushed in and hastened towards the room where the giant sat entertaining his involuntary guest at the window.

"You're quite as pretty near, I see, as I thought you were," said the giant; "but you're very little."

"I can't help that, my lord," said Benemilda, trying to recover her breath after her quick transit from the ground to a ledge many feet aloft; "perhaps I appear small to you because you are so large. If I'm very little, you're very big, you know."

"Am I?" said the giant, looking at one of his hands, which had fingers sticking out like the sails of a windmill. "Perhaps you're right; but I've been accustomed to consider myself of a due, comely size, and the little trumpery creatures that run about the world—men and women, they call themselves—in fact, the diminutives of the earth. By-the-bye, won't you take some lunch?"

"If you please, my lord," answered Benemilda.

"Step upon my thumb, then, madam," said the giant, "and I'll set you down; it might be inconvenient for you to leap so far." He put his thumb against the edge of the table, that she might step on to it and partake of some of the delicacies which were spread in great profusion for his own noontide meal.

"You are very obliging, my lord," said Benemilda, who thought her best plan was to appear at ease, and to propitiate him. "I think I will take a little jelly, for I've had a long walk, and some refreshment will be very welcome."

"Let me give you something rather more substantial," said the giant, carving a cold roast haunch of megatherium, and putting a slice upon her plate, with an air that showed he knew how to do the honours of his table; "or here's some delicate hashed ichthyosaurus. And pray do me the favour to taste this sherbet—it is iced—and you will find it agreeable after your walk."

"If you will pledge me, my lord," said she gaily. The giant seemed delighted by her pleasant freedom of manner; and in return, as he raised his goblet to his lips, while she nodded and smiled and sipped, he winked—which was as if a barn-door had flapped to; he chuckled—which was as if distant thunder had rolled; and he would have chucked her under the chin, but he found that his forefinger might have crushed her; so he contented himself with flapping to the barn-door again, and giving another peal of thunder.

"I hear my two pet dogs scratching to come in," said Benemilda to her polite host; "may I ask you to open the door for them; they are very much indulged, and don't like to be kept outside."

"Certainly, madam, anything you wish," said the giant, rising from his chair, which was as if a church had been moved by an earthquake; "but permit me to caution you against giving these animals their way too much; pets are apt to become quite a nuisance if they're over-spoiled."

"I never find them troublesome," said Benemilda, who, during the moment when the giant turned his back in going to the door, had taken the opportunity of popping into his goblet some drops of a powerful narcotic which she kept always about her for the use of her father, whose disposition made him subject to sleepless nights.

"Perhaps not; but your friends may, though they're probably too polite to say so," said the giant, letting the barn-door flap to again, and giving a grin which made his mouth look like a raised portcullis. "You'll forgive my fun, I know," added he; "for you're a merry little creature yourself. Here's your health, my pretty atomy!" And the giant gallantly drained the goblet to the very dregs.

"Yours, my lord!" said Benemilda, sipping and bowing; but keeping her eye fixed upon the giant while he swallowed the draught—which was like the whelm through suddenly-opened flood-gates.

"You haven't told me your name yet, my pretty atomy," said the giant. "Mine is Grimboobiloff. What is yours?"

"Benemilda," replied the Vizier's daughter.

"Dear me, is it though? Indeed!" said the giant, with an odd heavy look in his eyes, as if the barn-doors had got a screw loose in their hinges, and couldn't help hanging loose and half-closed; "dear me, you don't say so!"

"How's this?" added he, a moment after, rousing himself with a yawn that made his mouth look like a cavern with stalactite teeth; "I'm feeling queerly drowsy."

"Are you, my lord?" said Benemilda, stepping lightly on to the thumb which the giant again placed at the table's edge for her accommodation, seeing that she had finished lunch. As her foot touched the floor, Grimboobiloff gave a sudden ponderous lurch, exclaiming—

"Hullo! steady, boy, steady!" and hit

himself a stout blow on the chest, which might have felled an oak-tree. But neither the words nor the blow had the desired effect of steadying him. He staggered, reeled like a falling house, and dropped in a heap upon the ground, fast asleep.

Benemilda, attended by the faithful dogs, lost no time in making her escape; resolved, for the future, to observe more caution in her walks, limiting them to the purlieus of her father's mansion, and to the immediate shores of Lake Lonely.

Her time hung a little heavily during the appointed week, but she endeavoured to employ her thoughts with pleasant subjects, to support her spirits with the hope of her father's favourable decision; and when she could not altogether do either of these, she set herself earnestly about some work, or drawing, or busy occupation for her fingers, which should sufficiently demand her attention to prevent its dwelling on those fears and doubts which would occasionally beset her.

Once or twice she caught a glimpse of the ragged boy; but he did not venture to address her any more. He seemed to be lurking and hovering about in the neighbourhood, that, should any favourable opportunity for presenting himself occur, he might be at hand, near her. On one of these occasions he startled her by being close nestled within a rose-bush, from which she was gathering a nosegay, and thinking of one which Amanzor had presented to her at the last Court ball; on another, while she was watching a bird soaring through the air, and half wishing it could convey some token of her remembrance to the prince, she heard a sudden little sneeze near her, and spied the roguish eyes of the boy peering up at her from among some tufts of heartsease, upon a bed of which he was rolling and tumbling like a young colt in a meadow. On seeing that Benemilda perceived him, however, the urchin sprang up, and ran off with one of his merry laughs. As he ran, his rags fluttered in the breeze, and Benemilda thought she saw something shining from beneath them, like the end of some glittering case or sheath; and there was, besides, something very bright and rich hued, like the tip of a many-coloured wing.

"What next shall I fancy?" thought Benemilda; "or is it some spoil that the little rogue is making off with—some theft that he has committed, and he is hiding the booty under his rags?"

But at length the week came to an end. A few hours before the one appointed for Benemilda's interview with her father, she was seated at the open casement of her chamber, that she might enjoy the fragrance of the honeysuckle blossoms stealing in with the fresh sweet air of morning, when suddenly an arrow shot through the lattice and fell at her feet. It was cleft, and bore a folded paper, which Benemilda found contained these words:—

"A despairing mother, who forgets she is a queen, beseeches you to return, Benemilda! Your absence, with the dread that it may be eternal, has struck with mortal illness my son, my Amanzor! In his sudden languishment, he discovered to me its secret, and I find that you alone are the cause of his malady, you alone can restore him to health and to me. Come then, my Benemilda, for you are scarcely less dear to the mother than to the son, if you redeem that beloved son from death. Come, and give us all life and joy by your presence. I knew not whither to send to you; but a little foot-page, who seems to know of your whereabouts, who speaks confidently, and assures me he will faithfully convey my missive to you, has besought me to entrust him with this letter. I have no other alternative, and can only hope it may reach you safely, and bring you speedily to

"Your loving sovereign
("She longs to add—your mother!)
"QUEEN ZENILDA."

"Amanzor in danger! Amanzor dying!" murmured Benemilda. "Ah, now, indeed, will be the sacrifice, should my father decide not to return. I may not leave him! A daughter's duty bids me abide with him. But he will, he surely will return! Dear queen, noble Zenilda, sweet gentle lady!" continued the Vizier's daughter, pressing the motherly writing to her lips and to her heart; "must I then disobey thy loving behest? Ay, if my father wills it so. But how was her letter conveyed? Where is the little foot-page she speaks of?"

"IT WAS CLEFT, AND BORE A FOLDED PAPER."

A pair of chubby arms, crossed easily over one another, appeared on the ledge of the casement among the honeysuckles; upon the arms rested the dimpled chin of the ragged boy, above the chin smiled the rosy lips, and above them the saucy laughing eyes.

"Here he is!" said the coaxing tones of the urchin; "I'm the little foot-page! A trusty one, I hope you'll allow, though I know you've so bad an opinion of me—an unjust one, I assure you—for I didn't venture to bring the letter straight to you, but shot it through the window, and climbed up the trellis here to see how you received it."

"It is from her majesty the Queen, my most kind sovereign," said Benemilda, blushing; for the boy looked so arch and so knowingly sly, that she could not bear he should believe—as his manner hinted—the paper to be a love-letter.

"From the prince's mother, yes," said the boy emphatically, and with an air of provoking assurance, accompanied by a confidential nod. "Yes, yes, from Amanzor's mother, to be sure."

"Amanzor, child!" said Benemilda, trying to knit her brow into a frown, that she might mark her displeasure at such unwarrantable familiarity, yet unable to suppress a smile at his saucy boldness; "strange licence, methinks, you give yourself in speaking of such exalted personages as the queen and her son."

"Yes," replied the boy, carelessly, "it is strange, the licence I take with all kinds of people; high or low, rich or poor, great or small, king or kaiser, queen or milkmaid; all's one to me. I deal with them all pretty much alike. Do you know, one pouting smile of lips such as those, one touch of a swansdown hand like that, one glance from such dove's eyes as yours, binds me over to better behaviour, to humble observance, to more duteous homage than all the crowns and crowned heads in the universe!"

"Impudent chit!" said the Lady Benemilda, biting her lips to prevent laughing and encouraging his audacity.

"Chit as I am, lady, you find I have a will of my own, and that it is best not to thwart it," he said in his insinuating tones. "I told you I wanted you to take me for your page; you won't refuse me now; you'll accept my service, will you not?"

There was something so bewitching, so irresistible in the little rogue's manner as he said this, looking into her eyes with his own arch ones, and with his half-beseeching, half-playful, wholly winning smile, that Benemilda turned away, partly to conceal from him what ground he was gaining in her favour, partly to relieve a strange emotion that she herself felt.

An unwonted tremor, that seemed not entirely alarm, yet not entirely delight; an agitation not wholly fear, yet not wholly pleasure; a thrill compounded of all these feelings seemed to pervade her frame, and she leaned her head on her hand for a few moments.

"It is the sudden news—my father's impending decision, on which my own fate rests no less than his—the queen's kindness—her letter—its tidings; it is all these that combine to make me thus unlike my former self," she said. "Let me calm my thoughts and prepare to meet my father, with courage to bear the worst, with hope to hear the best."

She approached the open casement, from which the boy had disappeared; the air breathed softly upon her temples, cooled her flushed cheek, and brought relief to her throbbing heart; and, by the time she was summoned to her father, she had recovered nearly all her habitual self-possession.

(To be concluded.)

THE MICROSCOPE.

II.—The Yeast-Plant.

Having given a general sketch of the construction and working of an ordinary compound microscope, it may perhaps be as well to give here some idea of the expenditure incurred in the purchase of such a one as I have described. Some years ago the English microscopes were so expensive as to be utterly beyond the reach of the ordinary purchaser of the present day. Now, however, both English and German instruments of a most excellent quality may be purchased for a very reasonable outlay.

Amongst the cheaper microscopes, those of Leitz are very much praised, and are so good that many laboratories in our science colleges are supplied with them; they cost about £3 3s., and answer all requirements. Baker, of Holborn, is the agent. Rivalling these on the English side is Beck's "Star" microscope, a recent introduction into the world of microscopes. This instrument fulfils all the requirements of a good microscope, and is very much used nowadays; its cost is about the same as that of Leitz.

Of the more expensive microscopes, those of Hartnack of Potsdam, and Pillischer of Bond Street, specially recommend themselves to our notice; very good instruments can be obtained from these people for £7 10s.

Having now described an ordinary microscope, and having given some hints on the choice and purchase of one, it remains for me to mention a few accessories necessary for the

FIG. 4.—DISSECTING FORCEPS.

proper working up of specimens. Every girl who contemplates proceeding to a practical inquiry with her microscope should purchase at the same time a small pocket lens, preferably one of the so-called "Coddington" lenses; they are extremely cheap, portable, and easy to use, and are invaluable for a rough-and-ready examination of specimens whilst gathering. Even with these little lenses a method of working is necessary, and by following one set rule much trouble and annoyance may be avoided. The best method of procedure is the following:—Take the object to be examined in your left

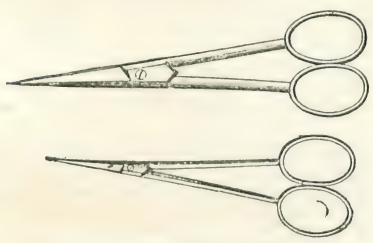


FIG. 5.—DISSECTING SCISSORS.

hand, and you lens in your right; let your right wrist rest on your left, and bring the lens as near the object as possible without touching it. Now look through the lens, placing your eye quite close up to it, and gradually withdraw the object from the lens till it is sharply in focus. The "Coddington" lens used in this manner forms an admirable guide to the selection of vegetable and insect specimens.

For work out of doors, *i.e.*, collecting specimens, it is well to have one or two small glass bottles with wide mouths, and of a capacity of about 4 to 6 ounces; these are more especially useful in the collection of objects obtained from ponds. For dry specimens a few pill-boxes will suffice. A good strong penknife with two sharp blades—one large, the other small—is indispensable. For work indoors, *i.e.*, preparation and examination of specimens already collected, it is necessary to have a good sharp razor and a strop or oil-stone, a small pair of "dissecting forceps" (Fig. 4), a small pair of scissors with long handles, and cutting well up to the points (Fig. 5), and lastly some "mounted needles."

These last you will be able to manufacture yourselves; the best way perhaps is the following:—Get some ordinary sewing needles (6's) and one or two wooden penholders. To mount a needle, take it firmly in a strong pair of pliers, and push the point into the end of the penholder; now take it out again, and push the "eye" end into the opening made by the point. This makes an excellent mounted needle.

For the better examination and appreciation of the structure of various tissues, it is the custom among microscopists to stain their specimens with various dyes, and to ascertain their composition various substances known technically as "reagents" are used. Such stains and reagents are kept in little bottles specially arranged for the purpose. As you will require a few of the reagents, it may be as well for me to tell you how to keep them.

Get a small two-ounce medicine bottle with a well-fitting cork; get also some pieces of thin glass rod thinner than an ordinary slate pencil (each piece should be long enough to reach the bottom of the bottle from the top). Bore a hole through the cork, and thrust the glass rod through it, so that when you wish to use your reagent you merely remove the cork, and with it the glass rod, on the end of which will be a drop of the reagent. The glass rod may be most conveniently divided in the first instance by filing a line on it with a three-sided file, and then gently snapping it across. A piece of about a foot long should be kept for taking specimens from your gathering bottles. A couple of camel-hair pencils will be found of great service in the mounting of specimens whose tenuity of structure will not admit of manipulation with needles. Some pieces of white blotting-paper should be always at hand, as it is often required during the mounting of a specimen.

As to reagents, the following will be found of use, and may be made up by yourselves or by your chemists:—

Magenta. — Dilute an ordinary solution (Judson's) with water, and add a little acetic acid.

Iodine.—Tincture of iodine, 1 part; water, 12 parts.

Carmine.—Carmine, 10 grains; strong ammonia, 30 minims; glycerine, 2 ounces; rectified spirit, ½ ounce.

The carmine and ammonia should be boiled for a few seconds in a glass test-tube, and allowed to stand for an hour; then the water is added, and the whole filtered; the spirit and glycerine are added to the fluid which has passed through the filter. The fluid is allowed to stand in an open bottle till all smell of the ammonia has passed off.

These are all the stains that you will require, and they can all be obtained ready prepared at any microscope dealer's.

Other reagents, independently of stains, that will be required are:—

Salt solution.—Common salt, 7·5 grammes; distilled water, 1,000 cubic centimetres.

Potash solution. — Potassic hydrate, 5 grammes; distilled water, 100 cubic centimetres.

Glycerine.—2 ounces of ordinary glycerine; 1 ounce of water.

Acetic acid.—Glacial acetic acid, 1 part; distilled water, 99 parts.

These also may be obtained from microscope dealers, and I have supplied the technical details only on the supposition that some of you may be able to make them up for yourselves. And now, before we proceed on our journey of investigation, and after all this most prosaic description of practical details, let me advise you always to be extremely patient in your examination, and scrupulously careful to adhere to the rules herein laid down, and you may reasonably hope to obtain a tolerable amount of success in the course of your inquiry into the secrets of Nature.

In microscopy, as in all other arts and sciences, to have an intelligent knowledge and thorough appreciation of the gradual steps by which miraculous structures both of nature and art are raised, one must begin at the most elementary stages first; as in music, so in microscopy, you must not play a florid sonata, or rather cannot, before you know your notes; and any attempt at the appreciation or investigation of the more advanced works of nature without a previously acquired knowledge of the simplest, must ever bring with it an inward conviction of charlatanism, and an invariable feeling of dissatisfaction with oneself.

We will therefore take one of the simplest members of the vegetable kingdom, and examine its structure, taking it as a type and starting-point of our future investigations in the vegetable world. I shall as far as possible avoid technicalities in the description of microscopical specimens, and such technical expressions as may happen to be used I shall endeavour to explain in full. The first specimen then which we will proceed to the examination of is ordinary yeast.

It is very easy to obtain a little yeast from the baker's or brewer's, and if obtained dry it should be mixed with a little water and sugar, and warmed for a few hours before examining. Generally, however, you can obtain a little fluid yeast from the brewer's. When you have, put it into one of your wide-mouthed bottles, and leave it uncorked.

Now I have said that yeast is an example of the most elementary production of nature in the vegetable kingdom, and yet how important a part does it play in our domestic economy, both in the making of bread and the manufacture of alcohol! for yeast has the power of turning sugary solutions into alcohol and glycerine, and at the same time manufacturing a gas which is fatal to human life in certain quantities, and which is the cause of deaths in brewers' vats; this gas is called carbonic acid gas.

After this digression let us now look at our yeast. It appears to be merely a brownish fluid, with no signs of solid particles in it. Let us take up a drop, and with our glass rod place it on a slide. Now let us examine it with our "Coddington" lens; we see everywhere fine brownish dots like sand grains floating about. Let us put a cover-glass over the drop, as we did with the blood, and examine it under our microscope. And here let me remind you that it is wise, in looking down a microscope, to keep both eyes open; after awhile you will get accustomed to doing this, and will not notice anything with the eye that is not applied to the tube. Use your eyes equally and alternately; do not cultivate the use of one eye; the same remarks apply to the use of a "Coddington" lens.

In looking at this yeast our low power will not serve us much, so we will put on the high one, and, carefully bearing in mind the instructions I have already given as to the use of the coarse and fine adjustments, proceed to examine it. Now we see that each little speck which

we saw under the "Coddington" is a round or oval body, and that these bodies vary in size. Now, in focussing carefully with the fine adjustment, and looking at the edge of one of these bodies, we notice that it is clear and well-defined, forming, in fact, a thin wall. We may regard each body then as a small sac, and this

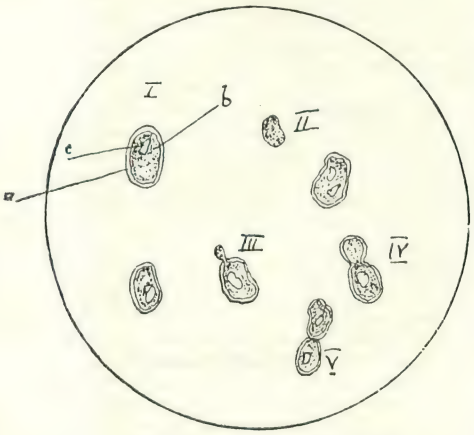


FIG. 6.—THE YEAST PLANT.
I. Mature Torula. (*a*) *Cell-wall.* (*b*) *Protoplasm.* (*c*) *Vacuole.*
II. Young Torula.
III. Budding Torula.
IV and V. Further stages of budding process.

sac or bag is full of a semi-fluid matter. Here and there a sac may be noticed with a little clear space in the middle of its contents. Special names are given to all these things.

Each little sac is called a "yeast-cell" or "torula" (Fig. 6), and is an example of the most elementary form of vegetable life—the cell. The outer part which we noticed is called the "cell-wall," and is made up of a substance called "cellulose." This cell-wall serves to distinguish a vegetable from an animal cell. The central semi-fluid contents are called "protoplasm," and the little clear space in the protoplasm is called a "vacuole." To demonstrate all these parts more distinctly we will use a reagent. Take your magenta bottle, draw the cork and glass rod out, and drop a little of the dye on the edge of the cover-glass, so that it runs underneath. If any of the stain gets on to the top of the cover-glass it must be removed with blotting-paper; always lift your microscope tube up before applying a reagent, so that the objective may not be smeared or injured. If the dye does not travel under the cover-glass quickly, put a piece of blotting-paper at the edge of the cover-glass, exactly opposite the point at which you placed the drop.

Now examine your specimen: look at one torula that is deeply stained. The wall remains unstained, as also does the vacuole, but the protoplasm is stained darkly by the magenta. Now, to prove that these cells really are sacs, take a little pad of blotting-paper and place it over the cover-glass; now press on it gently but suddenly, with the end of a penholder. This will crush the torulæ, and you will see that the coloured contents escape, but the sac remains torn but still uncrushed and transparent (Fig. 7). If you now take another specimen, and run a little of your potash solution in, you will find that the contents clear up and become invisible, the cell-wall remaining unaltered (Fig. 8).

During your examination you may have noticed some cells which were not really round or oval, but irregular, presenting sorts of excrescences or buds on their surface. These really are buds, and in this way does one torula produce many. If you sow dry yeast in a fluid containing sugar, and put it in a warm place, you will find that the fluid is, after a little while, crowded with torulæ produced by this budding. This process is called "reproduction by gemmation." In looking through a specimen it will be found that the cells vary in size, and that the cell-wall in the younger and smaller cells is very much thinner than in those more mature.

FIG. 7.—EFFECTS OF CRUSHING.
(*a*) *Cell-wall ruptured.*
(*b*) *Escaped contents.*

Such, then, is the structure and general method of examination of the yeast-torula. I have chosen it because it illustrates very

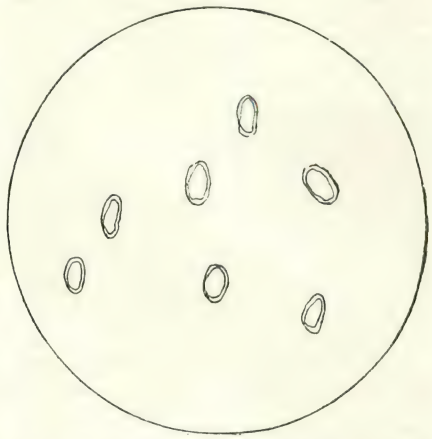


FIG. 8.—TORULÆ TREATED WITH POTASH SOLUTION, SHOWING THE CELL-WALL CLEARLY DEFINED, THE CONTENTS BEING INVISIBLE.

clearly and well a simple vegetable, and because all higher vegetable structures are finally built up of such cells, with certain modifications of structure to meet certain wants. It also illustrates by its method of examination the use of various reagents used in many other specimens. I next propose to describe a corresponding cell in the animal kingdom, and then proceed with higher and more interesting forms in two kingdoms, and we shall find interest and pleasure grow apace as we ascend the social scale of nature, and experience a sensation of awe-stricken wonder at the great power of that Creator from whom all things are; and whilst cultivating a love for His creatures, we shall be at once improving our minds, and adoring His never-to-be-comprehended power. And may we not derive some satisfaction from Coleridge, who says:—

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small"?

W. L. LISTON.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SERMON AND ITS RESULTS.

THE Rev. Ernest Hope's first notable act when left wholly in charge of the rector's flock had been to preach a startling and awakening sermon from the text, "No man cared for my soul"—Ps. cxlii. v. 5.

It was not a missionary sermon as the word is understood, it was not the preface to an organised collection for any specific object, but it roused the hearts of his hearers from slumbering quiescence in an existing state of things, as they never had been roused within the memory of the oldest parishioner.

He began by considering and estimating the value of a human soul by the price paid for it on Calvary. Then he addressed himself especially to the prosperous and well-cared for members of his congregation, whose very presence there indicated some knowledge of the value, and some care for, their own souls; and he asked them emphatically, as members of one human family, what cared they for the souls of the ignorant and suffering brethren in their midst? He instanced the condition of the poor dwellers in Marsh Lane, whose habitations and homes were a disgrace to a Christian land, and among whom poverty, dirt, drink, and disease fought for the subjugation of bodies and souls. The squalid, tumble-down place lay low and isolated by the brook side, a festering sore within three hundred yards of that church, yet he questioned whether more than one or two of all that well-dressed, well-fed congregation ever ventured to explore that isolated region on an errand of mercy, charity, or piety. It was not wholly given over to dirt and rags; one or two neat cottages stood out from the rest, thanks to the pious labours of one good Christian; but, as the parish doctor could tell, the misery existing there, and elsewhere in well-to-do Shepperley, baffled the unaided efforts of their pastor and his single lay-helper.

How was he to convince those poor ignorant creatures that he or any man "cared for their souls," or that they had souls, whilst they were left to perish in rags and dirt, ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-housed, with never a hand of help or sympathy stretched out to save, to prove the verity of Christian love or Christian brotherhood? But, he said, so surely at the cry of those uncared for poor went up to heaven, so sure the ripening seeds of sin and pestilence would be sown broadcast and avenge on the careless their long unheeded cry. Then he called on his hearers, lest the neglect should be counted to them for sin, to come forward and assist him to cope with the existing evil, either with coin, clothing, or personal service, in sympathetic visiting or otherwise. He could be seen in the vestry at the close of the service by anyone who did care for the soul of a perishing brother,

The curate was a rather short, spare man, with nothing striking in form or feature, unless it was the way he wore his dark auburn hair brushed back from his broad high forehead, but his sad brown eyes kindled with his theme, and there was the powerful eloquence of deep feeling in every word he uttered.

The offertory that Sunday was richer than it had been for years. The vestry was filled with young and old, the curious and the earnest who had gone to sleep under the passive old rector, and who thronged around the young preacher desirous to know in what manner they could best assist him in his zealous endeavours to do good. And though Nathan Grimshaw, the miserly owner of the property in Marsh Lane, did leave the church muttering that he would write to the bishop and the rector to have the meddlesome curate removed, he thought better of it, and even opened his heart to set a sort of handy-man at work white-washing and mending roofs, before people came poking and prying about the place and crying "shame on him."

Out of that powerful and energetic sermon grew more than one active organisation for the benefit of the uncared-for poor of Shepperley. Some, roused out of their lukewarmness, gave largely "of their abundance"; the curate carried quite a sheaf of bank notes away from the church with him. Others undertook to visit the poor in their homes, and try what sympathy and kindness would effect. Others, again, declared their willingness to read to the sick and aged. But of all these the "Dorcas Society," first established, was decidedly the most popular.

The curate's mother and sister formed the nucleus. Miss Sheperton was one of the foremost to give in her adhesion, and with her Mabel Heathfield. Mrs. Calverley, the doctor's wife, and her eldest daughter, enrolled themselves, as also did the youngest Miss Birtwhistle, and three or four other ladies whose names have no connection with this narrative. Miss Pringle, who preferred to do her good deeds in private, was prevailed upon by the curate to give the infant society the benefit of her experience. And though Mrs. Rivers had at first turned up her snub nose at the very suggestion, no sooner did she hear that Miss Sheperton was a leading member than she drove straightway with Miss Laura to Pilgrim Place, where Miss Pringle had placed her best parlour at the service of the "Dorcas Society" until a more central room could be found.

Hitherto Mrs. Rivers had failed to obtain for her daughter a personal introduction to the Shepertons, and here was the very opportunity she had longed for.

It was the thin end of the wedge with which she designed to open the squire's door for her daughter and self. This she hoped to accomplish by the largeness of her benevolence. The draper had sent in a contribution of remnants and unsaleable articles. Miss Bradley had offered patterns of frocks and gowns. But Mrs. Rivers overtopped these with an effusive promise of "warm dress stuffs from the manufactory," for which the well-pleased curate thanked her as if the goods were already on the table.

There were, however, plenty of materials to start upon. The draper's remnants were supplemented by quantities of flannel and calico, from a donor unknown. And Miss Sheperton, who presided in virtue of her father's position, not her own age or experience, was busy, with the assistance of Miss Pringle and Mrs. Hope, cutting out and distributing to the volunteers in waiting, many of whom—Mabel and Laura certainly—appeared more interested in the discourse of the reverend promoter than in the absolute business of the meeting.

The making of coarse, serviceable, untrimmed garments for poor strangers was not interesting, but Ernest Hope had the faculty of inspiring others with something of his own zeal, and whatever were the individual motives which brought that assembly together, the result was satisfactorily the same. Bundles of materials were rolled up and carried away for stitching by Mabel and others, who would have been too proud to carry even a tiny purchase home from the confectioner's or the draper's, and many a poor family who would have shivered in rags that winter reaped the benefit.

Only two meetings of the new Dorcas society had been held, and Mabel had scarcely had time to weary of playing the seamstress, when Bob so unceremoniously tapped at the window with Hubert at his elbow. She had never learned to manipulate her mother's small sewing machine; the strong coarse materials chafed her delicate fingers, she pricked them with her needle, and altogether she was pursuing her work of charity in a spirit of martyrdom she would have been ashamed to confess to herself, or to show when the enthusiastic curate called, as he repeatedly did, to see the invalid.

At such times she was as effusive as her Aunt Rivers had been; full of sympathy for the sufferings he so eloquently described—and of which she had no other knowledge—impressive in her desire to help in his good work, and almost persuaded herself and him that his eloquence had converted her into a very ministering angel, ready to co-operate with him, heart and soul, in his mission to the miserably poor.

Hubert had not been mistaken. It was a note of the curate's, asking something of the kind, that had lain on her lap and been huddled hastily up amongst her work. It was that which had caused her reverie. Something he had said there of his "extreme reluctance to seek the co-operation of Miss Phillis whilst bound by her nearer duty to Mrs. Heathfield's sick room," had grated on her nerves, as roughly as had Bob's suggestion of the curate's influence on Hubert's.

She had chafed at the words and the implication; and it was doubly annoying to be caught idling, when she should have posed as most industrious. Not that she put the fact to herself so bluntly. Sophistry of self towards self is always delicately tender.

When Hubert and Robert entered by the ordinary door, the note was in her pocket, and she ready to receive the visitor with open hand and winning smiles, too genuine to admit of doubt.

A few charming, explanatory words apologised for the litter on the table, and the industrious resumption of a flannel garment she was herring-boning. She chatted about the Dorcas meeting, about his sudden flight to London, the loss he had sustained in missing the curate's eloquent sermon, stitching busily all the while. But never was needle put down with more alacrity than when Ann came to say "Tea is ready."

They found Mr. Heathfield and Phillis both seated at the tea-table when they entered the old room Hubert had such reason to remember, and in the hearty grasp of the farmer's hand, and the answering of his first questions, the young fellow lost sight of the vivid flush on the face of Phillis. It had almost faded when he was released to shake hands with her.

But whilst she poured out a cup of tea for her mother, and arranged a few thin bits of dry toast on a daintily covered tray Ann was in waiting to carry upstairs, he could not help observing how pale and thin she had grown. In a tone of real concern he told her he was afraid she kept too closely to her mother's chamber, and asked if her constant attendance there was compulsory. Aunt Pringle, he would venture to say, would willingly act as a substitute occasionally, and now that Mrs. Heathfield was allowed to sit up there was not the great cause for anxiety there had been.

He was blind as those about her. Never asked why Mabel did not take her place; or why Mabel looked ever fresh and blooming and she so pale. She had been pale in childhood; and not in his wildest dreams did he suspect any uneasiness that was not the outcome of care for the invalid.

He had not seen his ivory-bound copy of Longfellow and the sacred note enclosed laid lightly before the younger sister in half-triumph. But if he had, could he have guessed the shaft of pain that was struck into the true heart as she read—pain for herself, pain unutterable for him?

It was a supplementary sorrow of which no one but herself had a suspicion, a sorrow she was striving in vain to overcome, in which human love and

maidenly shame struggled for the mastery, and endurance was tried to the uttermost. For did she not know how lightly Mabel valued the noble heart she would have given life itself to win. In the long night-watches her patient heart had schooled itself to endurance, but that, so far, was all. She would have to school herself to meet him henceforth only as the brother he had ever been, before the consciousness came to herself that he was something more, and must henceforth be something less.

Well might she grow pale under the pressure of her double trouble, excessive strain of attention to the sick, and the general household cares her elder sister was so willing to resign to her abler hands; yet there can be no doubt, those very cares and active duties preserved her from indulgence in morbid sorrow.

A faint flush crossed her cheek as she poured out tea, and answered Hubert lightly that she was quite well, only a little tired. She would be all right when her mother was able to come downstairs.

An adroit word from Mabel changed the subject and claimed his attention; and, except that he addressed himself to her more particularly than to others, conversation became general.

There was an adjournment after tea to the drawing-room for "just one song," before Hubert went, and whilst Phillis retreated with an excuse, Mabel indulged him with a popular love song or two in her fullest and richest tones, and at the close brought her blue eyes to bear on his, as eloquently powerful as her music, and allowed her soft, warm hand to linger in his when he held it close at parting.

Without waiting for Bob, who had promised to bear him company, Hubert was off in a hurry at last. He had lingered longer than he intended. He was expecting either to find Mr. Townley at Miss Pringle's or a letter from him, besides which he longed to be alone, to keep his exuberant spirits within bounds. Mabel's looks and tones had sent the heart's thermometer up so high.

He found not the lawyer, but a line to say he should not leave London until Monday, and would take Great Woolton *en route* homewards. But he found the Rev. Ernest Hope with Miss Pringle, though it was Saturday evening. The organist was ill. He was urging her to give her services on the morrow, and she as strenuously urged him to put his sister Lucy in the place and give her an opportunity to prove her capacity to fill the post if occasion came.

The argument ended in his assent. And then, his sermons being already prepared—I do not say written—a conversation on other matters connected with the parish was carried on by all three, Hubert's private affairs not coming on the *tapis*.

Of course the curate was full of the active work he had set on foot, the district visiting, the Dorcas society, and, as a proof of success, instanced the unexpected adhesion of worldly Mrs. Rivers to the Dorcas scheme, and the extreme interest Miss Heathfield had manifested in his projects for ameliorating the lot of the poor. It seemed as if she had only needed awakening to a sense of the suffering of others to be alive with sympathy, as was Miss Sheperton; indeed, he had in both cases been encouraged to write and ask them to visit certain of the poorer cottagers.

"Why did you not ask Phillis Penelope?" put Miss Pringle, curiously.

A faint tinge of colour rose to the curate's brow, as he answered after a moment's hesitation:—

"At present, her duties lie nearer home, and engross her whole attention. Otherwise, I feel assured she would tender assistance without solicitation. I look forward to the time when Mrs. Heathfield's return to health may set her free to help us. She is not new to the work, thanks to you, Miss Pringle, and would prove a most valuable ally. It is gratifying to have secured her sister."

So thought Hubert, now that the open mention of Mr. Hope's projects, and the note he had written to Mabel, dispelled the sudden feeling of jealousy Bob had unconsciously aroused; to say nothing of the clergyman's change of colour when Phillis was named, and his confidence in her willingness to help.

The assurance it conveyed that he had no rivalry to fear from that quarter, and that Ernest Hope's appreciation of Phillis was something more than pastoral esteem, was not more gratifying than the intimation of Mabel's dedication of her leisure to the good work the curate had inaugurated. It was a proof, he argued with himself, that she could not be as frivolous as either Bob or Miss Pringle would make him think. He might at the same time have asked himself how Mabel happened to have so much more leisure than her sister; but as he saw them only when the week's work was supposed to be done, the difference had not struck him forcibly.

Without the least imagining the state of his mind, Miss Pringle unconsciously threw a few favourable grains into the full measure of Mabel's attractions, when she observed—

"Ah, yes, Phillis Penelope may be depended upon at any period. It pleased me much to perceive that Mabel was likeways preparing to pursue the path of pious usefulness. She entered into the spirit of our proceedings with a promptitude that promises well for the future, provided she does not grow weary, and faint by the way."

"She will not do that, I am sure," put in Hubert, earnestly, ready to vouch for Mabel in all things.

"We are sure of nothing in this world," replied Miss Pringle, pointedly.

"Sure of the past, Miss Pringle," said Mr. Hope, rising. "I am sure I have stayed too long. Good-night to both."

"I wish I was sure of Mabel," thought Hubert as he went, but when the door closed behind the curate, he said aloud, "I wish I was certain of establishing my claims on Roughet Run."

Jasper Townley's brief letter was put into his hand, with the words, "You perceive what he says: 'The difficulties are great, but may not be insurmountable.' I pray, Hubert, that you will not permit hope and imagination to ride rampant in the face of palpable difficulties, to the prejudice of your tangible prospects in the present. Put Roughet Run out of your calculations as far as possible. Payments made, receipts taken as from your father, Hubert Underwood, have to be disproved and refuted, whilst long possession, on what tenure we know not, may establish Mr. Jessop's proprietorship. Look on your inheritance, my dear boy, as problematic, lest it should perplex and distract your mind from John Crossley's business, where partnership is probable in the long run if you pursue a steady course."

"Partnership! Nothing of the kind was ever promised me."

"Probably not. What I predict depends on prudence, persistent attention, and good principle founded on piety. Forget Roughet Run; it may prove a phantom. Pursue it not too eagerly, lest you lose the prize patience and prudence must eventually win. And please, Hubert, do not press your Australian prospects into conversation with me. The topic is too painful. Pray make Mr. Townley your counsellor."

Hubert looked blank, condemned to silence on so vital a theme.

Miss Pringle might desire to keep the young man from idle indulgence of fruitless dreams, but it was no proof of her wisdom to dam up the stream of thought and deprive it of a natural outlet. As it happened, Mabel disputed possession of Hubert's leisure hours with those who shared his new secret, and as she continued gracious, and something more, whilst months ran their course, she filled so large a place in his thoughts, even his Australian inheritance was secondary.

(*To be continued.*)

"OUR LIFE HAS BEEN ONE BREATH."

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

By HARRIET KENDALL.

WHICH of us, darling, in the years to be
Shall vainly listen for a step, a voice?
Will it be you or I to wait alone?
Will it be you or I to hush life's moan?
To long for all that made the soul rejoice,—
Old faith, old trust, old loving loyalty?

Which of us, darling, in the years to come
Shall knock when death has closed the door to one?
Will it be you or I to stand and bear
The burden of great patience in despair?
To feel a sword-thrust from the April sun?
A pang from every bird that is not dumb?

Which of us, darling, in the after-days
Shall plant with pulseless hands death's snowy flowers,
And keep wan vigil o'er the world's spent bliss,
Sick with the weariness of life amiss,
When winter's rime shall whiten all the hours
Of spring, and June shall smite with golden rays?

Which of us, darling, from the Shadowland
Shall yearn and cry? Our life has been one breath,
And e'en from Heaven our hearts would turn to find
Some look, some word of dear days left behind.
Our love, our mutual soul, I feel not death
Could part: to God we must go hand in hand.

THE TYPE-WRITER AND TYPE-WRITING.

JUST now the typewriter is attracting considerable attention; and though its use in England is far from being so general as in the United States, we feel quite safe in prophesying that even in our comparatively conservative land, for many purposes the pen will be in a few years superseded by this ingenious machine. This has already been the case in the younger but more enterprising country.

Under these circumstances, and as the subject is peculiarly interesting to ladies, a short account of the nature, uses, and advantages of the type-writer may be welcome.

Though it is eight or ten years since the first machine was introduced, much misapprehension still exists, even in commercial and professional circles, as to its nature.

Broadly speaking, the type-writer is an instrument designed to supersede the pen for writing letters and documents of almost every description. It has many and important advantages over the pen, the principal of which are the following:—

Speed.—The average penman writes usually at the rate of from fifteen to twenty words per minute. When necessary he can write much faster, and experts can attain the speed of thirty or even more words per minute, but usually at this rate the caligraphy is by no means a perfect model for imitation, and the speed could not be maintained for any length of time. The great saving in time gained by the use of the type-writer will at once be seen when we say that a competent operator will for hours together work at the rate of forty words per minute. If necessary this speed can be much increased, and skilful operators will on an emergency write sixty or seventy words per minute. Forty to forty-five words, however, may be taken as an average speed, and this result cannot but be deemed satisfactory, especially when other advantages are taken into account.

Legibility and neatness.—Who that receives many letters has not often had to grumble about the illegible character of the writing? How many business men, to whom time is money, have felt their tempers giving way whilst racking their brains over some choice specimen of caligraphy? Of how many ludicrous and costly blunders has illegible writing been the cause? With the type-writer everything is clear, legible and straightforward; bad spelling cannot be hidden by an undecipherable scrawl. Of course, until the working of the machine is mastered, mistakes will be frequent and laughable, but a fortnight's hard work will remedy this.

Health.—In this respect the type-writist is far more favourably circumstanced than the quilldriver. Instead of bending over his work, he sits upright before it. The chest and lungs have free play, and the stoop about the shoulders, so noticeable in many clerks, is conspicuous by its absence. The operator experiences not one tithe of the exhaustion felt by the handwriter after a long spell of work, but rises from the machine comparatively fresh.

Writers' cramp, so prevalent amongst those who have much writing to do, is rendered impossible, since the fingers are kept in active exercise. Writing becomes no longer a toil, but a pleasure.

Type-writing is doing much, and will do more, towards solving the problem of finding suitable employment for ladies, it being an occupation peculiarly fitted for their nimble fingers. In the United States, lady type-writists are a large and important body, commanding good salaries, and as the instrument comes into general use in this country, ladies who have learnt to work it will have no difficulty in finding remunerative employment, especially if, in addition, they can write shorthand.

There are many different kinds of type-writers, but it would be an invidious task to discuss the comparative merits of each. A few words as to the chief characteristics of the principal ones may, however, be permitted.

The three principal fast writing machines are the Remington, the Caligraph, and the Hammond. The first-named is the original instrument, and, having obtained a good hold upon the market before others were introduced, is the best known and most widely used. In this machine the keys are arranged in step-like rows in front, and a light touch upon one of them raises, by means of a lever, a bar, or arm, upon the end of which steel type is fixed. This type strikes smartly against an inked ribbon working backwards and forwards on two spools, leaving its impression upon the paper behind, which revolves between hard rubber rollers. The bars, or arms, all work to one common centre, and, as each leaves its impression, the inked ribbon and the carriage containing the paper move automatically onward, getting into position for the next letter. After the completion of each word, a bar in front of the machine is touched by the thumb, and the paper carriage is moved onward without any impression being made on the paper, thus leaving a space before the next word. At the end of each line, the carriage is pushed back to its original position, and by means of a lever the rubber rolls carrying the paper are revolved slightly to make a new line. A capital and its corresponding small letter is placed upon the end of each type bar, and by an ingenious contrivance, which cannot well be explained here, either of these types is made to leave its impression upon the paper.

The Caligraph is very similar to the Remington, from which, indeed, it is an offshoot. The chief points of difference are: (1) Instead of one type bar and one key doing duty for two characters, as in the Remington, each character has a separate type bar and key. This is claimed to be an advantage, as in the Remington when capitals occur both hands are required, and a certain amount of time is lost. On the other hand, advocates of the Remington aver that, as the capitals occur comparatively rarely, their position on the Caligraph is not properly learned, and time is lost in searching for them. (2) Instead of there being a spacing bar in front of the machine, a spacing key is provided at each side, either of which may be struck, as most convenient. We confess ourselves unable to decide which is the better machine; undoubtedly they are both good ones, and in our humble opinion very little advantage rests with either.

The Hammond machine is entirely different from the two already described. The type, instead of being placed at the end of bars, is arranged round two segments of a wheel working upon a kind of vertical spindle. When a key is struck one of these segments revolves, and the proper type being brought into position, a hammer strikes sharply against

it, or rather against the paper and inked ribbon, which work between the type and the hammer. As in the Remington, each key brings into action two and sometimes three characters. The type segments can be removed at pleasure, and others, containing a different variety of type, substituted, this being a decided advantage. The Hammond, however, is not so speedy as either the Remington or the Caligraph, but does beautifully neat work. Perhaps it is more liable to get out of order than any of the other two, but upon the whole it is a first-class machine, and has many admirers.

In addition to these instruments there are others, such as the Hall, the World, &c., which do neater work than the former, but are not so rapid, being, in fact, very little quicker than the pen. Except for special purposes, these are not likely to be much used in business circles, where speed is the great desideratum.

The use of the type-writer is easily acquired, and with a few weeks' hard practice an operator will in the majority of cases obtain a thorough mastery of the instrument. Care is, however, always requisite, or the most ridiculous blunders will be perpetrated, and, as with all other new things, inefficient operators will greatly retard the general adoption of the invention by turning out work full of mistakes.

During the first week or two the learner's attempts will probably be something like the following—

Uder aspreading che snut tree, the vilmage Smith y stands; the sMit ha mighty man is he with larme andsine&y hands, and the mussles of his?brawny arms arestrong as iro bands, his haar is c* awdalohg baisnfawhaie'irkhethantandhipohrowhiswiolewwohlHomsthe face forhe owes no tanyman. He goeb o" sunday to theChuch andsits amonghisboys, he heads theparso pray and Lreach-he hears

* Here the learner has reached the end of a line, but, in blissful ignorance of the fact, he has gone on working, with the result shown. The next line will probably defy most of our readers, the fact being that one line is written upon the top of another, the operator having forgotten to make a fresh one. In all probability, too, before he has been at it many hours he will find that the letters are making no impression upon the paper, the cause of which is that the ribbon has got to the end, and the motion needs reversing.

However, as time goes on mistakes will become more and more rare, and in a few weeks the operator will revel in the knowledge that he has acquired complete mastery of an instrument, the use of which will make writing a pleasure instead of an infliction.

One word in conclusion. In learning to work the type-writer, as in the study of most other things, the truth of the old proverb, "More haste, less speed," is fully confirmed. "Slow and sure" is the best plan, for if the learner, in his eagerness, hurries over his work, the inevitable result will be an alarming propensity for making mistakes, and the formation of bad habits, which will not be eradicated without a great expenditure of time and trouble. Practise slowly, but steadily and continuously, and before long you will find yourself capable of working, with rarely a mistake, at a speed which will make the adherents of the time-honoured pen open their eyes in wonder.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MOLTEN GOLD.

MRS. ASPENEL came home with the resolution to obey her husband if possible, but his irritability, especially with her, made her task difficult. When he recurred to the subject of his ruined study, and requested her to examine what was left of it, with Gerard Clarville, her will was all for resistance, but his proved the stronger of the two. Some curious cerebral fancy took possession of him, and he resolved that she should be the one to see if anything remained of what, he would have it, she coveted.

Accordingly she and Gerard made their way over the fallen rafters and charred floors of passage and intermediate rooms, to the spot she had most dreaded in all that big house. It was now open to the sky, and when they reached the place where the strong door had been, she trembled as if she were about to enter some ghostly chamber. A carpenter who accompanied them removed the temporary substitute for the door, and she followed Gerard into what she used to call the Miser's Den. She need not have been afraid, for nothing was visible but heaps of rubbish. It seemed as if the square walls had been built to contain the *débris* of all the rooms that had surmounted it, together with their roofs and ceilings.

Workmen had been busy with the rest of the house, and a clearance of fallen timber and masonry had been effected, for the furtherance of the rebuilding; but by order of its owner, this apartment had been untouched, and Gerard had presided over the stopping up of the big gaps, where windows and door had been. To all appearance this was unnecessary, for no vestige remained of furniture or fittings; only a confused mass of wood and stones.

After all, it was impossible to penetrate it, and Gerard was compelled to return to Mr. Aspenel and to tell him so. In his excitement at contradiction, he said first that he did not believe it; and afterwards that they must get men to clear a passage, or empty the room of the rubbish. His brother was with him and volunteered to help.

"The safe must be intact; it is fireproof!" cried Aspenel, his greed uppermost again.

Loveridge accompanied Gerard to the scene, and remained there while Gerard and the carpenter went off in search of workmen. He had never spoken to Mrs. Aspenel, and his usual effrontery forsook him when he perceived that lady. He had resolutely avoided the presentation suggested by Janet, and she had equally kept aloof from him. Indeed, he could but feel an interloper.

Mrs. Aspenel had advanced a pace or two into the room, and was surveying the wreck with dismay. She had not left the front of the house before, since her return, and had not realised the result of a conflagration. Now she shuddered as she thought of her last visit to that spot, and a vision of her husband rose before her as he then was, implacable, vindictive, resolute. She recalled her own part in the interview, and wondered whether if she had been different he would have been less unnatural. In a moment the fire and its results thrust out personal feeling, and she uttered a little cry as imagination conjured up what might have happened but for the merciful interposition of Providence.

Turning, she saw in the passage him who had just arrived in time to avert the final doom. Overwrought as she was, she fancied she knew not what, and stumbled amongst the rafters on which she was standing. He caught her just in time to prevent her falling, and placed her with some difficulty in safety—if safety there were, where crumbling mortar, loosened stones, and burnt wood gave way beneath the feet at every moment.

"Mrs. Aspenel, I think," said Loveridge, removing his hat, and bowing profoundly.

He was never at a loss, and his self-possession stood him in good stead.

"My—my—husband's brother, I believe," she returned, recovering her usual manner.

"We meet under strange circumstances, and in an odd sort of confusion," he said, carelessly; "but we live in an odd world, and no one will ever succeed in making it even."

Before she could reply, Gerard and a number of workmen came stumbling in. Almost simultaneously the boarding was

removed from the casementless windows from without, and the desolation was complete. The workmen began immediately to cast the *débris* out of the windows, and so to clear a passage to the spot indicated by Gerard, who had received instructions from Mr. Aspenel.

"It was there I found him," whispered Loveridge to Gerard, and pointed to the exact place where the safe had been.

Mrs. Aspenel remained in her corner, trembling as she looked on.

At last the safe was reached, and Gerard dismissed the men before they were aware of its contents. He, Mrs. Aspenel, and Loveridge made their way to it. There it stood, unscathed amid the wreck of all else, for was it not fireproof? But the door had been left open, and on the floor lay a heap of molten gold, which must have poured from its mouth like the lava from a burning mountain. That door had been opened by the owner himself, and remained ajar. A yellow coating covered the top shelf of the safe; a yellow seam ran down it. In the bottom shelf were the embers of many papers, and the crumpled leaves of parchments—all of which must have represented tens of thousands of those golden playthings so ruthlessly made sport of by the flames. It was an awful sight, and might have convinced any gainsayer of the weakness of human ingenuity. Gerard knew that it was only a tithe of the wealth scattered here and there equally insecurely, and wondered what the end would be.

The trio looked at one another. Mrs. Aspenel's face was white, her lips compressed.

"After all it is best to spend, even in a worldly point of view," ejaculated Loveridge. "Poor Harry was sadly mistaken. I always told him so, but he wouldn't believe me. I think you have done your duty, madam, and may gracefully retire from the scene."

"And I married for this!" muttered Mrs. Aspenel, glancing at Gerard, and looking as if about to faint.

"Take her away. I will mount guard," said Loveridge.

Gerard helped her back through the dangerous passage and gave her into Janet's care. Then he went to Mr. Aspenel. He found Edith with him. She instantly left the room, as she always did when he appeared. He could only form one opinion of this result of her father's strange overtures, which was that she did not love him, and that he had been a vain man when he almost fancied she did. He mastered a sharp pang when he took the seat she vacated, and told the poor wretch who had brought such misery on himself the result of the investigation.

"Bullion still. It must be re-cast," he said. "You will see to it for the children's sake and your own. Now, listen to me. You must take up your abode entirely in London. I shall never go there again I am morally certain that I shall never more enter the office where I have made my wealth, or any of the places that have received it. I constitute you my substitute. No disclaimer! I have no one else that will see honestly to the interest of my children, and you will be one of them soon."

"Once more, sir," began Gerard, excitedly, "you must put that out of the question. Miss Aspenel has avoided me ever since you opened it, and I can undertake nothing if I am trammeled."

"Avoided you, has she? I must set that to rights."

"I will throw up all your work, Mr. Aspenel, and return to Lady Ascham, if you mention that subject again," said Gerard. "Your daughter and I were good friends until you made that proposal; now she barely speaks to me. I beg you will leave us to ourselves."

"I have no one that I can trust. As my son-in-law I could make you partner and identify you with myself, but I could scarcely do this under any other circumstances."

Gerard's heart beat quick, and he felt that ambition of power and position which is inherent in most of us. What could he not do if Mr. Aspenel's words could be verified? But he struggled with the momentary temptation and conquered it. He said that he would do his best to manage to disentangle the complicated affairs with the help of solicitors and other agents, but that he was incompetent to undertake what Mr. Aspenel mentioned.

"Go and consult your mother; ask her if she will live with you in London, and help you. I have no one else; no one else."

The despairing tone of Aspenel's voice touched Gerard. The doctors said he was better, but gave no hope of absolute recovery. His actual state was concealed at his own particular request, and even Nurse True was bound over to secrecy. Gerard was sorely perplexed, and could not see where his own path of duty lay. Still, where so much was involved, he prayed not to let personal feeling stand in his way.

"I know my mother will be ready to help you and yours, sir," he said, after some hesitation. "As manager, trustee ——"

"Trustee! Then you think I must die," groaned Aspenel. And "the terrors of a troubled mind" returned, which Gerard was impotent to quell.

He called for Mr. Austen, the doctors, Nurse True, all who could advise either spiritually or corporeally, and bade Gerard leave him, since he would not yield to his request.

Gerard went straight to his mother, and told her what had passed. She was at once comforter and counsellor. She had not ventured to interfere between him and Edith, though she fancied she knew where the difficulty lay; but she now advised him strenuously to accept whatever post Aspenel proposed for him. She knew his probity, and that his own mind would not be warped by good fortune, come to him as it would. She saw what an immense field of usefulness might be opening before him, and that he had no right to refuse to work in it.

"I will go and live with you in London, or do anything to help you," she said. "You may be sure Mr. Aspenel will give the means, because he is personally interested in the result. I think you should have an explanation with Edith before quite making up your mind."

"How can I, when she flies from me as if I were a scarecrow?" he rejoined, much aggrieved. "We were such good friends, and I never gave her any reason to suppose I had other feelings than friendship. She ought to know me better than to think I would purchase her with her father's partnership. I am not such a Jew as that."

Mrs. Clarville was too wise to argue this point. Her faith was great, and she believed that whatever was best for her son would be brought to pass in some way they could not foresee; and merely urged him to do what seemed his present duty, without looking right and left.

"I suppose that is to live in town, and undertake the management of the business there," he said. "If some disinterested person does not do it, all will go to rack and ruin, and he will be bankrupt."

Gerard did not say this without reason. In spite of Mr. Aspenel's enormous wealth, he was not infallible, and had not cried wolf so long without some reason. He had experienced great losses by sea and land, and since he had been rendered incapable by the fire, every unprincipled client and dependent had taken advantage of his state to enrich themselves. A company had failed of which he was director, and he was involved to an immense extent, while trade was depressed everywhere. Gerard knew all this, and would have hesitated to mix himself up with it, but for the strange chain of circumstances which had wound round about him and Aspenel's family.

When he and his mother had talked all this over, he returned to the Park. He encountered Mrs. Aspenel and Janet. The former had been so upset by the investigation of the safe, that Janet had prevailed on her to go out. They were fast friends now, to Gerard's great surprise.

"What can be done with that awful nugget?" asked Mrs. Aspenel.

"What can be done with our white mousey?" asked Janet, with a glance at him so reproachful that Gerard was taken aback.

"A nugget can be reconverted into specie; but a lost friendship is hard to reconstruct," he replied, and passed on.

He felt very sore about Edith.

He found her father tranquil again, and prepared to listen to reason. He told him what his mother had said, and added that, if sufficient means were provided, they would remove to London, and he would undertake whatever post he might see fit to place him in.

"I will think it all over and we will settle it in a few days. Meanwhile you must go on as you are. I am expecting Lawyer Mason to draw up the deeds about Will's portion. That must be settled first, and you and Mrs. Aspenel must witness it, and see it carried out. She is a better woman of business than I thought. If I don't do it at once, I shall never do it at all."

Gerard fully endorsed this speech of Aspenel's, and resolved to work night and day in the interests of his friends Loveridge and Fan.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FINISHING TOUCH TO THE TOILET.

A HOLIDAY IN NORWAY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

Of all European peoples, we English are the greatest puzzle to our neighbours, and amongst our idiosyncrasies our idea of a holiday is not the least curious. We are rushing and stirring in our work-a-day life, and are rushing and stirring in our holiday time; nay, more, we are often willing to go through an amount of trouble and exertion in our hours of relaxation which we should consider slavery if employed in earning our bread. The *dolce far niente* of the Italian is to us simple laziness, fit only for an effete people, and the Boulevard life of the Parisians we vote effeminate and frivolous.

I remember being with a friend, a Frenchman, one icily cold day in February, when walking by the bank of the Thames near Richmond. There was a heavy mist and a drizzling rain; the river looked slate-coloured, we were shivering with cold, and much did we grumble at the business which dragged us away from home on so melancholy a day. Presently we came across six or eight young men preparing to embark on an outrigger. I knew one of them slightly, and asked him what possible pleasure could be obtained by rowing on such a day. "Oh," said he, "we can't bother about the weather, we're in training, don't you know." "In training for what?" asked the Frenchman. "Are you professional?" The young man laughed, shrugged his shoulders, not deigning a reply. My foreign turned to me, "You English are a curious race. Would that young man go through such misery to gain a livelihood? Not he; but because his time is his own and he is his own master, he chooses of all occupations the most unseasonable and unpleasant."

The Englishman "works" at cricket (some make it almost a profession), works at football, works at boating. The English girl works at tennis; plays all day long; thinks and dreams about it. We work at travelling; rush about from one place to another; try to see everything in the shortest possible space of time, and are only content if on returning home we have beaten our friend's record and seen more places than he. It may be said that we are not alone in this: the Americans "rush" their tours even more than we do, but as a rule they visit Europe but once, whereas we travel every year.

We are gregarious in our travelling; the poorer amongst us go to Margate, Southend, or Brighton; the better off to the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy. Switzerland has had a long innings, and for magnificent scenery it was for years unanimously considered without rival in Europe. But about twenty years ago a few adventurous spirits travelled North for once, re-discovered Norway, and brought home reports of scenery unequalled, and of a charming and simple people. Since that time the number of tourists who travel to Norway has every year greatly increased, and notwithstanding its many drawbacks, a Norwegian tour is now "the thing to do." Another reason why Norway has become so popular, is because it offers such excellent opportunities to the sportsman. Fishing and shooting are to be had in abundance, and when we consider the Englishman's passion for these sports, it can be readily understood that many of our countrymen go North every year, and not a few buy up districts and build little houses for themselves in order to enjoy more thoroughly their favourite pastimes.

My friend and I, however, are not sporting characters, nor do we ever visit a country because it has become a tourists' beat; our object in travel is to seek the picturesque and the beautiful, and to gain a knowledge of the characteristics and the people of a foreign country. When first my friend suggested a tour to Norway, I grumbled a good deal about the sea trip—thirty to thirty-five hours on the North Sea; when the hour and twenty minutes from Dover to Calais had seemed to me almost interminable! My friend, however, pooh-poohed such faint-hearted and unmanly fears, and early in August we were on our way to Hull, the port where vessels leave England for the land of the Vikings.

Hull did not impress us favourably, and we got as quickly as possible to the wharf, and embarked on the splendidly fitted-up steamer "Eldorado." A number of passengers were already assembled on deck—rather a hardy-looking set, the men dressed in strong tweed suits and knickerbockers; and the women in long waterproofs and holiday caps. The fear of sea-sickness prevented my making acquaintances during the vogage, and, at the advice of my friend, I stowed away in my cabin two or three bottles of soda water—an excellent preventive of sea-sickness. The first part of the journey was pleasant enough, and we did full justice to the excellent dinner provided; but after passing Grimsby, and emerging into the open sea, I began to feel giddy, and at my friend's advice took a walk on deck. We were told it would not be a rough passage, "only just a bit choppy"; a "choppy sea" is, however, quite sufficient for me, and I was soon hurrying down into the cabin, supported by my friend. The next twelve hours were the most miserable I have ever spent. My friend did his best to amuse me by relating all his funny anecdotes, reading amusing stories, and describing the glorious beauties of the country we were about to visit; but his kindness only made me more irritable, and somehow I settled upon him as my chief enemy. It was he who had recommended Norway, it was he who had pooh-poohed the sea trip; moreover, there he was, not a bit the worse for the jolting, heaving, sickening motion. I told him to go out of the cabin at once, if he valued my friendship, and not to return until he was as ill as I was. He took my advice, and for two or three hours I was left to my-

self; but by-and-by a very feeble knock at the door, accompanied by an agonising request to be let in, told me that he had come to join me in my misery. We helped one another into the berths, and there lay like logs for several hours, until roughly awakened from our lethargy by the bursting of a soda water bottle. This reminded us that we had not yet tried our much-vaunted remedy for sea-sickness; but how to get at the bottles was the question—there they were just out of reach, looking so refreshing, so fizzy, just exactly what we wanted; but move we could not, and after gazing with a kind of imbecile smile at the longed-for liquor, we fell into a troubled sleep.

It was getting towards evening when we awoke, and, curiously enough, we felt little the worse for our attack of sea-sickness. Land was in sight, or rather huge boulders of rock seemed about to impede our progress. Mysterious and solemn is this approach to Scandinavia—the great ledges of rock and the innumerable islands forming an apparently impassable barrier to the mainland. And this bold scenery recalls to us the ancient heroes of old Norse mythology. No continuous picture of mediæval and modern history, no civilisation and progress is presented to our minds, we seem approaching the far distant and rock-bound domains of the thunderer Thor with his mighty hammer; of "All father Odin;" of Loki, the brewer of mischief; of the colossal rulers of the savage district of Jötenheim, of the dwarfs with all their devilish arts, and other fabulous beings for ever quarrelling, for ever warring with one another, gifted with supernatural strength and cunning, but almost less than human in their spite and ignoble desires.

We touched at Stavanger, and a few of the passengers, ourselves included, left the steamer and commenced the tour at this point. But this Stavanger, marked with such large letters on the map, how deserted it looked! the mere ghost of a city; and where were the inhabitants? The place recalled to our minds the deserted cities of the plain, and one of the passengers suggested to a friend that it looked a favourable spot from which to commence their longed-for bear hunt. The steamer kept up an incessant screeching and whistling, which after awhile seemed to reach the ears of the inhabitants, and a few men and boys walked slowly down to the landing-place and stood looking at us with a vacant, sleepy stare. The captain shouted at them to help with the drawbridge, which they did in a very slow and methodical manner, and in a few minutes we were standing for the first time on Scandinavian soil.

It was a dark night, and the scene was very dreary; the few Norwegian peasants had gone to their homes immediately after the landing. About six parties of tourists had hurried into the town, but we stood irresolute, not knowing which direction to take, until a young Englishman and his father joined us and gave us the advice to hurry to our hotel or we should find it full; but it was not at all easy to find the hotel, as, but for a dismal light, it differed little from the ordinary dwelling houses. A Norwegian woman, probably the hostess, was sitting on the doorstep, and though she spoke English tolerably well, it took us some little time to explain to her that we wished for lodgings for the night. The young Englishman and his father were evidently accustomed to Norwegian ways, and we noticed that they did not stop to parley with the hostess, but went straight upstairs, secured a room, locked it, and then came down to supper.

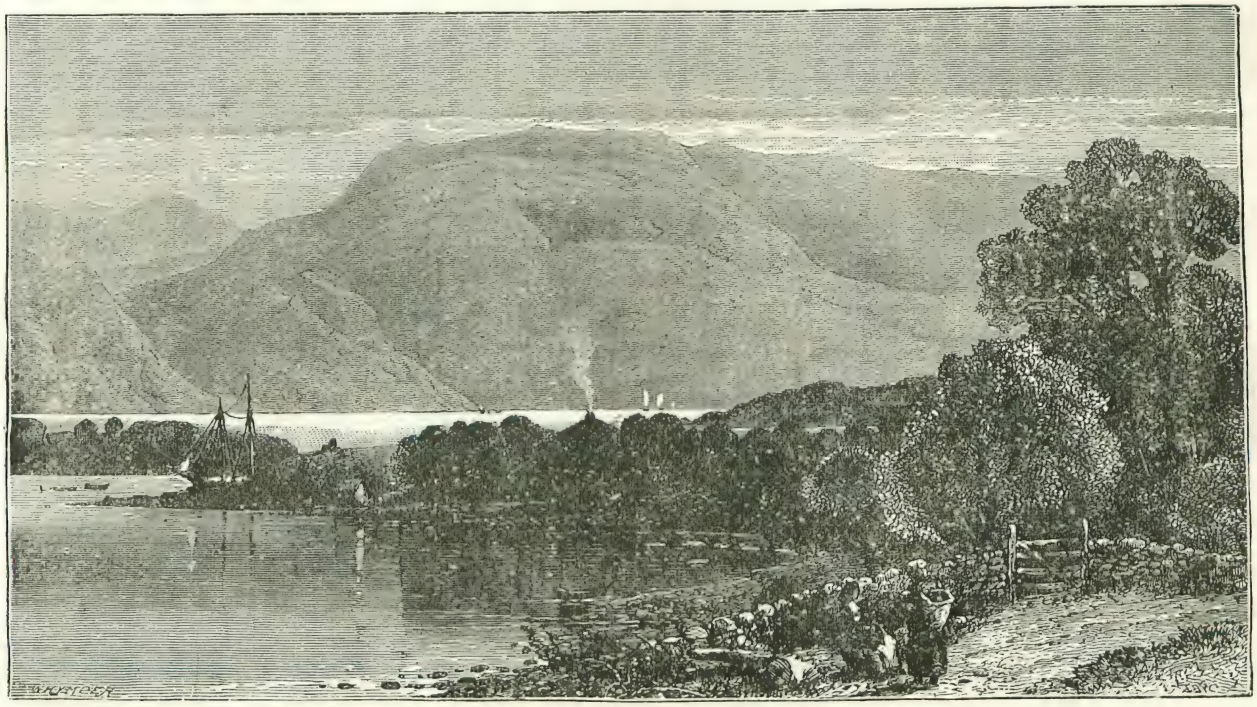
We found two or three other English families at supper, which consisted of cold fish, a joint of kid of a leather-like hue and pencil-dust-like flavour, a huge Dutch cheese, several kinds of bread and coffee, which last was the only thing really palatable. While we were at supper two other tourists looked in and inquired whether there was any room in the hotel, and finding there was not, went for a search elsewhere; but as we afterwards discovered, an unsuccessful search, for they came back to our hotel and slept where they could, one on the sofa, another in the sitting-room, which must have been very unpleasant after a long sea journey.

Early the next morning we left Stavanger by steamer for Sand, a very long journey of nearly five hours, and interesting from the fact that it gives one an idea of the curiously rocky and broken Norwegian coast. Numberless little islands are passed, and now and again we see in the distance small fishing villages, opposite to which the steamer waits to pick up stray travellers. The first part of the journey is rather monotonous, but the scenery gets much finer as we get near to Sand. Here we embarked and continued our journey in the little national cart, known as the stolkjærre, which, as my readers probably know, holds two; the other national vehicle, the kariol, only holding one.

In comparison with continental countries, touring in Norway is rough and ready; there are scarcely any hotels worthy of the name, there are no touts, the same modes of travelling must be used by all alike, and tourists are much more thrown together than in more civilised countries. We are a very reserved people and shy of strangers; but when in Norway we throw aside our prejudices, and club together or quarrel, as the case may be, and this with utter strangers. The demand for accommodation, for stolkjærres and kariols, and even occasionally for food, is slightly in excess of the supply, and endless rivalry is the result; the great ambition being to seize the best stolkjærre and arrive at the station first.

There were six parties of tourists travelling by the same route as ourselves, and on arriving at Sand there was a rush for stolkjærres. Carrying little baggage, we were first in the field, and deposited our traps on the smartest of the stolkjærres. As is usually the case, one couple, a stuck-up pair, had to be left behind, which was a source of great amusement to my friend and me, as we had overheard them say to one another: "The vulgarity of tourists in Norway is quite disgraceful; they are always pushing ahead to get the stolkjærres and arrive first at the hotel, which is so unnecessary, as there are always plenty of vehicles and plenty of rooms at the stations." They did not appreciate being left behind, however, and the look they gave us on our departure, if interpreted, would have been anything but a benediction.

From Sand to Suldal is a short stage, through interesting though not remarkable scenery—that is to say, for Norway. The



NEAR STAVANGER.

district is very fertile, and the road runs by the side of a beautifully clear river, which opens out into a considerable lake at Suldal. We soon realised the fact that our stolkjærre was without springs and not comfortable, and our well-fed, natty little pony a fraud. The Norwegians often prefer to drive themselves, and dislike their ponies to be urged on with the whip. This is all very well when the pony is a good one; but when it's an obstinate brute and crawls up the hills at the pace of a snail, one feels desperately inclined to give it an occasional reminder. Our pony was obstinate to a degree and very lazy, and though we started fully five minutes before the other tourists, they were quickly approaching us in single file. Now if our wretched pony did not at this moment spy a rich blade of grass on the side of the road, and quite disregarding the feeble protest of the skydsgut (driver) drew on one side, and amidst a shout of laughter the other stolkjærres passed one by one in front of us. This was unfortunate; for in the first place it made us look very ridiculous, and, what was much more important, we should be the last to arrive at Suldal. Now, as it happened, there was just one room too few for us at the excellent station at Suldal, and one of the party would have to go on to a very inferior station some miles off.

We were not going to tamely submit to be last, however. I got off the stolkjærre and cut a good long switch from a hedge, and my friend took the reins. By the time we were settled again we were a hundred yards behind the others, and our horse did not seem at all inclined to hurry himself; the skydsgut shouted and coaxed to no purpose, and after awhile we told him to "shut up" and let us manage for ourselves. I administered one or two "reminders" to the obstinate brute, and my friend "gee'd up" in vigorous English fashion, and we were soon going at a pace which showed us that under proper management our horse was by no means a bad one.

On approaching the others we were unmercifully chaffed, asked if we were good judges of horseflesh, and reminded that there would be no room for us at the comfortable station of Suldal. There was one young fellow who seemed especially amused at our discomfiture, and kept up a running fire of nonsensical remarks at our expense. Foolish man, his own time was at hand! As we were mounting a rather steep hill, we noticed with grim satisfaction that the straps of the stolkjærre in front of us, belonging to our satirical friend, were about to give way. Jolt, jolt, jolt, at every step; still the straps held fast, but by a mere shred, which, like that woven by the dwarfs of old, seemed gifted with supernatural toughness. A turn in the road, and one or two more than severe bumps, however, consummated our revenge. The shred snapped, and a heavy portmanteau thundered down the hill, almost upsetting our horse in its flight; as for the owner, he looked the picture of misery, and at first seemed almost inclined to go on without his luggage; thinking better of it, however, he sullenly drew his kariol on one side and allowed us to pass.

The station at Suldal, a brand-new wooden building, is very clean and comfortable, but too small now that the number of tourists who travel to Odde *via* Stavanger has so largely increased. At all events on this occasion it was not sufficiently large; the disagreeable couple before alluded to had to remain at Sand, and our satirical friend, who arrived at the station about a quarter of an hour after the others, had to continue his journey after dark.

The woman in charge of the station seemed utterly to lose her wits on our arrival, and the comparatively simple matter of apportioning the rooms at her disposal seemed quite beyond her. We tried our hardest to make her understand what we wanted, but did not succeed; and at last settled the matter amongst ourselves by going upstairs, dividing the rooms, and locking the doors after us: this last a very necessary precaution, for many tourists are not at all above turning out another's portmanteau and putting their own in its stead. The hostess was not particularly brilliant intellectually, but there was one thing she could do, viz., cook; and the meal she provided was, for Norway, almost luxurious. In addition to the green eggs, cold fish, and peculiar cheeses, a dish of fried steaks and onions was provided and much relished by us.

The lake which commences at Suldal, and which we steam over in our journey up north to Odde, is of large extent, and presents some very fine scenery. We do not see much of it at one time, as it winds its way in different directions, and at each turn a scene of great beauty is unfolded before us. At Næs there was another race for stolkjærres, and again one party had to be left behind. A very smart woman was in charge of this station, a Norwegian who had lived some time in New York, and had adopted the nasal pronunciation and peculiar idioms of the Americans, together with their brisk manner of doing business. In a minute she had apportioned the stolkjærres, and very un-Norwegian-like had chattered the whole time, interlarding her conversation with a number of "guesses" that would put to shame many a native of New York.

After leaving Næs we soon arrived at the foot of the Bratlandsdal, a superb gorge, not unlike the famous devil's bridge near Andermatt, in Switzerland, for an illustration of which see vol. viii., p. 93, of this Magazine. On either side of us are huge precipices towering to a great height, between which a roaring torrent thunders, now on a level with the road, now far below, and occasionally leaping over a precipice in its rocky bed, but always foaming and seething as if angry at the mighty boulders which attempt to stay its flight. The road hugs the precipice, and is in some places quite narrow, but a barrier having been made, there is no danger.

Our little horse—we had a good one this time—rushed up the hill at a pace that almost frightened us, and in a comparatively short time we arrived at the top of the gorge. Here we got out and looked back at the magnificent scene. How insignificant we feel when in the presence of nature in its superb and awful aspects! At first we are overpowered, and can scarcely speak or even think. The green fields and undulating hills of England seem a fit abode for us, and to describe and portray their gentle beauty does not seem presumptuous; but we cannot grasp this grandeur—it seems designed for greater beings than ourselves. Our faith tells us that to the Eternal Omnipotence, the creation of this mighty splendour is no more difficult than the sylvan beauty of our own land; but we can well imagine before the truth had been taught them, the old Norsemen peopling such a district with a race of beings half-human and half-divine, not great enough to create, for they scarcely even attempted to realise the mind and form of a Creator, yet endowed with powers greatly superior to our own. Such supernatural beings would perhaps seem not out of place amidst scenes so superlatively grand; but we insignificant puny beings are overpowered and frightened, and after awhile turn with relief to scenes more in keeping with our own littleness.

(*To be concluded.*)

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM COPPIN came up the next morning and asked to see his master.

Tom and Bessie were having breakfast in the panelled room. Lettice as usual was not down. Tom had the look of a man who had not slept all night, and when Coppin came in he pushed back his untasted food, and turned round with a heavy frown.

"What do you want?" he said roughly.

"I have come about the place, sir. My missus told me as how you wouldn't have no more to say to we."

"Did she tell you why?"

"Indeed, and she did, sir, and I don't say but what I'd do the same if I was in your place. But I've worked on the homestead these fifty-two year, and I don't see my way to leavin', not I don't."

"Then you'll have to learn it, my good friend."

"Well, sir, and I hope you'll consider of what I'm going to say. I beat my missus last night, and if so be as you'll overlook it this once, I'll take the broomstick to her again, and I'll 'gage as she don't play no such tricks no more. There! I can't make no fairer offer than that."

Tom, through the burning sense of his misery, saw the ludicrous side of the offer; he bent his head on his hand and laughed, the laugh becoming wild and excessive, beyond his control at last, but terribly mirthless in its ring.

Coppin looked at him with strange solicitude, scratching his head silently.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "be I to stay or go?"

"Oh, stay," answered his master, mastering himself with difficulty. "I can't spare you, William."

"I don't know as you could, sir," said William. "I've a deal more experience than you. Good day, sir."

He was going out slowly, but suddenly turned back, the large tears rushing into his honest eyes. "It ain't for the likes o' me to speak, sir," he said; "but don't ye fret; I've known ye ever since

you was a boy, and that makes me bold like. Don't ye fret: the woman ain't born yet that's worth a breaking heart. Your trouble's one as a many has to put up with, and don't worrit 'em much. It ain't worth it, master!" and pulling his hair in token of respect, he left the room and went back to his horses.

Several days passed on. One day Bessie was surprised by the announcement that a gentleman was in the parlour and wished to speak with her. She was busy in the bakehouse, and it was with rather an impatient movement that she doffed her apron and shook the flour from her pink cotton gown.

The visitor was Jack Locke, and he had come over to lay his hand and his fortune at her feet.

Bessie started when she saw him; she had not been thinking much of him of late; he seemed to belong to the happy innocent past, before disgrace and sorrow had crossed the threshold of pretty Springfield Farm; but the sight of his good honest face, and the grasp of his eager hand, brought back the old days vividly to mind, with a strong, painful throb of longing and tenderness.

"My brother is out, Mr. Locke," said Bessie, the crimson blush rising in her cheeks, and enhancing her prettiness tenfold. "If you will allow me I will send out to have him told that you are here."

"Do not, I beg of you, Miss Brandreth," he said, eagerly. "I have just seen Tom. I have been talking to him. He told me I might come here and ask to see you."

"Do you know my sister-in-law?" said Bessie, a sudden perception of what was coming entering her mind. She felt that she must have time to think.

"Yes, I know her."

There was a little pause. Then it came.

"Miss Brandreth—Bessie! Tom told me that I might tell you how I have learned to love you."

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Bessie, holding up her hands. "Please say no more."

"But I must say it. I must ask you." Then he stopped himself, looking into her face and reading something in its expression that crushed all hope in his breast.

"Bessie!" he said slowly. "Bessie!"

"There is no hope," she said very quietly. "My brother Tom is a miserable man. You know it."

"Yes. I know that," he answered.

"My life is his. I cannot leave him."

"He would not say that!" he cried eagerly. "Listen, Bessie. I would wait years. Yes, even years if you will agree. Trust me, dear! Only trust me!"

She shook her head. "We are all so young," she said, drearily. "So young and so strong, and so unhappy."

An intense, overpowering sense of self-pity brought the burning tears to her eyes.

"I would wait," he repeated, falteringly.

"What for?" she said, with a pathetic little smile. "I can never marry. My life is cut out for me; but——" and she put out both her hands to him. "It will be the happier for knowing that you have cared for me."

"You will not, Bessie?"

"I cannot."

He pleaded long, but it was to no purpose, and at last he left her. He rode away with a heavy heart; all the light and glory of the earth had changed for him; life without hope is as a sunless world.

By-and-by Tom came in silently, and went to Bessie. She was standing in the window, with her back to him, watching the road down which her lover had ridden away.

He could not hide his devouring anxiety.

"Well, Bessie?"

"Yes, dear."

"You have accepted him? He is a fine fellow, dear; you will be a happy woman."

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me, Tom," she said coaxingly; "but you can't do it so easily."

"What do you mean?"

"I am not going to leave you, Tom."

"You will not marry him?"

"No. I will not marry him."

Tom put his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her sweet little face.

"Is it for my sake, Bessie?" he said.

"Oh no," she answered, "not for your sake, for my own also. Don't say any more about it."

"God bless you, child! I don't know what I should have done without you; I dare not think."

"But that is all I care for," she answered brightly. "I am selfish, you see, Tom, and would only feel a great, great want to be indispensable to you."

He was a great big fellow, and she was a little thing. She got upon his knee, and hid her face on his broad shoulder and cried there.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

"WHICH HAND WILL YOU TAKE?"—A famous physician having attended a lady with great assiduity, and she having recovered, was asked playfully by her which hand he would have, holding both out. He took one. She opened it and it was empty. She laughed, and rallied him on his unfortunate choice, showing him a large cheque concealed in the other. The doctor, however, retained the empty hand, and said he would rather have that one, and that the cheque was nothing in comparison. The lady blushed, and gave him the hand he held for life.

A CHEERING THOUGHT.—God, in every dispensation, is at work for our good. In more prosperous circumstances He tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortunes, our submission.—*Jeremy Collier.*

THE CLASSIFICATION OF KISSES.

Kisses admit of a greater variety of character than most readers, perhaps, are aware of. Eight basial diversities are mentioned in Scripture, viz., the kiss of—

Salutation, 1 Sam. xx. 41. 1 Thess. v. 26.
Valediction, Ruth i. 9.
Reconciliation, 2 Sam. xiv. 33.
Subjection, Psalms ii. 12.
Approbation, Proverbs xxiv. 26.
Adoration, 1 Kings xix. 18.
Treachery, Matt. xxvi. 49.
Affection, Gen. xlv. 15.

THE PENMANSHIP OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated Roger Ascham. Her writing is extremely beautiful and correct, as may be seen by examining a little manuscript book of prayers, preserved in the British Museum. "I have," says Isaac Disraeli, "seen her first writing-book preserved at Oxford in the Bodleian Library; the gradual improvement of Her Majesty's handwriting is very honourable to her diligence; but the most curious thing is the paper on which she tried her pens; this she usually did by writing the name of her beloved brother Edward: a proof of the early and ardent attachment she formed to that amiable prince."

JEALOUSY.—Jealousy is tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another. "Why," asks Rochefoucauld, "does not jealousy, which is born with love, always die with it?" He would have found an answer to this question had he reflected that self-love never dies. Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and excites the least pity.

EVIL SPEAKING.—When you speak evil of another you must be prepared to hear others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

A LITTLE LEARNING.—The words of Pope—"A little learning is a dangerous thing"—have been quoted largely to countenance an indolence that human nature is already too prone to, without the further aid of a popular poet. For, in good sooth, she that never beginneth can never end; and she who would have much learning must begin her labours with a little. "Therefore," says Thomas Browne Redivivus, "I hold this to be one of those fallacies which throw an obstacle in the way of improvement, and therefore ought to be removed from the path."

A TRANSLATOR'S ERRORS.—A French author, early in this century, published a "Tour in England," in which he called plum-pudding *poudin de plomb*, or lead-pudding, and translated Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" into *Conte de Mr. Winter*. The Minister William Pitt he also said was called Billy, because he introduced so many bills into Parliament.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.—"One thing," writes Carlyle in one of his letters, "let us never cease to believe, whatever be our destiny—an upright mind is the greatest blessing we can obtain or imagine.

THE RIGHT MEASURE.—The true estimate of being is not to be taken from *age* but *action*.
—*Jeremy Collier.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

ORCHID.—The 'Tricôt-stitch' is the simplest of all crochet stitches. It is known as "Fools' crochet," "Idiot stitch," "Railway," and "Tunisian crochet." It is only suitable for straight work. Use Berlin wool, and a No. 4 bone hook; the latter must be sufficiently long to take the whole length of the work upon it at one time. Make a foundation-chain to the length required, put the hook through the second foundation-stitch, make a stitch, leave it on the hook, pick up the third foundation-stitch, leave it on the hook, and so continue till all the foundation-stitches be picked up. For the third row, put the wool over the hook, which draw through two loops, wool over and draw through the next two loops, and so on to the end of the row. A number of upright loops will now be seen on the work; put the hook through the first of these for the fourth row, and make a stitch, leave it on the hook and pick up the next loop, make a stitch, and leave it on the hook as before. The work consists of the third and fourth rows, over and over again. To keep it even, be careful to count the number of your stitches frequently, and to take up the end loops. They are frequently overlooked in working, and will put all the work wrong, which you will have to unpick.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VISITOR.—If we knew what foolish people put on their eyes to increase their temporary brightness we should not tell our girls. Such methods are injurious. The friend who suggested eau de Cologne with such assurance was mistaken. Tell your sister that it pleases us to hear that our paper proved so great a comfort and benefit to her during her long illness. We hope she is quite restored.

QUIESCERE.—You might be received at the Farm House, Little Oddyns, Horsted Keynes, Sussex (station, Horsted Keynes). Miss Mason should be applied to, and she has made an arrangement at the booking office at Victoria or London Bridge, by which a ticket available for one month would be issued for 3s. 6d.; the terms for board and lodging, 12s. 6d. a week. There is another home at Brighton which will admit governesses—Crescent House, Marine Parade. Apply to Mrs. Marshman, 4, Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, W.; terms, 8s. a week, paid in advance, which includes everything but washing. Mrs. Marshman would give a voucher entitling the holder to a free return ticket for Brighton. Mrs. Marshman is at home daily till 12 noon.

ANNIE MADELINE.—We could not possibly form an opinion of your state. That of the two doctors attending you, if they consulted together, you might reasonably depend upon.

C. MAJOR.—"Mrs. Grundy" belongs to the circle which includes "Duke Humphrey." "Mr. Nobody," "Mrs. Harris;" and such like people. "Mrs. Grundy" represents the censor of society, the opinion of a narrow-minded and obtrusively criticising public, pronouncing its dogmatic opinions with scanty kindness and liberality. The name and idea connected with it are taken from Thomas Morton's *Speed the Plough* (1798).

LIZZIE.—Certainly this paper can be obtained anywhere in America, both British and the States.

ANNIE R.—It is well that you should value your mother so much. The verses lack rhyme, though intended to have it; the lines are irregular also.

FLORA.—To keep weeds from growing, boil salt in water, one pound to a gallon of water, and pour the solution when boiling through the rose of a watering-pot over the garden walks. Your writing is very pretty.

FLOSSY.—The game of draughts (called *les dames* in French, and in German *Damenspiel*, and in Scotland "dambrod") was unknown to the ancients; but mention is made of it as early as 1551. We do not see how you will make money by "drawing and painting a little, and doing fancy leather work."

A. B. C.—The early volumes of the "G.O.P." are not to be had at our publishing office; but you might find them at a secondhand bookstall.

MISERY.—It is not by any means necessary that you should confess the sins committed as a child to your father. Confess them to your Heavenly Father, and ask for His grace to enable you to strive against all sin daily, and to help you to be a dutiful daughter and a comfort to your parent.

BEAT.—Send any children's clothing to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, E. Spell "would" without an "h."

BRIGHTON.—You ought not to eat a lemon every day as a constant habit. If your liver needs special attention, you should diet yourself under a doctor's advice. You should eat very little or no meat. Fish, poultry or rabbit, and soup might be sufficient with cereals and farinaceous food—vegetables, fruit (not oranges), and milk. Butter should be sparingly eaten, and perhaps avoided, and eggs avoided also.

M. K. HOLMAN.—We could not possibly tell you who has had employment who looked for work from the Ladies' Working Guild. Write to the secretary for information, or call and obtain a personal interview.

BLANCHE MAY.—Your spelling, grammar, and composition render you ineligible for any Civil Service appointment, at least at present. We do not know for what you are fitted.

VOL. IX.—NO. 452.] AUGUST 25, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

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AUGUST.

THE three girls met to talk over what they had done in August, and first of all they discussed Collins' "Ode to the Passions."

"Collins," said Lucy, "can hardly be called a popular poet."

"No," Florence observed, "his lofty imagery and the splendid visions which are so marked in his Odes, don't meet with appreciation from everybody. But all true lovers of poetry rejoice to wander with him in the haunted grounds of imagination. William Hazlitt praises him highly. 'Of all our minor poets,' he says—'that is, those who have attempted only short pieces—Collins is probably the one who has shown most of the higher qualities of poetry; and who excites the most intense interest in the bosom of the reader. He soars into the regions of imagination, and occupies the highest peaks of Parnassus. His fancy is glowing and vivid, and at the same time hasty and obscure. He has the true inspiration of the poet. He heats and melts objects in the fervour of his genius, as in a furnace.'"

"One great disadvantage Collins seems to have laboured under," remarked Edith, "is that he had little acquaintance with love. I don't pretend to know much about it myself, but you are aware what Emerson says:—'Never was poet now or of yore who was not tremulous with love lore.' Mrs. Barbauld points out that in Collins' 'Ode to the Passions,' love, which is generally allowed to be all-powerful as a passion, is only mentioned incidentally."

From Collins they passed to Milton, and in connection with his "Lycidas," Lucy mentioned that it first appeared in a Cambridge collection of verses in 1638, and was written on the death of Edward King, a Fellow of Christ's College, who had been drowned on his passage from Chester on the Irish seas in the preceding year. All on board found a watery grave. King was twenty-five years old, distinguished for learning and piety, and greatly lamented by his college companions, among whom was Milton.

"This was the poem," said Edith, "which Dr. Johnson criticised with such severity. Its least fault, according to him, was that its form was that of a pastoral—'easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting.'"

"Never mind what Dr. Johnson wrote," remarked Florence. "He had eaten something that day that did not agree with him. We shall back up Hazlitt, who says that of all Milton's smaller poems 'Lycidas' is the greatest favourite. 'It is the first emanation,' he observes, 'of classical sentiment in a youthful scholar—most musical, most melancholy. A certain tender gloom overspreads it, a wayward abstraction, a forgetfulness of his subject in the serious reflections that arise out of it. The gusts of passion come and go like the sounds of music borne on the wind. The loss of the friend, whose death he laments, seems to have recalled with double force the reality of those speculations which they had indulged together; we are transported to classic ground, and a mysterious strain steals responsive on the ear while we listen to the poet

'With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.'"

The history of the "Pickwick Papers" was given by Edith. "Dickens," she said, "a young man then of three-and-twenty, had attracted attention by his sketches published under the signature of Boz, and an enterprising firm of publishers engaged him and Seymour, the artist, 'the one to write and the other to illustrate a book which should exhibit the adventures of a party of Cockney sportsmen.' Dickens, however, obtained the required diverting incidents by a different machinery, that is to say, by the Pickwick Club."

"Did it not take wonderfully from the first?" asked Florence.

"As to that," replied Edith, "the first four numbers—for it came out as a serial—went off slowly; the demand first became brisk after the fifth number, in which the famous Sam Weller made his appearance. Then the whole reading public took to talking about the work, and the names of Winkle, Wardle, Weller, Snodgrass, Dodson and Fogg became familiar as household words. Dickens himself became a great object of interest to the whole tribe of 'leo-hunters,' male and female, in the metropolis, and Pickwick took the place of a popular hero, and was made godfather to innumerable articles of merchandise."

The biographical work the three friends had read was the Life by Robert Southey of John Wesley, the founder of Wesleyan Methodism.

"It was a book," said Lucy, "of which Coleridge the poet had a high opinion. 'To this work,' he wrote on a leaf of his copy of the first volume, 'and the Life of Richard Baxter I was used to resort whenever sickness and languor made me feel the want of an old friend of whose company I could never be tired. How many and many an hour of self-oblivion do I owe to this Life of Wesley! and how often have I argued with it, questioned, remonstrated, been peevish, and asked pardon—then again listened and cried Right! Excellent! and in yet heavier hours entreated it, as it were, to continue talking to me—for that I heard and listened, and was soothed, though I could make no reply.'"

The Franco-Prussian war had been found a subject of stirring interest.

"What a pity," said Florence, "that squabbles between nations cannot be settled in some other way than by fighting. Only to think that in this short war two hundred and ninety thousand men lost their lives either by wounds or sickness."

"How was it, I wonder," said Edith, "that the French army was so soon defeated?"

"I have read," replied Lucy, "that it arose from several reasons. For one thing the Germans were enormously superior in regard to numbers; then there was perfect unity in their command and in all their operations. Besides they had greatly the advantage in equipment and supplies, and their soldiers were superior in intelligence, steadiness, and discipline, and their officers in education."

In science all three had by diligent work finished the "Chemistry" primer of Sir Henry Roscoe, and had now a distinct and intelligent idea of some, at least, of the different kinds of matter of which the world is made up.

The subject of study in music, it will be remembered, was the Nocturne in D flat of Chopin. The character of this beautiful nocturne, suggested in the title by which it is generally known, "Les Plaintives," has made it a special favourite with all lovers of Chopin's music; but our friends did not long talk about it, for the hour was now late. Neither did they discuss long the domestic economy subject of "Kitchen utensils, and how to keep them in order," or the essay on "Decision of Character."

Immediately these were disposed of, they arranged the programme for September, and here it is:—

The two short poems for reading were to be the "Ode to a Nightingale" by John Keats, and "Love," by S. T. Coleridge.

The work of fiction was to be the immortal "Don Quixote" of Cervantes.

"The Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville" was chosen as their subject of study in biography.

The "Indian Mutiny" was to be the historical topic.

In science they selected the "Botany" primer of Sir J. D. Hooker.

Their subject of study in music was to be the "Funeral March of a Marionette," by Gounod.

In domestic economy the table of foods in season was to be prepared, and special attention was to be given to "Precautions against Thieves and Fire."

The topic of the essay was to be "What is a Lady?"

When this programme was settled the following maxims on the important subject of Time, and the list of Anniversaries for September were distributed, and then the meeting of the three diligent students came to an end.

SAYINGS ON TIME FOR THE GIRLS' YEAR.

I. *Time respected.* The great rule of moral conduct is next to God to respect time.—*Lavater.*

II. *Acting with wisdom.*

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask deathbeds; they can tell. —*Young.*

III. *The joyful heart.* Since Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honour him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.—*Goethe.*

IV. *Fleeting away.*

Though we sleep, or wake, or roam, or ride,
Aye fleeteth the time; it will no man abide. —*Chaucer.*

V. *Minutes of value.* As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

VI. *The wise and the foolish.*

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool doth say,
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday. —*Martial.*

VII. *The distribution of time.* Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices which make up her train.—*Bishop Horne.*

VIII. *Past and future.* There is a past which is gone for ever. But there is a future which is still our own.—*F. W. Robertson.*

IX. *The best day.* Every day is the best day in the year.

X. *What is time?* Time is a bleak and narrow isthmus between two eternities.—*Colton.*

XI. *A valuable estate.* An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desire, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.—*Dr. Johnson.*

XII. *Without delay.*

Haste on at once, nor delay to future hours.
She who is not ready to-day will be less so to-morrow.

XIII. *Unreasonable grumbling.* We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—*Seneca.*

XIV. *Always busy.* Never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. —*Mrs. Fry.*

XV. *A lost day.*

"I've lost a day!" The prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
—*Young.*

XVI. *Uncertain.* To-morrow is an uncertain day: how do you know whether you will have a to-morrow?

XVII. *A test of character.* Well-arranged time is the surest mark of a well-arranged mind.

XVIII. *The tide of time.*

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before;
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
—*Shakespeare.*

XIX. *A diminishing treasure.* I consider time as a treasure decreasing every night, and that which every day diminishes soon perishes for ever.—*Sir William Jones.*

XX. *Time's doings.* Time destroys the speculations of man, but it confirms the judgment of nature.—*Cicero.*

XXI. *The friendless present.*

Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,
To-day slinks poorly off, unmarked, between;
Future or past no richer secret folds,
O friendless present, than thy bosom holds.
—*Emerson.*

XXII. *Wasted hours.* Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness, even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon her vanished hours?—recalled her slighted years?—stamped them with wisdom?—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

XXIII. *An argument for work.* Think of "living." Thy life, wert thou the "pitifullest of all the daughters of earth," is no idle dream but a solemn reality. It is thy own, *it is all thou hast to front eternity with.* Work then.
—*Carlyle.*

XXIV. *An old sundial motto.* The following is an old sundial motto of the year 1630:—

Amend to-day and slack not,
Death cometh and warneth not,
Time passeth and speaketh not.

XXV. *Time as a conqueror.* Time conquers all, and we must time obey.—*Pope.*

XXVI. *Constancy.*

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never;
Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.
—*Schiller.*

XXVII. *A profitable resolution.* The time that is now present is very precious. Arise then, this very instant, and say, "Now is the time to be doing, now is the time to be striving, now is the fit time to amend ourselves."
—*Thomas à Kempis.*

XXVIII. *Results of sloth.*

Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
—*Eliza Cook.*

XXIX. *At last.*

Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
—*Horace.*

XXX. *Farewell counsel.*

Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And that same flower that blooms to-day
To-morrow shall be dying.
—*Herrick.*

September Anniversaries of the Girls' Year.

1. Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, born in 1789. She was celebrated for her wit, literary accomplishments, generosity, and social attractions; but quite as remarkable for her passion for pleasure and her craving for show and a high style of living. Until failing resources extinguished its splendour, her London residence of Gore House was a centre of attraction for whatever was distinguished in literature, art, science, and fashion.

2. The Princess de Lamballe, murdered in 1792. Her worst crime with the savage mob under whose blows she fell, was that she was a friend of Marie Antoinette. "Young hearts," says Carlyle, "generation after generation, will think with themselves: O worthy of worship, thou King-descended, God-descended, and poor sister woman! Why was not I there and some Sword Balmung or Thor's Hammer in my hand?" After her death the Princess's head was fixed on a pike and paraded under the windows of the Temple that the Queen might see it.

3. Lady Mary Vere, born in 1581. It was under her care that Parliament placed the younger children of Charles I. Many trials saddened her long life, but her firm faith in God was never shaken; she chose and kept as her motto, which was found written in the beginning of such books as she had in constant use, "God will provide."

4. Wilhelmina Maxwell, Lady Glenorchy, born in 1742. She was well to do in the world, but her life was spent under the influence of the important truth that she was but a steward of the gifts of God, and accountable for the discharge of the important trust committed to her.

5. Catherine Parr, the sixth queen of Henry VIII., died in 1548. Within four months of the King's death she married Lord Seymour of Sudleye, High Admiral of England. The Admiral's conduct after her death caused some to think that "he had holpen her to her end."

6. Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, born in 1441. She was the mother of Henry VII. She was the foundress of Christ's College, and St. John's at Cambridge.

7. Mrs. Hannah More, died in 1833, at the age of eighty-seven. In the course of her long life she "may be said to have made three reputations; first as a clever verse-writer and witty converser in the circle of Johnson, Reynolds, and Garrick; next as an animated writer on moral and religious subjects on the Puritanic side; and, lastly, as a practical philanthropist."

8. Amy Robsart, died in 1560. It is supposed that she was murdered at the instigation of her husband, Lord Robert Dudley, who subsequently made a great figure in English history, under the title of Earl of Leicester.

9. Anne Bradstreet, an American poetess, born in 1613. Some contemporary American critics were very enthusiastic in her praise. John Norton goes so far as to declare that if Virgil could hear her works, he would condemn his own to the flames!

10. Matilda, daughter of Henry I. and mother of Henry II., died in 1165. Her first husband was Henry V., Emperor of Germany, her second, Geoffry Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou.

11. Lady Palmerston, died in 1869. She was first married to Earl Cowper, and married Lord Palmerston at the close of 1839. By her tact and grace she greatly aided her second husband, devoting herself with enthusiasm to all his interests and pursuits, and making his house the most attractive centre of society in London, if not in Europe.

12. Priscilla Wakefield, died in 1832. She was the authoress of numerous works intended to promote the education and moral improvement of the young. Her kindly disposition was further shown by her founding savings banks, originally promoted by her for the benefit of the industrious poor.

13. Madame Clara Josephine Schumann, one of the greatest of pianoforte players, born at Leipzig in 1819. She was the daughter of Friedrich Wieck, and married Robert Schumann, the celebrated composer, in 1840. "Her playing," says Mr. Franklin Taylor, "is characterised by an entire absence of personal display, and keen perception of the composer's meaning, and by unfailing power of setting it forth in perfectly intelligible form."

14. Princess Katharina Romanowna Daschkowa, a Russian heroine, born in 1744. She marched with a body of troops to the aid of Catharine II. when Catharine deposed her husband, and, as a student of science and literature, was one of the most extraordinary women of her time.

15. Lady Arabella Stuart, died in 1615. She was, after James I. of England, the nearest heir in the Scottish line to both the Scottish and English Crowns. Marrying against the wish of King James, she closed her life a prisoner in the Tower; her hopeless captivity having deprived her of reason before her sorrows were ended by death.

16. Maria Bigot, a distinguished pianist, died in 1820. The first time she played to Haydn (then about seventy-two years of age) the old man was so delighted as to embrace her and to say, "My dear child, that music is not mine; it is yours!" Beethoven also, after she had played to him a sonata of his own, remarked, "That is not exactly the reading I should have given; but go on, if it is not quite myself it is something better." She was so accomplished a reader of music that she played through the "Sonata Appassionata" at sight from the autograph.

17. Susanna, Countess of Suffolk, born in 1627. She was the second daughter of the Earl of Holland, and was married very young to Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk. She died in her twenty-second year, and her short life seems to have been a constant meditation on death or preparation for it.

18. Mrs. Elizabeth Burnet, the wife of Bishop Burnet, born in 1661. "The being rich in good works," writes one of her biographers, "was visibly the greatest design of her whole life and that which she most of all delighted in." She wrote "A Method of Devotion," once highly popular.

19. Lucretia Maria Davidson, a youthful poetess of America, born in 1808. She died before the close of her seventeenth year, but so great was her facility in composition that she left no fewer than two hundred and seventy-eight pieces (about one hundred and forty had been destroyed before her death), among which were five poems of several cantos each, a number of romances, and a tragedy.

20. Maria Pauline Bonaparte, the favourite sister of Napoleon, born in 1780. Her first husband was General Leclerc. After his death she married the Prince Borghese. Her talents for intrigue equalled her personal charms.

21. Lady Maria Callcott, authoress, born in 1788. She wrote several books of travels, for she saw much of the world in her extensive peregrinations in India, South America, Italy, and Spain. Her last work was a "Scripture Herbal."

22. Mrs. Mary Martha Sherwood, authoress, died in 1851. As a writer for the young she occupies a high place. "She possessed the descriptive and dramatic, if not the imaginative faculty in a very high degree. Her style

is the purest and simplest English, and the true Christian lady, as well as the genial-hearted woman, display themselves unmistakably from beginning to end."

23. Jane Taylor, authoress, born in 1783. In the task of writing for children few writers have been more eminently successful than Jane Taylor and her sister Ann.

24. Lady Armyne, died in 1675. She deserves remembrance for the kindly aid she extended to Nonconforming ministers who were ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity passed in 1660 under Charles II.

25. Anne Marie Gilbert Auverger, born in 1753 in Brittany. Within a narrow circle and a few years, for she died at the age of seventeen, she gathered virtues and good deeds sufficient to adorn a long life. She left the name, touching in one so young, of "mother of the poor."

26. Elizabeth Hervey, the second Duchess of Devonshire, born in 1759. She was distinguished for her beauty, her classical taste, and her love of art.

27. Louise, Countess of Albany, born in 1753. She was the daughter of Count Von Stolberg, and married Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1772. Her life with him was so unhappy that she left him. She was subsequently married to Alfieri, the great tragic poet of Italy.

28. Mademoiselle Jeanne de Corbion, born in 1777. She was celebrated for the generous charity she displayed in every relation of life, especially towards prisoners, French or foreign.

29. Lady Rachel Russell, died in 1723. In 1660 she married Lord William Russell, who was beheaded in 1683. After that event she lived forty years. She distinguished herself by her magnanimity at the trial of her husband. Her "Letters" are well known and much admired.

30. Isabella of Bavaria, born in 1371. She was the daughter of Stephen II., Duke of Bavaria, married Charles VI. of France, 1385, and closed her life miserably at Paris in 1435, after a reign marked by intrigue and crime.

JAMES MASON.

(*To be concluded.*)

BENEMILDA;

OR,

THE PATH OF DUTY.

By MARY COWDEN-CLARKE, Author of "The Concordance to Shakespeare," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"My dear Benemilda," said the Vizier, as his daughter entered his study, "you are probably prepared for what I am about to announce to you. I have reflected—I have taken council with—with my own views of what is right, and due, and proper to be done; and I have come to the determination to renounce the world and all its vanities and pomp, and to abide here with my books, my conscious integrity, and my conviction that I have deserved better at the hands of my sovereign and his people than I have received."

"You know not how highly you are valued, how your worth is esteemed, how your absence is felt, my father," said Benemilda.

"Not enough," said the Vizier; "and I will never condescend to ask as a boon what ought to be accorded to me as a right. My mind is made up, I will not return."

Benemilda turned pale. As a last resource, she bethought her of the queen's letter. "Read this, my father, and then decide for us both!" she murmured, as she placed the paper in his hands and glided from the apartment.

The Vizier in great astonishment began to read the letter; but he had scarcely concluded the first sentence before he started up, exclaiming—

"The prince love my daughter! Amanzor dying for Benemilda! Can this be possible? And I never so much as to suspect such a thing for an instant! This alters the case, indeed! The heir to the throne my son! My daughter the future queen! So, so, so, so! Let me consider."

He stepped into the conservatory, determined to consult his favourite counsellors on this new turn of affairs.

"I have a great mind——" he began.

"What!" exclaimed Pedantrissa.

"I have a very great mind, I say," repeated the Vizier, heedless of her interruption, "to return to Court after all!"

"Be not so rash," said the owl. "Permit me to remind you of the highly judicious axiom *Festina lente;* in other words, *Carpe diem,* for——"

"In other words! Good heavens, my dear madam, what can you mean?" interrupted the Vizier, in his turn.

"I mean what I say," retorted the owl, sharply; "I can prove to you by a very simple process of reasoning that these adages, which seem contradictory, are, in fact, essentially the same, if you will only listen to my arguments."

"Your sophistry, you mean," again interrupted the Vizier, bluntly. "Why, you would have me believe black's white."

"And so it is!" said the owl, "for, granting that the——"

"Hold!" exclaimed the Vizier, "I can grant nothing so absurd as——"

"Hold, yourself!" shrieked the owl. "I insist upon you hearing me out patiently, while I demonstrate to you the apparent incongruity but essential verisimilitude which exists between——"

"Vile trash!" roared the Vizier, holding his hands to his ears, and bursting out of the conservatory; "I'll waste no more time in listening to a parcel of stuff as dull and tiresome as it is mischievous and nonsensical."

"Alas!" moaned the owl; "*olloi methetai kakos oligorousi didaskalon*! such is the gratitude of ignorant man! This is the recompense for my attachment to that shallow, contemptible creature of a Vizier!"

"Oh, bother, my good woman!" exclaimed the peacock.

"Humbug!" ejaculated the jackal.

"Prythee let's have no more of your inflated rubbish, your ridiculous bombast," said Pridesio.

"It's no use maundering Greek now; all your fine words are of no avail, you see," said Toadyllo; "and it's my opinion that it is precisely those which have bored him to death, and ruined us all. Had you but left him to our management, to Pridesio's suggestions and to mine, all might still have been well, and he would never have slipped through our fingers, as he will do now, depend upon it."

"Mighty well for you, Pridesio, to complain of 'bombast,' or for you, Toadyllo, to twit me with 'fine words,'" said the discomfited owl, putting her spectacles in their case with an air of resigned mortification; "but the misconstrued Pedantrissa will speedily take her flight towards her native Olympian regions, where, in the bosom of her revered Minerva, she will seek immortal consolation."

"Poor old thing!" said Pridesio; "she is so far right, that I believe it is of no farther use our abiding here. To stateliest Juno, Queen of Gods, I wing my way. You, Toadyllo, may grovel here on earth awhile longer, if you will. Follow the Vizier to Court; you may still scrape a living there, perhaps, among the troop that cringe and lie and fawn, doff hats, crook backs, and bend the knee about a throne."

"Insolent!" snarled the jackal.

Meanwhile, when the Vizier re-entered his study, his eyes chanced to fall upon Benemilda's dogs; their mistress having left them behind her when she had hurried away. He had not perceived their presence during his interview in the conservatory with his favourites; though, in fact, his daughter's two faithful attendants had accompanied him thither. Now, as he looked abstractedly at them, his thoughts ran thus:—

"No, I will no longer consult such contemptible animals as Pedantrissa, Fridesio, and Toadyllo. I will no longer shut myself up with my gloomy fancies of ill-usage and insufficient esteem from the world. I will listen no more to the overweening suggestions of conceit, pride, and self-flattery; I will be guided by the plain dictates of good sense and affection; I will return to my place among men; I will endeavour to do my duty honestly, uprightly, and seek no other reward than

virtue itself. Henceforth my daughter's interests shall be my care; her happiness shall form mine."

He was about to send for Benemilda, that he might announce to her his altered determination; but he resolved, as a first step to his proposed change from haughtiness to kindliness, to go in search of his daughter himself.

He found her in the chamber she had selected as her own, sitting in a pensive attitude near the window; but she started up when she saw her father, that she might receive him with all respect, and stood looking down, trembling a little.

"My dear child," said the Vizier, in kinder tones than he had ever used before, "I have read the queen's gracious letter, which you so dutifully showed me. How say you, my dear Benemilda? I think we must not deny her majesty. We cannot be so hard-hearted as to let his highness perish; eh, child?"

Benemilda raised her eyes timidly to her father's face. She saw it smiling with an expression she had never previously beheld there.

"It shall be as you will, my dear child," continued the Vizier. "Our return depends on you. Can you love the Prince Amanzor?"

Benemilda cast herself into her father's arms, hiding her blushing face on his bosom; while he embraced her with a joy in her feelings, that all the selfish reflections on his own greatness he had ever indulged could not once procure him.

"Here is your ladyship's veil," said an insinuating voice close at her elbow; "I presume your ladyship will choose to set forth immediately on your return to Court."

The Vizier looked at the speaker. It was a little fellow, clothed in rags, but so smooth-cheeked, so plump-limbed, so waggish and merry of look, that his poor attire seemed merely worn in sport, and from no necessity.

"Who is this, Benemilda?" asked her father; "the little varlet looks too meanly clad to be your page, and yet he hands you your veil."

"The Lady Benemilda will doubtless wish to begin her journey without delay," said the boy, with his usual coaxing tones and arch look; "there are anxious hearts counting every hour till her return, I can tell you!" And he nodded his confidential nod.

"Do you know that you speak to my father the Vizier, sirrah?" said Benemilda; "more reverence would become you better in addressing my father."

"I know his excellency the Vizier well enough by sight," said the urchin, with his careless smile; "I told you, lady, high rank hasn't much effect upon me; and even the title of father I have sometimes set at naught."

"You will not fail in due observance of mine, boy, if you value my favour," said Benemilda.

"I do value it, I assure you, lady," said the boy, in his most persuasive accents. "I scarcely ever beheld fair lady whom I have striven harder to win to accept my service."

"Then he is your page, Benemilda," said the Vizier, who seemed rather amused than offended by the boy's saucy ease of manner.

"He has, as you have heard him avow, striven hard to win me to accept his service," said Benemilda, smiling; "but, in good sooth, his chitship's manner is so whimsical, and he assumes such airs of dictation, that it might almost seem that in 'accepting his service,' as he calls it, he would fain have me his servitor, not he become mine."

The boy gave such a joyous ringing laugh, so gladsome, so musical, that it was like a peal of marriage bells. It was quite infectious in its cordial gaiety, so that Benemilda and her father could not help joining his mirth; and the Vizier thought what a pity it was that he had suffered so many years to slip by without enjoying that exquisite luxury—one of the truest upon earth—a hearty laugh.

You may be sure no time was lost during the journey back. The Vizier and his daughter reached home in a very few hours; and Benemilda obeyed when her father bade her accompany him at once to the palace. They threw themselves at the feet of the king and queen. The monarch received his Vizier most graciously, raising him, and assuring him all was forgotten in the pleasure of seeing him returned; while the queen retired with Benemilda to her own apartments, where she embraced her warmly, and thanked her for so promptly responding to her letter in person.

"My poor Amanzor; he is still in a state that fills his mother's heart with fears; but I will take him the joyful tidings of your return, which alone will suffice to revive him. Meantime, go, my Benemilda, and walk awhile in the garden that opens from this room; I will call to you, when I may let my son have the full happiness of seeing you."

Benemilda obeyed the queen with a blushing cheek and a beating heart; but how was her agitation increased when, on turning through a shady walk, she beheld, reclining in an alcove, reading, the prince himself!

He raised his eyes from the volume, and on beholding who approached, he changed colour, and rose to receive her; but his steps faltered, and he was compelled to pause.

This evidence of his recent illness and remaining weakness touched Benemilda's heart, and forbade her retreat, which had been the first impulse of her modesty.

"Alas! you have been fearfully ill, my lord," said she, advancing; "you have been worse than even her majesty's motherly fears have pictured."

"My restoration is at hand," said the prince, with a lustre in his eyes that bespoke returning health. "Did not my mother whisper the cause of my suffering, sweet Benemilda?" he added, raising her hand to his lips.

She could not reply, and Amanzor went on:—"When I first learned your disappearance from your father's house, I was like one frantic. I a thousand times reproached my own folly, my own want of courage, which had prevented my avowing to you the passion you had inspired. I dreaded I knew not what. I feared your father's will might have conveyed you away, might have consigned you to a husband, might have doomed me to eternal misery without knowing the suffering he inflicted. The second day of your departure I was for the thousandth time madly revolving all these bitter thoughts, when a white dove perched on yonder pomegranate tree and dropped a ring at my feet. On picking it up, I at once recognised it for one you always wore. It is here."

The prince pointed to a ring upon his little finger, which Benemilda knew for the one that the ragged boy had filched from her on reaching Lake Lonely.

"At first I beheld this ring with rapture," Amanzor resumed, "in the thought that it might be a token from you; but recollecting that I had never confessed my love, and knowing your delicacy too well to believe that you would have sent a remembrance to one who had never avowed himself your lover, a frightful fancy took possession of me that you had perished, and that this ring had reached me thus mysteriously as a signal of your death. This fancy haunted me incessantly; its anguish overpowered me; it struck me with a malady which must even now prove mortal, if my Benemilda will not in pity own that she has read my long-hoarded secret despite my silence, and that she is generous enough to reward a heart that loves her, with her own."

The prince had not let go the lady's hand during this speech, and as he uttered it, he had contrived to draw Benemilda so close to him, that, at its conclusion, her cheek was somehow very near to his lips. A moment more, and there is no knowing what might have happened, when a soft voice said—

"Did your ladyship call me?"

Benemilda cast a startled look upon her roguish page, who stood at a few paces from them, with his rosy lips wreathed in smiles, and his eyes sparkling like stars at sight of her embarrassment.

"What means this intrusion, sirrah?" said Amanzor, with an air of vexation, and looking scarce less abashed than his mistress, though as if he could not find it in his heart to chide the smiling boy; "who bade thee come hither? What were the Court pages about, that they let a stranger find his way into the private gardens of the palace?"

"Court pages or Court guards are of little avail to keep me out where I choose to come," said the saucy urchin; "your highness' self could not keep me away an I resolved to be here; besides, I'm in my duty, I'm on my lady's service. I thought she might want me; but I see she's engaged," he concluded in his own slyest way.

"Begone, then, child; you see you are not wanted," said the prince.

"No, I see that, fast enough," replied the boy, with his malicious smile, looking at the prince's glowing cheek and the lady's downcast eye; "but your highness does unwisely to bid me begone; I'm mighty pleasant company, I assure you. I know, at this instant, you are thinking that a third, however pleasant, makes odious company under some circumstances. Nevertheless, your highness would give the best jewel in your coronet could you ensure that I should never be farther from you and that lady than I am now."

"Absurd!" said the prince, impetuously.

"However that may be, I shall take my dismissal from no one else but my own lady—not even from you, my lord prince," said the boy, with his saucy careless gaiety; "so unless my lady herself bid me begone, I shan't budge."

"Is he your page, my Benemilda?" asked Amanzor.

"I scarcely know what he is, my lord," replied she. "He has followed me, vowing that I shall accept his service; and all I can do to discourage him and drive him away, he still persists in calling himself my page."

"You try to frown me away, lady, but your lips and eyes still smile me towards you," said the boy, with his own arch look; "you bid me begone, but your heart beckons me back. Come, once for all, will you have me, or not?" The urchin stood tiptoe, as if ready to take flight at a word.

"Let but the prince take what he was about to take when I came hither, just now," he continued. "Give him your hand frankly; tell him your heart's in it—or, if you can't say the words, let him look into your eyes, and read them there, and I'll let it be a token between us that you accept my service, I yours. Do you now know who I am, fair lady?"

The rags dropped off; the many-coloured wings appeared undisguised: LOVE stood revealed in all his might of child-like beauty, of god-like supremacy.

With his own sweet roguery, he sprang into the air, and gently passing a hand behind the head of each lover, he inclined the lady's cheek—no, it was her lips this time—towards those of the prince; then, spreading his bright pinions, soared away to his native skies.

[THE END.]

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPOILED WITH CHOICE.

I HAVE intimated that Mabel was especially gracious to Hubert Underwood for some months; but although he flattered himself that her sweet smiles, her winning ways, her tender songs, her covert glances, were for him alone, I have nowhere said so.

Innate coquetry had been fostered in her breast by indulgence, admiration, and artificial training. She met flatterers at Sphynx Villa whose homage and compliments she took for granted, and with whom she flirted, as she said, "*pour passer le temps*," but she kindly left them to the care of her cousins as not worth securing. There were two men of whose devotion to her she never had a doubt; the one, Arthur Rivers, who had declared himself her slave from the day she returned with his sisters from Madame Vévay's; the other, Hubert Underwood, whose every look and tone had told it long before his pen or tongue. Between these two she hesitated, the worldly wisdom of her aunt, and her own craving for conquest dominating her will to choose. Her own feelings and desires wavered between them. Arthur, she argued, had social position and tastes in accord with her own, and she liked him as a cousin pretty well. Hubert was rising in the world, was a man to love and reverence, had a soul-compelling power, but she feared he took life too seriously, and would expect his wife to forego the pleasures in which she delighted.

Then—and it was a long then—ambition stepped in on the broad shoulders of Gilbert Sheperton, as fine a man as Hubert Underwood, whose father owned best part of Shepperley, and who some day would himself be Squire. At concerts and flower-shows they had met; he had come across the lane to play tennis with her; he had shown her all attention, and had looked as if he loved her, and was on the point of proposing more than once, when some untoward interruption came. How could she decide for either of the others whilst she had a chance of the handsome young squire?

It was not to be thought of. And so meeting the three, as she did, on separate occasions, she was equally gracious to all, equally capricious in her favours to all, though only daring to provoke one, and that Arthur, to irritable jealousy.

But though she had these three in her toils, when the new curate came across her path with his grave face and earnest purpose, she could not resist the temptation to throw her lures around him also. Indeed, she shocked her more sedate sister by the laughing avowal, "Oh, I long to see Mr. Hope in love! It would be so amusing. And what a disappointment to a lot of girls if I were to carry him off! Now you need not lecture me."

"If those are your sentiments, Mabel, you had better keep them to yourself," exclaimed Phillis, warmly. "It sets my ears tingling to listen to you. Such a declaration is absolutely shameless. No girl has a right to trifle with the affections of any man, be he poor or rich. Hubert deserves a better fate than to be tied to an avowed flirt!"

"*Tenez!*" cried Mabel, flushing as hotly as Phillis had done; "how dare you?"

But Phillis had left the room, and the altercation was never resumed. She had already taken possession of a small sleeping apartment over the front hall, to be close to her mother during the night-time, and where she could be at peace, undisturbed by the frivolities of her sister.

Months came and went, bringing little apparent change; but as winter advanced, Shepperley emulated the gaiety of larger places. There were parties and concerts, private and public, some professedly for charity; and proud was Mrs. Rivers when her name appeared on a programme as a patroness.

On such occasions Mabel was carried off to spend a few days at Sphynx Villa, her aunt protesting that it was a sin and a shame to mew such a charming girl up in an isolated farm-house, when she was calculated to shine in society. And the farm being so far out of the way, the dear girl had better dress at the villa, and return home with them.

She, like her husband, had set her matchmaking mind on seeing Mabel the wife of her son, and calculated that the more frequently they were seen together the less chance there would be of rivalry in other quarters.

Had Mabel but known that Gilbert Sheperton was only deterred from proposing by seeing Arthur Rivers dangling by her side so frequently, she might have defeated her aunt's tactics.

Christmas had not set in when Mrs. Heathfield was carried downstairs, and once more seated between the window and the fireplace of the long room in which we saw her first; and which, in spite of Mabel, was always more or less the household room. It was convenient for servants, had an outlook on the flower-garden, the lane, and the gate, and it caught the afternoon sun.

Either her long illness or the ministrations of the good curate had induced reflection, and a desire to undo the mischief caused by years of mistaken indulgence.

She objected to so much gaiety and dress for Mabel. But Stephen was too proud of Mabel to see with her eyes. Nothing was too rare or costly for his "beautiful queen." He only said, "Nonsense, Barbara, let the girl enjoy herself while she is young. It is not good for one of Mabel's years to be cooped up in a farm with old folk."

"What of Phillis?" said she, quietly.

"Humph! Phillis is different altogether."

Barbara sighed, and said no more. Phillis was different, as she had by this time discovered; but she was not a wooden doll; a little innocent amusement might not have been objectionable to her.

Not even to Bob had it occurred that an occasional concert-ticket and an escort might be acceptable. Once or twice tickets had been sent, but the escort had not been forthcoming; nor had anyone volunteered the little self-sacrifice that a night spent at Pilgrim Place would have involved, or she might have found a willing chaperon in her godmother. No, half a day at her Aunt Pringle's, or a brisk walk with Lucy Hope, was all her recreation. But even that was a change from the close confinement of the past months.

The Dorcas Society flourished. If one member dropped off another took her place, and Miss Sheperton's interest and industry were unflagging. But Mabel did weary as the months went by, and she found the curate too intent on his duty to pay her proper attention, in other words, to trifle or be fascinated. Yet she still attended the meetings, and in fine weather when the squire's carriage was not in attendance, walked home across the meadows in company with his daughter. And she kept up her character for humanity, since her bundles of sewing duly went in, and no one asked who had machine-stitched hems and seams, or whose fingers had worked button-holes.

Phillis never told. And the curate, who had found the machine at work, held his peace.

A new year set its frosty feet firmly down, then washed its hands in the well-filled dykes of February, but nothing material had been discovered by the detectives; or so Jasper Townley stated to Hubert. Miss Pringle had cautioned him against deluding his young client with vain expectations.

As the glow of the Australian prospect faded, and hope became less sanguine, Hubert's energy and application to business seemed to increase, Miss Pringle's hint having served as a stimulus. In his knowledge of raw materials and processes he had far distanced other young men who had entered the manufactory before him, and who shrugged their shoulders and laughed in their sleeves at what they called his incessant drudgery. Their pleasures were not his, their ways were not his, yet, as he rose above them, though they might feel sore and grumble, they could but acknowledge "he deserved his rise."

They little knew the objects for which he was working, or how love and gratitude lightened his labour; or how the increasing kindliness of Mabel shone like a halo over all that was dull and monotonous. But the closer his insight into the chemical and mechanical processes by which raw wool and cotton were converted into fabrics of use and beauty, the greater his interest, and that which was but drudgery to others had its scientific and historic charm for him.

As Mr. John Crossley said to Mr.

Townley, "A clever manufacturer would be spoiled if he succeeded, and settled on his Australian farm."

It was on the Saturday and Sunday he gathered the impetus that carried him through the week. Then, though Mabel would neither give a definite "aye" or "no" to his proposals, she had listened to his declaration of attachment and to the opening out of his prospects at the works without any token of disfavour, any sign of a repulse. She would give him no decided answer, would not be bound by an engagement, but she held him in a lover's bonds, and gave him clearly to understand that it was solely on his own account that she held him unfettered.

He felt as sure of her and of her reciprocal affection as if it had been openly declared to all the world. Their mutual attachment was taken for granted by the whole family; but whilst she laughed off insinuations, and forbade him speaking to her father, no one else cared to take the initiative.

Bob rallied and chaffed him tremendously, but when one night at the garden gate, he asked, "I say, Bert, when do you and Mabel mean to make a match of it?" the answer he got was, "Ah, you will have to ask Mabel and my governors that question. When are you and Lucy Hope to be made one?"

"Hush!" replied his interlocutor, in a lower key, as he heard Phillis close her window above. "Not a word about that. Our folk have no suspicion. Father would be awfully riled if he knew. He says I'm too young to think of sweethearting for four or five years to come. He did not plunge into matrimony when he was a boy. But Lucy is a dear good girl, willing, nay desirous, to wait for me. She says 'Prudence forbids the banns in our case for years to come,' and maybe she's right, for she has not a shilling, and I am in the main dependent on father, so we must wait with what patience we can till he gives me a share of the farm. We are both young. And now she is teaching at Miss Birtwhistle's and is likely to have the post of organist if the old fellow pegs out, there is less likelihood of her going away as a governess. But, I say, Bert, keep dark, or there will be no end of a row. We must bide our time."

"Ditto, ditto, Bob. My fortune is not made yet. Yes, I'll remember." And away he went, little thinking how Phillis had been sobbing in her dim room whilst they had been conversing there.

Bob was careful after that to ask no more chaffing questions that might provoke retaliating answers. But he wondered his Aunt Pringle took no notice of Hubert's attention to Mabel, or the time he spent at the farm.

The fact was, she had regarded his devotion to business as incompatible with love-making, and congratulated herself that he had no entanglement of the kind.

That he should call at the farm, or walk home from church with Bob or the girls, was but natural. Then in February, whilst the love affairs were ripening, the low meadows were wet and sodden, and Mr. Heathfield drove his son and the girls to church in the phaeton, where was no room for a big fellow like Hubert.

The same watery reason kept Miss Pringle away from the farm, and before the month was out she was laid up with a cold that shut her within closed doors in the kindly care of Ruth, a cold the little lady could not shake off, with all the help of Mr. Calverly; for the bright little body, dropping the prudential pearl from her string, ventured into Marsh Lane on one of her many errands of mercy, in the face of a keen north-east wind, and got over boot-tops in the watery pools of the unpaved roadway. She stayed some time by the bedside of a dying woman, to whom the beef-tea she carried was useless, and returned home all in a shiver. Rheumatic fever was the result, and she had painful occasion for the exhibition of the two remaining pearls in the months that followed.

Phillis, whose mother was now able to overlook her own household, if not to take an active part in its management, devoted herself to the care of her godmother, Mrs. Hope and Lucy coming in as welcome aides, faithful Ruth proving a very tower of strength, so well had her precise mistress trained her.

Very patient was Miss Pringle, but it was a trying time for all. More than once did Phillis find Ruth, now a comely woman of nearly thirty years, crying by the kitchen fire, and sobbing out as a sort of consolation, she was thankful she had stood out against Roger's persuasions to get married. What would poor Miss Pringle have done without her?

Many were the solicitous inquirers who opened the green gate and plied the bright brass knocker, many the shoeless feet and ill-clad forms that came creeping round as anxiously to Ruth at the back door; but of all the many callers none seemed more fidgety and uneasy than did Jasper Townley. Not a day passed without his appearance once or twice, and on more than one occasion while he paced the oil-clothed passage to and fro with one hand behind him and the other holding fast his chin, a mysterious blue envelope was sent upstairs to the sufferer, and he was summoned to follow it, when he found her keen of intellect as ever, though racked with pain, and in a chamber as prim and precise as if a doctor had never set a foot in it.

What passed at those interviews no one knew, for they were private.

It goes without telling that Hubert was in great distress, and came backwards and forwards more than once a week. On business days of course he came late and went early, but even in those flying visits he could see and admire the neatness, despatch, and tenderness of Phillis in all that she did for her godmother, and he did not stint his brotherly commendations.

They made her heart beat, but they made it ache the sorer, and filled her eyes with tears that no one saw.

Of course he was the bearer of the doctor's bulletins to the relatives at Upland Farm, and there too his praises of Phillis were open and warm.

"Oh! you've found it out at last, have you?" cried Bob, with a knowing grin, and a hearty slap on the shoulder; but Mabel took his encomiums in ill part, pouted, and in private assumed an injured air, and professed she should grow jealous of her sister if his admiration was so strong and pointed.

Something verging on a quarrel was the result, but the infatuated mortal argued that jealousy was a sure sign of love, and purchased pacification with his own protestations of devotion to her lovely self only.

The March winds had blown themselves out, April showers and sunshine, like lovers' tiffs and reconciliations, had brought in the treacherous month that marries Spring to Summer, before Miss Pringle took her old place behind the red flower-pots in her parlour window, resumed her patchwork, and dismissed her nurse with kisses and caresses, and no end of pleasant P's.

Towards the end of the month, when she was voted strong enough to go abroad, and she had offered up public thanksgiving for her recovery (which had many an echo in the church), John Crossley's brougham again took up its stand at Pilgrim Place, and, to the amazement of everybody, bowled through the village, past the villa where the sphynx in duplicate stood on guard, and past lowly Ivy Cot, along the road south to Great Woolton, with poor Miss Pringle and Lawyer Townley inside.

Mrs. Rivers, standing under her own portico, in walking array, with her foot on the topmost step, beheld the astounding spectacle with open eyes and mouth, clasped her uplifted hands, and posted off, first to Pilgrim Place, then to Upland Farm, to ask what it might mean.

"Are the foolish old couple going to be married at last? And is John Crossley giving his countenance to the ridiculous——"

"Oh dear, no," interrupted Barbara; "it is only the seventh anniversary of Mr. Underwood's engagement at Crossley's. He is now twenty-one, and I suppose there is some fresh arrangement to be made."

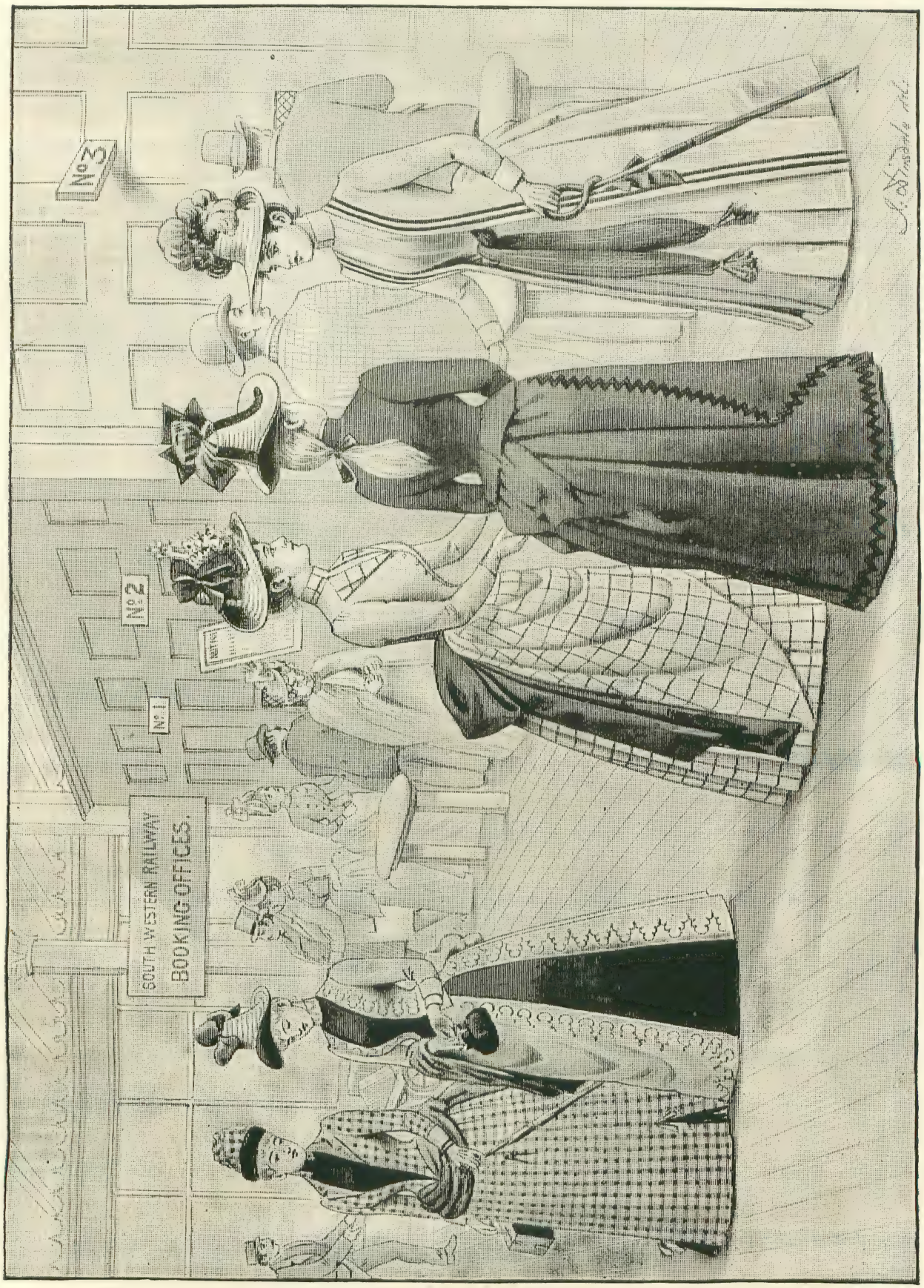
"But the lawyer! and the carriage! and Miss Pringle's purple bonnet! I know John Crossley never sent his brougham with such an ordinary transaction in view. It would turn the young fellow's head, and the Crossleys are not such fools."

"I don't think it means anything else," said Mrs. Heathfield, calmly.

"Then there's something more than we know of in the wind," and up bounced Mrs. Rivers, startling her less excitable half-sister, and hurried to the door, without heeding the invitation to luncheon.

In another minute Barbara saw her out at the gate, and panting up the hill, in haste to catch the omnibus at the end of the lane on its way to the train at Little Woolton. Her news would not keep until night. She was convinced there was something on foot James or their son ought to know.

(*To be continued.*)



AUTUMN HOLIDAY MAKERS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

ALTHOUGH it is the habit to think that all changes in dress are brought in during the spring and autumn of the year, yet nothing is more certain than that sudden veerings and alterations of taste do happen in the middle of both seasons, such as the alteration from high-crowned hats to low ones, with rather square crowns, which has taken place this season. So suddenly has it come, and so complete the change of taste, that the numbers of high crowned hats left high and dry on the shore of past fashion must be immense, judging from the fulness of the shop windows, wherein the best straw hats made in this style were lowered to tenpence and other such small sums. Now these hats, though apparently so useless and reduced, are of such excellent quality that they are quite worth while buying to alter the shapes a little, and make them useful to girls of small means.

This can be managed by taking out two or three rows of straw and lowering the crown. But in order to do this well, we must not select specimens too sharply pointed, as we must have a comparatively level, even space to take out. We can, however, enlarge the round of the crown by unpicking several rows and working it over, giving more room in each row, as we proceed downwards to where we join the head and the brim. This alteration can be hidden by the wide ribbon trimming which is fortunately in fashion.

GOWN OF LADIES' CLOTH, WITH PINKED-OUT EDGES.

GOWN OF VELVETEEN AND WOOL.

The bonnets, which are old in their styles but of good straw, can also generally be altered by a little thought, and so we can procure a good article for much less money than usual.

One of the revivals of this season has been the skirt of many flounces, which has suddenly made its appearance just as we were all saying how pleasant it was to have long and graceful folds, and not to have our materials cut to pieces any more. All kinds of striped materials are cut into flounces, which are knife-pleated, and the whole skirt is covered with them, a skirt usually requiring from eight to ten rows.

Both plain and shot silks are used for flounces also, but instead of being pleated they are gathered, and the lower edge is lined or faced with a false hem run on and turned over. Lace over white and coloured silks is also made in flounces; this last is a very useful style, and helps one to make over old dresses. Of course the fashion of cutting up the skirts, instead of wearing them in long, straight folds, is a much better one for economical people, for dresses in pieces can be turned and altered and mended in a thousand different ways, where the long plain drapery becomes shabby, and perhaps cannot even be turned. So we have some compensation, and now that we are not quite such bondwomen to the French fashion plates, but can and do bring our good common sense into play, we may wear our clothes pretty much as we please, which is the best way after all.

Of foreshadowings for the autumn and winter styles we have a few even thus early. We shall, I think, have polonaises, redingotes, and princess dresses, all worn perhaps over flounced skirts; and with these we shall certainly see some revival of the Empire style of plain short skirts, shorter waists, and full sleeves. Full dress bodices will be as much used as plain ones, and the large sashes will continue to be in use. These last have been sold at the summer sales at wonderful prices, and no doubt the sensible girls have recognised their value in brightening up an old dress, and have invested some of their money in them.

Blouse bodices of every description are the most popular garment of the day, both in town and country, and are worn by the highest and the lowest in rank. They are worn both of material the same as the skirt or differing from it; and every material seems to be used from silk, lace, and satin, down to the cheapest cotton print. They go by different names, and are called Garibaldi, blouse skirt, Jersey bodice, and yoked blouse; the last-named has become a very popular form indeed,

IN WHITE CLOTH.

AN AUTUMN MANTELETTE.

and is a very elegant and stylish bodice for thick or thin materials.

Some new belts, made of a material that looks like horse girthing, have made their appearance; they have leather fittings, a leather watch-pocket, and three leather straps and small buckles to fasten them in front; but for the most part the different sorts of loose bodices have waistbands to match, or else of velvet or ordinary silk Petersham belting.

The bustle, or dress-improver as it is more euphoniously termed, has almost completely been laid aside, and though it has gone, enough of a gentle curve still remains for grace. A breadth of pleated crinoline is now sewn in with the back gathers, and many dresses are not puffed in the least, but simply hang from the gathers at the waist. Slimness and narrowness is as much the order of the day as it was in the days when we all went "tied back" to such an extent we could hardly sit down, and when some dresses were really "stand up" and not "sit down" ones. Only to-day our slimness is of a different style, and more resembles that of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, in the days of the Georges in England.

The Marie Antoinette fichu is one of the charming things that the revival of the Empire and Directoire styles has brought to us. Everyone will remember it, with its soft folds of white muslin, and the frilled edges and long ends which cross over in front and tie behind. They may be used out of doors and indoors, and may be made of white Swiss or Indian muslin, or even of something thinner—such as gauze or lisse.

The corselet bodice, of which we so recently gave the pattern, is also much worn, as it is a very useful idea in many ways, and the corselet serves to hide many defects.

The newest sashes sometimes are first put over the shoulders as bretelles, and tied in very long loops and ends at the back; some of the very wide ones also commence in a side seam at one hip, and cross the front of the dress to the other hip, where they are tied in bows and an end, and sometimes also fastened with a clasp. Another way of wearing them is to tie them round the waist in folds, and make the bow at the sides, which hangs in two loops and two ends. Sashes are used both with woollens and cottons, and those of soft silk of fully half-yard width are very popular. The newest sashes of all are, perhaps, those of mull muslin, which are very pretty; with these sashes there are generally vests of the same, which can be tacked into the dress; these vests are made of folds that cross.

I omitted to say, in writing of blouses, that the ends below the belt are much shorter than they were worn last season. Now they are not more than three inches in length. In making them up at home, great care should be taken that the shoulders should be narrow enough, and the shoulder seams very short. The ruckbands also should be very high.

In materials we have our old friend alpaca, which is certainly making way, and is a very useful material, though I cannot say I think it a pretty one. There are some beautiful Irish tweeds at the Irish Exhibition, as well as some roughly woven cloths of all kinds of high and low art colours, which I should think would make capital winter and autumn dresses for the country and the seaside. After all, our best and most sensible wear in England, Ireland, and Scotland is wool and woollen materials, both as underclothing and overclothing, and we shall do well to make our minds up to it before another winter.

So far as possible, I have had the illustrations made as novel as is possible at the end of the season, and they foreshadow in many ways the new clothing of the winter. At the railway station we see the newest travelling and warmer autumn gowns, the ways of putting on sashes at the side and front and at the back, and on the extreme right we see a redingote with a full front and sash. The pinked edges are shown as applied to the ladies' cloth gowns, which are so useful and handsome for wearing in the cold seasons. The gown is generally of uni-coloured cloth, such as grey, brown, or drab, and the pinked out trimmings are laid below its edges, which are also pinked out. Dark blue and red trimmings have been very generally affected this year, and with a hat of the same looked very pretty.

Two of the white jackets I have mentioned are shown in the illustration "In white cloth," and it is easy to see how girlishly pretty they are. The "gown of velveteen and wool" shows a polonaise with a lap-over front, and a new method of trimming the bodice with bands of velvet across it. This is a good example of how it is likely velveteens will be used this winter.

The pattern selected for the month is that of a tight-fitting jacket, which will be suitable for autumn wear in any woollen material; the hat may be also trimmed as illustrated with the same material. The jacket will not require a lining unless the weather be very cold, but the seams should all be covered or bound over with ribbon to preserve the edges from ravelling. The pattern is in nine pieces, and will be found very simple to make, the stitching being performed either by hand or machine. The cuffs turn over, the collar may be of velvet if preferred, and the edges bound also with the same. These striped bodices are also much used for house wear, and are pretty with any skirt. Five yards of material in single width are required, or two and a half in double width.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.," price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may know of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoast (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, yoke bodice, bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, Emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, new spring mantle, new polonaise, Directoire jacket and vest.

TIGHT-FITTING JACKET.

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.

FRANK'S delicacy, instead of passing off during the summer, appeared to rather increase. He had no special illness, but he never seemed well. Instead of joining with zest in his brothers' sports, he was always languid and spiritless. If a specially hot day came, Frank was sure to be quite knocked up by it, and if the heat changed suddenly to cold or damp, Frank might be depended on for a chill, with earache, or some other pleasant accompaniment.

As autumn approached Mr. Lawrence became anxious about the delicate youth, and took him to a physician. His report was at once a relief and a shock. There was no disease, he said, but a decided tendency thereto, and it was essential for him to leave the somewhat relaxing neighbourhood in which they had settled, and which clearly did not suit him, before the autumn advanced further.

The physician added that if his parents wished to set him up in health a long voyage would be the surest way of doing it; without this, a change of residence might ward off disease, but a life of delicacy and semi-invalidism was to be apprehended.

The idea of parting with one of the family, so lately re-united, was a grief to all, but to make a strong man of Frank was worth almost anything, and a voyage to Australia by sailing vessel was very soon decided on. Mr. Lawrence was fortunately acquainted with the doctor on board one of the Australian vessels, who would take Frank under his special charge, and thus the way seemed made clear for them.

Mrs. Lawrence and Nell had little time to think of the parting in the bustle of preparation. Nell's only experience of such travelling as this had been her coming from India when she was between four and five years old, so that her memory of the life on board ship was very dim, and she soon found she must be guided entirely by her mother, whose voyages had been many.

"Mother, he will want heaps and heaps of new things to last him all that time!" said Nell, aghast, as the idea first dawned upon her.

"Oh no, my dear; people in our position do not buy new underclothes for a voyage. You must collect all the old things of your brothers', and we must have a grand mending; we will get a needlewoman from the village to come for a day to help, and I think we shall find enough to last the voyage out."

Socks, handkerchiefs, and underclothing of all sorts and in all conditions were brought out and looked over. In the knitted or woven things the large holes were darned with single Berlin wool; this fills up well, is very soft and warm, and becomes tough and strong after washing. For small holes and thin places, a finer wool was used, as the Berlin is too clumsy except for large spaces. Some of the oldest vests and drawers were cut up to repair those better worth it; the thin and worn parts of a tolerably good garment being taken out and replaced by the best pieces of an older one. Handkerchiefs worn at the edges were cut down and re-hemmed. Mrs. Lawrence put aside, however, some frayed collars and cuffs, which Nell was beginning to bind very neatly with fine narrow tape, as not being suitable. Sailing ship life, she said, is free and easy, and a turn-down flannel shirt collar and loosely-knotted tie are considered enough for ordinary wear; but for Sundays and special occasions a few linen collars and cuffs must be taken, and these should be new and good.

"Well, mother, I should think even Frank would be ashamed of sending such a mixed collection of old, well-mended things to the wash," said Nell, as she tried to sort them into pairs and sets.

"Do you expect him to find a regular laundry on board, then, with a laundress to call on Monday, and bring home the clean things on Friday? I'm afraid you would be disappointed," laughed Mrs. Lawrence. "You may judge that most of these things will not be worth washing; they would drop into holes again, and many people would throw them straight overboard when soiled. But I think that it is a pity, as the sailors are usually very glad of anything you can give them. Frank must have a holland bag made to take with him, into which he can put everything he deems too old for further wear, instead of having it washed or thrown away. Every now and then, or when the bag gets full, he can give the contents to the steward, who will pass them on to the poorest of the men."

Frank had been wearing, for some time, pyjamas, or sleeping suits, and he declared nothing could induce him to return to the old style, so superior were these for comfort and warmth. Those he had were woven all-wool thin ones, for summer wear, in the natural brownish shade. These do not require such frequent washing as flannel, for hanging them up in the sun and air for a few hours every day appears to cleanse and freshen them for a certain time. Now that some thicker ones would be required for cold weather, Mrs. Lawrence made inquiries about the flannel ones. She found she should save very little, if anything, by buying flannel and making them herself, and having decided on trying the ready-made ones, they proved good and satisfactory in every way.

Frank's grey homespun dressing-gown was nearly new, and just the thing he would want for wearing to his morning bath; and Nell bought him, for this purpose, a pair of thick felt slippers. They were made of narrow strips of felt, plaited together, soles and all the same, and they cost sixpence the pair. In their original state they do not wear very long, but they can be made really serviceable by stitching a shaped piece of cloth or carpet underneath for a supplementary sole. Nell also put in a lining of dark crimson flannel, and bound them with the same, so that they looked very well, and proved warm and comfortable for bathroom use. Amongst his other wraps were included a cap with wide flaps, which could be tied when necessary, under the chin, thus protecting the ears and neck, a muffler, and knitted gloves.

Starting in early autumn, the weather would at first be probably decidedly cold, so that warm clothing would be required. This was packed for immediate use, in a portmanteau, good sized, but made shallow specially for fitting under a berth, three feet long, one foot three inches wide, and one foot three inches deep. Thinner garments for warmer latitudes were packed in a tin-lined trunk, labelled clearly outside "Passengers' luggage, for use during voyage," otherwise it would be deposited in the deepest depths of the hold, and never seen again till land was reached. A third box, with more warm things for the return voyage, was consigned to these lower regions. Inside the lid of each box was pasted a list of its contents, in the order in which they were packed, so that on opening it Frank could tell, approximately, where to look for what he wanted.

Will, the would-be sailor, of course took a special interest in the preparations. He heartily wished some lurking symptom of delicacy might be discovered in his case, and a voyage recommended for him also. But, alas! his rosy freckled face and sturdy form were quite fatal to any hope in this direction. He even tried to moderate his hunger at meal-times, and pecked daintily at his food like Frank did, so that possibly he might arouse anxiety on this score. But being blessed with a specially vigorous appetite, he found it quite impossible to keep this up; and had to console himself by helping to make Frank ready. He troubled Nell greatly by describing the probable size and extreme inconveniences of the cabin.

"You know, Nell, it won't be any longer than a large cupboard, and most of that will be taken up by two, or perhaps three, berths; and you have to keep your things on your berth or else on the ground, as there isn't a place really to put anything properly, so I can't think what Frank will do, with all his tidy, girlish ways."

Nell took certain hints from these descriptions, for she understood from her mother how much one's comfort depends on the small arrangements in the cabin. She took a piece of very strong and coarse holland, two feet by one, bound it round and stitched on to it four pockets, also of holland, for sponges, tooth-brushes, brush and comb, and other miscellaneous toilet necessaries. Four small metal rings were put along the top, and one at each bottom corner, so that it could be secured securely to the wall wherever room could be found for it. Each pocket had a button and button-hole, so that in case of very rough weather Frank might prevent his things being scattered far and wide.

Mrs. Lawrence prepared a special little arrangement of this description, which somewhat amused Nell; it struck her as a decidedly "old-maidish" contrivance for a boy. But then, as her mother pointed out, Nell knew nothing of the horrors of sea-sickness; and Frank, being so delicate, would be likely to appreciate comforts which a healthy boy would consider quite superfluous. This consisted of a set of three little holland bags, six inches deep, made in the same way as the others, with rings at the top and lower corners; and it was to be fastened up on the inner wall of the berth, so as to be within reach of its occupant when lying down, without moving more than a hand. One bag was to hold some clean handkerchiefs; another a little tin of acid drops, often a great comfort; and the third a wicker-covered bottle of eau de Cologne. Nell thoughtfully took out the poor cork with which these bottles are usually supplied, replacing it by a new and strong one.

As Frank was known to suffer real agony from sunburn, Mrs. Lawrence had made up for him a small quantity of a cooling lotion which she knew from experience to be

efficacious. His poor face usually became extremely hot, inflamed, and irritable when exposed to the sun or cold wind, but this mixture, applied plentifully, acted as a preventive as well as a cure. Sulphate of zinc, 25 grains; glycerine, 1 oz.; borax, 50 grains; rose water, or elder-flower water, half a pint.

Clare's contribution to Frank's outfit caused much wonder and amusement. It was at first sight simply a very large pillow; the case was made of beautifully soft but strong China silk, edged all round with a frill.

"I think he will find it nice if he is lying about on deck any time; you see it is large enough to take your shoulders and head too, and is very soft and comfortable and quite light besides. And then if he feels cold it will also answer another purpose." And Clare brought to light some buttons which had been hidden by the frill, undid them, and pulled out, to everyone's surprise, a small eiderdown cover or quilt. "When you do not require the quilt," Clare explained, "you just fold it up to about the right size, slip on the silk cover, button it, and there you have the pillow again."

One of Nell's gifts was a housewife. She felt sure this would be a time when Frank would find useful the lessons in sewing she had given him and the other boys some months before; to which she now added a few final instructions in the stitching of buttons, darning, etc. The inside foundation of the housewife was of silk, and all the making and stitching on this was done before the outer covering, of fine waterproof sheeting, was added and the two bound together with ribbon. At one end was fixed an emery cushion, the use of which had to be explained. It was made square in shape, so that the other things might fold around it better. Next to it was a thimble, in a tiny pocket with a flap to button over and keep the thimble in. Nell had small expectation of this being used; a thimble seems to be the one item in sewing to which boy-nature cannot adapt itself, and Frank much preferred the sailor's thimble given him by Will. Below these came a pair of scissors, in a washleather pocket with a deep flap, to protect them from damp and sea air, so fatal to steel. Then a nickel silver bodkin, which Frank considered a very clever invention indeed, and supposed to be something quite new. Below this was a second smaller washleather pocket to contain a packet of assorted needles, strong ones with large eyes being selected. Then a supply of dark and of light darning wool. Instead of leaving this on the ordinary cards, which soon tear, Nell wound it off on to two old-fashioned flat ivory silk-winders, which were slipped into little half-moon-shaped pockets and there held secure till wanted. Some black and some white thread was placed at either side of all these, cut into lengths, and passed through little straps of ribbon. A pocket, to button securely, full of a variety of buttons, was put across the end furthest from the emery cushion. The whole thing when rolled up looked neat and sensible, and was fastened round by a little strap and buckle, which Nell had rescued from the back of a discarded waistcoat. "These little things always come in usefully some time if you only hoard them long enough," she said, triumphantly.

Mark collected a number of books, tales of adventure, biographies, etc., with a judicious selection for Sunday reading. Many were given by friends, who were glad to find a good use for superfluous literature, and the rest Mark bought in the cheap paper editions, so that when read and lent amongst the passengers, Frank could pass these on also to the sailors, who are invariably pleased with anything to read in their spare hours.

Roger brought a stout, undyed, leather writing-case, with lock and key, and plenty of room for a fair supply of stationery, and Mr. Lawrence gave a stylographic pen. Will and George contributed a patent reversible inkstand, for, as the best of stylographic pens do occasionally get out of order (or out of temper, as it seems), it was thought safe to have some other means of writing to fall back upon. The boys tried many experiments with the reversible inkstand, which was warranted not to spill in any position, even upside down. They did succeed, it must be owned, in inducing some drops of ink out on to the drawing-room carpet, but their experiments were of an energetic nature, and the poor ink-pot was subject to treatment very unlikely to occur in the usual course of its existence, so that it may fairly have been considered a good investment.

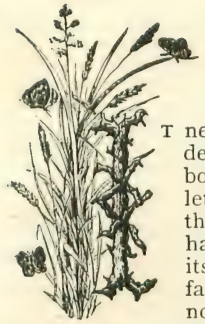
(To be concluded.)

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.



CHAPTER XLIX.

TOM HARTON'S OFFENCES.

It need scarcely be recorded here that inquiries both personally and by letter poured in upon the Park. Rumour had been busy with its owner and his family, but rumour had not told the exact truth: it rarely does. Still, report had partially disclosed the brotherhood of Aspenel and his rescuer, and the parentage of Fan. Its many tongues had also been busy with the reasons of Mrs. Aspenel's absence and sudden return, and many were the speculations upon her husband's condition, and what he would do if he recovered, or what would become of her if he died. The heir of Beechton had called, but had not been admitted; indeed, all visitors were refused upon plea of Mr. Aspenel's condition; even Mr. Tom Harton was not received with the old cordiality. Everybody and everything seemed changed by that fire which had incapacitated the millionaire: but no one so much as Janet. She was of a strong, decided nature, and she told Edith that having spent nearly a third of her life in gratifying herself, she meant to spend the rest of it for others.

She went straight to her point in a business-like sort of way. "Nothing shall go wrong that I can set right," she thought, and she began with Edith. But she found her more difficult to deal with than she imagined. She even succeeded better in her overtures to her stepmother, whose dislike she had overcome when in Paris. Edith was shyer and more reserved than ever, and she sought in vain to discover the root of a certain estrangement between them.

"It is Gerard. I am sure it is Gerard," she thought, and she tried what she could do with him. But he was always too busy to have "the good talk" with her that he promised, and nothing came of her efforts. With Bruce she was perfectly successful, and the boy almost worshipped his beautiful and fascinating sister. She undertook his education, and while the rest of the disordered household ran hither and thither to do the behests of its master, she and Bruce worked and played by turns.

Rather to their annoyance, Mr. Tom Harton waylaid them whenever he had the chance. As Janet went frequently to Hoplands to assist Fan in her preparations for her wedding, and, as she expressed it, "To become better acquainted with her new uncle," he seized his opportunities. As soon as he appeared, Bruce always ran off, so he frequently met Janet alone, somewhere between the Park gate and Hoplands. He was very inquisitive, and in an off-hand way managed to draw from Janet the state of affairs at the Park.

A fortnight or so after her return he said he had a message for Mrs. Aspenel, and while delivering it turned and walked with Janet into the Park, which was unusual. He had always a certain fascination for her, that he was probably aware of.

"As I hear Bruce is to be sent to school, and my services will be no longer required, will you kindly tell Mrs. Aspenel that I have accepted a travelling tutorship," he said, with a keen, inquiring glance at Janet.

"I am very sorry. You will probably be long away," she returned, involuntarily, with a tone of unmistakable regret.

"Yes; unless you bid me remain," he said, his deep, dark eyes fixed upon her.

Janet did not pretend to misunderstand him. Her friends Maximilien and Wilbraham and other admirers had already taught her the science of admiration, and had by turns called her coquette, flirt, and other terms not complimentary; but she had laughed at them all. She had been heart-whole, in fact. Was she so now? Let her speak for herself.

"Unless I bid you remain," she repeated, reflectively. "I could not do that. Your father would be a more proper person, or your brother, who would like you to be at his wedding; or

"'I NEVER MEAN TO MARRY, I HAVE QUITE MADE UP MY MIND TO THIS.'"

See "Restitution," p. 765

even Mrs. Aspenel, for whom you have sacrificed so much time."

There was a slight inflection of voice on this last sentence.

"Neither of them would influence my movements," he rejoined, carelessly. "There is no one in the world but you who could regulate my steps."

Her fair face flushed, and she stood a moment silent before him. They were inside the Park wall, near the spot where Fan had poured out her troubles to her, and had warned her against this man. She remembered the scene well. She also remembered the days of her childhood, when she thought him the most perfect and delightful of mortals. But she also remembered that he had been devoted to Edith and her stepmother, and that he could, therefore, scarcely mean what he said to her. She understood him but in part; still she misdoubted him.

He took advantage of her hesitation to pour out a flood of eloquence, rapid and overwhelming enough to convince any girl. In short, he declared his love and made her an offer of marriage. He knew his power, but he could not read what was passing through her mind. Indeed, she could not read it herself. She suddenly withdrew from him, and leaning against a tree said decidedly—

"I never mean to marry. I have quite made up my mind to this. I like men best at a distance, and think women happier without them. They are all selfish. Even Monsieur, the best of men, was angry if his omelette was not to his taste; and as to Maximilien! *ma foi!* he was a tyrant. I think you are one also; and as to poor papa—well, he was so rich that he ruled the world with a golden rod; and, between ourselves, I am afraid you are not indifferent to fortune. Now, confess! You would not have made me this flattering proposal were I not the daughter of a millionaire. I am much obliged to you all the same, and am sorry to disappoint you; for it must have taken you time and trouble to make up your mind."

The provoking girl looked at her admirer with an arch inquisition, which made him very angry.

"You are not in earnest, Miss Janet," he said, restraining his wrath and forcing a smile. "I am at liberty to believe as much as I like of your fanciful resolution. You are merely trying to pique and annoy me. You are quite capable of this."

"And of keeping my resolution. Goodbye. Let us part friends. I daresay we shall meet at Fan's wedding. We are a sort of connection. The various marriages of my family and friends tend to make me averse to matrimony. I shall die an old maid."

She held out her hand, but the offended worshipper of beauty or mammon declined to take it, and they parted —he in much indignation, she with regret.

He hurried off to his den at Hoplands, where he seated himself before a ponderous volume that he had been reading that morning, and reviewed the interview. Defeat was impossible, he thought, for he estimated himself highly. Still he had been defeated of late, and everything had gone against him. Usually, success had waited on him and came at his call; now fate seemed against him. He scarcely ventured to whisper, even to himself, in how many ways she had turned her back upon him. He had striven hard to win her, and she had slipped from him. Is success masculine or feminine? Rather neuter; for it ignores sex; so we will change the gender.

It has not been as yet recorded here that Mr. Tom Harton had already ventured, as far as prudence would allow, to make advances towards Edith. But she had repelled them so decidedly that he turned his attention to Janet. He was essentially a schemer and selfish, and it did not much matter to him how he acquired those coveted millions, provided he secured them. His vanity had told him that he had only to ask and have either young lady, though he was anything but sure of the parental consent; and he had actually failed in both attempts. His handsome face grew as fierce as when he had attacked poor Fan in the same spot; and that had been also a failure. He had only got rid of her to have her return triumphant. It was altogether very disagreeable, and as he was not absolutely the "villain of the piece," but an ordinary mortal with selfish ends always in view, he was utterly disgusted with himself and everybody around him. He, so good-looking, agreeable, clever, and generally a favourite, to fail where he was sure of succeeding! It was too provoking! And he was morally convinced that Janet liked him, and that neither she nor Edith could have seen anyone they preferred to him. But he had been precipitate with Janet, and would persevere. Nevertheless he made up his mind then and there to accept the travelling tutorship still in abeyance, and while still in hot wrath, took pen and paper and wrote to Lord Thornborough, and expressed himself ready to accompany his son on a foreign tour. He should then escape Jack's wedding, and get breathing-time to mature other plans of siege.

While he was writing half a dozen words and biting his pen by turns, Janet was recounting to Edith what had passed.

"He must be a very bad man," said Edith, "for he used nearly the same words to me."

Her face and manner expressed great indignation, but Janet merely laughed.

"They are all alike. They are dying to-day and as lively as butterflies to-morrow. You should have seen Maximilien! He was always *au désespoir;* but he managed to console himself by flitting to some other flower. And as to Wilbraham, a run across country would cure him of a heartache that he was sure would kill him. And I could mention a dozen others, but I forbear."

"I hope you are not a heartless flirt," sighed Edith.

"I hope not. I am waiting for a cousin Gerard, and when he comes I promise you I will not avoid and torment him as you do."

"Pray let that subject alone, Janet. He is going to live in London, and then you will perhaps forget *it*."

"I shall, but you will not; neither will he. Hush! There is somebody in the passage. I daresay it is Bruce, with his ear at the keyhole. He would not spare his venerable tutor if he heard of his innocent efforts after fortune."

"Whose innocent efforts?" asked Mrs. Aspenel, who was the "somebody" in the passage.

"Mr. Tom Harton's. I am sure you will not be surprised to hear that he has just proposed for me, and as good as proposed for Edith," replied ruthless Janet, whose face was flushed, and whose eyes were flashing, despite a manner so careless that a bystander would have said with Edith, "A heartless flirt."

"You should not talk such rhodomontade, Janet," said Mrs. Aspenel, repressing an exclamation that rose to her lips, and colouring as if she, also, had been stung by the wasp. "I came to say that Mr. Loveridge has brought his daughter here at last, to be formally introduced to me, and I want you both to come downstairs with me to be present, as I really do not know what to say."

"He will find conversation," laughed Janet, running down before the others, and entering the big drawing-room, where her strange relatives were awaiting the great lady.

"I'm so glad it is you, Miss Janet," began Fan. "I'm frightened to death. I never spoke to Mrs. Aspenel in my life, and always used to make her a little bob, like the schoolchildren, when I met her. Ought I to do it now? Jack says I should slide one foot forward, so, and the other back, so, and bend my body gracefully between them."

While Fan was making this unusual effort at politeness, Mrs. Aspenel and Edith came in.

"This is Fan," cried Janet. "She is making you her very best curtsey. It is quite French, though she doesn't know it. What my *maître de danse* called a glissade."

"How do you do? I am glad to mak your acquaintance," said Mrs. Aspene holding out her hand.

"I nearly fell down," whispered abashed Fan to Janet, who was exploding with laughter, as was Loveridge. "Thank you, ma'am. It is very kind of you to ask me here. Sir sent his compliments, and hopes Mr. Aspenel is better."

Jack had wickedly tutored Fan in this speech, and she delivered it with proper effect. Mrs. Aspenel smiled, and surveyed her husband's niece with surprise. She scarcely knew whether she or Janet were the handsomer, as they stood side by side, with Loveridge in the background, facing her and Edith.

"Mr. Aspenel is decidedly better, and hopes to be up in a day or two," she replied, graciously, holding Fan's brown hand in hers. "He wishes to see you, Mr. Loveridge. Will you kindly go to him?"

Loveridge went, and left the womankind together.

"Why have you been so long coming to see me?" asked Mrs. Aspenel, when they were seated.

"I didn't think you really wanted me," returned truthful Fan. "You are a grand lady and I am a born gipsy, in spite of my father and Mr. Aspenel being brothers. And you never spoke to me when we used to meet, so I feared you disliked me very much. You always turned your eyes away when I looked at you in church, and I used to think how different we were, and that you hated all the gipsies as much as Mr. Aspenel did."

"You were mistaken. I am interested in the race; and I only turned my eyes away because yours were so black and piercing that they seemed to wish to read my very thoughts."

"How funny!" exclaimed Fan. "I often wondered what you were thinking of, and never could find out. I knew you weren't thinking of the prayers."

Mrs. Aspenel smiled, and secretly wished she had been more cordial with this strange girl; but she had neither been nor felt cordial with anyone until trouble brought her to her senses. She soon grew interested in Fan, as everyone did who came in contact with her, and the quartette were almost immediately engaged in discussing her wedding, which was to take place in a few weeks. She inquired if Mr. Tom Harton were to be present.

"I think he is going away next week. I heard him tell Sir so, just as we left the house. He had a letter in his hand, and I hope—I mean, I suppose—it was to Lord Thornborough, who wants him. Jack will be sorry, but I shall be glad."

"He should have been best man," put in Edith.

"Yes. But now Mr. Gerard will be," returned blushing, smiling, handsome Fan; and Edith hastily left the room, as she was wont to do when Gerard's name was mentioned.

(*To be continued.*)

NURSING THE SICK.

By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

IX.—PERSONAL ATTENTIONS TO THE INVALID.—*(Continued.)*

THE employment of cold applications in the treatment of disease is mainly a development of recent years. In the earlier part of the present century many erroneous ideas were prevalent about the risk incurred by invalids through exposure to fresh air, or to other agents likely to diminish the temperature of the patient; and the prejudice existed frequently to such an extent as to interfere materially with the ordinary requirements of cleanliness. At the present time the beneficial effects of cold applications are fully recognised, and they are used both for the relief of pain and in the treatment of local and general diseases.

When cold in any form is applied to any part of the body, the first effect is to reduce the temperature of the skin with which it is in contact, and to some extent of the tissues lying beneath the skin. This reduction of temperature is accompanied by a diminution in the size of the smaller blood vessels, and a consequent decrease of the quantity of blood circulating in the parts. If the cold be intense enough, and be left in contact with the part for a sufficient length of time, absolute arrest of all circulation will occur, resulting in the condition called frostbite; and as a further stage, if this condition be neglected, gangrene ensues, and the gangrenous part separates from the neighbouring healthy tissue. The depression of the circulation caused by the application of cold is accompanied by a sedative action upon the nerves of the part; and when cold has been used to the extent of arresting the circulation—*i.e.*, when the part has become frozen—the sense of touch and the sensitiveness to pain is entirely lost temporarily, so that in this condition small operations can be performed without any consciousness of even discomfort on the part of the patient. In the treatment of disease the employment of cold is never carried beyond the stage of diminishing the circulation and depressing the sensitiveness of the nerves; but for the purpose of opening abscesses and performing other minor operations, it is common to avail oneself of the local anæsthesia resulting from a complete freezing of the part to be operated on.

The simplest way of applying cold to any part of the body, is by placing upon it thin cloths wetted with cold water, and changed as often as they become either warm or dry. Such applications cool the part on which they are placed in two different ways. In the first place, the water in which they are saturated is cooler than the skin to which they are applied, and when placed in contact with it absorbs some heat from it. In the second place, water exposed to air evaporates rapidly, and this process of evaporation is accompanied by considerable abstraction of heat from surrounding parts, and especially from the part with which the water is in contact. It will be obvious, therefore, that to utilise fully these two methods of cooling the part, the cloth which is saturated with the water must be thin, and must be freely exposed to the air, so as to admit of rapid evaporation.* For ordinary purposes part of a linen handkerchief folded double answers very well; and the changes must be made as frequently as it is found to become warm, and thus to lose its power of abstracting heat directly from the part. It will not unfrequently be found that the changes have to be made so often as to become tedious both to the invalid and to the nurse; and some other device must be employed to attain the same result. The intelligent reader will perceive that the same object would be achieved if a constant supply of fresh cold water could be conveyed to the folded handkerchief, the water as it becomes warmer being removed by evaporation, and replaced by the fresh supply. This is not difficult to arrange by means of a small skein of cotton or worsted, and a small jar or jug to hold the water. If the reader will fill a cup or jar with water, and put into it one end of a skein of worsted, bringing the other end over the edge and allowing it to fall down below the level of the bottom of the cup, it will be found that the contained water will percolate along the fibres of the worsted, and drop off the outer end until the cup is quite emptied. The action is partly analogous to that of a syphon, although the principle is not precisely the same. If, then, a small jar be suspended beside the patient, filled with cold water, and a skein of worsted be carried from it to the folded handkerchief, a constant stream will be conveyed from one to the other, and the handkerchief be maintained always wet. The volume of the stream will depend mainly on the thickness of the skein, and partly on the difference of height between the jar and handkerchief; by altering these one is able to regulate satisfactorily the amount of water supplied, so that the bed of the patient does not become moistened. It is well, however, for a careful nurse always to have a small piece of covered mackintosh sheeting under any part to which cold water is to be thus applied.

When a greater degree of cold is demanded, the water may be artificially cooled by the addition of ice, or of some salt which abstracts heat from the water during solution, such as chloride of ammonium or nitrate of potash. Or the same result may be attained by the addition of some fluid to the water, which will render the process of evaporation more rapid, such as methylated spirit or vinegar.

A still further degree of cold can be produced in any part of the body by the application of melting ice, enclosed in some form of waterproof bag. The freezing point of water is 32° F., and it is found that when ice is melting into water, the water remains at the temperature of 32° F., until every fragment of ice has melted; so that if ice is broken in pieces and placed in a bag, a very uniform low temperature is maintained as long as the process of melting is proceeding. Indiarubber bags for the purpose of containing the ice, and shaped according to the part to which they are intended for application, are to be obtained from surgical instrument makers; but it is not difficult for any intelligent nurse to improvise a bag which will be quite as effective as those sold for the purpose. In some cases an ordinary sponge bag will answer the purpose very well, the mouth of it being carefully tied round a large cork after the ice has been put in it.

Very convenient bags for the purpose can be made by the nurse herself, of any size and shape required, out of the thin guttapercha tissue sold by all chemists, the edges being cemented together by the application of chloroform. The gutta-percha tissue is doubled, and cut to the size and shape wanted; the free edges are then turned over, and are made to adhere by brushing a little pure chloroform quickly along them, and pressing them until they stick firmly together. A very little practice will give the necessary quickness and neatness in making such ice bags, and they will be found exceedingly convenient and useful. The guttapercha tissue used for the purpose should always be good and comparatively new, otherwise there will probably be found in it some minute holes which will leak uncomfortably as the ice melts.

Ice is generally bought in large blocks, and it will fall to the nurse to break these blocks into small lumps, suitable for introduction into the bags. This is best done with a small hammer and some pointed instrument, such as a bradawl or a shoemaker's awl. By pressing the point of the awl on the ice, and giving a smart rap on its head, the block will be found to split quite easily into small fragments. Until the ice is required, it is best left in the original large blocks, melting much more slowly thus than when broken up. The blocks should be rolled up in flannel, and placed in such a position that the water resulting from their melting is able to drain away as quickly as it is formed. A good plan is to tie some flannel, or a piece of blanket, loosely across the top of a pail or deep basin, to place the ice in the hollow of it, and to cover it over with another piece of the same material. At first sight it may appear rather unreasonable to "keep ice warm" in this way; but the explanation becomes apparent when one recalls what has been said about the bad heat-conducting powers of flannel in the remarks upon clothing the invalid. While in the case of the patient the flannel is used to prevent the escape of heat, in the case of ice it is used to prevent the admission of heat; in both cases equally impeding the *transmission* of heat.

In certain cases of essential fever, and more particularly in scarlet fever and typhoid fever, when the temperature tends to become dangerously high, it is usual to attempt its reduction by the application of cold to the whole body of the patient; and it is necessary for the nurse to know how to carry out this treatment when ordered by the physician in attendance. In the febrile illnesses of children, considerable benefit is gained by frequent sponging with cold water, to which is sometimes added advantageously a small quantity of vinegar. If the patient is not dried for two or three minutes after the sponging, the evaporation from the skin is useful in promoting the abstraction of heat. When cold sponging is not sufficient to lower the temperature, a fact to be ascertained by the use of the clinical thermometer before and after its use, recourse is had, both in adults and children, to packing in a sheet wrung out of cold water. To carry out this treatment satisfactorily, the bed of the patient must be specially prepared by having a waterproof sheet and a blanket above it spread over the sheet upon which the invalid usually lies. While the patient lies on this, covered with another blanket, a sheet is taken and soaked in cold water, wrung out gently so as only to press out the excess of water, and then folded round the invalid, underneath the blanket with which he is covered. Reduction of temperature is observed by occasional use of the clinical thermometer; and when the sheet becomes warm by contact with the body, it is replaced by another treated in the same way; and this is continued until the required reduction in temperature is attained. The patient is then dried, and the bed restored to its original condition. It is not usually considered desirable to take advantage of the cooling effects of evaporation in this treatment; the reduction of temperature is effected almost entirely by the actual contact of cold water with the patient. In Germany the same end is attained by placing the patient bodily in a bath of cold water, in which he remains sometimes for from half an hour to an hour; but this latter method is employed only to a very limited extent in England.

(*To be concluded.*)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

CONFESSIONS.

MANY girls may have read the announcement of our last literary competition with surprise, some even with amusement. "What a singular subject—'Confessions'! Why, that is the kind of thing we write in birthday books, confide to a friend, perhaps, describe in a diary maybe; but seriously to write my confessions and have them criticised, scanned through and through by serious examiners, and compared with a host of others—well, that is a novel idea!" Another girl, who had taken part in our previous competitions, may, after hastily glancing at the subject, have decided not to send a paper, and reasoned to herself something in this fashion: "To write an essay on my favourite heroine in Shakespeare is a delightful task, and an instructive one; but this is almost trifling, a kind of joke; besides which, I don't know that I altogether like to tell so much about myself."

Now we commence a new paragraph, with an assurance to our readers that no joke, no trifling task suggested itself for a moment to us—quite the contrary; some time was expended in thinking out the subject, and the papers have been looked forward to with perhaps more interest than in any of the previous contests. The competition, so far from being funny, is a very serious one, and no little of the thoughts, the taste, and even the character of the contributor is shown in these confessions. But it is absurd that a girl should dislike to send a paper on account of the index it is to her character and ideas; nothing could be a better help to her critical faculties than answering these queries; and the reasons given are a test to the examiners, where the choice is really that of the competitor, or merely the echo of a popular sentiment or an universal criticism.

Our readers will see that there is no list of names appended at the end of these lines, and they will therefore guess what is really the case, that this is a notice, not a report. We are going to extend the time allowed for the competition, for we are not contented with the present result. To begin with, there are not sufficient papers, only four hundred in all, though perhaps there is a reason for this, the time allowed having been much shorter than usual. It is our wish that this competition should be a large one, both for the sake of our readers and also for our own sake. For our readers' sake, because so much interest, so much benefit, must accrue to those who take part in it; for our own sake, because the judgment and taste of the girls will help to give us an insight into their characters, and show us, to an extent, how we can still further benefit them and give them seasonable amusement.

This last sentence brings a thought to our minds, which is this. Our magazine and its readers, the editor, the staff of writers, the artists, musical composers, and the vast number of girls who read THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, are, in a way, all members of one huge family; the shoals of letters sent us during the week show us the thoughts, the difficulties, the ambitions, the goodness, and the frailty of a mighty army of English girls, and in catering for their amusement and instruction we can, and as a matter of fact do, speak to them as a friendly instructor and an old friend. This is a digression, but our readers will see its bearing on the subject we have in hand. All our literary competitions, in a measure, bring our readers, or rather a portion of our readers, before us, and the thoughts and the characters they exemplify are specimens of the thoughts and characters of our great constituency, and consequently these contests are useful to us as well as to our readers. This is true, as we have said, of all the literary competitions, but especially true of this one.

"Your object in life?" can be answered in a general way or in an individual sense. "To do good to my fellow creatures," "to follow Christ's teaching," "to do my duty in the state which God has placed me," any of these would do; or "to be successful in my profession," "to manage my father's, brother's, or husband's household," "to be a good pianoforte player," would also satisfy the query. In answer to "Your favourite qualities in men and women?" it is best to put two or three, not more, traits; otherwise nothing is conveyed by the answer except a preference of good over bad. Perhaps it would have been better to have asked for the one favourite quality, but the question having been set, it of course remains.

With regard to "Your favourite" writer, painter, and musical composer, it must be remembered that the choice is by no means the most important thing: the gist lies in the reasons given for the choice or hearsay; the greatest reputation or the acknowledged position enforce the selection.

To a limited extent this must be the case, even when intelligent reasons are given, for the reasons stated may not be those which appeal to the girl herself, but may be the result of what she has heard or read in textbooks; but examiners can generally tell from the paper whether the girl really feels what she writes, and after all we in some measure educate our taste in matters of art and literature. We hear that such and such works are magnificent conceptions, first of all from experts, then from intellectual amateurs; then we hear the reasons given, the canons of art which are fulfilled, etc.; our interest is awakened, and though art is in one way a mystery, yet the educated mind is often led to like that which has received the approbation of those best qualified to judge. A girl who has seen and studied the works of the great masters would be almost certain to choose Raffaele, Michael Angelo, or one other of the great Italian masters as her favourite; or, if like a contributor aged fifteen, she likes "pictures of the sea and landscapes better than composition pictures and portraits of ugly mediæval people and uninteresting saints," she may choose our own Turner, who is unequalled in his way. But to repeat, we would sooner a girl choose as her favourite even an inferior painter, and give her reasons, intelligent and original reasons for the preference, than write "I like Raffaele best because his works are so natural."

We have now thoroughly examined the four hundred papers sent in, and though taken as a whole they are not so well done as the essays on Shakespeare's heroines, yet they are as good as we expected. Girls of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen have done excellently, but some of the younger girls and those over twenty have failed to maintain their high standard of the last two competitions.

Some of the essays on Shakespeare's heroines were beautifully done and without any serious blemishes. This has not been the case with the present competition, but it was not to be expected. A girl would not be likely to take great interest, or at all events critical interest, in literature, painting, and music, and the want of critical knowledge would be likely to show itself in the hundred words. But we will conclude here, as this is not the final report, and will call our readers, attention to the following announcement:—

We extend the time of this competition until the first Monday in December, when the whole of the papers will be gone through again.

Those who have already competed may, if they choose, write another paper; they know, of course, whether they have done their best. If they have done so, and have given time and trouble to their work, they will be content to await the report of the competition in the early part of next year.

We repeat our original announcement of the terms of the competition, and remain for the present in the comforting expectation of a brilliant success in our undertaking.

The following subjects are given in the form of questions, and each must have a clear and definite answer, with a "reason why," not occupying more than a sheet of foolscap, and not more than one hundred words to be given to each subject. It may be supposed that the Editor asks these questions of every reader—

Your object in life?
,, favourite qualities in woman?
,, ,, ,, man?
,, ,, book?
,, ,, hymn?
,, ,, Bible verse?
,, ,, occupation?
,, ,, writer?
,, ,, painter?
,, ,, musical composer?
,, ,, character in history?
,, ,, ,, fiction?
,, ,, flower?
,, ,, study?
,, ,, amusement?

The following will show the manner of filling up each sheet of foolscap:—

YOUR FAVOURITE BOOK?

Lord Smith's "Precepts and Practices," written in 1870.

Reasons for this preference to come here, not more than one hundred words in all.

SHEET OF FOOLSCAP.

The paper to be written upon one side only, and the set of fifteen sheets to be carefully fastened together on the left-hand top corner, and the name, age, and address of the competitor to be carefully written (in printed characters) upon the back of the MS., together with the following certificate:—

I hereby certify this to be the sole work of (name, age, and address to be repeated).

(Signed by parent, minister, or teacher.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Date*_____

The prizes will consist of one hundred copies of "A Crown of Flowers," being poems and pictures collected from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, specially reprinted for the occasion on superior paper, and handsomely bound in cloth and gilt. The age of each competitor will be considered at the examination, but will not be published in the list of prize winners, and the Editor will award the prizes to the best hundred girls who shall have been most successful in their work upon the standard demanded by her age. There will, therefore, be four prizes to girls of every age between ten and thirty years. Each volume will contain the name of the prize winner and the autograph of the Editor. Owing to the large number of prizes, no certificates will be awarded in connection with this competition.

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

AMOUNT previously acknowledged in No. 448 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £198 3s. 0½d.

R. E. W., 3d., Miss Ball, £1 1s., M. G. G., 2s. 6d., G. S., 1s., "Annie" (Vancouver), 8s., Agnes Caton (collected), 6s., Mabel Gertrude H., 2s., Edith Wilkinson (collected), 15s. 8d., May Margaret (collected), 5s., Augusta Appleford (collected), 4s. 2d., V. Gardner (collected), 10s., Little Nell, 6d., G. I., M. N., 5s., Margaret O. Young, £1, Alice Stanford (collected), 8s. 6d., Keturah, 2s. 6d., Alice Bohné (collected), 2s. 6d., May Sawyer (collected), 16s. 6d., Nina Hobman (collected), 11s., Louie Robarts (collected), £1, "In Memoriam," 10s., Mary Thrupp, 11s. 3d., Fannetta and Her Friends (collected), 10s. 6d., Edith G. Galloway (collected), 5s. 1d., T. Lawley, 1s., H. S. Howe (collected), 11s., I. C. (collected), 11s., L. Mead (collected), 2s., E. Dwyer (collected), 5s., Alice Maunder (collected), 5s., E. Rutty (collected), £1 1s. 7d., Florrie Shenton (collected), 7s., Emily Consterdine (collected), £1 2s., Queenie, 2s. 6d., A Sympathising Friend, 2s. 6d., Hannah Whittall (collected), 5s., E. Hardy (collected), 10s., Mrs. Dawson (collected), £1 8d., Katie M. McEwen (collected), 3s., Miss Howard (collected), 7s., "Water Lily," 1s., Edith Baker (collected), 10s., Miss H. Birchall (collected), £3 16s. 8d., Elinor Tindall, 1s., M. L. Beare (collected), £1 4s., L. H. Hawkes (collected), 5s., M. A. Fisher (collected), 9s. 9d., Mario and Ruby, 4s. 10d., K. Balch (collected), 2s., J. E. Baxter (collected), 5s. 3d., Bessie G. Wing (collected), 6s., A Humble Bee, 2s. 6d., Nellie Davis (collected), 10s., E. Reynolds (collected), 5s., Fannie Evendon (collected), 11s., A. Faulkner (annual), £1 1s., C. A. Macirone, £1, M. D. Learmount (collected), 15s. 9d., E. Lee (collected), 10s., A Sympathiser (Leeds), £1, Alicia Cummins (collected), 7s., Harriet Light (collected), 8s., Harriet Child (collected), £3 17s. 6d., Seven Readers (quarterly subscription), 1s. 9d., Alice F. Wycke (collected), 12s., Alice C. Fish (New Zealand) (collected), 11s., In Loving Memory of our Dear Mabel, £1, Constance Irene, 3d., Miss Willett (collected), 7s. 6d., Anon, 2s., Mrs. Gordon Smith (collected) £2 9s., Miss S. Kilner (collected), £1 6s. 6d., Miss C. Foster (collected), 4s., Miss L. A. (collected), 3s. 10d., W. S. and A. E. L., 1s., F. E. Miller, 5s., Mabel Pybus (collected), 15s. 9d., M. K. Telfer, 6d., Ellen S. Hamer (collected), £5 12s., "Heimiveh," 2s., L. M. (Douglas), 10s., Blanche Smith (collected), 14s., Lily Grigson, 1s., Maud Wade (collected), 2s. 4d., Mary, 7d., Miss Nossiter (collected), 10s., "Jersey Readers," 2s. 6d., Ada Bellaers (collected), £1 5s., Mrs. Nunns, 2s., Miss Horsley (collected), 6s., Two Sisters, 2s. 6d.

Total amount received up to July 19th, £250 1s. 5½d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPIDER.—1. Reading to an old woman, who cannot read for herself, would be an act of Christian charity by whomsoever performed. 2. We do not quite comprehend your last question. The knowledge of the apostles about the transfiguration and the coming of Moses and Elias was partly gathered from what they heard, even though they were heavy with sleep. The Bible narratives are too short to tell us all the small particulars which our common sense should enable us to gather as needful to complete the story, though they are not distinctly told us.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Try putting glycerine on the blanket where tea has stained it, and wash it in the usual way. Your letter was most gratifying. It is indeed a comfort and encouragement to hear that this paper has been so much blessed to you. You have our best good wishes.

NECESSITAS.—1. The first thing to do when you have written a book is to choose a publisher and get him to look at it. The subject of terms would have to be discussed between you, if he decided favourably. 2. We gave an excellent series of articles in which all your questions are answered, called "Work for All; or, Money for Industrious Girls," in vol. v.

IGNORANT ONE.—In the words "harmonium" and "hotel" and "houses," the "h" is aspirated. Pronounce the last as "howzes." The letter "h" itself alone is not aspirated, it is pronounced something like "aitch."

ANGELA REGIMUS.—The verses are very sorrowful and not very original, but the handwriting is too dreadful, and quite makes our eyes ache in reading it. Why end your words with that wonderful curly-cue in the air?

A BIBLE STUDENT should write to the office of either of the papers she mentions, and enclose stamps for the number she requires.

VOL. IX.—No. 453.] SEPTEMBER 1, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

SETTLED!

MRS. RIVERS had rushed off to her husband at the works to communicate her fluster and perplexity to him, and in a lesser degree to Arthur. The former, already in a fuming state of irritation over the bankruptcy of an old customer, was so infected with her excitement and curiosity, that he walked off straightway to the Crossleys' counting-house, and with more than his ordinary pomposity inquired for Mr. John.

Mr. John had not been at business that morning. The clerk believed both his governors were at Llama Lodge, con-

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"AS IF INTERROGATING SOME CLOUDLAND ORACLE WHAT REPLY TO MAKE."

sulting with Mr. Underwood's friends the terms of a fresh agreement. Such was the rumour in the office.

Back went Mr. Rivers, confirmed in his wife's opinion that there was some conspiracy on foot calculated to damage the interests of Arthur and his sisters, and that sneaking cad, Underwood, was at the bottom of it all. It was preposterous that both partners should remain away from business merely to cancel or renew an engagement with an *employé*. The counting-house was the fittest place for that. Matilda was right; the old maid and the lawyer were not together in John Crossley's brougham for nothing.

He groaned in spirit at the reflection. He had weighty reasons for desiring the countenance of the Crossleys. Apart from commercial interests, there was the approaching marriage of Maud with Major Hylton's son, and the necessity to obtain a large share of the bride's portion from homely John's overflowing coffers.

It was the unwritten creed of Matilda and James Rivers that John Crossley, having no children of his own, was bound in honour to adopt those of his wife's relations, theirs having priority. Hints had years ago been thrown out as to the desirability of finding a post for Arthur in their great establishment, where he could be brought under discipline and trained to be an efficient partner to his own father in the end. So that when the broad hint was disregarded, and Hubert Underwood absolutely invited to take the position tacitly denied to Arthur, with the additional favour of a home with the childless partner, their anxiety knew no bounds. He was stigmatised as "an interloper," and his speedy downfall predicted.

Seven years of trial had lifted him up, not toppled him over, and now what might not this untoward conference portend? Was it adoption or a partnership? No theory was too extravagant for supposition.

In any case, the distinguished honour done to poor Miss Pringle and her precious *protégé* threatened extinction to their own hopes and prospects. Would they, in favour, fail to remember how they had been alternately patronised and snubbed by Matilda and her offspring, and return the compliment in kind? James Rivers bubbled over with wrath at the thought, and in no measured terms reproached wife and son for the climax they had brought about by ill-manners and senseless folly; and he told his son he had better push on his love-making if he did not mean to lose his chance of Mabel, as well as the favour of John Crossley.

They were shooting guesses at a shadowy target, and, as is often the case, failed to hit the white.

The meeting at Llama Lodge was merely a combination of business with a quiet birthday celebration, and John Crossley had no idea when he sent his brougham for Miss Pringle and Mr. Townley what a commotion he would excite, or what conjectures would arise. He esteemed his wife's little cousin, in spite of her peculiarities and restricted means; indeed, he had more than once offered to increase her income, but that she had, with proud politeness, declined, saying, what she possessed sufficed for her positive needs.

An excellent luncheon had been provided, and when that was despatched, Mrs. Crossley retired to take her forty winks as usual, and the five others withdrew to the library for business.

As had been previously arranged by the elders, proceedings were opened by making Hubert for the first time acquainted with all the London detectives had done, or not done, to trace the fraudulent receivers of his father's property.

For this purpose Mr. Townley read out reports that had come to him from time to time, which we need only summarize.

The Scotland-yard authorities had reported the discovery of the bank through which Mr. Jessop had remitted his large payments to the account of Hubert Underwood; but not until a week after Mr. Sanderson had sailed, carrying with him attested declarations, etc.

They had likewise ascertained that two men always went together to draw out these remittances; rough-looking, horsey kind of men, whose roughness was ascribed to knock-about life in Australia. The one known at the bank as Hubert Underwood was a thick-set individual with bushy black beard and whiskers, and rather shifty *light* grey eyes; who wore a peculiar black overcoat which had never been made for him by a London tailor, it fitted so vilely, as the younger clerks had observed and remembered. Credentials and signatures were in order, the bushy beard and coat were known, payments had been made without hesitation. More than five years had elapsed since the last moneys were withdrawn, quite four since a credit note had come from Mr. Jessop, yet there was still a balance lying to Mr. Hubert Underwood's credit. The inquiries of the detectives had elicited no surprise at the bank, where an impression had sprung up that something was wrong, owing partly to the stoppage of withdrawals, partly to a letter of inquiry from Mr. Jessop, and partly from the insistence with which the old receiving clerk maintained that the Mr. Underwood who opened the account had *very dark eyes* and was *tall*, facts remembered when too late.

The report went on to say that the description of the two men already on the police register corresponded with that supplied at the bank. But as in the one case, so in the other, the men had left neither trace nor clue to identity.

Eleven years, and five years, were long periods to search over for men evidently disguised, and surreptitiously possessed of means to baffle detectives. There the first report had ended. A later one went on to say that careful scrutiny of police records and photographs had suggested the possible identity of the forger's confederate with a convict then undergoing penal servitude. Time would have to be allowed for further prosecution of the inquiry—which after all might end in disappointment.

Hubert, sitting with his head bent and his hands clasped tightly together between his knees, had listened with breathless attention. When Mr. Townley ended he drew a long breath, and looking up, asked, soberly—

"Is it absolutely necessary to pursue this inquiry any further? I am most reluctant to put my good friends to needless cost I may be years in refunding."

"Tut, tut!" broke sharply from the blinking lawyer. Miss Pringle wiped her eyes furtively.

"Do you not think, sir (addressing the lawyer), a copy of this report and a statement signed by the bank clerks relative to the light eyes and thickset figure of the man who wore my father's coat and forged his name, would suffice, as additional evidence to convince Mr. Jessop that the man was an impostor?"

"Aye, aye, that may be; but not to convince him that you are the legal heir. I hear he is not a man to take assertion for proof; and once bitten, twice shy. A man with a large property in trust is bound to exercise caution. But make your mind easy. An affidavit from the bank manager and a copy of the police report went off to Roughet Run by the last mail. In a few weeks we may expect to hear from Mr. Sanderson or Mr. Jessop. Meanwhile we must strengthen our case if we can. Is not that so, gentlemen?"

"Certainly!" "To be sure!" assented the brothers Crossley, two men with keen eyes, high cheek bones, and full yet kindly mouths. "And now," said the elder, "let us dispose of Australia and come back to Great Woolton. There, Mr. Underwood, is the indenture that bound you to us, cancelled and endorsed with our approbation of faithful service and good conduct; and there, sir (handing him a cheque), is a small present from the firm as a proof that our endorsement is genuine." The cheque was for £50.

"Oh, sirs, I did not expect this. I—I——" began Hubert, greatly agitated.

"You have saved us very much more than that on one or two occasions, Underwood," struck in Mr. John, "and now what we want to know is, whether you are willing to remain with us on an advanced and advancing salary, to which we will add a small commission, or whether you are anxious to shake off your trammels here and go on a wild goose chase to Australia. Nay, don't answer at once. Take time to consider."

Miss Pringle spoke never a word, but she watched the young man narrowly.

Hubert's heart beat wildly. It was a crisis in his life. All his old Australian longings came on with a rush. But Mabel! Aunt Pringle! Could he? Contending emotions choked his utterance.

"It needs no thinking, sirs," he said. "Every friend I have is in England. There are some I could never leave. Love and gratitude bind me with bonds of steel. I could not break them if I would. Aunt Pringle has been more than a mother to me. I have, as it were, had two homes, here and at Pilgrim Place. Mrs. Crossley, all of you, have treated me with the utmost kindness and warm-heartedness from the first. Under your auspices I have grown to healthy manhood. I should be a renegade, indeed, if, after all I have learned in your works, and your liberal offer now, I threw my seven years' study away for a chimera, or carried my services, what-

ever they may be worth, elsewhere. I am only too proud to accept your generous proposal; and I thank you, sirs, more than I can say. I own I have had strong desires to see Roughet Run once more, but that would entail sacrifices I am not prepared to make. And if it should happen that Mr. Jessop is open to conviction, and acknowledges my claim, why, he can remit to my account."

Before anyone else could reply, little Miss Pringle jumped to her feet, her eyes glistening with tears.

"Permit me to put in a word," she said, and then, with some prolixity and a profusion of P's, she electrified her hearers, or three of them, with a proposal to put five hundred pounds into Messrs. Crossley's business with their permission, as a safe investment for her dear boy Hubert, either to accumulate or otherwise.

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Mr. John, in blank amazement, startled off his guard. "Why we did not think you could find so many shillings!"

"Possibly not," she rejoined, quietly, drawing herself stiffly up, while Mr. Townley, with his chin in his hand, strode up to the book-shelves and winked and blinked at them. "Possibly not. But persons, even of small means, prudently disposed to spare and save, putting by something week by week, may, without parsimony, in thirty years or more, make provision for a purpose of this kind. But," she went on, mistaking their bewilderment, "perhaps you look upon the sum as too paltry to purchase even a prospective partnership in your prosperous concern."

"No, we don't," struck in Mr. John, in a sort of white heat, and a determination not to be outdone by poor Miss Pringle. "But I tell you what! Underwood has warmed up our childless fireside for many a year, and I think if you are willing to give the lad all your savings, I can do no less than double the sum. A thousand pounds will be a fair start and look better on the books. Eh, brother?"

"Exactly," assented the elder, as if nothing out of the common had been proposed.

And so it was settled; whilst Hubert looked from one to another, too much agitated and overwhelmed for speech.

One thing Miss Pringle stipulated—that her share in the transaction should not transpire. "Its publication would not promote peace in the Pringle family," she said.

To this the brothers agreed, with a sly chuckle. Mr. Townley was thereupon instructed to prepare the necessary documents and formal contract, and then the party, in the best of spirits, adjourned to the drawing-room, where Mrs. John Crossley and tea were in waiting.

"Well, my dear, we're not going to lose our boy," was Mr. John's salutation. "We have settled all that satisfactorily, so you may make yourself quite content." An announcement which seemed a signal for fresh hand-shaking and congratulations.

Not to lose him? We shall see.

Contracts were to be ready and signed, and Hubert was to resume his ordinary duties, under the new conditions combining salaried services with incipient—if unavowed—partnership, by Midsummer Day.

May turned its broad back on June that night, and Hubert, who rode home with Miss Pringle and Jasper Townley in John Crossley's brougham, had three weeks' holiday before him, of which he was laughingly told to make the most, as he would not have a chance of another in a hurry.

"Make the most of it? You may be sure I shall," said he, joyfully, with his foot on the step of the brougham, and a buoyant hope in his breast that was to crown his success with rapture for evermore.

Had the events of that day "turned the young fellow's head," as Mrs. Rivers foreboded? They might have done, taking his age into account, had not the deep sense of his obligations to Miss Pringle, and the conviction that it was more to her than to any merit of his own he owed the favours showered upon him, filled him with gratitude rather than the self-inflation of vanity. He was not such a numskull as to suppose he had done nothing towards his own upward progress, but he had the head to remember, and the heart to acknowledge, the pearls of wise counsel she had given at the outset of his career. That memory tempered his elation, and caused him, in the darkness of their drive home, to take her little gloved hand in his and press it to his lips with involuntary reverence that filled her eyes to overflowing.

Never had sunshine been so bright or sky so clear, never had song of lark been so sweet, or grass so green, as when he crossed the meadows that fair first of June, to bear the tidings of his good fortune to his friends at Upland Farm—to one more than all.

Phillis, busied about the flower-beds in the front garden, heard his coming footsteps in the lane above the gurgling of the noisy runnel, and sprang to her feet, trowel in hand, to welcome his unexpected visit, with varying colour. His countenance said he was the bearer of good news.

A brief "Good morning, Phillis;" a questioning "Where is Mabel?" an answer given, and he was striding over the gravel, past the busy bee-hives and round the corner to the open French window and to Mabel, intent on some feminine adornment of ribbon and lace.

At first she was disposed to resent the eagerness with which he sprang towards her, and the "Dearest Mabel" with which he caught her hand in his. He had disarranged her trimming, and she frowned.

But when he began, "Oh, Mabel, dear, congratulate me! I have made another step towards fortune; Crossley Brothers have made most generous offers to me; you need no longer hesitate to give me your promise, Mabel," she listened as if she shared his eagerness; and leaving her hand in his, fixed her wondrous blue eyes on some vanishing point in the unseen landscape, as if interrogating some cloudland oracle what reply to make.

"If you love me, Mabel, answer me," he went on. "You know I would not press for an engagement if you could not give me your whole heart as I have given mine to you. Nor would I bind you with a promise if I did not feel assured that I could make a happy home for you within a year or so. Do let me tell your father that you have promised to be mine. It is not honourable for me to come here week by week as I do, without his sanction. If I came only as an old friend it would be different. But you know, Mabel, darling, it is not so."

"Oh, dear," said she, at last, "can you not be content as we are? You know I don't care to be absolutely engaged. It is such a tie."

"A tie!" he echoed, in surprised displeasure; "so is marriage, a most sacred tie."

He had previously drawn her to the sofa and his side. Now he rose and paced the floor, a cloud upon his brow. Something in the words and tone had jarred unpleasantly. She had a misgiving that she had made a mistake. Felt as if she were about to lose him. She cared too much for him to let him go.

Presently she left her seat and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Hubert, you misunderstood me," she said.

"Scarcely," he replied, without turning round; "your words were sufficiently plain."

"Ah, but I did not mean them in earnest," was said, winningly, if not quite truthfully. And having made the admission to restore harmony, she could not well retract when he asked point blank what she did mean in earnest.

It was late in the afternoon when Miss Pringle from behind her flower-pots perceived Hubert and the Rev. Ernest Hope come down the road arm in arm, and shake hands warmly in parting at her gate.

There was in the manner of the former an elation more exuberant than she had seen on the previous day. She saw it in his face, heard it in his step, the very rattle he made in putting down his stick and hanging up his hat in the passage.

He stooped to kiss the little lady as she rose to meet him.

"Wish me joy, dear aunt. It is all settled. I overflow with happiness. She has accepted me at last."

Miss Pringle looked up with a question on her lip.

"Who? Not Lucy?"

"No, no. Do you think I'd take Bob's sweetheart from him? No, Bob's sweet sister, your dear niece, Aunt Pringle."

She never asked which niece. The words conveyed but one meaning to her ears. She had but one "dear niece," the other was—well, not dear. Tears of delight sprang to her eyes. Hope was realised. She grasped his hand. "God bless you both, my dear boy. You have made my old heart glad. She is a pure pearl. She will do you good and not evil all the days of your life. But you do not propose to marry on your present prospects?"

"Oh, no, she is willing to wait two or even three years for me; in fact, she suggested it."

"Aye, aye," murmured the old lady to herself, "she is prudent as well as patient and pious. She is all I prophesied. God bless her—and you."

(To be continued.)

A HOLIDAY IN NORWAY.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

As I mentioned in the last article, Norway has become a tourists' beat, and is the latest playground discovered by the English wherein to spend their holidays. The country cannot be said to be overrun in the sense that Switzerland and the Rhine are overrun, and certainly it will be years before Norway can be visited by such vast numbers of people as year by year travel to Switzerland and find never-ceasing enjoyment in contemplating the glorious ranges of the Alps and the picturesque and grand scenery of the sturdy little republic.

The luxurious and the weakly will at all events not choose Norway for their holiday tour, and those who seek rest and balmy air will probably never feel disposed to go north to a country which, though mild when we consider its high latitude, is yet of course more severe than England, and necessarily a country where travelling is attended with a large amount of fatigue. But many of those who do go to Norway, and their number is greatly increasing every year, come back so enthusiastic, so intensely delighted, as to declare Norway to be incomparably the grandest country in Europe; in fact, many go so far as to vow they will go every year to the land of the Vikings, and never wish to travel in any other country. Some of these enthusiasts who have been to Switzerland, make a comparison between the countries enormously in favour of Norway, and are almost offended that their opinions are not immediately endorsed. Notoriously comparisons are odious, and in this case quite unnecessary. The picturesque mountain formations and the narrow gorges of Switzerland are probably unequalled in Europe, and certainly in Norway; but the wild grandeur, the countless fjords, and the splendid waterfalls of Norway are also unequalled, and it would be invidious to draw comparisons between the two countries both so perfect in their way, but presenting scenes so entirely different.

In the last article we had arrived at the top of the fine Bratlansdal, and at a short distance from this is Botten, on the banks of a lake. The whole party here got into a huge, heavy-looking boat, somewhat resembling a punt, and four strong men pulled us to the opposite bank, whence a short walk brought us to the station of Röldal. The six parties of tourists had been by this time reduced to two, three young men and their two sisters forming one party, and ourselves forming the other. The station of Röldal was not sufficiently large for all of us, so my friend and I were "put up" by an old peasant woman, whose little cottage served as a kind of humble pension to the station opposite. Röldal is very primitive, so primitive, in fact, that it is not considered necessary for a house to possess a door which can be locked. Our room opened into a little passage separated from the road by a door which would not even close, and of course there was nothing to prevent a passer-by from entering and carrying off our luggage while we were asleep. No such thing happened, however, and we slept soundly till eight the next morning, the hour at which we had to start for our long drive to Odde.

The view from Röldal is that of a vast expanse of country surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, only a portion of the large lake being visible. After leaving Röldal we immediately commenced to climb a huge and rather bare mountain, and as we mounted higher and higher we obtained a more and more extended view of the valley and of the lake, so large a portion of which is hidden at Röldal. Stern and bare is the scene at the top of the mountain; there are no trees, nothing green in fact; snow was lying in several places, and a feeling of utter desolation came over us. Our little horse was very tired after so long a climb, and we rested awhile and bade farewell to the valley and lake of Röldal.

We drove quickly over the barren height, and soon arrived at the other side of the mountain, where another valley, and one of great beauty, was enfolded beneath us. In the distance the far-famed Folgefond glistened like crystal, almost too dazzling an object to look upon. We seemed to tear down the zigzag path, and at every turn of the road the valley appeared more and more beautiful, until arriving at the base of the mountain we seemed in a perfect garden of Eden. Mountains of various shapes, covered with verdure, surrounded us, from the sides of which innumerable waterfalls—the Espelandsfos, the Lotefos, the Vifos, and others—poured their waters into the river; some, like the Swiss Staubbach, swayed by the wind, others of mighty volume, like a river thrust over a precipice, emptying their waters with a sound like thunder; and now and again, high above the surrounding country, we caught glimpses of the Folgefond crowning the perfect beauty with the dazzling white of its eternal snow.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often present together, and in this case the ridiculous was represented by our skydsgut, who for an hour or so treated us to Norwegian comic songs and kept making jokes in broken English, and laughing and jabbering to us when we would fain have been quiet. As a rule the skydsguts and the Norwegians generally are solemn and taciturn, and not at all given to joking; but this boy was irrepressible; everything seemed to afford him amusement, and he had the impertinence to chaff us and other English tourists. I must say, however, that he interested us more than any other Norwegian we had come across, being such a curious mixture of talent and impudence; for clever he undoubtedly was, and out and out the smartest and most intelligent being we met in Norway.

Odde is one of the chief centres of Norway. Its position is a little like that of Lucerne, and the Hardanger Fjord, on the southern branch of which the little town is placed, resembles to some extent the lake of the Forest cantons. So far our journey had been through a little known district, but on arriving at Odde we found a crowd of tourists, two or three excellent hotels, guides, planned excursions, and all the paraphernalia of a fashionable summer resort. At the *table d'hôte* gathering at the Hardanger hotel, so like its great Swiss progenitors, we recognised many of our fellow-passengers of the Eldorado, who, unlike ourselves, had gone on to Bergen and travelled by the stereotyped route *via* Vossevangen.

The Sör Fjord, the southern arm of the great Hardanger, in my opinion presents more interesting scenery than any fjord in Norway; it is not so grand as the Nærö Fjord or the Geiranger, but is more picturesque, more varied, far better wooded, and altogether of that character which gives us more lasting pleasure. The great excursion from Odde is to the Skjæggedalsfos, the king of Norwegian waterfalls, only comparatively recently discovered, but now well-known from illustrations and descriptions. The obliging host of the Hardanger hotel procured us a guide for the day following our arrival at Odde, and we started early in the morning, carrying provisions with us, it being our intention to stay over night at Skjæggedal, a primitive little farm a few miles distant from the great fall.

It was a horrid day, cold and wet, and a heavy mist hung over the great fjord. We put on our waterproofs, however, and pushed off in a clumsy old wooden punt, and our guide, an old man, but prodigiously strong, had to exert all his strength to prevent the boat from veering round. The wind dropped after awhile, and it was well that it did, for in stormy weather the great fjords are very dangerous, besides which the guide was getting exhausted, and could never have reached Tyssedal had the storm continued.

There is no necessity to describe the climb to Skjæggedal, as our readers know it well by this time, but very few excursionists stay the night at the little farm which gives its name to the fall. The farmer and proprietor of the inn, Jacob by name, was well known to the other tourists at Odde, and his appearance had been described to us several times, and had we not been prepared beforehand I fear Jacob would have frightened us out of our intention of staying at Skjæggedal. A more singularly deformed man I never saw; his face looked scarcely human, and was perhaps more like that of a hawk than anything else; but this hideous exterior was no index to the character of the man, and Jacob proved on further acquaintance to be a very good sort, and considerably more intelligent than the majority of his countrymen.

To say that the inn, or rather farm, was primitive is not nearly enough, for it possessed absolutely nothing except a ricketty old bedstead with a new-mown hay mattress, a heavy rug, and an old wooden chest which did duty for chairs and table. Our food we had brought with us from Odde, and Jacob provided us with some good coffee and milk; but it must be confessed our meal was a poor one and not sufficient in quantity, as half the contents of the hamper had to be kept until the morning to do duty as breakfast. We took a short walk after our meal and explored the wild scenery in the neighbourhood of the farm, and on returning went at once to bed, but not, alas! to sleep. A mattress of new-mown hay sounds quite nice, and may suit those who are

accustomed to it; but we could not sleep a wink all night, and the strong aroma of the hay gave us a splitting headache.

We continued our journey to the Skjæggedalsfos early in the morning accompanied by Jacob and our guide, and were more fortunate with the weather. The solemn and mysterious scenery of the lakes Vetlevand and Ringedalsvand, the beautiful twin fall Tyssestrengene are fitting introductions to the glorious Skjæggedalsfos; for though we feel the great fall itself cannot surprise and delight us more than the scenery in its neighbourhood, yet we are mistaken, and on passing a bend in the lake the Skjæggedalsfos bursts on us like a vision and fills up the measure of our admiration, and makes us almost forget the grandeur which had so greatly raised our expectations, to be fulfilled, however, the moment the crescent-shaped fall came in sight.

GUDVANGEN AND THE NÆRÖ FJORD.
(*From a photograph by Mr. G. H. Hodges.*)

The steamboat journey from Odde to Ulvik over the Sör Fjord is beautiful the whole way, and full of variety, but of course a good deal of the enjoyment of the trip is spoilt if the weather is bad. It poured with rain when we were there, and the mist often shut out from sight both banks of the fjord; but occasionally a burst of sunshine lit up with magical effect the beautiful scenery and the rich vegetation, for which this branch of the Hardanger is famous.

Most of the tourists got off the steamer at Vik, the station for the Vöringsfos, one of the most famous of Norwegian waterfalls; but we went on to Ulvik, and proceeded at once to Vesterim's Hotel. On entering the hall we were astonished at the number of people assembled, not travellers, but Norwegians, handsomely dressed, and evidently well-to-do gentlefolk. In the drawing-room of the hotel more surprises were in store for us. Gathered round a table, spread with cakes and wine, and other excellent provisions, not at all such as we associate with Norwegian hotel fare, were a number of people engaged in conversation and partaking of the refreshments. Presently one of the ladies got up from the table, and going to the piano, played one of Grieg's beautiful pieces; this was followed by a song, after which a delightfully played duet for violin and piano roused us to such enthusiasm that we applauded with the rest, and forgot for the moment that we were probably intruders. My friend suggested that we should join the party and get a good meal while we could; but at this minute a squarely built and fine-looking Norwegian woman, in national costume, approached us, and in a mixture of Norsk and English we asked her what it all meant. The hostess, for such she turned out to be, explained that it was a wedding anniversary gathering, and said we might listen to the music if we liked, but could, of course, take no further part in the festivities, being strangers.

We were glad of so good an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners of Norwegians of the better class. It was a charming gathering; there seemed so much kindness, so much quiet sentiment about these people, and their volkslieder, sung with such simple pathos, were typical of the race, and spoke of a deep-seated patriotism, a love of country, increased rather than diminished by national misfortune. There is often so great a charm about a people who have not been too successful, and, like the individual who has tasted of the bitter fruits of adversity but has not lost heart, a subdued dignity and a halo of romance seems to surround them.

The bridegroom, to whose honour the party was given, was a remarkable and fine looking old gentleman, and was evidently much touched by the kindly speeches which were addressed to him. Of course we could not understand all that was said, but the general drift of the speeches was intelligible to us, and like with the Southern Germans, more grandiloquent rhetoric and considerably more gesture was employed than is usual in England.

After the speeches there was more music, and then the whole party adjourned to the dining-room of the hotel, and partook of the *table d' hôte*, together with ourselves and a few other tourists who had just arrived from Odde.

After dining, my friend suggested that we should drink to the health of the bridegroom; and notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the other tourists and myself to dissuade him from it, and who, English like, would have kept aloof, he rose and made a pretty speech, which was interpreted to the company, and gave them the greatest satisfaction. I don't think I ever saw people more pleased; it seemed to touch them, that we, strangers and foreigners, should be so courteous and kind.

We walked over the mountains from Ulvik to Eide, where we dined, and afterwards went on by stolkjærre to Vossevangen, passing some gorgeous scenery, and spent the night at Fleischer's excellent hotel. Proceeding on our journey through a long district of, at times, most uninteresting scenery, we arrived at midday at Stalheim, where there is a large, new hotel with all the modern improvements. The hotel was quite full, but a place was made for us at the *table d'hôte*, and a very good dinner provided, far too good a one for the company, which consisted entirely of English tourists of the most objectionable kind. Perhaps it is as well to remark here that many of the English one meets in Norway are a disgrace to their country, and have to be shunned by their more respectable compatriots. Having travelled in France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, I had come to the conclusion that Britons abroad had been much maligned, and were as a rule by no means the egotistical, objectionable, and narrow-minded beings represented by our satirists of the last generation. But if when the Continent was more or less new to them, and when travelling was a little more arduous than now, they behaved in the manner that so many of the tourists one meets in Norway do, nothing that has been said of them is sufficiently severe.

As I have said, the scenery until we get to the hotel at Stalheim is not interesting, but we are approaching by far the grandest valley, and perhaps the most splendid fjord in Norway. At the hotel the ground rises a little, and the road, which bears slightly to the right, appears to stop and end in a precipice, and right in front of us is the transcendently glorious Nærödal. Looking over the cliff we see the path zig-zagging down the mountain known as the Stalheimsklev, and winding its way down into the very depths of the valley, several times crossing the clear river which it accompanies when level ground is reached, and does not leave till Gudvangen, where the Nærö Fjord commences. But to return to the Nærödal; on either side are colossal precipices, over four thousand feet high, and

facing us a mountain with a round conical summit of a light grey colour, a huge pillar of rock rising straight from the valley to the height of 3,600 feet. There are two or three waterfalls, but these are almost forgotten until having feasted our eyes on the stupendous magnificence of the Jordalsnut, the central object of the Nærödal, we take in the whole scene.

We changed our stolkjærre at Stalheim and were driven down the zigzags of the Stalheimsklev at a maddening pace. The skydsgut, an excitable, wild sort of man, kept urging on the little pony, a pretty cream-coloured mare, until we seemed to fly through the air. In a minute, so it seemed, we had traversed the sixteen bends of the ribbon path, and at every step more and more profound and awful the Nærödal appeared, until arriving at the base of the Jordalsnut and looking first up at its giddy height, then to the right at the still loftier Kalda Fjeld, then at the two graceful waterfalls, we voted the Nærödal the most perfect and ideal example of Norwegian scenery, for it is thoroughly Norwegian, not at all like anything in Switzerland, and only comparable with other scenes in Norway, all of which, however, it surpasses.

The Nærö Fjord and the Nærödal are continuations of one another, the difference being that in the Nærö Fjord the mountains rise from the beautifully clear water, quite as precipitously, however, as in the Nærödal and of equally picturesque forms. The Nærö Fjord leads to Aurlands Fjord, which is not nearly so fine; and steaming directly north and leaving the main body of the great Sogne Fjord on the left, we turned to the right into the Lærdals Fjord and reached Lærdalsören, a dusty hot kind of place, much frequented as a centre for interesting excursions, but not a pleasant place to stop at.

The Norwegians arrange the times for the long journeys on the great fjords very badly. I fancy they must have a preference for night travelling; if not, why is it necessary that the journey from Lærdalsören to Vadheim, on the Sogne, should be made at night-time; more especially when the steamers have berths for about half the passengers at most, and the remaining half have to sleep on deck with nothing but their own rugs to keep them warm? This was a very unpleasant journey. My friend had been fortunate enough to secure a berth, so he was a little better off; but I could not sleep all night on account of the cold. The scenery on the great Sogne is very monotonous and not interesting; in fact, the great fjords in Norway are generally not striking, their little offshoots, such as the Nærö Fjord, on the Sogne, and the Sör Fjord, on the Hardanger, being infinitely grander.

When the steamer arrived at Vadheim there was a rush for breakfast, and seeing that so large a party would probably take a long time to be served, we went on another stage to Sande, and breakfasted quietly by ourselves. From Sande to Förde Bradheimsvand some wild scenery is passed, though until we get to the Bradheimsvand there is nothing particularly remarkable. On our right the whole way, but not at any time visible, is the mighty Jostedalbræ, the largest glacier in Europe, and five hundred square miles in extent.

We have to cross a lake to get to Red, after which the road ascends a steep mountain, which we have to walk up—a tremendous climb, but we are amply repaid for the trouble, as on arriving at the top a glorious view of glaciers, mountains, and fjords is obtained. A very steep descent then takes us to Utviken, not far from which is Faleide, where we stayed for two days and made excursions to Loen and Olden, to see the glaciers which descend from the mighty Jostedalbræ right into the valley, presenting the characteristics of Alpine scenery.

There is no space to describe the country between Faleide and Hellesylt; suffice it to say that it is interesting the whole way. Grodaas is passed, and the singular peak of Hornindalsrokken (distaff), and just before we arrive at Hellesylt there is the splendid Nebbedal, with its peculiar mountain formations and innumerable waterfalls, almost equal in sublimity to the valley between Röldal and Odde. Hellesylt is the station from which the excursion to the Geiranger is made, which, as my readers probably know, yields in grandeur to none in Norway, with the exception of the Nærö Fjord.

Our time was now drawing to a close, as we had to catch up the Eldorado at Bergen, having taken return tickets, but we longed to get a glimpse of the far-famed Romsdal district, and hearing there was a side route from Sylte, a few hours' journey from Hellesylt, we determined to go by it, though it entailed a walk of from ten to twelve hours over mountains, the wading of rivers, and other rough experiences. But the walk is simply superb, and combines many of the characteristics of Alpine scenery with much of the beauty which is purely Norwegian. We left the steamer at Sylte, and after a meal at Gröningsæter's Inn, commenced the journey by stolkjærre. The road, unlike most of those in Norway, was very rough and badly made, and the pony stumbled occasionally and fell down at one place—a rare thing with Norwegian ponies. We ascended the whole way to Langdal, at first through a cultivated district, then through a desolate one, with superb distant views of fjelds of glistening ice. As we approached Langdal the weather became stormy, and we were enveloped in a heavy mist, which now and then lifted in a curious way, when a burst of sunshine lit up the distant fjelds with splendid effect.

At Langdal we bade adieu to the stolkjærre, and "refreshed" ourselves with a meal of flat bread, which has about as much flavour as a piece of parchment, and greatly resembles it in appearance. The first part of the walk is over a stony and rocky path, and would be wearisome but for the magnificent distant views of mountains and fjelds. A river and a small lake are waded before the top of the pass is reached; after this there is a stiff climb, and suddenly a superb view of desolate grandeur bursts upon us. The grand peaks of the Troltinderne rise abruptly from the stony path, and are of the most fantastic and peculiar forms; two especially, known as the King and Queen, are more striking, and indeed more lofty than the celebrated Romsdalshorn, which we caught a glimpse of as we neared the station of Veblungsnæs. The quarters at Veblungsnæs were quite luxurious, and we stayed some part of the following day at the inn to recover from the effects of our tiring expedition.

The most northern point of our tour was Molde, but our journey thence was too hurried to enable us to visit all the interesting places in this part of Norway; what we did see, however, delighted us more, perhaps, than anything else in the country, and formed a fitting termination to our tour in the land of the Vikings.

The return journey, first from Molde to Bergen, then from Bergen to Hull, is a blank to us, for we were ill the whole way; but on arriving home again and thinking over the tour, we endorsed much of the great praise which has been lavished on this most interesting country, and though we remain faithful to our first love, Switzerland, and give to it the palm for magnificent scenery, yet this does not prevent us from appreciating the different beauties and the wild grandeur of Gamle Norge.

THE BOAT COMING OFF TO THE STEAMER.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

By GRACE STEBBING, Author of "That Aggravating Schoolgirl," etc.

CHAPTER I.

HAROLD AND VI.

"I NEVER did see anything like the vanity of men," exclaimed Violet Bosworth, with a toss of her pretty head and a pout of her rosy lips.

The "man" at whom the ejaculation was especially flung at the present minute reckoned his years only by eighteen, so he took the remark with more complacency than indignation.

As a rule this seventeen-year-old sister of his would persist in addressing observations intended for his benefit to "boys." She would have done so now, probably, but that her thoughts were concerned at the minute as much with her elder brothers and their father, as with himself.

The last few months Miss Vi had begun to consider herself very grown-up, very capable and self-sufficient; as she was at the same time indolent, somewhat given to selfishness, and very dreamy, her pretensions were so often belied by facts that the men folk of her family not infrequently took her to point their remarks upon "the incapableness and womanishness of women." Harold, the youngest, was particularly fond of being keen and cutting on the subject, and Vi was growing increasingly wrathful at his attitude of mentor, guide, and guardian.

In the so far distant future he laid the self-appointed office down just when her love and gratitude—— But wait, we are forestalling.

The Bosworth family consisted of father, mother, three sons, and two daughters. Of this family, Frank, a promising young stock-broker, was the eldest; and brown-eyed Violet, the flower of the flock, the youngest. In these sunlit August days the whole of them were enjoying the delights of a united holiday, and to suit the convenience of Dr. Jack, who had recently obtained an appointment as house surgeon to a hospital in the far west of England, the locality chosen for this year's trip was a lonely and unsophisticated little hamlet on the Cornish coast.

"Even when my fortnight's leave has come to an end I shall be able to get over to you here, mother, from time to time for a night or so, if the season continues as astoundingly healthy as it is just now."

"Thank God!" murmured the gentle mother, in a joint gratitude that others were spared the pain and anxiety of sickness, and that she herself might look for more of the society of her beloved boy than she had ventured to hope. "It is such happiness, my dear, to us all to be together once more."

As she spoke she stepped through the open French window into the room where her two youngest children were engaged in one of their many small sparring matches. Harold dashed up to her in his usual impulsive fashion.

"It is very well for you to say so, mums; but I can tell you what it is, here are the girls tired of our society already. They have made up their minds to go off somewhere to-day without us, and because I ventured to say that as likely as not they would get into trouble if they did so, along this wild unknown coast, Vi here has flared up like a regular little spit-fire."

Vi's pretty soft cheeks flamed crimson at the accusation.

"Oh! mother, Harold does exaggerate so! But it is trying that we women must always be looked down upon as such a set of incapables. And as for being tired of the boys—well, of course he knows that's nonsense as well as we do."

The brown eyes were full of tears, and there was such a pitiful little quiver also on the lips, that Jack felt it incumbent upon him to put his arm round his young sister, and give her a kiss for comfort's sake, as he echoed her latter statement—

"Of course he does! And so, that point settled, Sis, what's to do next? In other words, just hurry up, won't you, and go and assist Lil in the becoming adjustment of her hat; get her to perform the same kind office by your ladyship, and then let us start off forthwith on a fresh exploring expedition, or the morning will have explored itself into afternoon."

But the colour deepened in Violet's cheeks once more, as, instead of obeying, she half lifted her face, and then dropped it again in some confusion, stammering—

"But—but—Jack—although we aren't tired of you, Lil and I do wish—wish to——"

"To be rid of us," broke in Harold, brusquely. "What's the good of all this beating about the bush when the truth is as plain as a pikestaff? And perhaps another time, Jack, you'll have the politeness to believe me! Meantime, as I've no desire to force my society where it's unwelcome, I'll be off; and if you break your necks or get drowned you won't expect me to be sorry."

"O dear no!" retorted Vi, through her tears. "Don't frighten yourself! On the contrary, we shall expect you to dance for joy that your prophecy had come true, and that your low opinion of woman's capacities has been so clearly verified. No doubt in such an event you would be able to throw in an extra hurrah also, for delight that the world was well rid of a couple of miserable nonentities."

"Ah! precisely so. How clever you are at hitting the right nail on the head!" was the equally irritable and absurd reply.

Mrs. Bosworth lifted her head quickly, as she exclaimed, in grieved remonstrance, "My children, my children! Think only, if you will consider nothing else, think of the bitter days you may be laying up in store for yourselves, if our Father should indeed call upon you to bear the final separation with one another as soon as you infer."

But Harold had disappeared from the house before the tender, grave expostulation had come to an end. The girl answered to it according to those better and truer impulses of her nature which she had allowed to be smothered beneath the gust of passion for a while. She threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed with a foretaste of the remorseful sorrow pictured to her mind, and then she whispered penitently—

"Oh, mother, no wonder Harold thinks me weak and stupid, when he sees me irritated to this degree for a mere trifle! But his words vexed me more to-day because it is really on his account that Lil and I have made this plan for the morning."

Mrs. Bosworth looked mystified, and Jack, judging by a hasty glance cast at him by his sister that his room was also more desired at the minute than his company, took himself off as quickly but less demonstratively than his brother.

"That's it," he muttered to himself with a smile. "It is the birthday present business that is on hand, to a certainty. No doubt that dilatory child, Vi, has put off the preparation of hers to the last minute, as usual, and now she is at her wit's end, of course, to work at them out of our sight."

CHAPTER II.

A PRESENT OF A NEW NOTHING.

THE birthday of Harold Bosworth coming within three days of the anniversary of his brother Jack's, the yearly celebration of both had henceforth been kept together, and since the brothers had taken to claiming home-made gifts, instead of bought ones, at their sisters' hands, Violet had learnt to find the long days of the first week in August all too short for the performance of her double tasks.

To tell the truth, the young lady was not fond of work of any kind. It was habitually put off on any possible pretext, and it had been a by no means uncommon occurrence, when the birthdays arrived, for the younger sister to present her gifts in an unfinished condition, with the accompaniment of shamefaced blushes, tears, and promises.

As a rule the recipients had kissed, and comforted, and thanked, and laughed; but last year Harold had broken out indignantly. Just as they were about to sit down to dinner with a party of friends, Miss Vi had come to him with a couple of strips of American cloth and crimson silk, accompanied by the usual red cheeks, drooping eyelids, and stammering tongue—

"These—these—are for the—the housewife, Harold, that you said you would like for your birthday."

A moment's dead silence, and then the unfortunate Harold burst forth in mingled anger and scorn—

"Yes, I did. You asked me to choose, and I chose a housewife to take abroad with me, and you described how you should have so many needles threaded on to a reel of white cotton, and so many on to a reel of black, that I might have no trouble in threading them myself. And we carefully discussed the buttons and scissors, and all else it was to contain. And I was to be sure not to get one from anyone else; you would be sure to satisfy me. So you have, indeed, done that—satisfied me that I am an idiot to put any trust in you."

Violet began to sob. "I—I—never thought you would be so disappointed as all this."

Harold threw back his head with a snort of indignation, as he retorted—

"Well, no, of course you didn't. If I had not been an idiot I should have remembered that you never keep your promises. But as it is, here I am. I start off to-morrow morning by the 6.20 train, as you very well know, and have no longer a chance to provide myself with any of those small necessaries that I trusted to you to see to. Well, I have had a lesson for another time."

The said lesson was taken so thoroughly to heart, that when next Violetta asked Harold to choose what his birthday gift from her should be, he utterly refused to mention anything.

"Give me what you like, and then if your liking should be for a new nothing, I shall not have to feel annoyed or disappointed. I haven't forgotten last year yet."

"You are a bad, disagreeable boy," returned Violet, more hurt and mortified than she would have cared to confess. "You just deserve to go without anything."

"*All right*," was the retort, "now you have told me your opinion I know what to expect. That is lots less disappointing than getting a scamped-over affair, months too late to be of any use, according to your usual style."

This short altercation took place towards the end of June, on the return of Harold from keeping his first term at Oxford, and for some days his "unkindness" furnished Violet with all the excuse she wanted, for not undertaking more exertion than that already demanded of her by her governess and masters. But very soon first one course, then another, came to an end for the summer holidays, and Miss Vi's conscience had leisure to grow uncomfortable. Harold must have something on his birthday, in spite of sharp speeches; of course he must. She must hurry on with her present for Jack, and then she would set to work on one for Hal.

This decision was come to during the first week in July; but, alas for Vi's good intentions! the first week in August saw Jack's slippers still unfinished, and nothing even decided upon for her youngest brother.

"And he will think me more horrid than ever," sighed Violet to her sister on Sunday night, "when Thursday comes, and he finds that I actually have nothing for him. With the best will in the world I could not work anything worth having by then."

"Not work anything? No, perhaps not," replied Lilian quickly, with a sudden inspiration. "But you could paint something; just a slight sketch, I mean. A sketch of that view to which Harold took such a fancy on Friday, you know, from the midst of that rocky nook we all clambered into to eat our lunch."

Violet eagerly seized upon the suggestion. She had lately developed a considerable talent for sketching, and delighted in it besides; and the plan was forthwith concocted which Vi hastened to broach to Harold directly after breakfast the next morning. The brothers were to go about their business in one direction, the sisters in another. Harold meantime had concocted another plan, of so very opposite a character, that he received his sister's announcement with a very bad grace, as we have seen. Violet herself was so much out of heart with it by the time she had sobbed forth the whole matter to her mother, that it would have certainly been thrown over had she been left to her own devices. Lilian, the quick, and bright, and energetic, had to make all the preparations, and finally literally put her sister's hat on her head before she could get her to set out on their expedition. At last, however, they were fairly started, Lilian carrying her sister's easel and drawing-board, and Vi burdened with only the light basket containing paint-box and lunch.

"You won't expect us till you see us, mother, darling," called back Lilian, cheerfully.

"And I'm sure that won't be at all if Lil insists upon us staying till I have produced a work of art such as she seems to expect," called back Violet, despondently, and with a far truer note of prophecy than she had any notion of.

(*To be concluded.*)

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER X.

MATTERS did not improve. It was the years '78 and '79, when agricultural returns were diminishing day after day.

Tom might have weathered the storm if he had had pluck enough to meet it, but the dark trouble at home cowed him, the sense of degradation never left him. When he had made up his mind to the sacrifice of marrying Lettice Colston, he had not known what a powerful ruling passion the honest pride and self-respect of a strong man is. That aspect of the matter had not presented itself plainly before his eyes. He had been too much absorbed in the horror and grief of the shock of finding his ideal so imperfect that he had scarcely thought of the eye of the world, the public opinion which surrounds every action of a man's life, and is so much more important to him than he deems it.

But the time arrived when it came upon him with tenfold force. It took possession of him; he fancied himself a mark for pity and even jest.

Once by accident he overheard a few words spoken about his wife at the Brainton Club, words of compassion for himself and uncompromising condemnation of her, and he took his name off the books and never went there again.

Bessie grew thin and white; the anxiety was becoming too much for her, for the old story was repeated over and over again, and the strange cunning of the unhappy Lettice defeated all their vigilance.

At last there came a day on which Tom broke down altogether. He came home late from market; Bessie was out; she had been obliged to go out on some necessary errand, and only his wife was at home, and she was, as too frequently the case, stupefied and half asleep.

The loathing that came over him with overpowering force, as he saw her sitting there, so gloriously beautiful, so terribly degraded, frightened him. A fearful temptation came over him to strike her, to vent this furious agony upon her, and had he yielded, it might have ended in a terrible manner; but his own passion scared him, and he fought it as if the darkest temptation of the devil, and fled away out of his own house, anywhere away from this woman who was his wife.

Bessie sat up all night, and he never came home. That night Lettice knew nothing, but the next day her terror awoke also.

Tom was gone, whither no one knew. Would he ever come back?

Bessie's steady, gentle patience gave way, and she turned upon her sister-in-law and spoke with bitter words of reproach.

"It is your doing. It is you that have driven him away," she cried, passionately.

It was, perhaps, the only thing that would have arrested Lettice in her rapid descent down hill; a check was needed as violent as this. The Brandreths had no idea of the violence to which she had been accustomed; they had treated her with a tender forbearance and delicacy that were lost on one whose perceptions were dulled and blunted. The sudden change brought her to her senses.

"What have I done?" she said.

Bessie was firm now. "You have destroyed my brother," she said; "you shall not destroy yourself."

She compelled her to yield up her secret store; she gave up all her household duties and interests, and set herself to watch Lettice night and day.

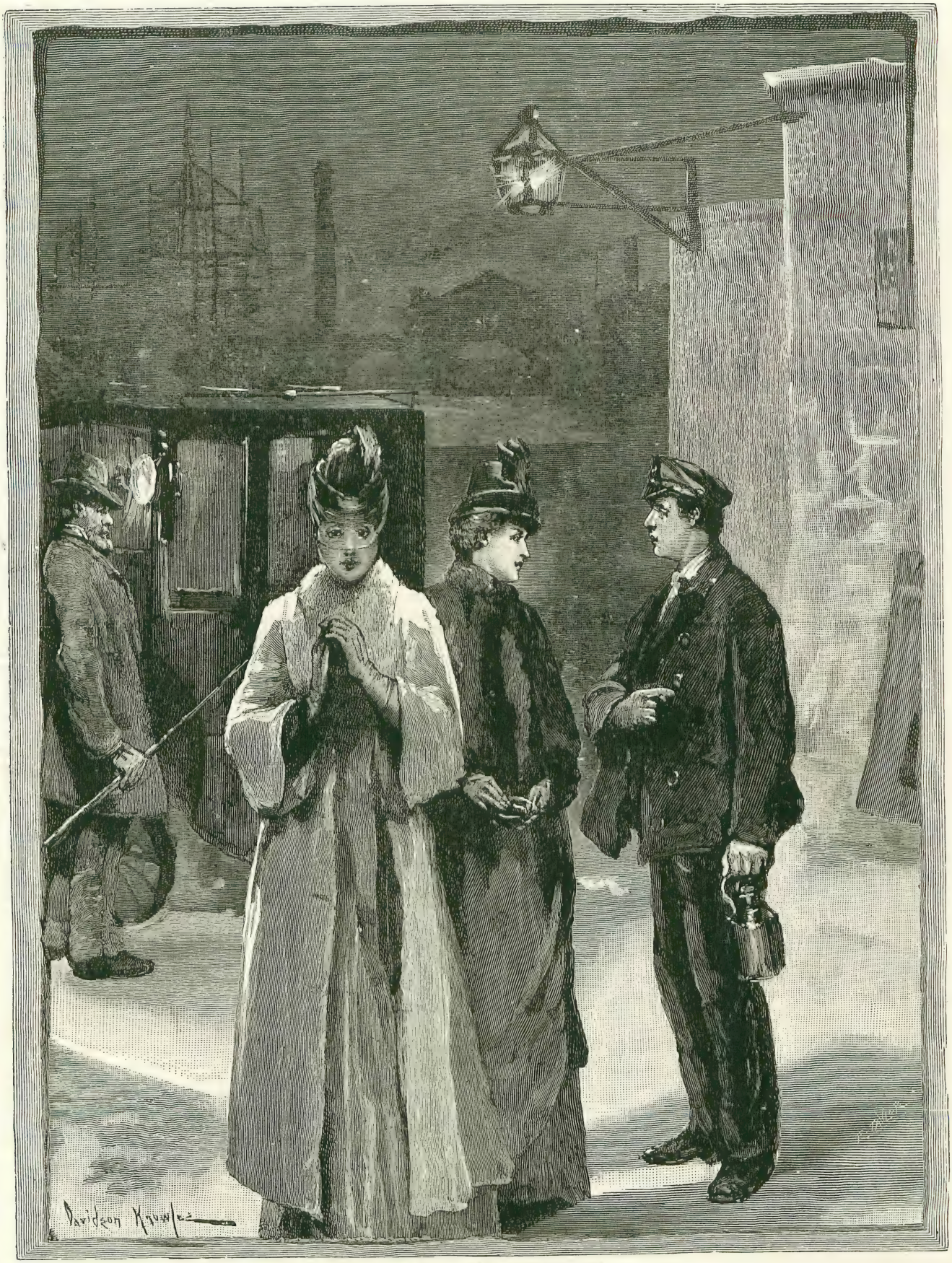
The task was very hard. Lettice was very ill, in the awful depression that followed the loss of all stimulants. Bessie often feared for her reason, but she persevered. She shut herself up with her, she admitted no one to see the fight that was going on, but by the help of God she determined to conquer.

For some days nothing was heard of Tom; then at last a letter came for Bessie. In the relief of getting some kind of news, it seemed as if nothing the letter could contain would be difficult to bear. It was as follows:—

"My dearest Bessie,—Do not blame me too much, but my courage has failed. I have left you. When you get this I shall be on my way to Texas. I have found a purchaser for Springfield. I have arranged everything. Enough money will be handed over to you for you to choose your own place and mode of life, but take my advice, throw us over and marry Jack. It is of no use to stick to a sinking ship. I have arranged with Mrs. Colston to take Lettice back; I shall pay her liberally for doing so, and she is quite willing. You will think that I have lost no time. A desperate man gets through work quickly. I dare not trust myself to come home or to see her again. If I had not loved her so much, I should not loathe her so utterly.

"God bless you, darling.

"TOM BRANDRETH."



"'COME ALONG,' SAID THE LAD."

Bessie looked round. Lettice had been reading over her shoulder. Bessie saw her great eyes dilate more and more, and then the sudden weakness pass over her from head to foot as she sank heavily to the ground in a fainting-fit.

The insensibility did not last long, and when it passed off Lettice was full of a feverish activity. "Bessie," she cried, "let us go to Liverpool at once! See, he writes from there; let us try to find him. Oh! if he will give me one chance more, only one! Bessie, he says he loathes me." Her voice rose up in a kind of wailing cry. "Oh! he cannot loathe me more than I loathe myself."

She flung herself on her knees, clasping her sister-in-law's waist. "You won't desert me, Bessie? You will help me to find him? Oh, if he will only kill me with his own hand it will be more merciful than to cast me out like this! Will he forgive me? Say, will he forgive me?"

"I cannot say," answered Bessie, still stunned and trembling under the blow. "He has forgiven much."

Lettice twisted her hands in her long black hair. "Don't! don't say it!" she cried. "Don't say it, or I shall go mad."

The two women lost no time. They took nothing with them but a little food, which neither could touch, and they started for Liverpool.

All day long they travelled; all day the quick express rushed on its dull monotonous way. The houses and trees and hedges seemed to fly past the windows.

Lettice was very weak. Lying back in the corner she half slept, her clear white profile looking like exquisitely chiselled marble on the dark background. But Bessie sat upright, her hands clasped tightly together, her attitude rigid as the strong tension of her mind.

When it grew dark Lettice awoke to the full sense of her misery again, and began to moan plaintively to herself. The journey was so long, so very long, and every nerve ached and throbbed with a sickening neuralgia.

It was the middle of the night when they reached Liverpool, and the two shivering women came out upon the busy platform.

Tom had dated his letter from the Golden Lion, and they found a cab and desired to be driven there; but there was more than one inn of that name in Liverpool, and the first one to which they went was the wrong one.

When Bessie falteringly said that the inn would probably be near the docks, the cabman caught her up sharply, asking her why she had not said so before, and they began their quest again.

It seemed a very long way, but they arrived at last just as some harsh-sounding clock in the neighbourhood clanged out three.

Lettice caught hold of her sister-in-law's arm. "Hark!" she cried; "that is what I am always hearing—the clang, the alarm bell!"

The people at the inn were astir, gas flaring, porters standing about. When Lettice and Bessie arrived, several sauntered up in curiosity.

Bessie's lips were so dry that she could scarcely frame the words. Was a Mr. Brandreth there? they had something very important to tell him—a matter of life and death. Did anyone know when he sailed? Was he at the hotel still, or gone?

There was an appeal to the bar, and the landlord came out.

"Brandreth," he said, consulting a paper he had in his hand, "has been here, but started to-night. Boat sails at three-ten—the South Western."

"Does it sail punctually?" gasped Bessie.

"Sometimes; never sure to half-an-hour or so. Got five minutes yet. Can you do it?" said the landlord, addressing the cabman.

The man shook his head.

"I will give you a sovereign if you will try," said Bessie, eagerly.

"'Tain't only for the sovereign," said the man, gruffly. "Here, get in."

The landlord gave the name of the dock, and they started.

Five minutes! There were only five minutes to spare, and it seemed like hours before the cab pulled up with a jerk, and the cabman roughly bade them get out.

"Here, you!" he cried, catching hold of a young porter, who was swinging by on his way home. "Is the South Western out yet?"

"Can't say; she's done loading."

"Here! these ladies will give you eighteenpence if you will pilot 'em there sharp."

"Come along," said the lad, and he went off whistling as he led the way.

It was very dark, in spite of the flaring gas lamps here and there. They had to thread their way through great open buildings, in and out among huge bales of goods and piles of casks, stumbling after their guide.

There was the strong fresh smell of the tar and asphalte, and the sound of the lapping of harbour water. A vision of tall masts and skeleton-like rigging stood out against the sky, and here and there the huge bulk of a great merchantman towered overhead.

They came in sight of the sea, dark and still, save where red and green lights from the mighty shipping lying all round flung quivering paths across it.

Suddenly a hoarse low whistle, like a deep mournful roar, broke on the silence.

"No need to hurry, ladies," said the porter. "It's too late, she's off."

But they stumbled and struggled on. Ahead of them by many hundred yards they saw the mighty form of a great passenger ship moving slowly out; they saw the great lights flaring; they heard the rush of steam let off, and saw the dense smoke rolling from her funnels.

They strained on, strained every nerve and muscle. When they reached the quay, where the porters and seamen now stood idle to see her start, the gangway ropes seemed to be still quivering, but the great ship was gone beyond recall.

The men stood silent watching them, a consciousness of some great agony holding them still. The only sound was their own gasping breathing and the lapping of the harbour water on the green stones of the dock.

(*To be concluded.*)

SACCHARINE.

AMONGST the many triumphs achieved in chemical science during the present century, none should attract the attention of the general public more than the wonderful substance known as "saccharine," which now affords one of the best results of the great progress made in the coal-tar industry. Apart from the medicinal value of the coal-tar products, their money value is considerable. The annual value of the products now extracted from an unsightly and apparently worthless material amounts to several millions sterling, whilst the industries based upon these results give employment to thousands of men. We cannot but regard with wonder the synthetic power of modern chemistry, when we remember that not only the brightest and most varied colours can be obtained from this coal-tar, but also medicines, vieing in potency with the rare vegeto-alkaloids, some of the finest perfumes, and lastly, perhaps the most remarkable of all, "saccharine," which is possessed of sweetness three hundred times sweeter than sugar. It is marvellous that the same raw material should be capable of yielding so many important varieties. In bygone days the attainment of such results as these would have been looked upon as savouring of some wild dreams of the alchemist instead of expressions of sober truth.

The most astonishing feature in "saccharine" is its power of producing sweetness, yet it is not a sugar; it has a faint and delicate flavour of bitter almonds, is slightly saline, and possesses considerable antiseptic properties. It contains carbon, hydrogen, sulphur, oxygen and nitrogen; and in chemical science is known under the name of benzoyl sulphonic imide. It does not act as a nutriment as sugar does, but passes out of the body unchanged, and is non-poisonous. On this account it will be found so valuable for medical purposes, where cane sugar is excluded from the diet of certain patients, as in cases of diabetes, gout, etc. For the discovery of this great boon to suffering humanity we are indebted to Herr Fahlberg, who for eight years worked incessantly in order to battle successfully with the subtleties of the problem. The new drug is

at length patented in this country, and will doubtless soon receive numerous and careful trials. The mode of preparation is too complicated to set forth in detail, and would only prove of interest to those having some considerable knowledge of chemistry. Suffice it to say that it is obtained from toluene, which is obtained in the destructive distillation of coal, as employed in the manufacture of gas. An ample supply of the base from which "saccharine" is prepared is at all times secure, since it is a derivative of coal-tar, and as such will ever be forthcoming in great quantities.

In comparison with cane sugar, it will be found that the sensation of sweetness is much more rapidly communicated to the palate on contact with saccharine than on contact with sugar. This renders it valuable in disguising the taste of bitter and nauseous preparations, such as gentian, quassia, etc., when mixed in relatively large quantity. It is to be used largely in powders, both to disguise taste and in view of its preservative properties. For example, it has been found not to influence the digestive functions of pepsin, but protects that substance from fermentation.

In domestic uses it will be found useful in producing fruit preserves or jams, consisting of almost the pure fruit alone, the small percentage of saccharine necessary for sweetening these preserves being sufficient to prevent mouldiness. It is used, too, in confectionery and the manufacture of sweetmeats, and enables delicate children to partake of sweets without fear of their digestions becoming disordered. The constitution of saccharine is such as to negative the possibility of any fermentation arising from its use, and the sweet flavour which it imparts can be increased at discretion without undue addition of weight and bulk, with the fact that it will not detrimentally affect the substance into which it has been introduced. Saccharine is essentially different to the family known to chemists as carbohydrates; sugar is a carbohydrate, and for that reason liable to undergo fermentation when in solution, and in the presence of certain organisms which abound almost everywhere. Sugar solutions are liable to undergo decomposition in preparations where fermentation means absolute destruction to the manufacturer, such as preparations of pharmaceutical mixtures, wines, cyders, syrups, and many others too numerous to mention; and here saccharine will be used with considerable advantage. There is no doubt that to a great extent it will necessarily displace sugar in the preparation of jams, preserved fruits, etc., since it causes no waste in the process of preparation, no crystallisation, no scum, and no chance of fermentation owing to its antiseptic properties. Produced upon a large scale, saccharine has the appearance of a white amorphous powder. It should not be tasted in this state to judge of its fitness for various purposes, but should be in a form of solution. It must be regarded in the light of an essence, which requires diluting or mixing with other materials before its true value as a flavouring material can be established. It resembles in this respect another derivative of coal-tar recently discovered, vanillin, which bids fair to rapidly supersede the natural vanilla as a flavouring material.

Saccharine is slightly soluble in cold water, in warm water somewhat more, and in boiling water sufficiently soluble for many practical purposes. It is readily soluble in alcohol, and will probably be largely used in this manner as an antiseptic sweet for liqueurs, wines, cordials, and so forth. The antiseptic properties of saccharine are very marked and are likely to be of great service to medical men. The physiological researches relating to this wonderful chemical compound have been of a searching and complete description, various species having been experimented upon. During these researches it was proved to be without action upon diastase, ptyalin, or the digestive functions of the system. From this it will be seen that saccharine will not usurp the functions of a food, but will be regarded rather as a condiment or flavouring. In Germany it has already been largely used in the hospitals and in the army, and with good results. Lozenges containing saccharine are prepared about the size of an ordinary acid drop, and one of these is ample to sweeten a cup of tea or coffee, so that a soldier can carry sufficient to supply him for a week or more in a bottle, the weight of which is scarcely noticeable.

A wide scope is afforded ingenious persons in the preparation of dietetic articles containing saccharine, particularly in its incorporation in harmless media, and in preparations of infants' foods, diabetic biscuits, condensed milk, rusks, etc. What will sugar merchants say to this new product? for no doubt in time it will affect their trade, if it is to be so extensively employed for domestic as well as medicinal purposes.

At first sight the nature of this substance appears paradoxical, but this will not in any way impair its value. It is easier to plant truths than to root out old errors. One of our most prominent scientists of the day has aptly applied Samson's riddle to this new discovery: "Out of the burning came forth coolness, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." "By no one could the answer be given," says the scientist, "who has not ploughed with the heifer of science." "What smells stronger than tar? and what tastes sweeter than saccharine?" This seems, if anything, more paradoxical than Samson's riddle, but not more so than human beings who run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favour of that which is old.

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER L.

FAN'S WEDDING.

THERE was what is called a "mixed company" at Fan's wedding: very mixed, indeed. There was scarcely standing room in Roselands Church; for long before the bridal party appeared it was filled from porch to chancel. The ladies from the Cottages occupied distinguished positions as near the altar as possible, for they came very early to secure them; the inhabitants of the village crowded the pews, and those of the gipsy camp all other available space. As to the gipsies, they had adorned themselves in various quaint and conspicuous attire. Red cloaks, particoloured shawls, many-hued ribbons, floral hats, represented them in every corner. They had come from far and near to see the daughter of Wandering Will and the granddaughter of the Tigress wed to the son of her benefactor. Other people of different classes had also come from far and near to see the brother and niece of Mr. Aspenel, who had been so proud and reserved, appear in public after their years of mysterious seclusion. Their story had got wind, and had created much sensation, particularly when mixed up with the history of the fire, and the consequent incapacity of the millionaire.

This publicity was just what Fan's friends had sought to avoid. The arrangements for the wedding had been as simple as possible, and confined, it was believed, to the precincts of Hoplands. Even Janet's desire for wreaths and a flower-lined church had been decisively checked by Mr. Harton, and Fan herself had declared that she would wear neither veil nor typical orange blossoms.

"What should I do with them in a wigwam in the backwoods?" she had asked, with her frank audacity.

Outside the church, scouts, in the shape of bare-footed gipsy children, were stationed on the watch, and they excited the expectant congregation from time to time by running in and out to their friends with the announcement, "They're a comin' now." Not that the wedding-party was behind time, but when people are gathered together half an hour beforehand the moments lag. At Mr. Aspenel's particular request they had adopted the new and convenient fashion of an afternoon marriage, and two o'clock was the hour appointed. Before the auspicious moment Jack, the bridegroom elect, and Gerard, his best man, stood at the altar-rails, and Mr. Austen within them. Ritualism had not yet made inroad into quiet, simple Roselands Church, and Mr. Austen withstood it valiantly; so that the marriage ceremonial was not complicated by change of place or

position. Indeed, the spectators were disappointed in every way, for when Fan actually appeared, leaning on Mr. Harton's arm, she was not in bridal attire, but in "travelling dress," as it is called. But no one thought of what she had on when they saw the crimson cheeks and lips, the flashing, yet liquid black eyes, and the luxuriant raven tresses. No one paused to remark upon the autumnal costume of reddish russet, or the autumnal branches of hips and haws that adorned it. Fan was Fan, and she meant to represent gipsydom and emigrant life, and not to "set up for being a grand lady," as she expressed it. Her bouquet was all that was bridal about her, and this came from the Park, and was a *chef d'œuvre* of Janet's and the gardener's. "White camellias, stephanotis, and maidenhair fern are *de rigueur*, and Jack would never think of Covent Garden," said Janet. But Fan found her bouquet hard to manage, and held it much awry as she walked up the church, glancing at her gipsy relations and smiling at them.

Edith and Janet, her bridesmaids, were much more discreet; and even Bruce, who walked between them, kept his eyes on Fan's skirts. They were short, so he could not have acted as page, if he would, though he was duly attired in black velvet knickerbockers and black silk stockings, according to the best authenticated records of a bygone age. By the way, why are we of this enlightened nineteenth century retrogading towards the relics of the past? The present is much more satisfactory, and less laborious. So thought Edith and Janet, for they wore the prevalent cream-coloured costumes, and should have been the brides for that much. However, dress is secondary to address, somebody says, and no one could have behaved better than Fan when she took Jack "for richer for poorer," and resolved to make him the best wife in the world. She said "Yes," and "I will," with all her heart; and as to Jack, it seemed that he could not utter those solemn words loud enough.

"He'll make her a good husband," whispered her gipsy friends, with whom sound took the place of sense, as it does in a great many churches besides Roselands.

Mr. Harton gave the bride away, though Loveridge stood close to her. There had been an amicable dispute on this head, but Loveridge insisted on yielding precedence to Harton, whose voice trembled a little when he had to pronounce his monosyllables.

Everybody had the satisfaction of hearing Jack kiss Fan when they were man and wife, and not only the gipsies, but the villagers, were well convinced that they were both born and bred for one another. Had increased conviction been needed, they would have had it when the happy pair walked down the church after vestry preliminaries were over. There were no tears and no change of any kind. Jack nodded to all his friends with his usual genial laugh, or, more properly, smile; and Fan's white teeth and dimples were perceptible as she glanced from one to another. Edith and Janet were much more demure as they followed; the one leaning on Gerard's arm, the other on Mr. Harton's. The spectators did not realise the feelings of Gerard and Edith when thus involuntarily brought into proximity; nor the scarcely concealed delight of Janet at the arrangement. And nobody realised the fact that a few moments before Fan had, for the first and last time in her life, signed herself Frances Brand, and that her newly-found relatives had duly witnessed the signature.

If no floral decorations greeted her when she walked to her bridal, they were not absent when she almost danced down the aisle. All the village children had brought autumn flowers from their gardens, and the gipsy urchins had culled the treasures of common and hedgerow, so that chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies, heath and traveller's joy covered the path from altar to lych gate. Bruce, not to be outdone, took the rose from his button-hole and cast it before the joyous bride, whom he had much difficulty in recognising as his cousin. He was walking by the side of her father.

When this strangely amalgamated wedding party reached the lych gate they were suddenly arrested.

"Thanks be to the Lord. You are lawfully wed," greeted the bride and bridegroom in a loud voice.

It was Mrs. Lee, the old Tigress.

"And so we are, Mother Lee," cried Jack, enthusiastically, holding out his hand, which she took in both hers.

"Be kind to her, and an old woman's blessing shall follow you. Clorandy, her mother, was handsome and pure as she, but——" here Loveridge stepped forward and whispered something into her ear. She paused, and changed the thread of her discourse. "I brought you a wedding gift," she continued. "Keep it as long as you live."

She drew forth from beneath her shawl a handsomely-bound Bible, and put it into Fan's hand. Poor Fan was overcome for the first time, and tears filled the black eyes. She kissed the old woman, and thanked her. Jack, in the exuberance of his feelings, invited her to Canada, but she heeded him not. She raised her arms and spread them out before the pair, pronouncing, with solemn emphasis, the Scriptural benediction:

"The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord lift up His face upon you and give you peace."

She vanished among the crowd almost before any, save the bridal party, was aware of her presence. The bells were pealing, the people were shouting, and this little scene was unobserved. But it solemnised Fan for the moment.

"We will read in it every day of our lives," she whispered to Jack.

"We will, my dear," he replied. And we venture to affirm that the promise was faithfully kept.

They walked away amidst cheers and good wishes, followed by their friends; through the pretty village, down the shady road, but not on to Hoplands. Somewhat against their will they stopped short at the Park Lodge gates.

"I suppose we must go, Jack?" whispered Fan.

"I suppose we must," replied Jack, ruefully.

The vicar and the ladies came up breathless.

"We all wish you joy!" cried Miss Vigors, who acted as spokeswoman, and Fan was soon overpowered by the embraces of her friends.

"We are going out to tea, but you must all come to Hoplands to supper," said Mr. Harton. "I shall want somebody to console me when they're off." His voice faltered.

"I will do that," said Janet. "I'm going in for village charities."

"Five o'clock, sharp," said Mr. Harton.

Mrs. Clarville joined Loveridge, who seemed to be rather out in the cold, and felt very uneasy. She herself was made happy by seeing Gerard and Edith once more together, though they did not appear to have much to say to one another.

The Park gates were wide open, the lodge-keeper and her children stood behind them bowing and curtseying, and the wedding-party marched through. Mrs. Clarville went with them, so did the vicar; but the ladies and a crowd of distant spectators remained outside the charmed enclosure.

"It is very good of you to give up your own plans for poor papa's sake," whispered Janet to Mr. Harton.

"No merit of mine, but the force of circumstances, Miss Janet," returned Harton. "But for them you would have had my son Tom as *garçon de noces* today, instead of an old fellow like me."

"I am quite content, if you are. I suppose he was obliged to go abroad," replied Janet, demurely.

To the surprise of his family, Mr. Aspenel had particularly requested that the wedding feast, such as it was, should be held at the Park. He had now so many whims and was so irritable over them, that it was difficult to gratify them or him. Nurse True and Gerard were the only people who could manage him, and they humoured him in most things. Accordingly Mrs. Aspenel prepared an afternoon repast under his orders, which was ample if not sumptuous. With some difficulty she had prevailed on him to order a wedding cake, but he declined champagne.

"Let us go back and finish up at Hoplands," said Fan to Jack, for she felt sadly out of place among her kinsfolk. "Ask Sir if we may stay to supper."

"You must call him father now, Fan," said Jack.

"Oh! I never could. But I will when I write," she replied.

Jack preferred her request to his father, and he nodded and winked, and performed various grimaces, to the effect that his arrangements were made. Mrs. Aspenel was a perfect hostess, and she found Mr. Harton a very agreeable man, albeit she had fancied him a mere farmer. The bride and bridegroom were overwhelmed with civilities, and, in spite of certain awkwardnesses, the meal passed off as well as such things usually do.

(*To be continued.*)

NOCTURNE.

Andante. H. A. J. CAMPBELL.

PIANO.

p *cres.*

dim. *p* *cres.*

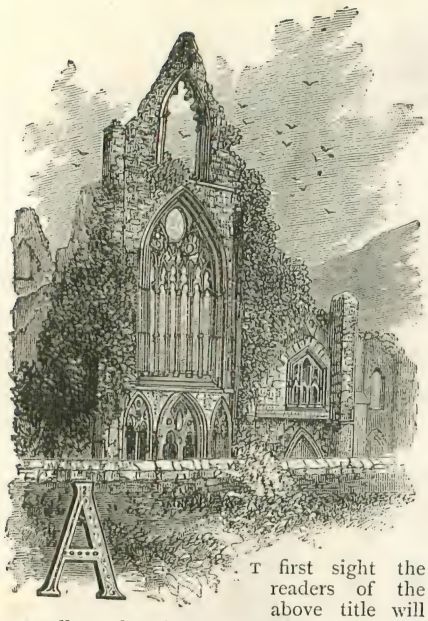
f *p rall.*

a tempo. *cres.* *f*

diminuendo. *rall.* *pp*

H.F.DAVEY.

THE "SPINSTER."



AT first sight the readers of the above title will naturally take it for granted that this article will be occupied either by descriptions of the several varieties of character and individual eccentricities amongst their unmarried sisters, which may afford merriment at their expense, or else will hold up for their example the good deeds and lovely characteristics of others.

But their guesses will be very "wide of the mark." I am only about to follow up an answer given in our "Correspondence" to a young friend who was anxious to know how spiders contrive to fasten their nets both up and down, and from side to side, over a considerable space, without the aid of either wings, ladders, or "stepping-stones." I am not surprised that such a question has proved a knotty one to this "Correspondent." It has puzzled thousands who have not sought a solution of the mystery in some work on entomology. I have none near me at this present time to which I can refer for your benefit, but I think I can draw from my own small store of such information, to explain the wonderful method by which our "Spinster" works.

In company with the ant, bee, and wasp, the spider holds a distinguished place for its remarkable instinct and even intelligence, its forethought, industry, patience, and the extreme beauty and durability of its work. I believe that Professor Sir John Lubbock, in a remarkable book recently published, in reference to these extraordinary insects, has, after long and careful watching and experiments upon them, given it as his opinion that, of all created living things existing in this world, the ant holds the next place in intelligence to man. But it is not with the wonders of God's work in these tribes of the insect world that I can occupy your thoughts at present, although directed in the words of Sacred Inspiration to "consider her ways and be wise." I must restrict my observations to that deft little bright-eyed representative of the manufacturing classes, of whom it is said in the Book of Proverbs, that "she taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."

Most of you, my readers, have often felt the almost invisible yet sometimes shining gossamer threads stretched across your faces as you have strolled along the pleasant garden walks, or the lawn before your windows, and have wondered, as older folks have done, how a wingless insect could have spread them high across your path from bush to bush; but had you only known that the tiny spinner lays a rightful claim to be the first of all our wingless aëronauts, and to devise a successful "flying-machine," perhaps your surprise would even have been greater than before.

This little worker is scientific in her way. She watches the weather and the lightness or heaviness of the atmosphere, and waits for a sunny morning and a favouring breeze. One end of her cable she attaches to her starting-point, and weaving a cobweb, like a fairy sail when it catches the wind, she seats herself within it, and launches off from the twig on which she had been waiting so wisely for her starting. Blown by the wind expected, she sails away and away, over the flower-beds and over the bushes, or over the waving grass, swayed up and down till she reaches some distant twig, at the new and happier hunting-grounds where she hopes to make her living. Here she secures fast her cable, as she did at the opposite end, then back again she travels, not now in her fairy boat, but Blondin-like on a rope, spinning a second strand all the way as she goes to strengthen it, and securing this also at her former starting-place. A third time she makes her transit, and so twining a threefold cord, whose strength, for its size, you will admit is quite surprising.

A wonderful statement in reference to what the spider has been known to accomplish came under my notice from across the Atlantic. It told of the longest suspension bridge that probably has ever been seen. This bridge extended across the Housatonic river, a short distance north of Falls Bridge, in Connecticut, suspended to a tree on one side and some other object on the opposite bank, at the amazing distance apart of between 300 and 400 feet.

You are all aware that the several tribes of spiders, even in this country, vary from each other in size and appearance, and if you take into consideration all those of which we have read, or have seen ourselves, in distant parts of the world, from the tiny "money-spinner" to the comparatively gigantic and dangerous "tarantula," the varieties will be still more remarkable. I cannot tell you whether the Singalese spider be larger than the species infesting the West Indian Islands and most southern latitudes, but where the forests abut upon the open country in Ceylon, the bridle-roads are often netted over with a web, raised at a height of from four to eight feet from the ground. So strong are the cords spun by this creature, secured to the branches of shrubs or trees on either side, that should the traveller be absorbed in thought, and unobservant of the net spread in his way, he will find it sufficiently strong to hurt his face, and even to knock off his hat. The nest, formed in the centre of the network, of which the rigging stretches far and wide, becomes at last as large as a very big wasp's nest, for it continues gaining in size, as layer after layer is rolled one over the other, like so many sheets, until a huge ball is composed of successive spinnings.

The thickness and solidity of these nests is augmented by the wings and legs of the prey which the creature has caught, and escorted into the "pretty little parlour," familiar to you all in the syren song addressed to the fly. There, in her fortress-like dwelling, this cunning spinster keeps a watch for the unwary, and in that sunny land these little winged tribes are various and beautiful in colour and in form; and amidst the dull, greyish-brown of the textile woven by their foe you may see the prismatic glitter of wings that vie with enamel or mother o' pearl, decorating the meshes like inlaid work.

The song to which I have alluded seems to give you the idea that this industrious insect is a cruel kind of ogre; but this is unjust. Her instinct teaches her, like some other creatures—the human species included—that hunt, fish, and set traps, and work industriously for themselves and their young, to provide for her little household. Her family resides in her nest with her; and she is not treacherous, but spreads her net in the sight of all that buzz about—idle and good-for-nothing—around her.

Before I conclude my observations on the spider, I must tell you of one known by entomologists as the "trap-door spider." These are natives of the Greek islands, West Indies, and also of France and Corsica; and they make their nests, not suspended in the air in the light of day, but down in the earth. They are, in fact, miners, and they build their houses of earth, and line them with a silken web. Imagine a kind of large cork, hollowed out through the middle like a thimble. But over the opening at the top there is a thick lid, made of alternate layers of earth and web. This lid or trap-door is secured to one spot by a beautiful and strong silken hinge, secured still further by a doubling of the web of lining on each side of it, which prevents its being opened too widely. Should an enemy of the spider attempt to force an entrance, she holds it fast on the inside, as persons who have dug up the nests and looked in from the under part have seen her do. The lid is made to fit most perfectly into the opening, and overlaps it at the top; and the lining is made of many successive layers of silken webbing, till of the thickness of stout cartridge paper, and then most beautifully and smoothly finished.

Whether all spiders have a taste for music, or only a certain species, I am unable to tell you; but an instance is related by Disjouval, of one who used to take up her position on the ceiling of a room, and over the spot where a lady used to play the harp; if the performer changed her place, the spider removed to that part of the room with her. The same love of or fascination produced by music was observed by Berthome, the celebrated violinist, who, when a boy, was followed by a spider whenever he began to play; it at last became so familiar that it would climb upon his arm, or sit on his music-desk before him. This discovery has been verified by others in reference to this insect; a well-known fact as regards both the snake and the lizard tribes.

Possibly, you may not be aware that the threads of a spider's web are drawn out from no less than 1,000 little holes in its body, and that each thread is composed of a union or twist of 4,000. Experiments have been made with a view to obtaining a silk tissue from the manufacture of the spider, as well as from that of the silkworm. Whether from their glutinous character they stuck together, or from any other cause, I do not know, but the threads destroyed each other, and the attempt proved a failure. Besides, it would require a dozen large spiders to produce as great a weight of web as a single silkworm, and the pound of silk spun by some 2,300 of the latter, would not be procured from a less number than about 27,600 female spiders.

There are no less than sixty-seven *genera* of this little creature, which is termed amongst entomologists *Arachnides*, and which, although I have called them insects, are, I believe, now classified by them as a distinct species, neither

insects nor crabs, and varying considerably in their several species, in size, conformation, and habits.

And now my few remarks on this little industrious spinster must be concluded. She does not supply you with honey, like the more popular "Busy Bee," of whom Dr. Watts sang a simple but immortal song, for the instruction of children so long as the world shall last; but she has some claims on your consideration which certainly should not be forgotten. In the tidy housewife she must ever meet with a very unsparing foe; but even the former ought to grant her some quarter in certain parts of the house. In the ceiling-corners of the larder she should be regarded as a friend, and the nets which she spreads for our enemies, the large bluebottle flies, strictly respected. In the cellars, tool-houses, and stables, allow her to weave and snare her prey in peace, for the horses will accord you a vote of thanks if you do. But even to you, as to herself and them, her wonderful work may some day prove of use. No better plaster could my youthful readers find, were they to cut their too frequently mischievous little hands, than a good-sized spider's web. Wind it round the wounded finger two or three times, and prove by a satisfactory experience the truth of this assertion, from the pen of your friend,

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Margaretta.—The article "How to Improve One's Education" appeared in vol. i. We advise you to apply to Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham, secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study. Prizes are given. Subscription, one guinea.

Topsey will find Miss Roberts' classes (Florence Villa, Torquay) a great help. Write and inquire, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

A Poor Lily.—The art of punctuation is one little understood, and for this reason we gave two articles on the subject. It could not be taught in an "answer." See pages 726 and 794, vol. iv., "G.O.P.," where a wide subject has been abridged as much as possible. It is a matter of good breeding to attend to punctuation, as much difficulty is spared to the reader of your letters thereby, and the true sense made clear. Your contribution for the Girls' Convalescent Home was gratefully accepted.

Busy Bee.—Perhaps the Institution for Nursing Sisters, in Devonshire Square, London, might suit you. Write to the lady principal or superintendent. Otherwise, look through our more recent answers under the above department, and select a hospital for yourself.

Miss Fry.—We insert a notice of your "Reading Union" with pleasure, concerning "Foreign Missions." It is well that the interest of young people should be judiciously enlisted in such work. No subscription fee is required for membership, but two hours' reading, weekly, of magazines or pamphlets, respecting these missions, of whatever society (thoroughly Christian and orthodox, of course), is a condition of such membership. A copy of the rules and list of books recommended will be supplied on application to Miss Fry, 55, Chepstow Place, Bayswater, London, W., Christian Missions Reading Society

WORK.

Amy.—The celebrated Miss Linwood, the almost incomparable artist in needlework, died in 1845, on the 2nd of March. But those who saw the wonderful pictures by a daughter of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the American Essayist, which were exhibited in Bond Street two or three years ago, were able to form perhaps as good an idea of what the art of needlework could accomplish. Those of you who neither saw Miss Linwood's nor Miss Holmes's pictures might now see, in the galleries of the Danish Exhibition, South Kensington, some very creditable small works, representing dogs, etc., well worth a close inspection. If you aspire to making needlework an art in the highest form of its great possibilities, you should read "The Art of Needlework," by the Countess of Wilton. The book is rare; but you could obtain it at a circulating library, or see it in the British Museum.

ART.

Mitaine.—The pen-and-ink sketch you enclose gives evidence that you have never been taught to draw, and would need much instruction and practice to qualify you to teach the very first principles of the art. You are not capable of illustrating for any work or periodical. We regret that we should be obliged to disappoint your hopes.

Alice.—Write to Miss Trulock, the lady-superintendent of the National Art Training School, South Kensington. Evening classes are held, at the fee of £1 a session, for three evenings weekly; an entrance fee of 10s. is due. The sessions extend over five months each, severally commencing on the 1st of March and 1st of October.

Florence Bushill.—Chinese white is made of zinc white finely ground, and made into a cream by adding mucilage of gum tragacanth, grinding with a glace muller; lastly, add ten or twelve drops of thick gum-arabic, and five or six drops of pure glycerine. Grind all well together, and drop into a bottle by means of the palette knife. The tragacanth mucilage is made by putting a small piece, about the size of a large bean, into two ounces of cold water, letting it remain for a day or two, till the gum swells up and absorbs water. Then beat to a pulp. It is impossible to specify any exact proportions for the Chinese white, but it can be made for a trifling sum in this manner.

Maria Evelyn.—If you have vol. iv. of this magazine (see pages 401 and 545, the parts for March and June, 1883), you will find articles by Mr. John Staples on "Painting in Oils," and quite as much information as to the technical part of the art. The careful study of the best masters, and of Nature herself, together with persevering practice, must make an artist of you, if you have any real natural talent in this walk of art. The very best teaching could not make a real painter.

Carver.—There are several manuals of wood-carving which you might order through a bookseller. If you have a school of art near you you would be able to get what you wanted there.

Kitty.—No, we do not know of any such recipe. Everything of the kind is sold as a patented article, we think, and even if you made it, it would be, probably, a failure from lack of means and knowledge on your part.

Chaste.—Use skim milk and water, in equal parts, lay the pencil drawing in a large dish, and cover it with the mixture, draw it out, and hang the drawing over a chair back till nearly dry.

Carlos II.—Your description of your crown of Charles II. reign is so slight that we could not say what the value may be. You only mention the obverse; if the reverse has four shields, arranged in the shape of a cross, with date and lettered edge, it is worth from 7s. 6d. to 15s., extra fine from £1 1s. up to £4 4s., all depending on the state of preservation. You would have to take an opinion on it, of course. We suppose the price paid was a misprint, "£355" instead of £35.

Ida.—Frames for pictures can be easily made of plush or velvet, provided you have the rough wood foundation made first. Ida will find a palm leaf fan treated on page 496, May part "G.O.P."

Susie.—We regret that we cannot help you with the name of the artist. We think we have seen it called "The Music Lesson."

Gluck.—The design is traced on the glass or mirror with a lithographic pencil, and then painted in oil colours. The children's hospital in Shadwell, London, E., would be thankful for your scrap-books.

Rosemary must mix her water colours with Chinese white; this will render them opaque. If you wish to varnish the design you must first apply two coats of white size, and then white spirit varnish. 2. We regret that we have no space for more stories this year.

HOUSEKEEPING

M. A. R.—We are informed that the keys of a piano can be improved in colour by wiping them over with benzoline, and exposing them to the sunlight coming through the glass of a window.

May Scott.—Dried lavender, put up in muslin bags, makes the nicest scent for linen of all kinds; but most chemists sell a mixture for the purpose, which you may use in the same manner, with safety and satisfaction.

Mater.—The use of paraffin, as a means of rapidly cleaning clothes without labour, has recently occupied some attention in the pages of a leading Scotch paper. Half the usual amount of soap is needed, and with little labour the clothes look much cleaner The method of using it is as follows: For an ordinary-sized copper, half fill it with water, put in half a pound of soap, and add one and a half tablespoonfuls of paraffin. Heat until the soap be dissolved; then put in, without steeping, the linen of the ordinary washing. Boil well for half an hour, then lift out, and rinse through one or two clean waters, and the washing is finished. Flannel and coloured garments, of course, cannot be treated in this way. In America paraffin is very largely used for washing, and always with success. The clothes, when wet, will have a slight odour of paraffin, which, however, disappears wholly when they are dry. The process of ironing is said to be much more readily performed when the clothes are cleaned by this method.

Postal Note.—Decanters and water bottles can be cleansed with tea leaves and a brush. Leave the tea leaves to soak in water for an hour or two, or overnight, if the bottles be much discoloured. Soda spoils the colour of glass, and all glass should be washed in cold water, not warm. To clean the inside of metal teapots, the leaves should be taken out at once, and the pot rinsed with boiling water, and wiped quite dry. Once a week it should be scrubbed out with fine salt, the spout cleaned out with a piece of whalebone, and the holes with a small wire.

B. F. C. is thanked for the recipe for "unfermented wine," which we transcribe. Home-made ginger wine.—Procure from a chemist ¾ oz. of tartaric acid, 5 drachms of best essence of ginger, 3 drachms capsicum, and 1 oz. burnt sugar, and place all in a bottle. Dissolve 4 lb. of lump sugar in 5 quarts of boiling water. When nearly cold, add the contents of the bottle (before named) to the latter, and stir often, until cold, then bottle. This will keep for months. We are happy to give you a recipe for "unfermented orange wine." To one quart of orange juice add two of water. As the squeezed oranges still have some acid in them, put the pulp into a pint more of water for every quart of juice which you have previously expressed. Squeeze the pulp again, and add the juice to the rest. Let all stand in a tub all the night, then skim the surface, and add 15 lb. of lump sugar to 20 quarts of the liquid. Pour all into gallon jugs (or casks), leaving the jugs open and the bung holes of casks unstopped, until the sediment has risen to the top. Some persons add a gill of brandy to each gallon, but this is optional. Then bottle, and the wine will improve by age.

COOKERY.

A. N. S.—The articles on cookery by Phillis Browne were gathered together in the "Girl's Own Cookery Book," price 1s. Write for it to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Pollie.—Use good clarified dripping to baste your poultry with. Many cooks put a little water in the bottom of the dripping tin, and put the dripping on the meat unmelted, but others melt the dripping in the tin before putting in the meat. Whichever you do, be careful to baste your meat and poultry constantly. You cannot baste too much. 2. What is called "satin merveilleux" makes a pretty dress and wears well; but a really good black silk wears better than anything else. It should have a greenish hue when you look through it.

Granules.—1. Hominy is Indian corn shelled from the cob and divested of its skin, then dried for use. There are three sizes. The middle size is the best. It is very nutritious and digestible. In vol. v., "American Cookery," are some recipes for it. The hominy must be soaked in plenty of water over night, then boiled for an hour in the water in which it has soaked, taking care that it cooks gently or it will burn. It is very good for breakfast eaten with butter, melted butter, or with sugar only. What is left may be fried in slices and eaten with bacon for breakfast. It may be mixed with a little milk and made into a pudding, like other milk puddings. 2. Table-napkins and cloths should be marked in the left hand corner under the hem, whether they are done in ink or in embroidery.

A. L.—An extempore apple pudding can be made both nourishing and appetising as follows: Boil 1 lb. of rice, and when hot stir in four table-spoonfuls of stewed apples, adding 2 oz. of butter, ½ lb. of lump sugar, and a tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon. Serve hot with cream. This recipe will answer equally well if the apples be substituted by berries of any kind if sufficiently acid; or currants already stewed, and this will prove a nice summer dish as well as a winter one.

A. M.—We can recommend you "The Girl's Own Cookery Book," published at our own office, price only 1s. Write to Mr. Tarn for it.

CIGARETTE. — "Aspinall's Enamel" used very sparingly might suit your purpose. No drying oil would be needed. There are plenty of ready prepared paints which have little disagreeable odour, and which dry quickly. The word "Kismet" means, amongst the Arabs and Turks, "it is fated." The Stoics and Mahomedans hold fatalistic views, which also serve as an excuse to others who pretend they cannot resist evil inclinations.

ROSE ALLAN.—To make "shortbread" it is necessary to bake slowly. You had too fierce a fire and hurried the baking, and probably used too much butter, so they fell to pieces. The following is a good recipe:—Take 1½ lb. of flour; ½ lb. sugar; ½ lb. butter; 3 eggs; 1 oz. volatile salts, and a little essence of lemon. Make four cakes out of 5 oz. of dough, and mould into a round form; then roll out into an oval shape, pinch them to look like a frill round the edges, and put a piece of candied lemon-peel, and, if you like, some very small white comfits at the top, and bake slowly and lightly.

ELLA should refer to our article on "The Art of Carving." If economy as well as good breeding towards those you help at table be an object, you cannot practise it as a bad, ignorant, and careless carver. It should be made an item in every boy's and girl's education on these important accounts. It is essential as a matter of health. Cut meat the wrong way of the grain, and elderly people, who are ill supplied with teeth, will find it so hard and stringy they will lose a meal by it; and carved the right, they will find it easy of mastication and digestion. See vol. iv., p. 403. To carve a calf's head you should make the first incision straight across the cheek in a horizontal line from under the ear to under the nostril, and serve a slice of the tongue with one of the cheek. The minced brains should be served separately, as everyone would not take them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BANFFSHIRE LOVER OF "G.O.P."—We were much obliged by your kind attention in sending us a pretty card, though our thanks have travelled slowly. You will find the directions for the sort of puddings you want in the "Girl's Own Cookery Book," sold at our publishing office.

JESSIE.—We ought not to prescribe, as it were, for our own necessities (or desires, rather) when praying to our Heavenly Father. We should leave our future to Him. There are blessings for which we have His permission to pray; but certainly the sending of a husband, however "Christian," is not included amongst them. You may serve and glorify Him better without one; and you might not prove a good wife or mother, or your health might become an obstacle and hindrance as such. Pray for perfect submission to God's will, and for fitness for whatever condition He may choose for you.

PEDESTRIAN.—Wear lighter shoes, with square toes, and "boxed up" at the ends, and sponge your feet, if so tender, with a solution of one tablespoonful of carbonate of soda in half a pint of cold water night and morning. To clean your old silk dress, you should unpick it, and brush off the dust with a soft velvet brush. Grate two potatoes into a quart of water, let it stand to settle, and drain the solution. Then lay each breadth of silk on an ironing blanket, the right side uppermost, and sponge it well across the breadth; then lay a piece of old linen or handkerchief on them, and iron with a fairly hot iron. Sponges, when they become disagreeable, can be restored by the use of potato water, such as described.

ANNIE.—The creaking of shoes will be increased rather than cured by wetting the soles. Send them to the shoemaker, and desire him to "spring them" on each side, and insert a teaspoonful of French chalk and fasten them up again. The charge would be about 8d. a pair.

L. A.—1. The natural ordinary heat in England may be said to be 75° Fahrenheit in summer, when in the East Indies the ordinary heat would be 80°. The latter would be a great degree of heat in this country, and 55° temperate. 110° Fahrenheit is summer heat in the East Indies. 2. Do not make a north room your nursery, and do not paper the walls, for the paper holds infection. Let paint and a high varnish take the place of paper, and have plenty of light in the day and bed rooms of the children. Abolish carpets in summer, and have only a moveable rug or two in winter.

"GEORGE'S LITTLE LIL."—Certainly, you should have no clandestine engagement, more especially being a minor. The man you wish to marry is acting a most dishonourable part in engaging the affections of a girl under age, and endeavouring to hold her to an engagement against her parents' approval and even knowledge. Such a man is no fit husband for any girl. Rebellion on your part is the more unpardonable, since your parents are so good, and only require you to put off the question for a time. You should faithfully keep from seeing or holding any intercourse with him, until you obtain full permission to do so.

COLONIAL.—We generally see plenty of advertisements in the papers as the summer comes on, of farmhouses and country lodgings, in all parts of England, and we think you might easily find what you need in referring to them.

JOE TRICKSEY.—We think you are quite right to go out to India to your future husband, when you have been engaged five years, and he cannot return for you. You should be put under the care of the captain in going out, and he will see you married, if you have no friends there. The best small book we know to give you all the information you need is "Indian Outfits," published by Gill, 170, Strand. It will be as good in India as in England.

MABELLE.—The quotation from Wordsworth—

> "Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
> Of servile opportunity to gold,"

means, we suppose, that there are people who use the things of everyday life in such a Christlike spirit that they get good from everything that occurs to them. The word "luck" is of Northern origin, either Danish, Swedish, or Icelandic.

JOY.—A settlement before marriage is in some cases a better protection, for a woman is thereby prevented from making "ducks and drakes" of her property; and if married to a man likely to coerce her or persuade her to do foolish things, the settlement is a great protection to her. If likely to "hold her own," the "Married Women's Property Act" will probably be enough.

F. R.—We have given a full list of all the duties required of a "companion," and have likewise assured our readers that there is scarcely any demand for them. You are not eligible yourself, as you should write a well-formed, "ladylike" hand; and you should express yourself well and thoroughly grammatically. We do not know of any magazine that would accept and pay you for poems.

STUDENT ARTIST.—There were four Italian painters of the name of Ghirlandajo. It was Domenico Bigordi del Ghirlandajo, born in 1449, who was the master of Michael Angelo. He was the son of a goldsmith at Florence, Tommaso Bigordi, who received the appellation "Ghirlandajo" from the garlands he made for the Florentine children. Domenico's brothers, David and Benedetto, were his assistants, and his son Ridolfo, born at Florence in 1482, was the friend of Raphael. He passed from the school of his father and uncle David into that of Fra Bartolomeo. Raphael employed him at Rome for a time, where he had been called by Julius II. Works of his are to be found in the Uffizi and Pitti Palace.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.—We hope this name is not descriptive of your character. You have done very wrong in forming such a connection and intimacy with any man unknown to, and unsanctioned by, your parents. You say, "My parents know nothing of my manœuvres with him." What can you mean by these? Confess your undutiful conduct to your parents, who had a right to your confidence and obedience; and let the man humble himself, too, and confess his dishonourable conduct in trying to win your heart without their leave.

ELIZA HUNTER.—We thank you much for your information respecting the Convalescent Home at Worthing (the Banting Memorial Home), instituted for invalid ladies, governesses, and those in reduced circumstances. We draw the attention of such to this provision for their benefit.

CURIOUS NAN.—The amount of money spent in charity in London is stated to be £4,121,000, and in the United Kingdom about £10,040,000 annually. But the poorest have means of being charitable, as well as the rich, in various ways, and not the most insignificant in thinking and speaking "no evil," and in a ready expression of sympathy to all within reach of kindly words and kindly acts.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—No. 454.] SEPTEMBER 8, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

By GRACE STEBBING, Author of "That Aggravating Schoolgirl," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A ROCK-BUILT CAGE.

"OH, Vi, is not this really too lovely for anything!" breathed Lilian, as they were at length safely ensconced in the rock-girt nest for which they been bound.

Vi's brown eyes were filled with a deep, dreamy rapture as she murmured back a hushed, awed "Yes" to her sister's words, and for some minutes easel, basket, and all other belongings lay unheeded where they had been laid, while the sisters gazed their fill at the scene around them.

To the west and south pillars and gates of rock, through which glistened the sun-bathed eddies, and miniature whirlpools, and tiny still bays, and foam and spray-sparkling fountains, betrayers of the diverse bed below. A stern, giant barrier of frowning cliff at a few yards distance shut off all view of the inland landscape on the east, throwing thereby into still greater relief the fair summer picture seen through the framework of rock that had given them entrance to their present resting-place.

A cluster of low-built cottages on a hillside gathered about an ancient church, with roses and apple-orchards, and a silver line of streamlet and leafy trees. All this had been seen in other regions, times and oft, with the scantiest of attention or of thought, but here—here with that rush and roar and thunder of the wrestling ocean in the ears—here with the stern and solemn sentinels of the immovable rocks so close around, that sweet and simple picture yonder of a smiling, restful peace gathered to itself a new beauty of a significance never felt or understood before.

"I don't wonder that Harold went into such raptures over that village," said Lilian at last, in a brisker tone. "It looks from this rugged loophole like the very embodiment of mercy and love and hospitality, in contradistinction to fierce threatenings and treachery and wrath. Jump up, Vi, and be quick and set to work! I am all one quiver of impatient curiosity to see what you will make of your sketch."

Violet gave herself a slight shake, with an instinctive attempt to shake away her dreaminess, then she too rose to her feet as her sister had done, and answered, laughing—

"Well, Lil, I can tell you beforehand that I shall make nothing of it that will at all satisfy you, unless you can invent some way

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"'THEY ARE THE BOYS—OUR BOYS.'"

by which I can fill your senses with all the other surroundings of this wonderful little bit of the world whenever you look at my production."

"All right," was the reply, in positive tones. "The said invention is already perfected without any trouble on my part, and is called memory."

Lilian set up the easel and made all the other preparations as she spoke, and five minutes later silence, as regarded the human voices, reigned in that secluded nook. The poetical sister was rapidly regaining peace of mind and happiness, while her skilful pencil traced in the telling outline for the future picture. The practical sister was busily engaged with deft fingers in "making up" the slippers which she had embroidered for Jack's birthday.

So passed away an hour. The picture was growing on the paper, the slippers were finished, folded up, and laid by in the basket. Lilian was free then to turn to her book.

"I would read to you, Vi, if you liked," she shouted, "but the waves and the wind have grown so noisy that I believe my efforts would be drowned before you reaped the benefit."

Violet laughed, and shouted back: "Yes, I expect they would. But I should not like you to make them in any case. Listening would distract my thoughts."

Lilian nodded her head with ready comprehension, dropped herself comfortably back into a natural armchair of rock, and again silence reigned, and stillness, as regarded those two thoughtless girls.

The very birds along the stormy coast seemed to grow amazed at the inaction of their human companions, and more frequently and more boldly flashed their plumage of pearly grey and dazzling white across the openings of the roomy nook. But even their screams were inaudible amid the din of war of the waters.

When the Bosworths clambered in through that north window of the sandy nook, the noise of the waves had been very great, although the tide was still some way out; but now that it was rushing up so fast the sound was growing simply deafening—appalling one might have thought it would prove to those foolish, heedless girls; but they were rapt away from all surroundings in their fascinating occupations. The sun was still shining, their resting-place was still dry and warm and pleasant, and the one read on calmly, the other painted on in a state of happy dreaminess, while Death rushed, shrieking wildly, up to his victims' feet.

CHAPTER IV.

COME ALONG.

LUNCHEON-TIME at the Bosworths' temporary seaside home, and the mother and her three sons sat down together at the table. Mr. Bosworth had been called up to town on business, and Lil and Violet were still down on the coast.

"Where are the girls?" asked Frank of his mother.

"Sulking out alone, as I told you three hours ago," put in Harold, sharply.

"My dear, my boy!" once more remonstrated the mother in her soft, tender tones; but Frank's were quick and business-like, as he replied to his brother's words—

"Yes, I know you did. But I had no idea they meant to be absent so long as this. I confess, mother dear, that I more than half wish you had forbidden it. Lil is so daring, and Vi so dreamy, that they are not at all a good pair to be trusted alone together in unknown localities."

Mrs. Bosworth smiled.

"My sons, it is a great pleasure to me to find you all so lovingly anxious over your sisters, but do you know I think you should hold the open expression of your solicitude a little more in check? You see they are no longer children, and it is natural that they should turn somewhat restive at being expected to submit to so many guardians."

"Guardians! nonsense!" ejaculated Harold, brusquely. "It's just this: we go about in a way that must teach us a thing or two more than girls know, and we have man's strength while they have woman's weakness. And they ought to be glad enough to have those about them who will take the trouble to look after them in their madcap scrambles. A couple of days ago they led us, in their usual headlong fashion, into a sort of rock cage——"

"A good big one," broke in Jack, with a laugh, "if you mean the place where we eat our sandwiches."

"That, and no other," was the answer. "But for all as large as you reckon it, I have learnt since that it is nothing better than a rat's hole for the drowning of the unwary."

Mrs. Bosworth laid down her fork rather quickly, and leant forward with a slight tremor.

"Nay, Harold, my dear, you are mistaking your words. There is that inland window you talked about so much, as a capital retreat for any who might wait for the waves to give them warning on the other side; have you forgotten that?"

"No, mother," said Harold, rather wondering at her vivid remembrance of this one of the many facts poured into her sympathetic ears, and her evident interest in it. "No, mother, I have not forgotten, but I have learnt since that it is that very delusive appearance of safety that makes its danger. People actually do stay lounging in it until they see the waves or the spray almost at their feet, or threatening them with a bath on the one side, and then they spring up, gaily as possible, to escape through that rock window on the other, and find—find they are too late. But, mother, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

The pause in his sentence had been occasioned by the sudden movement of Mrs. Bosworth back from the table, and she now sat with an expression on her countenance that might well call forth exclamation. With a movement of her head as though to reject inquiries about herself, she gasped hurriedly—

"What do you mean, Harold? Explain yourself. Why too late?"

"Simply because, owing to some depression in the ground at that point, and an absence of the high-lying bed of sunk rock, the sea rushes round there to a considerable depth the moment the tide is high enough to surmount the outer ridge, and as a rule the poor fools can't swim."

At this instant Jack sprang to his feet, dashed round the table, and threw his arm around his mother for her support. The gentle face was white as death, even to the lips which gasped—

"Lilian and Violet cannot swim, and——"

"And what, mother?" The voice was harsh and hoarse; the young, resolute face stretched across the table looked old and haggard. "What do you mean, mother? Where are they?"

"There. Unless—unless—" with a groan of rising despair—"the tide has already—— Oh! Father, Father, have mercy on their helplessness!"

Frank came round to the other side of his mother. "But why should you think they are in that dangerous spot of all others, dearest mother?"

She lifted her despairing eyes. "It is no case of thinking, Frank. I know it. They have gone there that Violet, poor child, may paint some view for Harold that he took a fancy to."

A low cry of anguish burst from Harold; for one instant his head was bowed in his hands, and then he also was on his feet.

"Come, you fellows," he said sharply, "we must go and fetch them. Don't give way like this, mother. Instead of being in a condition to give them a good scolding when we bring them back, they will have to set to work to nurse you, if you don't look out. Come along, Jack. Don't dawdle, Frank."

The sharp tone of anxiety that betrayed itself in the last adjuration hastened the movements of the brothers, and well for the happiness of themselves and the safety of those they hoped to rescue that it did so, for there was not a moment to lose.

On the doorstep Harold turned to his companions. "We must get a boat, and row round for our lives. Once it is high-tide it will be all up with them."

Frank and Jack set their lips tight, and gave no other answer than that of using their best endeavours to keep pace with their young brother's giant strides. At the first of the fishermen's cottages he came to he stopped, trying to obtain a boatman and his boat. But he learnt at once that his hopes as regarded the man were in vain. There was not an able-bodied one at home in the village that morning.

"Never mind," said Jack; "we are strong; we can do without."

"We must," answered Harold. "But we wanted the man for his local knowledge, not for his strength." Then he bent himself to his oar and sent the boat rushing through the water with a spurt that almost flung his companions out. In the same instant of time Violet's easel and advancing sketch were suddenly thrown to the ground by a heavy shower of spray, and the two startled girls awoke from their happy day-dreams, and faced the stormy scene without, only in time to be greeted by a blast of wind and a second avalanche of spray which threw Violet, with a scream of terror, to her knees. Lilian, too, tottered for a moment and gasped for breath, but she quickly rallied her bewildered senses, and stooping over Violet she pulled her on to her feet again, saying, as Harold had done a few minutes before—

"Quick, Vi dear! there is no time to be lost, or we shall be wet through before we quit our uncivil dining-room."

"I am almost that already," sobbed poor little shivering Vi. "And oh! my picture, Lil; look at my poor picture!"

As she spoke the dry sobs turned into streaming tears. But tears and sobs were alike buried, a minute later, beneath a weight of awe and terror that almost overturned reason from its throne. The rough descent of a third watery veil so well seconded Lil's injunction that her sister reached the natural window almost sooner than herself. A wail of despair followed, and then—silence.

In the very act of springing through the opening, up to which they had so hurriedly clambered, they found that even the high stepping-stone without was submerged, while all around was a seething mass of whirling waters.

"We are like trapped mice put to drown in a pail, Lil," whispered Vi, at last, as she still clung to the ledge of the window, looking through upon the hopeless scene.

Even as she uttered her hopeless words both the girls were dashed back to the floor of their deceitful hall by a column of spray that rushed through the opening, and flowed like a Scotch burn along a channel that long use had hollowed out at one side of the hemmed-in spot.

Lilian was the first to pick herself up again, and watch the streams tearing onwards in one wild mass of foam, each instant joined and augmented by wind-tossed waves from the more open sea on the other side of the frowning sentinels.

She looked down at Violet, still crouched, moaning, at the edge of the sudden torrent, and, passing her hand hurriedly over eyes that were filled now with something else than

spray, she bent down, touching her sister's soft round cheek with her lips.

"Vi, darling, try to hope. Our Father is so loving and so strong. He can still save us. And—and—" the trembling lips almost refused to say anything more.

"If not, Vi, dear Vi, He still loves us, you know. We are still safe."

As the girl spoke she raised her face, shining with a clear and perfect faith, and looked out over the stormy sea. The moment later a cry broke from her—a bursting, sobbing, exultant cry. Steadying herself bravely, she stood firmly forward in the very face of the wind, waving her arm, and raising her voice in a shrill, eager shout.

Vi, still crouching, lifted her right arm feebly.

"Oh, hush, Lil, please hush! No one can come through such a sea to help us without being drowned."

"Yes, they can; oh yes, these can," was the reply in the same high-pitched, eager tones of strong excitement.

"You don't know, Vi, darling. They are the boys—our boys out there!"

"Our boys!" The echoing voice had caught the contagion of excitement now.

With her exclamation Violet was on her feet, clinging to her sister, drawing her breath with heavy gasps, now burning with a crimson glow, and now white as the foam rushing by at her feet.

"Yes, Lil, yes, they are our boys," she sobbed, as she strained her eyes to convince herself of the longed-for fact.

"I do feel now that we shall be saved, for they are so strong, and so brave, and so clever. But oh! Lil, Lil," and she hid her eyes on her sister's shoulder, and shook as if in an ague fit. "Lil, if they should die because of us!"

Lilian strained her sister close. "Hush, dear!" she whispered. "Hush, I cannot bear it! I am praying."

"And I too," came the whisper back.

No other word was spoken by either to the other for several long hours to come.

Of what use is it to attempt to describe the next half-hour, the alternate hopes and efforts and despair? It must suffice to say that all idea had to be abandoned of bringing the boat near enough to the girls' ever increasingly dangerous place of refuge. Each time that the attempt was made proved very nearly fatal.

"We must not all die if we can help, for our mother's sake," muttered Jack at last through clenched teeth, as the trio rested a moment on their oars, after again taking the boat back out of the raging surf.

Harold had been stooping during this pause; he lifted himself up now, kicking off his unfastened boots as he did so.

"No," he said, in tones cold and still from very intensity of emotion; "we must leave father and mother—one of us, at any rate, or it would be too awful. Mother must come before the girls. So whatever happens, Jack, you stay with the boat. If I—I—fail—for the girls—Frank must try."

With that he plunged over the side of the boat, while Frank, not waiting for that possible failure of his youngest brother, plunged over the other side into the tumbling waves, and both struck out desperately for the sisters, who even now were quite possibly drowning behind that blinding, ever-thickening shield of spray which now hid them entirely from view.

In after days Jack used to declare most solemnly that when his brothers thus left him in sole charge of the boat, and of prospective duty to their parents, he fell into a strange kind of trance, in which he was wholly and solely conscious of the flight of time—weeks and months and years went by, and he would point to his head, which as a fact went grey almost immediately after, as half-laughing, half-serious proof that they really did.

* * * * * * *

When Harold's birthday arrived he had to go to Violet's room to receive her good wishes, for she lay with her sweet face as white as the pillow on which it rested. Frank and Lilian had reached home without material injury, but Harold had been so bruised against the rocks as to lie for some hours in a fainting state when the excitement of his accomplished work was over, and the same rocks had broken poor little Vi's arm. Perhaps, though, we should say happy little Vi, for some souls are spoken to in one way, some in another; and this was the way in which the Spirit spoke to Violet.

"Harold," she said, in low, half-timid tones, "even this time your birthday present was not finished, and now it is drowned, and my arm is useless. But Hal, dear old Hal, though I cannot make you my present, I have prayed God to help me to make Him the thank-offering of growing patient and humble and unselfish, and a comfort in the home instead of a worry."

Harold bowed his head close to her ear, even shyer than his sister, as he answered back: "And I make the thank-offering, Sis, for the blessing of being helped to save you, of getting rid of my idiotic, irritating dogmatism. Whatever you might do or leave undone, I was not constituted your mentor."

Thus out of storm there came forth peace.

[THE END.]

ODD CHARACTERS.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

By NANETTE MASON.

VII.—NINE ODD WOMEN.

In the preceding articles we have told the story of six outstanding eccentric women. In this, our concluding article, we propose grouping together a few oddities who, though well worth reading about, are hardly of sufficient importance for each of them to monopolise a whole paper.

It would not be difficult to prove that eccentricities, on the whole, serve a useful purpose. Indeed, if we only exert ourselves to find it out, we may discover something to be said in favour of most things in the world. There is no beauty certainly about eccentricities, but they are picturesque. They supply character and furnish welcome relief after intercourse with dulness and insipidity. Without odd individuals, who do things in their own way, and care nothing for the criticisms of their neighbours, society would often be a monotonous affair.

At the same time, let no one suppose that we wish to hold up eccentric characters as guiding stars and models for imitation. It is praiseworthy for a girl to have individuality, but not eccentricity, which is nothing but individuality run mad. Individuality is the feature to be cultivated by all sensible girls, for none are more uninteresting than those in whom it is absent, and who look for all the world as if they were made after one pattern, like machine-made toys.

"It is universally admitted," says the author of "The Eccentric Mirror," "that no country in the world produces so many humorists and eccentric characters as the British Islands. This acknowledgment is a direct eulogy on the political constitution and laws under which the English enjoy the happiness of living, and by which each individual is suffered to gratify every whim, fancy, and caprice, provided it be not prejudicial to his fellow-creatures." There is little doubt, however, that eccentric characters are not so common as they used to be. They flourished best when people moved in narrower circles than now, and railways and daily newspapers were unknown.

Eccentricity is more common amongst unmarried women than amongst the married. Married women have their oddities, as a rule, taken out of them by the outspoken criticisms of their husbands. Their unmarried sisters being without these corrective advantages, fall often into strange ways, and become funny old maids without intending it. But, as we have seen from the examples of the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Lady Hatton, even husbands sometimes find it beyond hope to reform the singularities of their wives.

We have another example of the eccentric married lady in Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, whose good looks were celebrated by Pope, and who in her early days was described by Prior as—

"Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed."

An account of her is given by Dr. Robert Chambers in his "Traditions of Edinburgh," from which it appears that she continued as wild as an untamed colt to the end of her career. "She was," says Dr. Chambers, "in reality, to a certain extent insane, though the politeness of fashionable society, and the flattery of her poetical friends, seem to have succeeded in passing off her extravagances as owing to an agreeable freedom of carriage and vivacity of mind. Her brother was as clever and mad as herself, and used to amuse himself by hiding a book in his library and hunting

for it after he had forgotten where it was deposited."

When she visited Scotland with the Duke, she was struck with horror at Scottish manners. One northern custom in those days she particularly detested—that of eating off the end of a knife. When people came to dine with her and began to lift their food in this way, she used to scream out and implore them not to cut their throats, after which she would put them to shame by sending them a silver spoon or fork upon a salver.

It was a freak of hers when in Scotland to dress always like a peasant girl. Her idea seems to have been to make a fool of the stately dresses and formal ways of the Scottish gentlewomen who came to visit her. One evening some of these prim and precise dames came dressed in all their finery. Her Grace proposed a walk through the woods, and they were, as in duty bound, obliged to troop off, though sorely bewailing the probable destruction of their starched-up frills and flounces. Their hostess, after taking them through hedges, over stone walls, and bypaths thickly planted on both sides with bramble bushes, at last pretended to be tired, and planted herself on the top of a heap of refuse at the end of a farmhouse.

"Pray, ladies, sit down beside me," she said to her poor draggled and torn companions.

They stood so much in awe of her that they did not dare to refuse, and thus her Grace put the finishing touch to the ruin of their ridiculously fine costumes.

If ever she went to an evening entertainment and saw a tea-service paraded which seemed too grand for the rank of the owner, she "intentionally by accident" overturned the table and broke the china. It was evident on such occasions that she took great delight in being politely assured by her hosts that she need not put herself the least about, for the catastrophe "was of no consequence."

A laughable anecdote is told by Dr. Chambers of her Grace as occurring at Court, where she stood in awe of no one, and set an example both of plain-dealing and plain-dressing. "An edict had been issued forbidding the ladies to appear at the drawing-room in aprons. This was disregarded by the Duchess, whose rustic costume would not have been complete without that piece of dress. On approaching the door she was stopped by the Lord-in-Waiting, who told her that he could not possibly give her Grace admission in that guise, when she, without a moment's hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked on, in her brown gown and petticoat, into the brilliant circle."

Another eccentric married woman in high life was the Duchess of Montagu, who died in 1734 at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell. She was heiress of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, and in consequence was a personage of considerable importance in the matrimonial market. Her first husband was General Monk's son, who died young. After his death she was so immensely wealthy that pride crazed her, and she vowed never to marry anyone but a sovereign prince.

The Duke of Montagu, tempted by her property, determined to woo her in that capacity. He assumed the character of the Emperor of China, made love to her, and was accepted. No one will doubt her being out of her mind when one reads that up to the time of her death she insisted on being always approached as Empress, and never served but on bended knee.

Sometimes eccentricity has adopted a life of solitude, and in retirement has found for itself a congenial soil. Amongst many examples, however, of total seclusion from their fellows which have been recorded, there are few cases in which women have been conspicuous. They make worse solitary beings than men. Their natural timidity and their love of seeing and being seen will always prevent their becoming good hermits. There are exceptions, however, and here is one:—

An extraordinary example of eccentricity in solitude is found in a lady who, in the beginning of this century, lived in the neighbourhood of Salem, in the State of New York. Sarah Bishop was a young lady of considerable beauty, and a competent share of mental endowments and education. She possessed a handsome fortune, but was of a tender and delicate constitution; indeed, her health was so precarious that she could scarcely be comfortable without constant recourse to medicine.

Early in life she seems to have taken a disgust at her fellow-creatures. Very likely an affair of the heart was at the beginning of it. This, indeed, in nine cases out of ten is how an eccentric life has its origin. She resolved to retire from all society, and at the age of twenty-seven resorted to the mountains which divide Salem from North Salem, and there she spent the rest of her days in a cave; or, rather, in the cleft of a rock.

Here she stayed, self-secluded from all human society. She kept no domesticated animal, not even a fowl, a cat, or a dog. A piece of ground beside her hermitage—there was about half an acre of it—she cleared of wood and reduced to grass; but she made little use of it, except that she raised on it a few peach trees, and planted every year a few beans, cucumbers, and potatoes. The whole plot was surrounded by grape vines of luxuriant growth, which overspread all the surrounding wood, and produced grapes in the greatest abundance. On the opposite side of the cave was a fine spring of excellent water, which issued from the side of the mountain.

"At this fountain," says a traveller who went on purpose to visit the spot in the close of 1804, "we found the wonderful woman, whose appearance it is rather difficult to describe. Indeed, like nature in its first state, she was without form; that is, she appeared in no form or position I had ever seen before. Her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, obscuring all appearance of human shape, excepting her head, which was dotted with a luxuriancy of lank grey hair, depending on every side just as nature and time had formed it, without any kind of artificial covering or ornament whatever.

"When she had discovered our approach, her manner resembled that of a wild and timid animal. She started, hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, in which she took refuge, and barricaded the entrance with old bark, which she had pulled down from the decayed trees. To this humble mansion we approached, and after some conversation with her, obtained permission to remove the pallisades and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only able to accommodate a single person.

"We conversed with her a considerable time; found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and entirely happy and contented with her situation; of this she has given repeated demonstrations to others who have in vain solicited her to quit this dreary abode. We saw no utensil, neither for labour or cooking, except an old pewter basin and a gourd shell; no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags scattered here and there upon it; no bed-clothes of any kind; nor the least appearance of any sort of food, and no fire.

"She had, indeed, a place in one corner of her cell where she kindles a fire at times, but it does not appear that any fire has been kindled there this year. To confirm this opinion, a gentleman says that he passed her cell after a great fall of snow in the beginning of March last, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe season is all a mystery. She says she eats but little flesh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how she is supported through the winter season. In the summer she subsists on the berries, nuts, and roots which the mountains afford. It may be that she secretes her winter store in some other fissure in the rock, more convenient for that purpose than the cell she inhabits.

"She keeps a Bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction and spends much time in reading and meditating on its pages. It may be this woman is a sincere worshipper of God; if so, she is yet more rich, wise, and happy than thousands in affluence and honour who behold her with astonishment and scorn. At any rate, from this humble yet astonishing page of human nature we read a most interesting lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar state of this woman's heart which impelled her to forsake the society of mankind, and led her to this solitary mansion. The human heart, under the impulse of any particular propensity, will seek happiness in solitude, deformity, and death itself, while its antipathies, on the contrary, can embitter a paradise of joy."

In 1824 a Miss Elizabeth Balls died at Havering-atte-Bower, in Essex, and was long remembered in that retired hamlet and neighbourhood for her very extraordinary eccentricity of character. Her father was a respectable farmer at Hemel Hempstead, where she was born. Early in life she met with a disappointment in her affections: her lover either died or deserted her, we are not sure which. After that happened she adopted a very whimsical line of conduct, and secluded herself from all human society.

She lived in a cottage near Havering Green, which was her own property, and there passed the greater part of her life all alone, sharing her pittance with a herd of twenty to fifty goats, two sheep, a number of fowls, a dog, and two or three cats. These animals went to and fro in the house just as they pleased, so the state it was in may be imagined.

Curiosity brought to the outer rails of her little courtyard continual visitors, to whom she would come out and hold a conversation about her "dear children" the goats, whom she would call about her, and on general subjects would talk very rationally. In short, she was one of the lions of the neighbourhood, and scarcely anyone came to Havering-atte-Bower without calling at her door. A contemporary account says she was "of middle stature, with a fair, pale complexion and a weak voice; her manners were mild, without any of that vulgarity or ferocity to be expected from a person entirely domesticated with brute animals." Her dress was always squalid in the extreme.

A curious case of eccentricity brought about by disappointment in love is connected with a house in what is now the busy and unromantic thoroughfare of Oxford Street, in London. A certain Miss Mary Lucrine, a maiden of small fortune who resided here and died in 1778, having met with a disappointment in matrimony in early life, vowed that she would never again look on the light of the sun! Accordingly the windows of her apartment were closely shut up for years, and she kept her resolution to her dying day.

Many eccentric women have sustained the character and devoted themselves to the pursuits of men: dressing like men, too. There was Phœbe Hassel, for example. She had a lover, and he was a private in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies. Phœbe resolved not to stay behind, enlisted in a regiment of foot, and embarked after him. After going through many adventures the two came home and were married, and Phœbe at an advanced

age was one of the characters of Brighton, where she earned a scanty livelihood selling apples and gingerbread on the Marine Parade.

Then there was the case of Mary East, a woman who resolved to live single, and, under the name of James How, played the part of an innkeeper for thirty-six years, after which she retired to enjoy the considerable property she had acquired by fair and honest means, and with an unblemished character. A female friend lived with her, and the two were known in their neighbourhood as man and wife. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* who records the circumstances, says that "both had been crossed in love when young, and had chosen this method to avoid further importunities."

It was more roguery than eccentricity, however, that made a woman, about the close of last century, dress in male attire, and go about captivating her sisters and marrying them. On the 5th of July, 1777, this impostor was tried at a criminal court in London, for thus disguising herself, and it was proved that she had, at different times, been married to three women, and "defrauded them of their money and clothes." "The fair deceiver," says one writer, "was required by the justices to give the daughters of the citizens an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with her features by standing in the pillory of Cheapside, and after going through this ordeal she was imprisoned for six months."

In the catalogue of eccentric people we must give a place to the strong woman whom William Hutton met at Matlock, in Derbyshire, in July, 1801. Hutton's description of her is worth repeating, if only to let girls see what they might make of themselves by proper training!

After noticing the rocks and caves at Matlock, Hutton says, "The greatest wonder I saw was Miss Phœbe Brown, in person five feet six, about thirty, well-proportioned, round faced and ruddy; a dark, penetrating eye, which, the moment it fixes upon your face, stamps your character, and that with precision. Her step (pardon the Irishism) is more manly than a man's, and can easily cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man's hat and coat, with a spencer above it, and men's shoes.

"She can lift one hundredweight with each hand, and carry fourteen score. Can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accompaniment to the female character, except that of modesty . . .

"She has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it is deep-toned—the wind in her face she can send it a mile; has no beard; accepts any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the ricks, etc. But her chief avocation is breaking-in horses, at a guinea a week; always rides without a saddle, and is supposed the best judge of a horse, cow, etc., in the country, and is frequently requested to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs.

"She is fond of Milton, Pope, Shakespeare; also of music; is self-taught; performs on several instruments, as the flute, violin, harpsichord, and supports the bass-viol in Matlock church. She is an excellent markswoman, and, like her brother-sportsmen, carries her gun upon her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork, and but little mutton; her chief food is milk and also her drink—discarding wine, ale, and spirits."

Amongst eccentric women we may well put many members of that singular class of old Scottish ladies whose peculiarities have been described by such writers as Lord Cockburn and Dean Ramsay—a class that has now passed quite away.

This interesting race, marked by so many oddities, generally lived in provincial towns and never dreamt of going from home. Many of them had never been in London or had even crossed the Tweed. "They were a delightful set," says Lord Cockburn, "strong-headed, warm-hearted, and high-spirited; the fire of their tempers not always latent; merry even in solitude, very resolute; indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world; and adhering to their own ways, so as to stand out, like primitive rocks, above ordinary society. Their prominent qualities of sense, humour, affection, and spirit were embodied in curious outsides; for they all dressed and spoke and did exactly as they chose; their language like their habits entirely Scotch, but without any other vulgarity than what perfect naturalness is sometimes mistaken for."

As a good example of these Scottish worthies take Miss Menie Trotter, of the Morton Hall family, a rough piece of granite, within which, however, was a well of deep feeling that "would spring up at odd times and flow freely in some eccentric channel, sending fresh soil to the youthful plant, carrying substance to the needy and comfort to the weary heart."

Miss Trotter, Lord Cockburn tells us, was of the agrestic order. Her pleasures lay in the fields and long country walks. Ten miles at a stretch within a few years of her death was nothing to her. Her attire accorded. But her understanding was fully as masculine. Though slenderly endowed, she did, unnoticed, acts of liberality for which most of the rich would expect to be advertised.

Prevailing loneliness gave her some entertaining habits, but never impaired her enjoyment of her friends, for whom she had always diverting talk and occasionally "a bit dinner." Indeed, she generally sacrificed an ox to hospitality every autumn, which, according to a system of her own, she ate regularly from nose to tail.

In small things she was penurious, but her generosity could rise to circumstances. She had a contempt for securities and would trust no bank with her money, but kept all her bills and bank notes in a green silk bag that hung on her toilet table. On either side the table there was a large white bowl, one of them containing her silver and the other her copper money, the latter as full always as it could hold and accessible to any of the servants in the house. The idea of anyone stealing money seemed never to enter her head. "Indeed," says Miss Grahame, who has given us some interesting particulars regarding this original old lady, "she once sent a present to her niece, Mrs. Cunninghame, of a fifty pound note wrapped up in a cabbage leaf, and entrusted it to the care of a woman who was going with a basket of butter to the Edinburgh market."

Her character comes out beautifully in the following touching incident, after reading which admiration will overlook a thousand eccentricities. One day in the course of conversation she said to her niece—

"Do ye ken, Margaret, that Mrs. Thomas R—— is dead? I was gaun by the door this morning, and thought I wad just look in and speer for her. She was very near her end, but quite sensible, and expressed her gratitude to God for what He had done for her and her fatherless bairns. She said she was leaving a large young family with very small means, but she had trust in Him that they would not be forsaken and that He would provide for them. Now, Margaret, ye'll tell Peggy" (her handmaid) "to bring down the green silk bag that hangs on the corner of my looking-glass, and ye'll take twa thousand pounds out o' it and gie 't to Walter Ferrier for behoof of thae orphan bairns; it will fit out the laddies and be something to the lassies. I want to make good the words 'that God wad provide for them,' for what else was I sent that way this morning but as a humble instrument in His hands?"

In youth she had been attached to a young medical student who afterwards rose to great distinction in his profession. The student, however, was looked down upon by her family, and he and Miss Trotter parted to meet no more. To that incident may be attributed many of the peculiarities of her after life. She tried to console herself with long rural rambles. "I wandered among the hills," she says, "and held communion with Him who is the Father of the afflicted, and when I looked over the varied land and the restless sea, and down upon the broom and the flowers that were offering up their mute praise and incense to their Creator, I found the comfort that passes understanding."

"Mony ane thought when I gaed thae long walks amang the mountains that I was alone, but I never was alone, for the Maker of this beautiful world was my constant companion."

Here we lay down the pen, for this old Scottish character makes a good ending.

VARIETIES

Which Ought to Give up First?

A young wife, in the midst of her first quarrel, was asked by her husband which ought to give up first—the man who was the head of the woman, or the woman who was created for the man? With a smile and a kiss the wife replied:—

"Neither the stronger nor the weaker, but the one who loves the most."

A Happy State.—"Social happiness," says Lord Houghton, "consists in being asked everywhere and going nowhere."

A Love Story.

A young lady had an old admirer, who, having found her glove, returned it with the following distich:—

"If from your glove you take the letter G,
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee."

The old gentleman's name was Page, and he received the following unexpected and epigrammatic reply, which chagrined him so much that he left the neighbourhood:—

"If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me."

About Amusement.—Never seek for amusement, but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it, the slightest word wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh.—*Ruskin.*

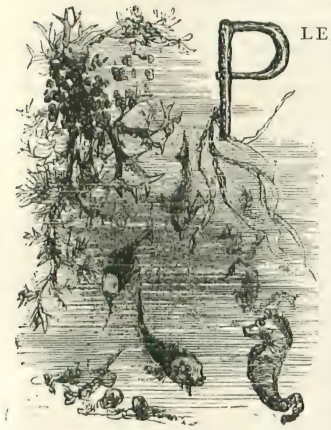
How to have an Easy Mind.—Leave to everyone the care of her own affairs, and disturb not thyself with what is said or done in the world.—*St. Thomas Aquinas.*

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

LOST.



"PLEASE, 'm, Lawyer Townley's boy is here again, and would Mr. Underwood please to step across to the office?"

The interruption came from Ruth, in a tone that implied urgency.

"Dear me, this is the third time he has sent," cried her mistress. "Do, Hubert, go and see what is wanted."

Away posted he up the village, leaving Miss Pringle to relapse into reverie, in which memories of the past and visions of the future met and blended into each other like the dissolving views on an exhibitor's broad sheet.

The urgency was more imaginary than real. But whatever had to be done by Jasper Townley had to be done promptly.

"I did not know but you might be off to the Highlands or the Hebrides before I could confer with you," he said, with his suppressed smile. "Young men do whisk themselves off in these railroad days so unexpectedly, there was no knowing where you might be if I dallied. I only wished to submit drafts of contract and other documents I have drawn up for consideration prior to laying fair copies before Messrs. Crossley for their approval. We will first have a cosy cup of tea, and then to business."

The church clock was striking eight when Hubert went back to Pilgrim Place, and found that Miss Pringle had gone to bed, "rather fatigued," as Ruth explained.

"The excitement of my joyous news coming so closely on the top of yesterday's emotion will have been too much for her," thought he. "She has not yet fully regained her strength. She will be all the better for a good night's rest. Ruth shall take her breakfast up to bed in the morning."

Trust Ruth for that. She had a kind little mistress, and repaid her with devotion rare in these degenerate days, when the relations of mistress and maids are so strained.

She brought word down along with the breakfast tray, "Would Mr. Underwood please not to go out until Miss Pringle comes downstairs."

He had a spirit of unrest upon him that morning; he missed his ordinary occupation. Had a craving to be out and away to Upland Farm, that was strangely tinctured with inquietude. He had dined at the farm the previous day, and had not left until every member of the family had wished him happiness with Mabel; Bob demonstratively, Phillis soberly, and Mr. Heathfield had tacked to his hearty concurrence the assurance that his queen would not go to her husband empty-handed.

But he had left Mabel herself in a hurry to dress for a garden party at Redlands, and feeling the need to tone down his exuberant excitement before meeting Miss Pringle, he had set out for a long walk round by the high road. He had thus happened to meet at the corner of the lane the showy carriage of Mrs. Rivers, on its way to take up Miss Heathfield, and noticed casually that Mrs. Rivers and her three young people sat within. A distant bow and they were gone. On he went, humming a favourite air of Mabel's, and flicking the wayside grasses with his stick. As he neared the great iron gates enclosing Sheperton Park, a low pony phaeton bowled out, in which sat Mr. Gilbert and his sister, also dressed as for a festive gathering. A more genial salute, and they too passed him as if also bound to Redlands. He was too newly happy for an unquiet thought.

Following the wide sweep of the road, he stopped for a while to lean over the parapet of the stone bridge, and watch the gliding water as it took its silvery course under the high bank and the Sheperton plantation on to the little footbridge a quarter of a mile away. He saw only a smiling augury of his own future in its tranquil flow, forgetting for the moment the stories he had heard of its disastrous turbulence in days gone by. Musing there, he was overtaken by Ernest Hope, who could not help observing what a happy smile was on his face.

In his then mood Hubert was open to all kindly influences. With the reservations imposed by Miss Pringle and her lawyer, he disclosed to his good friend how fortunate he had been alike in his business and his love affairs; but no sooner did he mention "Mr. Heathfield's daughter," than he saw the curate change colour and look distressed.

"You surely do not mean Miss Phillis?" broke from him, and he drew in his breath.

"Phillis? Oh, dear, no; Mabel! But what put our quiet unassuming Phillis into your head? Ah, I see, she has——"

"Mr. Underwood," said the other, seriously, with a sudden flush that faded as suddenly, "you have surprised my secret. Let it remain a secret, I beg of you. No one could come in frequent contact with Phillis Heathfield and see her under the conditions I have seen her without knowing her intrinsic worth, and loving her unconsciously. But she is young, and I am only a poor curate-in-charge; it would ill become me to disturb her serenity by word of mine. Should time bring preferment; then—and not until then——"

"I shall be glad to grasp your hand as a brother," cried Hubert, warmly. "And it is not to any man I would say as much, for Phillis is a jewel of a girl, worthy the best love of the best man I know."

It was the mutual, brotherly confidence with which they clasped hands at Miss Pringle's gate, that had brought the name of Lucy to the old lady's lips.

It was not until the excitement of the day had subsided, and after a night's repose Hubert began in the early morning light to review the panorama of events, that he recalled his abrupt dismissal and Mabel's haste to be dressed in time—too much haste under the circumstances, he began to think. Then the presence of Arthur Rivers in the carriage was remembered with an uneasy sensation, and he was not satisfied to have seen the young squire driving off apparently to join the party at Hylton's, a party that was to include neither Bob nor himself.

A lover's self-torment is proverbial; but Hubert had a trustful, hopeful nature, not prone to unjust suspicions. Still, he had been greatly tantalised from time to time by his beautiful Mabel, and had won consent from her at last with doubtful reciprocity.

And so Miss Pringle's prohibitory message kept him indoors with an ill-grace. He took a turn in the trim garden, and gathered a bouquet for Mabel. He went in, tried to pass time with a book, but only Mabel filled the lettered page, and it went down unread. Then with his hat on he strolled to the front door, and stood there watching the shadow of the church spire, and wondering when he should lead Mabel out of the porch a bride. Then as the church clock struck eleven, Miss Pringle's voice came to him cheerily from behind.

"What! so impatient to see her? Ah, well, I remember when my poor Hubert was impatient too."

"Nay, nay, aunt, I was only restless, not having you downstairs," but he flushed hotly, for all that.

"Well, well," said she, with a sly smile, "I'll not detain the impatient lover a prisoner here. John Crossley bade you make the most of your holiday. I perceive you propose to do so. But come this way. I have something precious you must not depart without. An engagement ring for our dear girl."

So saying, she tripped into her parlour like a damsel of sixteen, and from a concealed drawer in the bookcase escritoire brought forth a tiny box.

"See, Hubert, here is a valuable ring I have treasured and preserved for precisely such an occasion. It was my dear grandmother Pringle's, her bridegroom's gift to her, and carries a blessing with it to the fortunate bride that wears it. So my mother said. It passed into my hands too late. It belongs to the symbolic Pringle Pearls. You may perceive an inscription within the golden circlet; pray peruse it."

"'Pearls of price: Patience, Prudence,

Piety! Ah, those are pearls of price, indeed," said he. "The motto adds a value to the ring, and, taken conjointly with the redness of the gold, stamps it as a family relic, a treasure of antiquity. I thank you heartily, Aunt Pringle. This will be a rare engagement ring. I can buy a modern trinket later on anywhere." He had not lived so long under that roof without imbibing something of her veneration for antiquity.

"Well, Hubert, she saw the ring many years ago, and I know will prize it. Now, take it, and may God bless the betrothed and the bride that wears it."

He stooped and kissed the kind face over which the plough of time had passed so lightly; and as if the Pringle Pearls indeed carried a charm with them, crossed the green meadows as lightly as if never a doubt had risen in his breast. Certainly never a doubt had risen in the giver's.

Opening the front gate, he bent his steps straight to the morning room where Mabel was wont to sit. No one was there. On he went round to the back of the house and through the poultry yard, heedless of the clucking and quacking he occasioned. Hephzibah was coming from the dairy with a bowl of butter.

"No one in?" said she. "Oh, Miss Phillis has gone to see after Roger's mother. The old woman's got the rheumatics. But for my part I think she'd best stay at home and nurse herself; she doesn't look much fit to go nursing other folk. Oh, it's Miss Mabel you wants! Well, you may belike find her in the home-field. She's a fancy for walking theer, tho' what she finds to look at besides the hedges and green wheat is more than I can make out."

He was gone and past the barn and crossing the dusty bye-road to the great field gate, before Hepsy had half finished her tirade. Vaulting lightly over, he looked across the wide field, and there on the grassy path by the hedge side was Mabel, in a charming sky-blue morning gown, and a broad-brimmed hat that he well knew was trimmed with forget-me-nots.

How he wished there was a short cut across the green wheat to the stile near which she stood. But he had to curb his impatience and skirt the hedge the whole length of the bye-road, before he could turn and face her as she came along in a line with Upland Lane. He would not call to her, but he would watch her and take her by surprise as she strolled alongside the hawthorn hedge with shaded face and head bent down as if in meditation. Thinking of him perchance.

He had passed the sharp angle near the bye-road gate, and had gone some distance ere she looked up, and started at the sight of him, crimsoning, but not with too much pleasure, under the shade of her broad hat.

He fancied, notwithstanding the deepened carmine of her peachy cheeks, that she accepted his morning salutation somewhat coldly, and at once apologised for being later than he had intended, putting his own interpretation on her manner. She seemed to shrink from his touch. "She is more shy than I imagined," was all he thought. Her variable moods were not new to him. Indeed, they had been the potent spells of the enchantress.

She listened to him in silence, or answered in monosyllables, except when she told him not to tread down the wheat, there was hardly room for two to walk abreast. Still misunderstanding, he drew closer; and bending down his fine dark head, he said as a propitiation—

"Guess what I have brought you, Mabel dear."

"What?" said she, without looking up. "I'm not fond of guessing."

"This," was his answer, producing the little ring-box. "I have brought our engagement ring, a sacred family relic, sent with her blessing by dear Aunt Pringle. It is the first instalment of the Pringle Pearls." He held up the ring. "These three pearls are symbolic, as you will see, my dear, by the posy inscribed within—"Pearls of Price: Patience, Prudence, Piety." It is surely a consecrating bond of happy union. Let me try if it will fit you."

He slipped the ring upon her finger. He had been so preoccupied he had not observed the gathering frown upon her brow. Her silence he had taken for attention and admiration of the ring, which was good and handsome if not modern.

All at once she drew herself up and looked him full in the eyes. The silence was rudely broken. In a loud, imperious, scornful voice, he scarcely recognised as Mabel's, she saluted his astounded ears with—

"And is this what you presume to offer me as an engagement ring? An old-fashioned thing that has not cost you one penny piece? I am disgusted with your paltry spirit and meanness. If you care no more for me than to offer for my wear my own great-grandmother's ring, I have done with you, I will neither have you nor your ring."

She had dragged the offending symbol from her finger as she spoke, her lips, no longer lovely, curled with ineffable scorn, and she flung the circlet from her with a jerk, far out into the upstanding corn.

"There goes your fine ring," she cried, "and you may go after it. I want neither you nor your ring!"

Amazement had kept him dumb. Aghast at her conduct, and at the loss of the ring his protectress venerated, he exclaimed, in dismay—

"Oh, Mabel, have you no more regard for Aunt Pringle's feelings? That ring was one of her most precious treasures. In sending it, she meant to do you honour."

"Honour, indeed" (contemptuously). "And such an aunt, with her eternal three pearls and three P's. To my mind they stand for Poor, Paltry, Precisian, and suit the giver to a P. Phillis Penelope might have felt herself honoured. I have a spirit above wearing a second-hand engagement ring. When you recover Miss Pringle's lost treasure you can offer it to her namesake. As I said before, I neither want you nor your ring."

He fixed his clear, dark eyes upon her, a world of astonishment, sorrow, and repulsion in their depths, as in the one word he uttered, "Mabel!"

She turned away with haughty step, and left him standing there, his eyes following her retreating figure mournfully, then turning to the open field where lay his desecrated offering.

How long he stood there wondering if its recovery were possible, and how he should meet his dear old friend and second mother, or break the dreadful story to her, he had no recollection, any more than how he left the field.

He was recalled to consciousness of the outer world by the appearance of Miss Pringle midway across the meadow path, waving some papers in the air with visible elation.

As she drew nearer her gladness faded to visible alarm.

"Whatever is the matter, my dear boy?" she exclaimed. "Your appearance is perturbing. You must have had some terrible shock!"

"Aye, terrible indeed," said he, "the whole edifice of life and hope shattered at one blow. Come home, dear aunt; I must tell my story there. Mabel rejects your ring and me."

"Mabel! Mabel?" she reiterated, shrilly. "You did not surely present the Pringle Pearls to Mabel! I proffered them to Phillis Penelope. Oh, dear, oh, dear!" and the little lady clasped her hands, regardless of the papers she crushed in the action.

Hubert opened wide his eyes. Enlightenment had fallen on the lids of both.

The explanations that followed had their ludicrous as well as their tragic sides. He had placed Mabel on a pinnacle so high, that toppling down into the dust she had all but annihilated love, and crushed the lover in her fall.

But Miss Pringle—although he had softened Mabel's outrageous rejection of her ring, suppressing her insulting reference to Phillis, and her parody on the three pearls—she was alternately fired with indignation and soothed by the reflection that neither her ring nor boy had been sacrificed to "a vain and pitiable flirt."

Papers might wait, dinner might wait, punctuality was of less importance than the recovery of the Pringle Pearls; and off she set to Upland Farm, with little of the proverbial patience in her mien.

There had already been a scene at the farm. Gilbert Sheperton had led Phillis with respectful care down the lane to the garden gate, white as her own sunbonnet, and almost too faint to walk alone. Hepsy found her tottering across the hall to grasp the bannisters for support, and almost carried her into the dining-room, whilst crying out—

"Ah, I knew how it would be; I said as you wasn't fit to go up that hill all in the sun for no sick folk Here, sit ye down in that cheer, and take a drink of water. I'll go and call missis."

"Don't, don't, Hepsy; *I'll be better* soon. I only went faint in the lane."

But Hepsy was gone. And in her

stead there sailed in Mabel, with a flush of triumph on her brow, her hat swinging in her hand.

"Oh, Mabel, how could you? How could you? It was cruel, it was cruel! Poor Hubert! How will he bear his wounded heart? How can he tell Aunt Pringle?"

And Phillis, stricken by the same shaft that had wounded Hubert Underwood, dropped her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Hillo!" cried the farmer, coming in for his dinner, "what is the meaning of this?"

"It means that my prudent and patient sister Phillis Penelope has been playing the spy, and is in a passion because I chose to resent an insult."

"It was not an insult; it was an honour. Yours was the indignity. You have wronged two noble hearts unpardonably. You have lost——" Phillis here fainted outright, and the farmer was fain to accept Mabel's version of the occurrence whilst Hepsy and Mrs. Heathfield were busy with restoratives, and puzzled Bob looked on uneasily, only too glad when Phillis "came round," and he could take her up in his strong arms and carry her to her own room out of the way of—he hardly knew what.

Dinner was just over when Miss Pringle came upon the scene without her purse-pouch, but full of righteous indignation at Mabel's heartless conduct in accepting Hubert one day and jilting him the next, putting down her treachery to the presentation of a paltry second-hand ring. It was no use palming that tale off upon her, she said. It was too poor an excuse to pass muster. There was some private policy paramount. Pinchbeck or gold would have been all as one to a woman whose love was pure, and whose heart was true. But she had come not to bandy words, but seek the restoration of the Pringle Pearls. To that end she desired the farmer to have an immediate search made for the lost ring, cutting down the corn until it came to light.

She had gone an hour too late. Phillis was upstairs. Mabel had had her say, and Farmer Heathfield took the part of his spoiled beauty, as he ever had done.

He maintained that a girl who could pick and choose among the best in the county had a right to resent the offering of an old granny's ring as an insult; laughed at the fuss the old girl made over a trumpery ring; offered to buy her a fresh one worth twice as much, but declared he would not cut his green corn for all the rings in the county. She must wait until harvest time, and then have it searched for.

Miss Pringle went off in a fume; declared she would never cross the threshold of the farm again; said she was thankful for Hubert's narrow escape, and told Mabel that she might live to regret all she had lost when she threw away the Pringle Pearls.

The month was not out before Bob brought the news to Upland Farm that Hubert Underwood had sailed for Australia to claim his father's lands, and that Gilbert Sheperton had gone with him to London to see him off.

"Humph!" said the sturdy farmer. "That's queer. I must have a talk with the young squire."

He had his talk with him, and came back a wiser man.

"I had long been fascinated by Miss Heathfield's beauty," said Mr. Gilbert, "but was kept aloof by danglers she appeared to countenance, Mr. Arthur Rivers in particular. At last we met at Hylton's garden party, and I observed some coolness between the two. To me she was more engaging than ever, and she assured me there had never been more than cousinly regard between them. We met by appointment the following morning at the high stile, and I consummated my folly by asking her to become my wife. She gave me a hesitating promise, and when I left her I believed myself her first and only love. I was sharply undeceived. Half way down the lane I turned back, resolved to lose no time in speaking to my father. Fortunately I chanced to meet Miss Phillis, who looked ill, immediately beneath the hedge on the other side of which my newly-promised bride insulted a most honourable man, an earlier *fiancé*, in tones no longer gentle. I must refer you to Miss Phillis for what we overheard so providentially. But I tell you this, Mr. Heathfield: I resolved upon the spot I would not marry your beautiful daughter if there was not another wife to be found in England. I have had a most lucky escape."

Mabel had lost more than a ring when she threw away the Pringle Pearls. More than she had calculated.

(To be continued.)

EARLY AUTUMN.

By MARY ROWLES.

THE meadows rest beneath a golden haze,
And peace has fallen on the hurrying river.
No vagrant ripple on its margin plays,
Where, half asleep, the heavy bulrush sways,
And tangled sedges quiver.

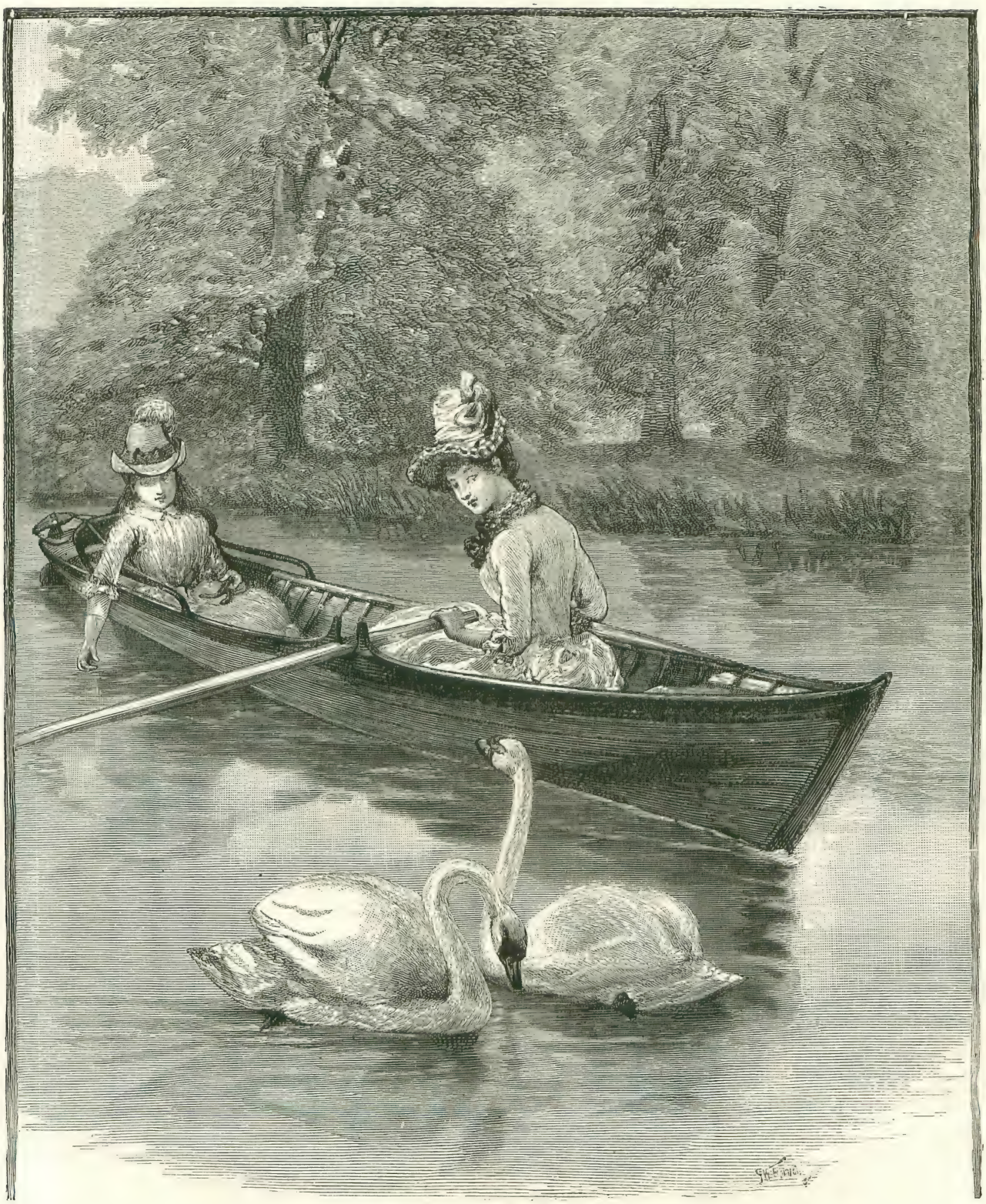
A drowsy calm is on the distant hills,
And in the vales the leisure of completeness—
A sense of rest well earned all nature stills,
But through the hush the robin's warble thrills
With more than summer sweetness.

Still here and there, like sunshine glinting through,
The yellow cistus braves the changing weather,
And slender harebells, with their cups of dew,
And sturdy scabious of the self-same hue,
Go gipsying together.

There are ripe clusters on the hawthorn spray,
A drift of gold beneath the chestnut lying;
The tawny beech grows fairer day by day,
And glowing maples give their life away,
Most beautiful in dying.

O generous Autumn!—harvest of the year,
Teach us to labour, strong and willing-hearted,
Ere the uprooting and the frost draw near;
And teach us patient trust and hopeful cheer
When summer hath departed.

We, too, would live through busy days below,
That God's "well done" may with our rest be given,
When at our feet life's autumn flowers shall blow,
And from the fitful chains of earth we go
To hear the songs of heaven.



"AND PEACE HAS FALLEN ON THE HURRYING RIVER."

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER LI.

FAN'S FAREWELLS.

"Now I think I am ready. Draw down the blind at my right. Those at the back don't signify. I dare say Mrs. Aspenel ordered champagne, after all!"

"I think not, sir."

These remarks passed between Mr. Aspenel and Nurse True. The former had left his bed, and had been moved into a small boudoir adjoining his wife's morning room, which, it will be remembered, was turned into his sleeping apartment, or rather sick chamber, when he returned to the Park from Hoplands. He was seated in an easy chair with all the accessories of invalidism about him. The strong, resolute man had become a hypochondriac, and dreaded a beam or a breath, lest the one should disclose, the other disturb his melancholy condition. His mind was clear for business, but clouded on other points. Thus on one side of him were ledgers and papers, on the other all sorts of nostrums. But conspicuous amongst the former was a variety of religious books, which were read aloud to him in the intervals of business and medical arrangements. If his household had been bond-servants before they were slaves now; only they were willing slaves, because they believed him to be striving against nature in his endeavour to atone for the past, and in abject terror of the future. Death was ever before him; not as liberator, but as conqueror; not as forerunner to a better life, but as tyrant, conducting to chains and dungeons. He had not yet grasped the Hand of mercy held out to ransom the enslaved.

He was enveloped in an ample dressing-gown which concealed such parts of his body as he chose to hide, though beneath it he was fully dressed. He wore a large velvet cap, the tassels of which fell over one cheek, and the band of which came down to his eyes. His face was terribly seamed, but the scars were thus partially concealed. He was no longer the dapper, well-kempt, carefully got up gentleman that daily left his house for his office in order to heap up his millions; but a wreck of manhood, and of all that makes manhood worthy. Fear had usurped the seat of confidence, and a slowly awakening conscience was replacing the black chaos of a soul enwrapped in greed. Restitution was the word ever before his eyes, and the struggle of his mind between justice and avarice was like the wrestling of a condemned criminal with his executioner. It was to Nurse True and Gerard alone that he displayed this conflict, and they, the former especially, strove to allay it with the all-conquering force of Scripture. She had a text for every phase of mental struggle, and happily he believed they were written expressly for him. The fire and its consequences were ever before him, and he was perpetually muttering, "Saved as by fire," "Purified by fire," and similar sentences.

"There is nothing more to be done, is there?" he asked, irritably. "Then tell them all to come here. All! Yes, all. Why not? I forgot; not Bruce, no, not Bruce. The girl is my niece, and I must give her a wedding present. Not the diamonds I gave the Mrs. Aspenels one after the other, but something tangible. Make haste, or I shall change my mind."

Nurse True left him, and he laid hold of a sealed packet that lay on the table at his left.

"A goodly sum, but he is reformed, and saved my life; and we once loved one another," he said, as he clenched the packet and pressed it to his breast as if it was something dear to him. At the sound of approaching footsteps he laid it down again, and prepared to receive his visitors. His brother came in first, followed by the bride and bridegroom. He led them up to Aspenel, and, with his customary jaunty air, introduced them.

"I wish you both joy," said Aspenel, politely, offering his left hand, which they took successively. "I used to know you, Mr. Jack Harton, before your father and I disagreed, but I was never before presented to your wife. Is your father here?"

Mr. Harton advanced and they shook hands. Still Aspenel offered his left. They all started and shuddered a little at his appearance, for he looked ghastly with his white and disfigured face. The rest of the party took seats at a little distance. He asked the four nearest him to be seated also.

"Quite serio-comic!" exclaimed the incorrigible Will. "Why, Harry, I never knew you were such an actor. You have a fine scenic taste. We are all dressed to order, and are grouped to perfection."

This sally caused Aspenel to smile painfully. It reminded his brother of *L'homme qui rit*, and he grew serious again. But the diversion had produced its effect, and Aspenel spoke more cheerfully and naturally.

"When do you all leave England?" he asked.

"On the twenty-fifth," replied Loveridge, who took upon himself the office of spokesman. "Jack and Fan go off to London to-night, and on to Liverpool to-morrow. I join them in a few days."

"You all like the prospect of emigration?"

"We pine for it. Why, my dear Harry, England is not big enough to hold us."

"No place in the world like the far West for space and freedom," put in Jack.

"They don't think of me, squire," sighed Harton, senior.

"He has promised to come out to us, sir, and help to found a settlement," said Fan, whose pent-up voice was clammering for an outlet.

"Such being the case, I make restitution. Being reformed, half of my father's property belongs to my brother, William Brand, according to my father's will. He did not leave much, but it has accumulated since his death, and the account, together with a copy of the will, is in this parcel. Mr. Harton, you can go out at once and begin your settlement."

He placed the sealed packet in his brother's hand. He trembled perceptibly as he did so.

"Open it somewhere else. Gerard Clarville will explain. He witnessed the deed together with Austen. Is Austen here?"

"He remained in the drawing-room with my mother," said Gerard, who had drawn near as if to assist the speaker.

"Then we are all of one family, or shall be," resumed Aspenel, glancing from those immediately surrounding him to his wife and daughters at a little distance. "I may as well speak out. This act of justice will cripple me, and—cripple me, did I say? I am crippled already, not only in fortune but body. I have lost my right arm. Burnt to the bone whilst seizing the—the—gold. Accursed gold, people call it; but I don't look on it in that light. But for you, Will, I should have been wholly burnt."

"Then my end is better than my beginning, Harry; and you know the 'end' justifies the means," said irrepressible Loveridge. "Clarville would preach us a sermon, and say we are spared to turn over new leaves."

"I have lost my right arm!" groaned Aspenel.

"Then you must turn them over with the left," replied his brother, who could never resist a joke.

"I will be your right arm, papa," came from a couch on which Edith and Janet were seated.

Therewith rose the impulsive Janet; and she came and knelt at her father's knee. Never before had child of his knelt there.

"You, Janet!" he exclaimed, and extended the hand involuntarily.

"Yes, papa," she answered, taking it in both hers. "Let me be your right arm. I have never been of use to anyone; now I devote myself to you. I give up gaiety, accomplishments, everything to be your secretary. Gerard in

town, Janet in the country, and you won't mind your loss so much. You shall make a business woman of me, and Mrs. Aspenel a housekeeper, and so I shall follow the fashion; for you know even ladies of quality are beginning to learn trades. One gets tired of doing nothing."

"Thank you. It is an age of female excitement," said Aspenel, with that painful attempt at a smile. "I signed the deed with my left hand. It is improving. Eh, Gerard?"

Nobody but Gerard had any real influence with Mr. Aspenel; and no one else knew the exact state of his affairs. To him he had revealed the sad fact that his "unworthy hand" and arm were burnt to the bone, and never could be used again; and it had been with his aid that the deed just given to his brother had been drawn up. To him he had confided the events of their early lives, and to him he wished to give the management of his affairs. To him he appealed under all circumstances, and Gerard's duties waxed every day more and more.

But the "Eh, Gerard!" turned the minds of the party from Janet's semi-sensational proposal to the actual state of the case. Not even Mrs. Aspenel knew how entirely helpless her husband was, and she looked with unfeigned distress at the maimed and broken-down man. So did the other spectators, and Mr. Harton made a move to go. Meanwhile, Edith, who had been hitherto her father's best help, seemed to be left out in the cold. Alone on the couch, she grew whiter and whiter. The scene before her seemed to be some phantasmagoria, and she knew that she was feeling faint as she did when Gerard bore her from the fire. She made an effort to rise and leave the room. Gerard saw it, if no one else did. He went to her while the others were gathered round Mr. Aspenel, and whispered—

"Let me help you. You are ill. Come to my mother."

He supported her from the room unperceived, and once more left her in Mrs. Clarville's care, with the words, "It is too much for her, mother. Too much for all of them."

"Where is the purse, Clarville?" was the question asked when he returned. "Give it to her. Give it to my—my niece. You know I can't hold it."

Gerard placed a purse in Fan's hand, and Mr. Aspenel muttered something about a wedding present; but his magnanimity was fast relapsing into selfishness, and a longer delay with Edith would have deprived Fan of the golden gift prepared for her. It is not easy for avarice to become generosity.

"Is this all mine?" cried Fan, holding up the purse with a puzzled look. "What shall I do with it? I know. Jack, we will give it to the gipsies."

Mr. Aspenel's alarmed negative was cut short by his brother, who made a little speech, which he had been preparing ever since he received the deed.

"Thank you, brother," he said, and his voice faltered. "'Let the dead past bury its dead.' Neither Fan, nor Jack, nor I, cares for the money, but we are thankful for your love and friendship. We rejoice in your generosity. I take it all as a gift, not, as you put in, as restitution. I ask your forgiveness for my faults, and heartily forgive yours. We thank you all for your kindness on this auspicious occasion. We shall be glad to welcome any of you to our Canadian settlement, and mean to invite our Egyptian brothers and sisters to join us there. They will make admirable settlers in a country where there is plenty of space."

This speech took Mr. Aspenel's breath away, so that he could not protest. Fan kissed Mr. Aspenel's hand—threw her arms round Janet, and inquired for Edith.

"She is not well," whispered Gerard. "Do not draw attention to her."

"It is nearly five o'clock, and we must go," broke in Mr. Harton, and in a few minutes he, the bride and bridegroom, and Loveridge were on their way to Hoplands. Mr. Austen, Gerard, and his mother followed soon after.

"I wish he hadn't given me all this money," said Fan. "I declare there are twenty pounds."

Their reception at Hoplands was much more vociferous than that of the Park, for Mr. Harton had prepared a feast both in dining-room and kitchen. In the former the ladies from the Cottages figured in their best attire; in the latter, a contingent of gipsies and the farm labourers smoked the calumet of peace. Healths were drunk and Jack made a speech; but Fan was entirely cast down. She realised at last that she was about to part with the best friends in the world, and she knew not if ever they should meet again.

"Why, it is nothing to cross the herring pool," said genial Mr. Harton. "You will soon be here again for a holiday."

"It is the only bit of geography Fan knows," said Miss Vigors. "She was never tired of travelling to America."

"And now I am going there with Jack!" she cried.

This crossing the ocean to another continent is a serious thing, even in these days when continents are almost united by means of steam, and we nearly hop from one to another. As the moment of separation approached, Fan began to realise the distance.

"It is just like starting for another world," she said to Mr. Harton. "Only Jack has been there before."

Poor Mr. Harton! This young couple were the delight of his existence, but no one thought of him in the excitement of departure. He was to be left alone. His heart was brimming over with emotion, but he put on a cheerful countenance. Hand in hand with Jack, and with Fan's arms round him, he yet laughed at Fan's philosophy. But he grew grave when he suddenly felt her thrust something into his pocket. It was Mr. Aspenel's purse of golden sovereigns. She placed her hand over his mouth and whispered in his ear that she and Jack wished him to distribute it amongst the poor, including the gipsies.

"It is my thankoffering," she said, with a sob; "and it is my very own."

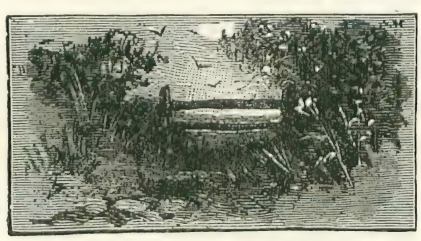
Loveridge, who knew what was passing, put in his ever-ready word. He said that what was his was theirs, and although he had not opened his packet, he knew that he should be well provided for. Remonstrance was cut short by friends gathering close around the two fathers and their children. Mr. Austen blessed the young couple audibly, and Mrs. Clarville and Gerard, with the ladies, uttered an emphatic "Amen."

"Take care of Sir," sobbed Fan, appealing to all her friends at once.

The dogs began to whine pitifully, for they knew quite well what was happening, and when she stooped to stroke and kiss, and bid them good-bye, there was general lamentation at Hoplands.

When the carriage that was to take them to the station drove up, out rushed the kitchen guests. The custom of throwing old shoes after the bride is said to have originated with the gipsies; and anyone who has seen a gipsy wedding will readily believe it. On this occasion Fan's friends and connections had gathered a miscellaneous bundle of these typical missiles, and fired a volley of them after her. We will not be rude enough to pronounce upon their condition; but they were neither fabricated of satin nor kid. Yet was there one amongst them of delicate white. This had been given by Janet to Gerard with orders to throw it after the carriage. He did so, and the maids having completed the ceremonial by the proper complement of rice, everybody said that Jack and Fan were now one.

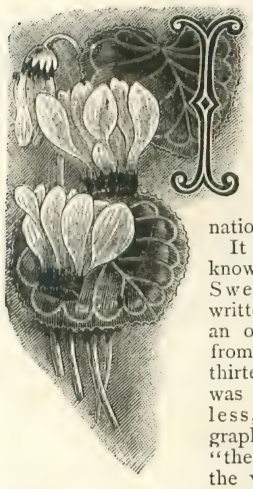
(To be continued.)



THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"HOME, SWEET HOME," and "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."



In our last we gave the history of a famous American war song; we now turn to a lyric entirely different in influence, associations, and everything but nationality.

It is not universally known that "Home, Sweet Home" was written by an American, an old bachelor, who, from the time he was thirteen years of age, was practically homeless, who has been graphically described as "the football of fortune, the wallflower at life's festival whom success never joined and engaged for a dance, as a critic, a traveller, or a politician," who wandered to and fro upon the earth, and finally filled an exile's grave.

John Howard Payne was born in 1798, a native of Easthampton, a quiet, old-fashioned town in New England. His grandfather (on his mother's side) was a German Jew, whose wife had connections among the English aristocracy. His father was for a while schoolmaster in Easthampton. Payne was apprenticed to a carpenter. But that honest calling did not satisfy the ambitions of the handsome lad, with his slight but seductive gifts in oratory and dramatic performance.

So his wandering life began. He went on the stage. He played Romeo in Philadelphia. While he was still in his teens he edited some periodical in Boston, and was the associate of important literary men. He went to Europe, wandering from country to country, writing, composing, acting, but always faithfully corresponding with old neighbours in the quiet New England town. He enclosed a whole budget of letters under cover to the village postmistress, addressed "Miss Joann Miller, behind the counter, very busily opening all the letter bags for an office full of the citizens of Easthampton." He maintained, through all his wandering middle age, a pretty, playful pathetic correspondence with a little schoolgirl, who, now grown an elderly lady, still lives in the old place. His first messages were sent to her when she was fourteen and he was forty-two. But as she grew older the friendship, which could be but fanciful, naturally faded. And yet when we think of the lonely, defeated man, we feel that there was a sincere pain in the mock complaint he addressed to her: "Am I to be utterly forsaken? Does even Miss Rosalie treat me with contempt?" But the pain was not really for "Miss Rosalie's" defection, rather for the empty heart in which he had playfully set her up—a childish toy in a deserted shrine.

He must have been a man full of slight, pleasant gifts; one who made many acquaintances but possibly formed few close friendships. His old neighbours show albums and "fortune books" which he helped them to get up. His letters—still cherished in antiquated desks and work-boxes in his native place—"are written with a light touch, with abundant dashes of wit that is not very costly, with a thorough sense of what will please the kind townspeople who will hear them, with perpetually welling memories . . . . full of minute inquiries."

He seems to have written "Home, Sweet Home" while in England. "The 'home' he was thinking of, as he traced the deathless lyric in some London rookery, was undoubtedly Easthampton." The song appeared in an opera called "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which is otherwise forgotten.

"Payne declared that he had first heard the tune from the lips of a Sicilian peasant girl, who sang it artlessly as she sold some sort of Italian wares." The copyright of the song brought two thousand pounds of profit in twenty months; but John Howard Payne appears not to have retained the copyright!

Yet in the course of his shifty life he did have a few hours of triumph. Great actors played some of the parts which he created. Kean had thrilled mighty London audiences with Payne's Brutus. And it seems to have been amidst these tinsel glories rather than in days of gloom and failure that he had felt his heart most tenderly 'wae for his ain countrie.' For does not the song run—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, as they came to my call,
O give me the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

It was Easthampton which was in Payne's mind when he wrote that—quiet Easthampton, which has been described as consisting "of a single street, and the street was a lawn, an immense carpet of rich grass, set with tapering poplar trees, and bordered on either side of its broad expanse by ancestral cottages." The Easthampton that the poet knew has not yet passed away. The birds which force themselves most persistently on the visitor's notice are geese, and Payne's pet name for the beloved Easthampton was "Goose Heaven!"

Late in life, Payne came back to visit his native place, and moved about among his old humble connections, a spare, elderly man, primly fine, with the "student's bend" of the head; or was it not rather bowed by the cares of that poverty which he said took more diplomacy to conceal than was required by all the politics of Washington?

He was a man of fifty-six when he writes that he "was electioneering on every side for an appointment under General Taylor," who had just carried the Mexican war to a conquering conclusion, and was about to fill the Presidential chair. The same sort of curious, official want of tact which made the poet Burns an exciseman, sent the author of "Home, Sweet Home" into exile at Tunis, by making him the American Consul there. It is said that he was inclined to hector over the Bey, who did all he could to conciliate this emissary from the far western world by building him a gorgeous "palace"! It was at this period that he mentions in one of his letters to Easthampton that some school calendar belonging to the old place had chanced to come into his hands as he sat among "the ruins of Carthage," and that he had opened it "at a page recording academical honours to Anicartha Miller and Julia Sands!"

He held his appointment in Tunis for less than two years, and during that period went back to America for "the adjustment of certain political disputes," returning to his exile only to die in his grand lonely "palace" on the 9th of April, 1852—one of those pathetic figures in literary history which seem to wander through earthly life like ghosts, and leave but the echo of a wail to record that they have passed that way. There is nothing sadder than the discovery we occasionally make of sweet, true sentiment living on where there is little moral fibre or strength of character to support or guard it. If in the days of his youth John Howard Payne had realised that "the true pathos and sublime of human life" lies among its ordered duties and disciplined avocations, life's very duty and discipline might have led him into a loneliness from whose heart he might still have sung to the world his lyric of "Home, Sweet Home," yet without thrilling our hearts with a pitiful yearning over a defeated, ineffectual life! For John Brown was lonely on his scaffold; General Gordon was lonely in his desert fortress; Livingstone was lonely in his African tent. But these men do not weaken us with regret for them. They inspire us! We hear their responding voices as we sing our favourite hymn—

"Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is Christ sure to bless?"
Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer "Yes!"

Another poet who sang sweetly and truly of lowly life and love has also left a sad history behind him. We mean Henry Carey, to whom some authorities assign the composition of the National Anthem, "God save the King" (or Queen). Little is known of him except that he was "a musician and music composer of great merit, but not fortunate in his life or affairs." But there is no doubt that he wrote "Sally in our Alley," which "has been the delight of an infinity of people, and will probably continue so while the English language lasts."

What buoyant young life there is in its artless swing!

"Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

"Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

"When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely:
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his bellyfull,
I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

"Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

"My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

"When Christmas comes about again,
Oh, then I shall have money:
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

"My master and the servants all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I'll marry Sally!
And then how happily we'll live,
But not in our alley."

These verses offer a unique picture of a social state whose last lingering remnant has now almost disappeared. Henry Carey did not try to resuscitate the manners and customs of Athens or Rome or the Troubadours, but worked rather on the lines indicated to a young poet by the old Scotchman in Kingsley's "Alton Locke." "If God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha' put ye there—and because He means ye to write about London town, He's put ye there, and gi'en ye an unco' taste o' the ways o't."

With this true artistic instinct Carey wrote of what he knew and saw. Possibly he may have been "a 'prentice lad" himself. Certainly he would have friends in that position, and to the end, he, a poor "Grub Street" ballad writer, must have lived among such humble folk and their homely ways. So he did not try the foolish experiment of "pouring new wine into old bottles," but put his idyl of fresh young love into the shape which he found standing ready to his hand. His wisdom is justified, for while his ballad's human innocence and joy sparkles as freshly as ever, its "circumstances" are already becoming precious in the eyes of the student and historian of manners.

Henry Carey died in London in 1743. He had had a long and unsuccessful fight with poverty, and it is said that he finally perished by his own hand. He left a widow and four little children absolutely penniless.

The epoch in which he had lived was not a happy one for those men of genius who, possessing neither rank nor fortune, were withheld, either by principle or incompatibility of temper, from playing toady to such as enjoyed those advantages. It took a mental and moral giant like Dr. Samuel Johnson to cope with the literary situation of that era, and conquer, without forfeiture of dignity or independence. If an author did not interest "the fashionable world"—the world that was then playing at shepherds and shepherdesses, with egg-shell china and Watteau fans—what was to become of him? There was no other recognised world for him to interest. There was nothing for him but the hackwork pasquinades and ballads of "Grub Street," the locality (now Milton Street, Cripplegate) whence that sort of literature was issued. From a mass of scribbling of this kind two or three scraps gleam out like jewels on a dunghill; and one of the brightest of these is the song we have quoted.

Yet since those were also the days when politics had an immense share in literature, it seems singular that some good fortune did not come to Henry Carey, if he were really the composer of the National Anthem, as many competent judges believe. But some assert that the anthem had made its appearance as early as the reign of James I.; whilst some represent it as originating in honour of James II., when he was first threatened with the invasion of the Prince of Orange.

The evidence for Carey, as the writer of "God save the King," is as follows.

The National Anthem came into notoriety in 1745 (two years after Carey's death), when the first successes of the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, called forth a burst of anti-popish feeling in the population of London. To gratify this sentiment this song was brought upon the stage, where it was received with repeated cheering. It was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the October of that year; but had seen the light previously in some obscure collection. "In 1794," says Chambers, "a gentleman named Townsend was able to report that his father had dined with a party which met in a tavern in Cornhill in 1740, to celebrate the capture of Portobello, when he heard Henry Carey sing the song as his own composition, with great applause from the company. About the same time Dr. Harington, the celebrated physician and amateur musician of Bath, took down from the lips of John Christopher Smith (who had composed an opera for which Carey gave the libretto), a statement which Dr. Harington had often heard from the old gentleman before—that Henry Carey came to him with the words and music of "God save the King," desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper, a request which Mr. Smith complied with by writing another bass in correct harmony.

The song was of no apparent value during Carey's life, and his family were probably too young and too indigent to understand the matter, or to insist upon their dead father's literary rights, if they knew they existed. It is feared, therefore, that the authorship can never be definitely decided.

Little seems to be known of Henry Carey's life except its long fruitless struggle and the mystery of its end. But at least his fate can warn us that joy or success is seldom to be found in relying for the supply of the practical necessities of life by the flash of wit or genius. The "light from heaven" is intended to gleam above us, not to be set to light the fire in the kitchen. It is a sad thing when young men or women allow the possession of some taste or gift (and the interest or admiration it may inspire in those about them) to entice them from the solid and settled industries on which households and communities may safely rest. Instances such as those of Dick, the scientific baker of Thurso, steadily pursuing his researches, but not to be lured from his duty at his oven, even by the complimentary visit of a duke; or of Jasmin, the French barber poet, asking his titled guests to wait until he had served his customers—are more pleasant to think upon than the pitiful and tragic records of John Howard Payne and Henry Carey.

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a little quiet watering-place on the west coast called Sheldon, little known to visitors of the gay tourist world, a busy little fishing town with a few tidy, unpretending lodging-houses to which people of small means came from time to time from the great manufacturing towns of Lancashire to refresh themselves and their numerous children, by a taste of the fresh breezes, and a dip in the wild salt waves.

To this little town Bessie brought her sister-in-law. They took up their abode in a small white house on the outskirts of the town, and there they lived a life of close retirement.

For a time stories about these two lonely women were circulated in the place, and the wildest conjectures made that unsatisfied curiosity could prompt, but their life was so simple and unpretending that the talk died away, and they ceased to be an object of remark.

Bessie had brought the full powers of her mind and will into the one determination to cure her sister-in-law.

From the first moment that she first undertook the task, knowing and facing the fact of all the sacrifice that it would entail on herself, she had never shrunk from it. And at last she met with her reward.

Lettice clung to her, obeyed her, followed her lead with passionate gratitude and devotion. She had suffered long and much, but by slow degrees with returning health and nerve came the power of resistance, the renewed strength of self-mastery.

Then and not till she was assured that this had been won did Bessie allow

her to take the pledge, but the day that she did so was one of the days of her life for which she most thanked God.

Tom Brandreth wrote often; he told them of struggles and difficulties and disappointments, and for many months Bessie wept bitterly over the despondent, discouraged tone of each succeeding letter.

Then a new life began to breathe through them, the fresh sap of life beginning to rise again after the winter was past and gone, the buoyant elasticity of youth rebounding from the blow that had almost crushed it.

Then Bessie also wrote of hope; she told how Lettice was striving to find her footing again in the path of duty. She dwelt on her renewed beauty and strength, her new love of active occupation. Every picture she drew brought back to the exile's imagination a vision of his young wife as he had once pictured her to himself, and gradually effaced the dark memory of the past.

So after a time Tom made a home for them out in Texas, sent money to them, and asked them to come.

All this time he had never written once to his wife: all his letters had been addressed to Bessie; but now at last he wrote to Lettice herself, and Bessie, when she saw her face of rapture, her clasped hands and thanksgiving as for a mercy she had never dared to hope for, could hardly restrain her tears.

The letter ran thus:—

"My Lettice, come to me. I have made a pretty home for you and Bessie now, and in that home, by the blessing of God, we will begin life again. We have both much to forgive; we will do more than that, we will forget.

"Your loving husband,

"TOM BRANDRETH."

So at the end of the second year of their separation Lettice and Bessie left England together.

At the very last Jack Locke made one more attempt to persuade Bessie to be his wife. He came to Sheldon and saw her. She was very kind to him, very tender in her refusal, but inflexible.

The fresh girlishness had left her now, the round cheek had hollowed, the sweet mouth had grown firm and decided.

Storms such as those that had passed over Bessie's young head leave traces behind which time cannot efface.

Jack Locke went home and learnt to face his disappointment manfully, and to resign all his lingering hopes. For Bessie will never come back to England; the greatest happiness she can know now is hers to the full. She is indispensable to those she loves.

"And whatever are the likes o' we to do without her?" said Eliza Coppin, with her apron to her eyes. "We shall be wholly set fast."

William made no answer, but whenever the thought crossed his mind of the part his own wife had taken in the matter, his eyes involuntarily sought the corner in which the broomstick reposed, and she promptly and prudently turned the conversation.

[THE END.]

ROUND THE PARKS.

BY THE HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

"ROUND the parks" means more to the park visitor of the Y. W. C. A. than it does to any of us. She goes there early in the morning, and stays there till late in the evening. All the time working hard, yet never able to do one half of what might be done. When you see her there on a cold Sunday morning, or on a stormy evening, you will believe that it is a very definite object that keeps her so busy, in and out among the girls. And it all began in this way.

A generous lady, whose heart was deeply touched at hearing of the loneliness and sad life of the many girls who throng in the parks, undertook to support a Park Mission which should supply a visitor, whose special duty it would be to speak to these girls and find out their need. Owing to this kind help, liberally continued for the last two years, the Y. W. C. A. was enabled to start the Park Mission, and so much has the work developed, that it is now necessary to secure the services of another agent, so that the parks may be constantly visited.

We scarcely realise what a refuge the parks are for girls. Girls who have run away from or left home to seek work in London, and are unable without references to obtain anything, wander about the parks; girls discharged from service, with their last earnings expended, and not able to pay even for lodgings, go to the parks, where at least they can rest. Then numbers who have lost their health, perhaps after being discharged from hospitals without any means, find their way to the parks, where the purer air attracts them. Then, when her day's work is over, the tired one from the city workroom comes for a breath of fresh air. Besides these, there are the nurses and nursery maids who go there with their charges day by day. Naturally, where there are so many girls, there is much work to be done, and a few notes from the visitor's journal will show how she seeks to do it.

"I started one evening for Hyde Park, about 6.45, and soon reached the Marble Arch, going from thence to Hyde Park Corner. I spoke to nearly twenty girls, the greater number of whom were strangers to London, and seemed glad to speak to me. Coming back, near the Marble Arch, I saw a girl sitting on a seat, looking very downcast and miserable. A little patient, quiet talking induced her to tell me what was the matter. She had been out of situation for six weeks, had paid her lodgings till that morning, when, having spent her last penny, she begged them to keep her only two days till she had heard from a place she had been inquiring about, but they refused, and she was utterly homeless and alone. I took her to a home and gave her some food; she is now in a situation, doing well.

"Another evening I saw a young girl sitting alone, and on speaking to her, found she had come from Bath seven weeks before, and had not succeeded in getting a place, and was slowly drifting down the road to destruction. She afterwards came to me, and we are now trying to get her a situation as house and parlour maid, which she was before."

Then, in addition to the help offered to the girls in the parks, there are bright rooms at 16a, Old Cavendish Street, where girls can always find someone to advise and help, and where the classes are held. Many girls are helped to find places, and others who need change are sent to convalescent homes. The nurses give much help by inviting any lonely girls they see to join the branch, and they bring them to the meetings. The branch is very active and zealous. They work for the Zenana Mission, and raise money among themselves to help the poorer members. It is very cheering to know that in almost every case where money has been lent to help girls to places, or with clothes, it has after awhile been repaid.

Some of the readers of the "GIRL'S OWN PAPER" have become acquainted with the work of the Young Women's Christian Association through some articles in its columns. The above account deals with but one branch of its manifold work, and yet a very interesting branch to those who take in our paper.

If only the girls who come to London would at once visit one of the many branches scattered all over its wide extent, they would there form friendships which would tend to elevate or help them. Instead of this, too many wait to find out the benefits of the Association till they have spent all their money, and found out that the friends they have made have not got their true welfare at heart.

Some of our scattered readers have joined the "Girls' Own" branch, and in this way have shown sympathy with the work, and have themselves gained rest and refreshment; thus in watering others we ourselves become watered.

The members of this branch will be glad to hear that they now number seventy, scattered about in different quarters; and of these thirty-two have joined since the appearance of the last paper at the beginning of 1887. Several of the members have married since they joined, but they beg to be allowed to continue in the Association.

It may be interesting to hear one or two extracts from their letters.

One writes that a fellow member had gone to Harrogate, and was so delighted to find an Institute there.

Another is longing for a branch to be started in the town where she lives.

A third is thankful to avail herself of the educational advantages offered by the Home Study Department. The secretary, Miss Legg, Mizpah, Hampstead, will always be glad to supply information.

Others, again, write about their Sunday-school work, and tell us how the Motto and Monthly Letter often come to them as a message from God. Should any of our readers like to join, or to hear more about the Association, the Secretary of the Girls' Own Branch, Miss V. Tweedy, Widmore House, Bromley, Kent, will give every information.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOUBTFUL.—Yes, your sailor friend was quite right in telling you that "fish, as well as birds, may sing;" and charmingly, too. But to hear them you would have to sail away very far from our shores. They perform their wonderful concerts in the China seas and in the Spanish main, and perhaps elsewhere also; and the various organ or harp-like sounds are produced from the passage of the air through certain natural strings attached to the mouth of the creature, when in the act of breathing, and the air passes out.

ALICE.—There is a home of rest (St. Osyth's) at Walton-on-the-Naze, where food and shelter are provided for destitute workgirls who need change of air and rest. Apply to the Workgirls' Protection Society, New Kent Road, S.E., addressing the secretary. Of course the case recommended must be one of real distress. The object in view is to afford relief and promote restoration of health and strength before too late to make the attempt. We do not think that there is any special limitation of age. To be eligible the applicant should be respectable.

GRANDCHILD's verses show some dexterity in versification, but they lack the most important thing, *i.e.*, "originality."

ARTHUR THOMSON.—There are many active volcanoes. Stromboli, in the Lipari Islands, has been always active in the memory of man. Villarica, in Peru, and Mouna Loa, in Hawaii, are burning constantly. The most violently active mountain is said to be Sangay, south-east of Quito, Ecuador, which has been in full eruption since 1728. The explosions make a continual roar, and have been heard at 348 geographical miles' distance. 250 explosions have been counted in an hour—a dreadful neighbour to live in the vicinity of. It is 17,000 feet high.

FLORENCE.—Your question about "Edwin Drood" was answered in the correspondence columns. We have never heard of anyone having written a conclusion, except in America, and then, we believe, it was supposed to be under "spirit dictation."

ONE LONGING FOR PEACE is one amongst those of our girls who are troubled with "feelings and states of mind." We fancy there is something wrong with her daily life, as the groundwork of this discontent. How is she performing all her duties? and does she realise that we must be Christ's, not in name only, but "in word and in deed"? When she has examined herself in these respects, and finds that she is sincerely endeavouring to do her best to "serve God," should the trouble still remain, we should think she had better see a doctor, as her digestion must be defective—a frequent cause of mental unrest.

STUDENT.—Mr. Preece stated lately before the Royal Institution of Great Britain that the sun expends on a fine summer's day an average of one horse-power on every thirty square feet of the earth's surface in this latitude, or 1,450 horse-power per acre. "This great gift of energy," he says, "is neither utilised nor stored by man at present."

INVALID —The treatment you inquire about is called the "Weir-Mitchell Treatment," so called from its originator, a doctor practising in Philadelphia, U.S.A. The main rules are: 1. Absolute seclusion of the patient from all but the doctor and the nurse; no letters, no newspapers. 2. Absolute rest in bed, modified by degrees, as the treatment proceeds, to two hours' sleep in the day. 3. A system of over-feeding, beginning with a milk diet, then soup; and increasing till it be excessive. 4. Use of massage and electricity; massage from half an hour each day to one hour, electricity one hour. In many instances, by means of this treatment, people have been raised, as it were, from "death's door."

TYRO.—There is a beautiful children's hospital near Manchester, where you might make all the inquiries needful, as well as see the place.

E. A. M.—Rub the tortoiseshell with dry whiting and a woollen cloth, moistening the shell slightly with vinegar; this will restore its lost polish. Afterwards rub with the palm of the hand and a little rottenstone.

FLORA.—To preserve the colour of dried and pressed flowers, a method has been recommended by R. Hegler, in the *Deutsche Botanische Monatshefte*. It consists in dusting salicylic acid on them as they lie in the press, and removing it again with a soft brush when they are dry. This is found to preserve red hues more especially Another method recommended is to use a solution of one part of salicylic acid in fourteen parts of alcohol, by means of blotting-paper soaked in it and placed upon and under the flowers. There is also another chemical substance which would prove effectual—that is, boracic acid. Dr. Schouland recommends as an improvement in the method of using sulphurous acid for preserving the colour, that in the case of delicate flowers they might be placed loosely between sheets of vegetable parchment before immersion in the liquid, so as to preserve their natural form.

SWEET VIOLET should not hesitate to be quite open in telling her mother and father such things. She is only a little girl, and they are her natural protectors and advisers, not her natural enemies, as many children seem to think.

MARY A. BUCHANAN.—Your verses "In a Cathedral" do you credit. They are well written, though not exhibiting originality. But they are not "certified" by a parent, mistress, guardian, or clergyman; and (had we space for them) they would thus be ineligible.

KITTY.—You may obtain particulars and papers at any post office, of the "Government Annuities," which are of course the safest.

W. ELLIOTT.—Mix 10 oz. of elder flower water, ½ oz. eau de Cologne, and ¼ oz. borax, in a clean bottle (the borax will dissolve). Then apply to the face with a sponge, and if too strong mix with water. It is a simple, harmless wash for sunburn or heat, and will prove refreshing and soothing.

J. G. will probably do better by-and-by with her verse-making. They do not lack merit, but she must avoid using the same favourite words too often.

BISMARCK.—No boys, as a general rule, are anything but thin when growing. This does not hinder them from being muscular, and makes them more active. You will fill out a little, no doubt, when you are ceasing to grow in height. Other people's remarks are not worth a thought, if only made because they think they will "rile" you. Do not take any notice of them, and they will cease to be repeated. If you feel unwell, as well as thin, get a doctor's opinion and advice, and the cause and effect may be removed together. The first step toward growing fat is to cultivate good temper. Eat very slowly, and let your meals be frequent. Go early to bed, and stay there as long as possible; have a cup of boiled milk, or milk and cocoa before you rise, and drink more cocoa instead of tea or coffee. Eat potatoes, milk puddings, macaroni, cheese, fish, fruit, and sweetmeats. Avoid all acid drinks, and eat most of the sugary and oily foods; take a siesta after lunch, and plenty of cream and sugar in your afternoon tea.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—The great celandine, or *Chelidonium majus*, belongs to the poppy family; but we do not think it is found at the Cape, though one variety of the poppy grows there. Its juice is applied to the eyes in drops, but you would require competent advice as to its use, for it is a dangerous operation, being a very strong and drastric remedy. We have repeatedly found that a wash of the common "eyebright," *Euphrasia officinalis*, affords relief when nothing else will. It was called by our ancestors "spectacle breaker," and has a wonderful influence in improving the sight. The decoction is made by pouring water on the dried leaves and stalks, and washing the eyes several times a day, using it at first weak, and increasing the strength.

JESS; A QUEENSLANDER.—A flower-stall may be prettily arranged by making rockwork round it of cork, and pockets in it to hold pots of flowers. In the front arrange cut flowers in bouquets and button-holes, and pot flowers and palms in baskets and coloured jars.

PADDY'S AGUS ASTORE.—We regret that we cannot help you in subjects not belonging to our peaceful columns.

COLUMBA.—We never advise anyone to keep doves, unless they have a garden and plenty of room; then they will annoy no one. The noise is perfectly distracting. The "ring" or "laughing" dove, a native of Africa, is the best to keep.

S. S. TEACHER.—There is an association for providing homes for inebriates at 42, Grove Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Write to the hon. secretary. There is also the Dalrymple Home for Inebriates, The Cedars, Rickmansworth, Herts, at a distance of one hour by railroad from London. Gentlemen are received there privately; and likewise under the "Habitual Druukards Act," and the institution is highly commended by the Government inspectors, and by the *Times*, *Standard*, *Morning Post*, and *Daily News*, etc. Apply to the Medical Superintendent, R. W. Branthwaite, M.R.C.S. The patients have suitable and healthful recreations, such as boating, bathing, billiards, a gymnasium and a tennis-court (or grounds). We sympathise much with you in your great trial.

HOPE.—Yes, there is a society which gives pensions to "decayed householders of the parish of Lambeth," instituted in the year 1826, and under the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury. These little pensions vary from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a week. The elections take place half-yearly; and for every annual subscription of £1 the subscriber is entitled to two votes at each election. Address the secretary, Samuel Hayman, Esq.

EMILIE.—We do not see that such a difference of age between a woman and a man need be a cause of unhappiness, if they marry. He, at least in the present case, has known that the lady he wished to marry was five years older than himself for upwards of two years; and yet when in a position to marry comfortably he has renewed his proposals. So we think you may marry him without fear, as his mind appears quite made up.

J. E.—The omission of the prefix "Mr." or "Miss" before the name on a visiting card is quite unheard of in English polite society, and amongst those people of gentle breeding who lead the way in such matters. It is considered to show that you are rather an "emancipated" person, and think yourself above such rules. We should not call the omission vulgar, but perhaps a little fast.

ATLED.—"Astarte" is the name of the Phœnician moon-goddess, the Ashtoreth of the Syrians. She was represented as "the Queen of Heaven," with the crescent horns of the new moon. Her worship was introduced into Jerusalem by Solomon—1 Kings xi. 33. The 400 priests of Jezebel mentioned in 1 Kings xviii. 19 are supposed to have been employed in the services of Ashtoreth or Astarte; and 300 priests were in the temple at Hierapolis, in Syria, many ages afterwards.

READER OF THE "G.O.P."—We do not discuss disputed points of Christian practice and ceremonial, nor question the liberty divinely accorded to our brethren in many matters. "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity": this should be your prayer; and the faith of Christ a strong bond of unity, whatever minor differences may exist between you and your fellow-Christians.

VIOLET CAMPBELL.—We regret our inability to accept the series of articles which you propose to send us. We only engage experienced writers.

ATALANTA should have the state of her lungs examined by a doctor. We could not give any opinion on the subject, any more than we could give one on the amount of the natural inventive talent to which she lays claim.

ERICA GUNLANGSSON.—The lines do not correspond with their companion lines, and the beat falls in wrong places. The quotation you make is from Richard Lovelace (1618-1658):—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

"To Lucastra, on going to the Wars."

ALICE WHELDON; AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Both neuralgia and headaches, if constant, will turn the hair grey. We should advise you to consult a doctor as to your general health, which requires attention.

WASP.—In order to speak plainly and audibly, you should take a full breath before speaking, and read much aloud. You will find reciting also help you.

E. H. D.; "ONE OF THEM."—The lines are full of good feeling, but not poetry, rather rhymed prose. It would be a comfort for us all if we realised that all our good thoughts are inspired by the Holy Spirit. You will find many texts to this effect.

DOLORES.—Lord Byron, in the stanzas to which you allude, is referring to Voltaire and Gibbon. The former lived at Ferney, the latter wrote his great history at Lausanne. This comparison is quite a famous one in literature. We have read your pleasant letter with much interest, and you have our warmest sympathy in your painful and lifelong sufferings.

DAISY.—The estimated population of England and Wales, in 1483, was 4,689,000; in 1696 it was 5,250,000. Between those dates there does not seem to have been a census taken, or at least we can find no record of it.

RETA.—Certainly, use the table napkin to wipe the mouth. That is its special use. The hands only need it after dipping them in the finger-glass before leaving the table after dessert. "Our Girls' Cookery Book" would probably suit you.

CHRISTINE. — We have given a long and careful answer in the "G.O.P." respecting the treatment of birds infested with insects, and could not repeat it. Look for it in vol. 1., page 591. A second cage will be needed while cleansing the other.

DAISY.—The first and second vols. are entirely out of print, and all the indexes also, excepting for the latter vols. None of them will be reprinted.

AN ANXIOUS COUSIN.—For poor, convalescent, or delicate children there is St. John's Home, 12, College Road, Brighton, on payment of 8s. 6d. a week. Address the superintendent, Miss Jane Borradaile. Also the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children, Dyke Road, Brighton. At Broadstairs there is the Children's Convalescent Home, free, connected with the Church Extension Society —secretary, Miss Ayckbown, 27, Kilburn Park Road, N.W.

ADA HELEN must brush her black straw hat over with gum arabic and water; this will stiffen it and restore the gloss.

"IS LIFE'S EVENING LONG AND DREARY?"

By CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

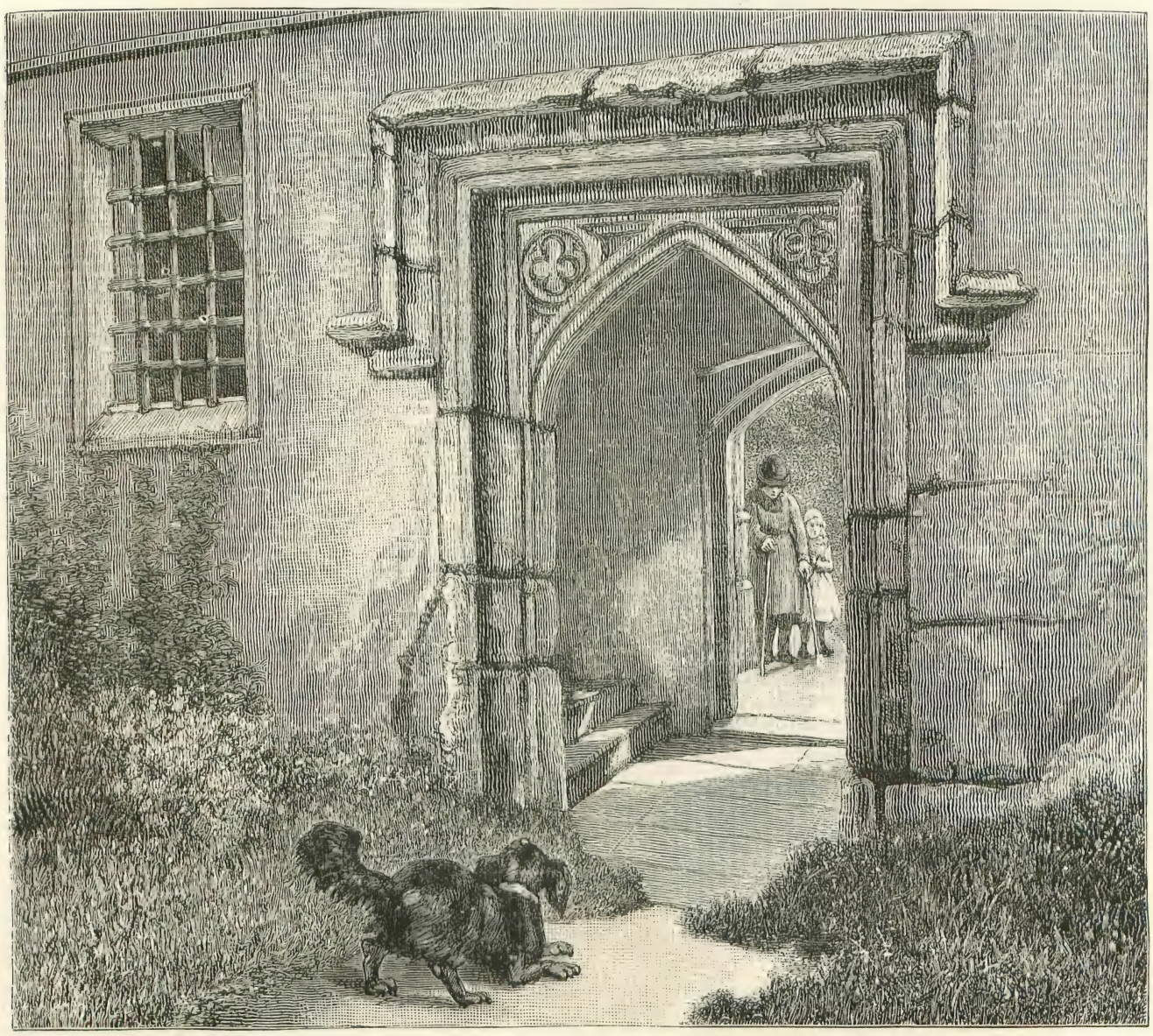
Is life's evening long and dreary?
Gone the treasures once possessed?
Is thy spirit faint and weary?
Dost thou long to be at rest?
On this sweet promise fix thy sight:
"At evening time it shall be light."

"Light is sown" for thee, and gladness,
Even in this vale of tears;
Soon will pass the night of sadness;
Grief will fly when morn appears;
Still, to faith's strong-illumin'd sight,
"At evening time it shall be light."

Look not on the ills around thee;
Earth grows darker every hour.
Let not crime's increase confound thee;
Limited is Satan's power.
Look on to regions pure and bright;
"At evening time it shall be light."

Dwell not on the growing weakness
That precedes thy fame's decay;
Rise above depressing sickness;
Catch the dawn's approaching ray.
Faith can discern the Day Star bright:
"At evening time it shall be light."

See thy Saviour bending o'er thee,
Even to old age the same.
Set life's one chief end before thee,
Still to glorify His Name;
While on Himself is fixed thy sight,
"At evening time it shall be light."



AT EVENTIDE.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IX.—NO. 455.] SEPTEMBER 15, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

METHVEN, SIMPSON AND CO.

Ten two-part songs. By Franz Abt.—Ten simple duets, suitable for school singing, nicely got up as a shilling book. These will surely prove useful in singing classes, where their simplicity and melodiousness will be duly appreciated.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

In Grotto Cool. In the Dell and Dingle.—These two charming part-songs are written by G. J. Bennett for three female voices, and are both graceful and original. "In Grotto Cool" has a delightful arpeggio accompaniment.

To Stay at Home is Best is another similar part-song, written with all the musicianly feeling for which its composer, Berthold Tours, is famed.

The Gleaner's Harvest. A cantata by C. Harford Lloyd. This is one of the best of the recent publications for female voices, and the subject is nicely developed in Miss Vogel's verses. The choruses are simple, but most effective, and, in addition to one or two pretty solos, there is an interesting little canon for two voices, the first being imitated at the distance of a fourth below.

Gipsy songs. By Karel Bendl.—We have before us both first and second series (each containing twelve songs), and we can warmly recommend them to advanced singers as most interesting works, full of quaint, characteristic, and original thought. The volumes are only half-a-crown each, and, like all Novello's work, are beautifully printed.

Morceaux de Salon. By Raff.—This volume contains such well-known pieces as the Cavatina and Tarantella, usually heard on the violin, arranged for violoncello and piano.

Six characteristic pieces, composed by Siegfried Jacoby for two violins and pianoforte, will be found a useful addition to the repertory, and will give much pleasure in families where two violinists can be found.

Four songs. By A. Wellesley Batson.—All of these are written well, but there is no great variety about them, and they seem to have been cast in the same mould. Of the four we prefer "Love's Memories" and "Friend Sorrow;" the other two are named "To Myra" and "The Mad Lover's Song."

Suite for Pianoforte. By Francesco Berger.—This is a large and important-looking work comprising a prelude, full of scale passages; a gavotte, possessing some grace, and followed by a musette; a religioso movement (dedicated to a well-known organist), which seems to be hardly *en suite,* but which is the most effective and the best written of all the movements; this is followed by an Irlandaise, a sort of Irish jig, and the suite is completed by an elaborate barcarole, founded on a subject in Flotow's *Marta.*

Trois morceaux. Par Frederic H. Cowen.—Why

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A NEW SONG.

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RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER LII.

JANET'S RUSE.

MR. ASPENEL grew more restless than usual after the wedding-party left the Park. He began to repent of his generosity, or restitution, as he phrased it, and his mind was much perplexed by going over the calculations he had already made of what was due to his brother of his father's property. He began to wonder whether Janet, who was really as clever as she was handsome, had a taste for calculation, and whether she might not be, as she said, of some use to him. He could not always command Gerard, because he was obliged to be in London more than half his time; and Edith, although truly willing, had no adaptability; while he could never be half an hour with his wife without raking up her past offences. But Janet, she was fresh and amusing, and as he had spent a small fortune on her education, she ought to repay him. He sent for her.

Nurse True found her with Mrs. Aspenel and Edith, talking over Fan and her father. Mrs. Aspenel was of opinion that since they were all so closely connected, it was quite providential that they should be transplanted to another continent.

"My uncle amuses me," said Janet. "He and papa are marvellous contrasts. What, old True, papa wants me, specially me!" she added, as True delivered her message.

No sooner did she join her father than he began the subject he had at heart. He never beat about the bush, and his old business habits were returning.

"You offered to help me, Janet. What can you do?" he began.

"I can read aloud. I can write a decent hand, and spell remarkably well. I can speak French like a native, and German fluently but ungrammatically."

"French and German!" he repeated, thoughtfully. "Can you write and read German characters?"

"Of course. I am afraid my painting will not help you, papa, though I am not a bad artist. Mr. Holt, our arithmetic master, used to say I had a fine bump for mathematics, but it was undeveloped."

"We will develop it, Janet. If you meant what you have said just now, you may be of use to me in languages and figures. Edith is too delicate. Besides, I mean her to marry Gerard and live in London. They will be of most use there. How is this to be managed?"

"By letting them alone. I have tried, and the more I say the wider grows the gulf. Gerard won't marry for money, and Edith won't marry to order. I think they are right."

This unintentional thrust went home. He knew that he had thrice married "to order," or for something like it. But he was striving to amend his ways, and perhaps his children might improve upon them.

"You see, Janet, I have had an escape from death, and that fire was an awful warning. Nurse True says it was for good. She is right, I suppose, since it brought Will to save my poor life. But this arm, Janet; this arm!"

"Let me replace it," said Janet, almost affectionately; for helplessness, whether in age or infancy, rouses the sympathy of youth.

"You will have hard work. But the money will be yours amongst you."

"I hate money. I detest the word. If I am to work for you, it must be for love."

"You for love, Gerard for pity, Edith for duty, Mrs. Aspenel for what?" he laughed his painful laugh.

"For all in one, if you will let her. She is very good-hearted if she is hot-tempered. We all treated her badly. I know I did, and am ashamed of myself. I mean to be like a daughter or a sister to her for the future. She is very sorry for you, papa, and when she was in Paris it was all we could do to prevent her coming here."

"Why did you prevent it?"

"Because we didn't know how you would receive her, or whether it was prudent for her to come while you were so ill away from home."

"She really wished to come back?"

"She certainly did. I think she is sorry that she ever left you. But one is always sorry for something or other."

Mr. Aspenel grew reflective. He wondered if he were really sorry for the past, or only terrified into penitence. This he knew—that he could never again uplift that right hand either to clutch gold or strike a woman. He shuddered, and the nervousness from which he still suffered attacked him. He bade Janet summon Nurse True, and send his brother and Gerard to him when they arrived. Then he reversed his command, and told her to read to him a certain 3rd chapter of the 1st of Corinthians which had seized on his imagination and frequently haunted it. Whenever the horrors took hold of him, he instantly turned to Holy Scripture, and would sometimes clutch the Bible as he had clutched the gold. The terrors of an awakened conscience are awful to witness, but how much more awful to experience! Janet little knew what she promised, when she offered to be her father's right arm.

She was frightened when she took the Bible, but she had much self-command, and read the chapter clearly and emphatically. She had the dramatic element in her nature, and could do nothing without a slight movement of the body and change of voice. "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as through fire." She had never realised those words before, and as she read them she paused, and looked involuntarily at her father. He seemed to be awaiting them in breathless anxiety.

"Through fire! through fire!" he exclaimed. "Gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay, stubble. All burnt, melted, because I took no heed how I builded thereon. But I may be saved on repentance. Gerard says so; Nurse True says so; 'saved as by fire.'"

"That is what the Bible says," added Janet, terrified at his sudden excitement.

"Finish the chapter, girl. I gloried in my own craftiness. I calculated and reasoned in vain. I must become a fool. That is what I have been. Is it too late—too late to grow wise?"

"I believe it is never too late, papa. I hope not, for I have been very foolish myself."

Janet's assurance was gone, and as

she watched her father's painfully drawn face and nervous movement of hand, she felt frightened and powerless. She was seated at the table on his left, which was piled with parchments, the Bible in their midst. She was young, beautiful, ardent-minded, and resolute. She had on the bridesmaid's dress just worn at Fan's wedding. She felt capable of conquering the world. He was old before his time, disfigured, maimed, oppressed, conscience-stricken. Neither flowery garments nor tasselled head-gear would conceal the wreck of what was once the miser millionaire. They were father and daughter. They had never before had anything in common. Now a tremendous pity melted Janet's soul. The Word she had been reading, the mental suffering she saw, the mixture of penitence and selfishness, and before all, the awakening of filial feeling, appeared to change her very nature. She burst into tears. She knelt down before the stricken man; she took the hand that lay on his knee; she called him "Father" for the first time; she declared before her heavenly Father that she would help him if she could. She knew not if such sudden emotion would blossom into reality; but it was sincere.

"You excite me, Janet; I don't understand you," said her father, and she recalled the cold, precise, unapproachable parent of the days before the fire.

We do not put off our nature like a garment, though God's grace can change it by degrees. Very little served to repress, but not extinguish, Janet's ardour.

For a moment she felt offended, and the bent head arose proudly, the tearful eyes flashed. Only a moment. That sad week warned off pride and self-assertion, and produced the humble words—

"I am sorry I excited you, papa. Perhaps I had better see if they have come from Hoplands. If not I will send Nurse True."

"Thank you. I owe them life and —wisdom."

As Janet left the room, her father's eyes followed her, and he muttered, "Can she, will she keep her promise?"

She found Gerard and Loveridge with Mrs. Aspenel and Edith. She was in the mood for self-sacrifice, or some sort of great achievement, so she thought to herself, "Now or never," and said with much decision, "Papa wants you, Mr. Loveridge; and I think you should come also, Mrs. Aspenel."

Neither of those summoned waited for a moment's explanation. They came at once; for Janet looked flurried, and they knew that the patient brooked no delay. Loveridge hurried to him.

"Papa doesn't really want you," said Janet to Mrs. Aspenel, "but I do. Come with me, and I will tell you all that has passed between us. I think I have managed that little *tête-à-tête* with consummate skill. If they don't hit it off while papa is in the humour, they never will get married at all. If I had been Edith, or rather if Edith had been I, it would have been settled long ago."

Mrs. Aspenel smiled and went with Janet into the hall, where Bruce dashed in upon them.

"I have seen them off," he cried. "Nurse True went with me. She said she wanted just to wish them good-bye. It was so jolly! There were a lot of gipsies, and ever so many other people, and that old woman that sells the tracts, and old Mr. Harton, and Gerard, and that funny man who says he is my uncle. They came the short way, just after the carriage, and Fan was laughing and crying; she kissed me, mammy; and Jack was as merry as a grig—(what's a grig?) and when they got into the carriage everybody shouted, and it was such fun."

"I wish I had been there," sighed Janet.

"I daresay you'll be married next, Janet. Mammy, when is Janet going to be married?"

As it was impossible to settle this knotty point, Janet carried Bruce off to prevent his intruding on the pair in the drawing-room, for which stately apartment he was making.

Meanwhile, the brothers were engaged in a strange and interesting interview. Wandering Will was remonstrating with Heartless Harry upon the amount of fortune declared to be his own. It amounted to between ten and twenty thousand pounds. The three hundred a year which he had claimed was much exceeded, and if not a millionaire like his brother, he considered himself a rich man. But he would not believe that the half of the business and personalities left by his father could amount to so large a sum. Moreover, he declared that he could not be sure he was reformed, and that he should prefer beginning life again as an emigrant without capital, to starting as a man of consequence. The amicable argument lasted a long time. It interested Mr. Aspenel, being about pounds, shillings, and pence, and he did his best to explain to his brother how money accumulated when properly laid out at high and compound interest. But Will could not, or would not, take it in.

"Fetch Gerard Clarville," said Aspenel at last, almost angrily.

Loveridge left the room, and encountered Janet.

"I will take the message," she said, and he returned to his brother.

She had been wandering aimlessly about ever since she had closed the door on Gerard and Edith; now with Bruce and Mrs. Aspenel; now with Nurse True; anon in the hall. The wedding had interfered with the natural course of meals, and dinner had been early; indeed, regularity had forsaken the Park. It was nearly dark, and when Janet reached the hall she paused a moment to consider the situation. Doing so, she glanced through the glass door, and saw the round October moon already risen, and her light dancing fantastically among the branches of the big elms, and playing with the shadows on the drive.

"How soft and beautiful! How different from all this turmoil!" she thought, as she proceeded to the drawing-room door. "Perhaps I shall interrupt them at the moment of the *éclaircissement*. But probably there has been none. They are so prosaic, and conscientious, and ultra-unpractical, that they are sure to have been talking about any and every thing but the tender passion. Still, I must warm them, for if they are just coming to an understanding it would be unkind to burst in upon them."

So Janet coughed loudly, made a stampede, and finally turned the handle of the door backwards and forwards, until it was opened for her from within. It was Gerard who assisted her.

"Papa wants you," she said.

He passed her by without a word. She was greatly disheartened, but she went into the room. Edith was standing in the moonlight, like a white ghost. Surely she would not be standing, and he going to open the door if the ruse had succeeded! Poor Janet! She was quite cast down. But Edith ran towards her, and threw her arms about her, as is usual in cases of excitement; at least, so say the story-tellers. Janet was in despair, for Edith had certainly been crying. Her eyes were moist as they glittered in the moonlight.

"What has happened? Why are you crying? Cousin Gerard isn't such a brute——" began Janet.

"No! no, dear! I am so happy! so happy!" replied Edith.

"Then I was quite right to leave you together," said enchanted Janet.

"Yes. We misunderstood one another. He thought papa was forcing him upon me against my will; and I thought I could never look at him again after so strange a proposal."

Further confidences were arrested by the entrance of a footman with a light. Sentiment and moonshine disappeared for the time, hidden by closed blinds and wax candles; but excited Janet carried off her sister to their room, where she drew forth the story of an attachment as pure and sincere as it was likely to be lasting.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MICROSCOPE.

III.—The Amœba—The Bell Animalcule.

Having learnt the first principles of the structure of an elementary cell in the vegetable kingdom, I now propose that we shall for a moment investigate the compeer of that cell in the animal kingdom; and there will be no difficulty in appreciating the structure of such a cell, after our knowledge of the vegetable element has been properly gained.

For the purpose of examining an animal cell whilst living, get a little of the sediment from an ordinary fresh-water pond, dilute it with a little pure water, and place a drop on your slide and cover it with a cover-glass. What you are going to look for is a creature made up of one cell, but, unlike the torula, it is an animal.

I will describe the creature, and you should have little or no difficulty in finding it in your specimen. If you remember, I said in speaking of the torula that its cell-wall of cellulose distinguished it as a plant from the animal cell. Now when cells were first discovered, and when it was first known that all the most complex structures of the animal and vegetable kingdoms owed their construction to these cells, it was thought that all cells had cell-walls; this is not the case, and in the animal before us we have an example of a simple animal cell containing no cell-wall. Here, then, we have the first great difference in structure between the animal and vegetable cell, in that whereas the vegetable cell may have a cellulose cell-wall, the animal does not.

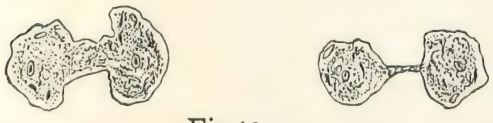


Fig. 10.

Reproduction by fission (Amœba).

Fig. 9 illustrates the animal under consideration; under the microscope you will recognise the fact that it is made up of a simple jelly-like mass of protoplasm; but under the high power you will notice that all round the edge the protoplasm is clearer than the rest, and this has been called the "ectosarc" (a) in contradistinction to the rest of the protoplasm, which is called the "endosarc" (b). In the ectosarc you will recognise a vacuole (c), much the same as you saw in the yeast-torula, with this difference—it pulsates, whereas the vacuole in torula was still. In the endosarc you will perhaps find a nucleus (d), and several black dots (e), to which I shall refer again.

If you have been observant during your examination of this creature, you may have been struck by the fact that at the end of your investigation it was not the same shape as at the beginning, and this will most probably be the case; the jelly-like mass protrudes part of its substance here and there, thus altering its form materially; the creature is called "amœba" from this fact, from a Greek word meaning "change," and by fixing one of these protrusions,

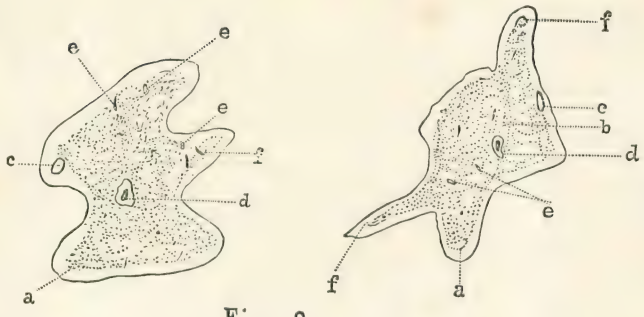


Fig. 9

Amœba seen at an interval of ten seconds.

which are called "pseudopodia" (f), and drawing the rest of its body along, the creature manages to move about the world. Here, then, we have one function—movement.

Now, under your high power notice the dark dots (e) in the endosarc; these dots are food-particles in process of digestion. If you are lucky you may catch your amœba feeding; it approaches the object it wishes to devour, and sends out a pseudopodium towards it, following immediately afterwards with the rest of its body; it then, as it were, flows round the particle, and like a stick may be received into a soap-bubble, so the particle is received into the amœba, to be got rid of in a similar way when no longer required. This, then, is a second demonstrable function—feeding.

Again, you may come across the phenomenon delineated in Fig. 10, where a pseudopodium is thrown out and is provided with a distinct nucleus, and then becomes detached, forming another separate amœba — reproduction.

All these functions may be arrested totally by excessive heat or cold, or strong electric shocks, or by poisons like iodine; in other words, our amœba is dead.

If you do not happen to find an amœba you may adopt another expedient. I gave full instructions in my first paper as to the method of preparing a drop of blood for microscopical examination; repeat this process, and having allowed the red discs to form "rouleaux," examine the rest of the field carefully with the high power, neglect the red discs, but look for granular-looking cells, colourless and larger than the red cells; these cells will prevent the so-called amœboid movements, though not so markedly as the amœba; these are the colourless corpuscles of the blood. Add a little acetic acid to the specimen, running it under the cover-glass in the usual way; you will see the nucleus very distinctly in each.

This, then, is a brief description of the structure of the amœba, or proteus animalcule, as it is often called, and it serves very well to delineate the peculiar construction and functions of animal cells, in contrast with their vegetable equivalents. All our future observations will be with creatures who have either a vegetable or an animal cell as their ultimate element or foundation, and we shall find that as each member becomes more complicated, certain cells or groups of cells are set apart for particular uses, and are modified to meet their requirements. In fact, there is a differentiation of structure to meet a specialisation of function, an equal division of labour, the groundwork of Nature's domestic economy.

Let us now proceed in search of higher forms of animal and vegetable life, and while the life-history of amœba is fresh in our minds, let us first look for a member of the animal kingdom. You may in your rambles have noticed a vegetation in fresh-water ponds, known familiarly as duck-weed; we will get some of this, and having placed a little on our microscope slide in a little water, and having covered it with a cover-slip, will examine it with our low power, paying more especial attention to the roots. We are going to look for a small creature which is often found clinging to these roots in little groups or colonies, as they are called, and the name of this little creature is Vorticella, or the Bell-animalcule, from its shape (Fig. 11).

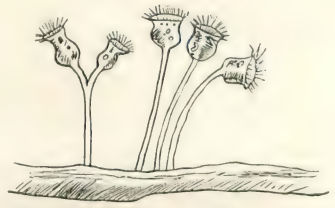


Fig. 11.

A group of vorticellæ.

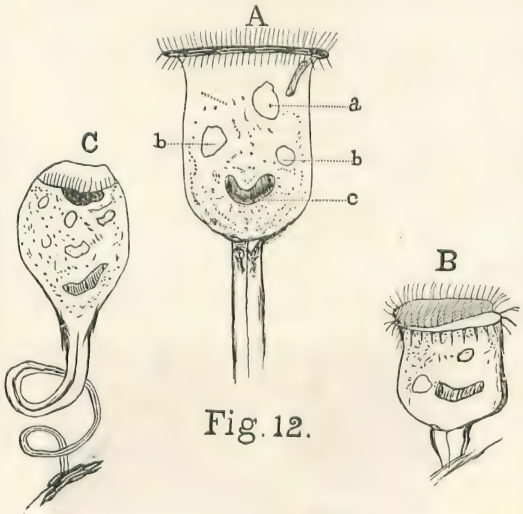


Fig. 12.

Let us look at this interesting creature with our high power. We see that it is composed of two parts—a body, and a stem or stalk (Fig. 12, A), and in general shape is not unlike a wine-glass; but it has more than this—the rim of the wine-glass is thickly fringed with most delicate lashes: these lashes are called technically by their Latin equivalent "cilia," and again the wine-glass has a flat, disc-like cover, like a large coin placed on the top; the edge of this cover also is thickly fringed (Fig. 12, B). Between the two ciliated edges is a groove, and from this groove is a little tube leading to the interior of the animal, called the "œsophagus" or "gullet." This serves to transmit the particles of matter on which the animal feeds. How it feeds we shall see presently; meanwhile let us finish our observation of its structure Looking still at the bowl of our wine-glass, we see immediately beneath the cover a vesicle or bag of water (Fig. 12, A a), having the power of con-

tracting. In some of the vorticellæ there may be several vesicles, in addition to the large contracting one, each containing food particles, and hence called "food vesicles" (Fig. 12, A b). Lower down in the bowl will be noticed a more or less crescentic or horseshoe-shaped nucleus (Fig. 12, A c).

Now, looking at the stalk it will be seen that, unlike that of a wine-glass, it communicates with the interior of the bell, and is continuous with it in structure, for food particles may be seen in it; it is made up of gelatinous material like the body, having an enclosing sheath continuous with the covering of the body, and a brightly shining central line or axis.

So much then for the structural arrangement of vorticella; let us turn our attention to its habits, and see what are the uses of its various structures.

First the cilia. We see that they are in incessant motion, bending and straightening. See what currents they cause in the water. Let us get a little powdered indigo, and place it under the cover-slip. See the direction in which it is moved; the particles are swept into the œsophagus, and after having collected at its lower end are forced *en masse* into the body of the creature forming a food vesicle. Notice the contractile vesicle beating regularly like a small heart.

Now tap your slide with a pencil, and watch the effect; the vorticella assumes at once a shape like that in Fig. 12, C; the stalk coils up spirally, and the disc, œsophagus, and cilia are retracted. After a short time the whole of the creature unfurls itself again, resuming its old form.

I have in my description of vorticella spoken perhaps rather prematurely of its crescentic nucleus; you will in all probability have failed to discover it. Let us make use of a dye for the purpose. Take a drop of your magenta solution, and run it under the cover-slip; this will bring out the nucleus in marked relief against the pinkish colour of the rest, the skin or limiting membrane of the creature being unstained.

You may perhaps have noticed, in Fig. 11, that in one instance there are two bells to one stalk. Now this is one of the methods of reproduction of the animal, that of fission; one of the bells becomes split into two, and each is provided with its proper set of cilia, soon to become separate and distinct vorticellæ. Thus again we have in vorticella an animal having the powers of movement, feeding, and reproduction, but carried on in rather a more complex manner than in the case of amœba. Vorticella is only one member of an enormous class—the infusoria, and it is of course beyond the scope of these articles to deal with other members of its class; *thousands of them* may be seen almost at any time in a drop of pond water; and it is my hope that by the illustrations of microscopical methods, as exemplified in the investigation of these elementary creatures, the key-note to further observation in the animal and vegetable kingdoms on the part of our girls may have been struck.

Many girls are reluctant to take advantage of the books on these subjects, because they have not the previous elementary knowledge of methods necessary for the appreciation of such books; this it has been my endeavour as briefly as possible to supply, merely using the elementary types, not as studies in zoology, but as subjects for microscopical manipulations; and I trust that every girl who has read these articles will find herself the possessor, not only of a good microscope, but of an intelligent and accurate knowledge of the fundamental laws and principles to be observed in its use. And if I have wearied my readers with hard practical details, I have done it with the full conviction that they will reap a rich reward for the time and labour spent in mastering them, and that all such studies in microscopy are indeed *Gradus ad Parnassum*.

W. L. LISTON.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEARLS—TRUE AND FALSE.

WHEN Miss Pringle had hurried off to demand restitution of her ring, she left Hubert sitting with his face buried in his folded arms upon the table, the papers she had carried lying crushed and forgotten on the cloth.

There Jasper Townley shortly afterwards found him, and stood still with blinking eyes in wonderment.

"Heyday! What does this mean? Last night you were all up in the air, and buoyant as a balloon. Now you look as limp as if the balloon had collapsed and come down with a run."

"The balloon has collapsed," was Hubert's bitter response. "Hope has escaped, and I am dragging through the dust and mire. I told you last night I was engaged to Mabel Heathfield——"

"Whew! Mabel! I'd have taken an affidavit you meant Phillis. To be sure the farmer has two daughters," interrupted the astonished lawyer.

"Phillis, no!" replied the young man, testily. "Why should everyone suppose it was Phillis? No, it was Mabel I have been blindly worshipping for years. I thought her mine yesterday. This morning I was repulsed with scorn, scorn intensified with insult to Aunt Pringle. I know not whether I am more desperate or despairing." And down sank his head again.

"Tut, tut, man. Never talk of despair whilst there is a good God over us. You have chosen the wrong woman, that is all. Many a man makes the same mistake, and finds it out too late. Thank the Lord He has opened your blind eyes in time. Despair is no word for a young fellow with the world at his feet. Your world is a wide one. Go forth where none will know you have been jilted, and leave the scornful beauty to learn her own lesson in your forgetfulness. Believe me, strong men outlive caprices such as these."

Hubert shook his head. "Her contempt was withering. She said and thought I was mean and niggardly."

The lawyer, his hand coiled round his chin, his head on one side like a bird's, looked down on him thoughtfully, but asked no questions. If Miss Pringle had confided to him her bestowal of the ring he might divine the rest.

All at once he pounced upon the unregarded papers.

"Ah!" he cried, "you cannot have seen these, or you would not talk of despair. See, here is the convict's confession; and here an Australian newspaper, advertising for 'Hubert Underwood of Roughet Run, or his heirs——'"

Hubert looked up.

"Ah, I thought I should rouse you at last. Read that."

That was a voluntary confession made at Portland to the prison chaplain, in a fit of remorse, by the confederate of the man who had personated Mr. Underwood, who had in the end killed the other in a quarrel over the division of the last moneys drawn from the bank. It detailed how when, "out of luck," the two fellows crossing the snow-covered moor, had found the shepherd's collie guarding what they took for the dead body of his master; how they shot the dog, stripped the dead of his overcoat, and rifled all his pockets, then made off with his bag to the station at Little Woolton, took the train to a station farther north, and then, after an examination of the dead man's pocket-book, and the discovery of the ticket for his luggage, had travelled express by another line to London, paying for everything by the way with the dead man's gold. The pocket-book contained his *carte de visite* taken in Melbourne. That and the overcoat enabled his 'pal' to get himself up like Mr. Underwood, and claim the luggage. With that they were off to Paris. There they changed the bank notes they had found; and there they rigged themselves out like swells. They found his new bank book and cheque book in his carpet bag, and a diary in his portmanteau, from which they learned all about him and his affairs; and his "pal," who had been a lettering lithographer, copied Mr. Underwood's signature and handwriting as if it was his own. They got letters from a Mr. Jessop, who had charge of the farm at Roughet Run, and they answered them as they best could. It was ticklish work going

to the bank the first time, and they thought the clerks were a bit suspicious, but they got the cash all right. The next time, an old clerk they had not seen before stared at Ned, and whispered something about dark eyes to the payer, who said something to him back, and they thought their little game was up; but again they got the cash, and there was never another hitch till his "pal" refused to go even shares with him; and then when their blood was up they had a fight, and the game was up, and he was lagged. He was sorry if he had kept any little chap out of his own, for the money had never done one bit of good to them or anyone else that they knew of.

Mr. Sanderson's letter was addressed to Jasper Townley, and was brevity itself. He had just seen Mr. Jessop, from whom he had received the old copy of the *Australasian* then forwarded. It would show that W. J. was a man of probity, but he was at the same time true to his trust, and having been taken in by sharpers so long, refused to hand over another shilling until he had seen Mr. Underwood's son face to face, and satisfied his own eyes, no matter what other evidence was brought.

Whilst these important papers were being considered, in walked little Miss Pringle, under the protection of big Gilbert Sheperton, who had found her with her face hid against the handrail of the footbridge, sobbing piteously. He had no need to ask a reason for her agitation. She was lamenting aloud, "Poor Hubert, poor Hubert, how will he bear it?" and for her solace he had suggested that he probably could supply a healing balsam for Mr. Underwood's raw wound.

Thereupon, under the irritation of his own smart, he laid bare the long series of coquetries by which he too had been enslaved, until, in utter ignorance of any prior claim, he had laid himself and his fortune at her disposal. How he had been accepted, how they had parted lovingly not ten minutes before—by the merest chance — he discovered that Mr. Underwood had an earlier claim to her regard, and was dismissed insultingly on the flimsiest of pretexts.

"The revulsion was salutary," said he. "Every spark of love was extinguished on the spot. Her motive was transparent. She regarded me as the greater catch, and threw you overboard without scruple. I owe you this explanation since I was not only the involuntary cause of your present unhappiness, but as involuntary a hearer of what should have been unknown to a third person. The knowledge which in my case has wrought an instantaneous cure may, I trust, prove equally beneficial to you. Disgust is a potion to kill a score of Cupids. You are not the man I take you for if you allow a coquette so heartless to destroy your peace of mind."

"We shed tears over the graves of our dead friends, Mr. Gilbert. My love may die, but it cannot pass away and be buried without sorrow. Our temperaments are not the same, sir," said Hubert, sadly; "every word you have uttered in proof of Miss Heathfield's unworthiness has been a deeper sting to me."

Jasper Townley struck in — "Tut, tut, man, drop your tears into the ocean, and give your sighs to the sea breezes. I warrant you will sing to a livelier tune on the other side the globe."

Miss Pringle had sat apart in silence with closely folded hands. Now she said, in low tones that spoke of suppressed emotion—

"Do you positively propose that he should leave us?"

"I do," replied the lawyer, emphatically. "It will be for his welfare in mind, body, and estate. Ask Mr. Sheperton what he thinks."

Gilbert listened with interest to the long statement of facts, and then he shook Hubert's hands in congratulation with a heartiness which left no doubt of his opinion. That Miss Pringle should hesitate to hasten Mr. Underwood's departure to claim his inheritance, and at such a juncture, seemed incomprehensible to him. How her old heartstrings had wound round the living image of her own dead love was not to be told or suspected. Hubert himself might feel or guess something of it, but he just then was like a leaf, whirled hither and thither by a resistless hurricane.

As for the Crossleys, "Pooh, pooh," said they; "a voyage to Australia is nothing nowadays; and if we lose Underwood's services here we may profit by them there, if he will but establish an agency for us."

But the little old lady, though she made every possible preparation for Hubert's comfort and outfit, and pressed upon him more money than he could see the need for, said in her secret heart she should see her dear boy no more. It was no use his saying he should return when he had settled with Jessop, and could hear that Mabel was safely married; she shook her head, and said to herself, "Ah, no. I shall meet my long lost Hubert, before his boy comes back to me. But when God points out our path, we must pursue it patiently."

In this spirit she "permitted herself to be persuaded to part from Hubert in Pilgrim Place, and forego the painful pleasure of seeing him safely on board," as she told Phillis afterwards, "that fine young fellow, Gilbert Sheperton, having, like a staunch friend, offered to bear him company to the last, along with good lawyer Townley."

As a parting gift, she placed in Hubert's hands the locket miniature found upon his father's dead body.

"It was painted for your father when we never expected to be parted. He had preserved it in life, and in death. Take it, Hubert, and may it prove to you the amulet my cousin Thomas assured me it was to your dear father in his heart-broken wanderings. Mark the six pearls embedded in its blue enamelled border. Now look with microscopic eye upon the graven ornamentation of the golden inner rim. Do you not perceive Piety, where it should be, at the top, Prudence and Patience on either hand; Prosperity at the bottom, between Probity and Perseverance. They who will may laugh at the Pringle Pearls, but they are priceless. And see, dear Hubert, I have added to the painted picture of the pretty Phillis Penelope Pringle your father loved so well a photograph of the poor old spinster who parts from the second Hubert so painfully. It may preserve me in your memory when I have passed away. God bless you, boy. Good-bye."

* * * * *

Hubert was gone. Mabel professed to rejoice in her freedom; but it was a very sorry pretence, for in the thing which did duty for a heart she loved him—second only to herself; and the vanity of self set pride and ambition on higher pinnacles than love or Christian principle.

But when weeks went by and the young squire came not to claim her hand, as promised, and the curate showed more disposition to talk over parish affairs with Phillis than to flirt with her, she was constrained to make up her quarrel with her cousin Arthur, and was surprised that for once he was less eager to be reconciled than formerly.

Had anything got wind, she wondered; servants had sharp ears and keen eyes; between Hepsy and Roger and Ruth there was no knowing what malevolent stories had been set afloat—and if Phillis had chattered——

Ah, she need have had no fear of Phillis. If she spoke it would be to rebuke only. There was no "poison of asps" under her tongue.

She was not long left in doubt. Her father came back from his interview with Gilbert Sheperton, white with suppressed wrath. She had never before beheld him in such a towering passion. The young squire's repudiation of her was repeated with no softening periphrase. Phillis was summoned, and before her sister Stephen demanded to know what she and Gilbert had overheard in the lane.

It was useless for Phillis to put him off. Her pallor, her tears, her entreaties only made the irritated father more stern and determined. He forced enough from her to satisfy him that Mabel alone could plead no justification. For the first time in her life she heard her father say, "Get out of my sight, girl, I am ashamed of you." And never again was he heard to praise her beauty or call her his "queen."

In a fit of petulance she betook herself to her Aunt Rivers, and, with no knowledge of the wheels within wheels that kept her aunt so gracious, remained there, sometimes a help, sometimes a hindrance, until Maud's wedding was over.

It was a stylish affair, though the bride's settlements were not what had been expected. John Crossley, on the urgent persuasion of his wife, contributed what Mrs. Rivers privately sneered at as "a paltry thousand pounds," to the other three her father found; where, Stephen Heathfield could best have told.

One feature of the wedding-breakfast, which occasioned no small surprise, considering the rumours afloat, was a pompous harangue from Mr. Rivers, announcing another union upon the carpet, that of his son Arthur with his beauti-

ful cousin Miss Heathfield, Maud's chief bridesmaid.

A month before, Stephen would have strenuously opposed the match, as Barbara did then, but he said, moodily, "It's not who she will have now, it's who will have her," and so gave his consent.

From that hour the farm was all in a flutter of preparation. Arthur came and went more frequently than of old. Mr. Rivers, bag in hand, often came in with his business face on his way from the works and the omnibus, but that was nothing new. Miss Bradley came with patterns and measuring tape to take orders for gowns, and Phillis was kept from morning until night at her mother's sewing-machine as if she had been a hired seamstress.

If she did find a spare hour to spend with her godmother, or to visit a poor sick body in the lane, there was a general cry, "Where's Phillis?" as if she had failed in some duty, or her presence at home was indispensable.

From Lucy Hope and the curate Miss Pringle heard how closely she was confined, and it did not put her in better humour with the family, with whom, excepting Bob and Phillis, she had ceased all intercourse.

"My dear Phillis Penelope, pray what is the matter with you? It seems to me that between housekeeping, nursing, and plain-sewing, you are being hurried into a premature grave. Oh, I hear, if you are persistently silent!" said Miss Pringle when Phillis walked in one evening before dusk, with a listless step and a pale face, from which her soft black eyes looked out large and melancholy.

"Oh, I am rather tired, and have a headache, that is all."

"All! and quite too much, my dear," said the old woman, kindly. "If I did not know how thoughtless some people are, and how persistently you are overworked, I should positively think you were fretting."

"Fretting! Oh, dear no! What should I fret about—unless, perhaps, the loss of your pearl ring?" she added, hastily. "But harvest will soon be here, and then I hope to find it for you." But even as she spoke the conscious blood surged upwards to her brow, and she trusted her poor, dear, lonely aunt had not seen it. She must learn to bear her cross more patiently and cheerfully; it would be sinful to lay her sorrow as an added burden on her dear, kind godmother, whose hearth was now left so desolate.

Keen Miss Pringle had seen, and made her own deductions. She knew she had the full sympathy of Phillis with regard to her ring and her outraged feelings, but she guessed there was more behind, if no one else suspected anything. She tried to tempt the girl's appetite with little dainties, and to divert her thoughts by chat about the Dorcas Society, and the great interest Miss Sheperton took both in that and the church school, the condition of Nathan Grimshaw's property in Marsh Lane, and the fear that the old rector would never resume his duties again; but, as ever, the conversation drifted to the lost ring and the Hubert so dear to the hearts of both, if the one did strive to hide the secret from all eyes but those to whom all hearts are open.

All along Phillis had seen with pain that Mabel was trifling with her lover, and when the awakening came, she felt for him in his agony as keenly as if the blow had been aimed at herself. Now she so often heard her Aunt Pringle rejoice at Hubert's providential escape, and the influence of Gilbert Sheperton's revelations, that she began in time to breathe more freely, and be content that all things had been ordered for the best.

Heavy thunderstorms delayed the wheat harvest, but it came at length; and for the first time in the annals of Upland Farm a steam-reaper found its way into the home field, and gathered in the somewhat beaten-down crop. And no sooner was the ground cleared, than, leaving Mabel to grumble at the idle sewing-machine, Phillis was in the field among the gleaners, searching from sunrise until dusk among the stubble around one spot, and returning to her task a second day and a third, until convinced her search for the lost ring was fruitless. The broad, heavy wheels of the steam-reaper might have crushed it into the ground, soft from the recent rainfall; or a gleaner might have picked it up and carried it off. In any case the ring was lost. And though Phillis promised her aunt to have another search when the ground was ploughed up, Miss Pringle would see it never more.

The reminder might be annoying to Mabel; in any case she told her sister tartly enough, "I think you might have employed your time better over my sewing than seeking for a worthless old ring. Such a fuss! It is perfectly ridiculous."

Phillis was sorely tempted once for all to bid Mabel do her own sewing, but Miss Pringle's maxim, "Promote peace with placability," crossed her mind. She bit her lip to keep in her retort, and worked her resentment off on table linen.

If about this period Bob showed his sunny face at Pilgrim Place more frequently than of old, his motives were transparent, but he was welcome, as any friend of Hubert's would have been. He did not care to meet his future brother-in-law too frequently, and he did care to meet Lucy Hope and her brother; and there was no more likely place to meet one or other than the little cottage next to the rectory.

It was surprising how gallant he had become to Phillis of late, volunteering to fetch her home if she was going thither; and it was surprising what a pleasant little party would muster casually in the old lady's cosy parlour, where even the furniture was polished to reflect the beaming fire.

It was in the midst of such an assemblage that Hubert's letters were read aloud—letters from Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden, Melbourne, and at length from Roughet Run, whither Mr. Sanderson had borne him company, to witness William Jessop's blank astonishment as the "living image" of his old master stood before him. There was no further question of identity; no disputing his absolute ownership of the farm of which Jessop had been left in honourable charge, and from which there was no thought of ousting either him or his sons. One thing in all the letters was noteworthy. He mentioned all his friends by name with kindly greeting, but not the slightest reference was made to Mabel, or to his possible return.

Phillis looked forward to these Australian letters with concealed anxiety, but she would rather have heard them read more privately. And she would much rather have gone home with Bob alone for her companion, or even by herself, than have had the constant companionship of Lucy and her brother across the meadows, since Bob invariably walked off in advance with Lucy, leaving her to follow with the curate.

Not that Ernest Hope was at all objectionable to her, or that he did not stand high in her esteem; but his manner betrayed something warmer than friendship, and she knew not how to discourage him without giving either offence or pain.

One frosty night in December, when the stars were shining overhead, and the approaching wedding had been the theme of conversation at her aunt's, he laid his heart and his hopes before her in broken speech, without an echo of his pulpit eloquence. He confessed that she had never encouraged him by look, or word, or sign, but her goodness alone had drawn him on; her mother had seemed not averse, and her sad, sympathetic but decided negative was not the less a blow, soften it as she might. Perhaps she let a nook of her own heart be seen, for he never troubled her again, or showed to the world any breach in their long and respectful friendship. It may be he called at the farm less frequently, and Phillis either kept at home, or gave her Sundays, between services, to her aunt; and until the wedding was over she had little other leisure.

The rector's stay at Mentone had been prolonged indefinitely; there was scarcely any prospect of his return. Under the circumstances a large addition had been made to the stipend of the curate-in-charge, and he had been invited to occupy the rectory *pro tem.*

Consequently Ivy Cot was closed, and Miss Pringle had few opportunities for feeling lonely. If she no longer trotted off with her purse-pouch to visit distant relatives, she found her way with it to Marsh Lane and to the rectory; and Mrs. Hope, who had now the absent rector's servants at command, returned the visits of her neighbour, as often as not meeting lawyer Townley on the threshold. Miss Pringle was quite in her *element; here* were the refined and Christian associations in which her soul delighted.

The bridal with which the new year opened was not altogether as auspicious as it might have been.

Phillis and Hepsy were fagged out before the day arrived, although supplementary service had been called in; and even Mabel had bestirred herself towards the last, in her anxiety lest her wedding should be less a success than Maud's. The wedding-cake was as large and highly ornamented, and the table was

as daintily adorned and hospitably supplied. She had three bridesmaids—Phillis, Laura, and Lucy; her white satin dress fitted her to perfection.

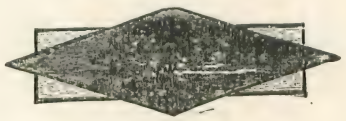
But—rain fell in torrents; a drip from a wet umbrella spotted the bridal robe; invited guests failed to appear; the newly-married Hyltons met them with the bridegroom's party at the church, but neither Miss Pringle, nor Mr. John Crossley, nor his wife came to do them honour. Indeed, the blinds at Pilgrim Place were drawn closely down, as though there had been a funeral, not a wedding in the family, and the sorrowing relative had shut out the sight. People were there who have no place in this history, and presents were many, but when the display came a small box was found marked "A present from Phillis Penelope Pringle to the bride." Within it lay, coiled upon cotton wool, a necklace of mock pearls, labelled clearly, "False as fair."

Yet that was not all. Whilst Mrs. Arthur Rivers was dressing for her honeymoon trip to London, there was an altercation going on between Arthur and his father, which boded ill for all parties concerned.

Stephen Heathfield had promised to give with Mabel four thousand pounds. It turned out one-half the sum had been already advanced to James Rivers, for investment in his business on Arthur's account, and had been otherwise employed; in fact, had gone to make up the sum cautiously settled upon Maud. The handing over by Stephen of his cheque for two thousand only had provoked an explanation, and a final rupture between father and son.

Not a promising beginning for the new year or the newly-married pair

(*To be continued.*)



THE IMMORTAL ROSE.

By EDITH PRINCE.

WHEN the infant eyes awakened
Mother slept; her silent hand
Might not clasp the tiny fingers,
But they thought among God's band
She was chosen as the angel
O'er her baby watch to keep,
And in dreams her love to whisper,
For the child smiled in her sleep.

Crimson roses sweet they planted
To the mother's fond heart near,
And with baby's growth the flowers
Blossomed fresh each dawning year.
Sometimes when the maiden pondered,
Wondrous deep her blue eyes grew,
As she pictured clear the mother
That her waking never knew.

Then she said, "Dear God, the flowers
Planted here bloom in my heart.
Sometimes, dreaming of their beauty,
Of my life they seem a part.
Oh, then as their fragrance mounting
On fair angels' wings to Thee,
Grant my prayers their fullest pleading,
Sending down Thy love on me:

"So when soft my evening cometh,
And my hair is tinged with snow,
May the crimson rose immortal
Still in summer beauty glow,
Filling all my life with music,
And the light of grace divine,
Till I stand before Thy portals
With my mother's hand in mine."

THE UNVARNISHED SIDE OF HOSPITAL NURSING.

MY article will be no grand intellectual study—merely a few plain facts; but if it should encourage any to work on more bravely in some daily routine, or inspire them with a desire to help their fellow-men in a more practical form, it will not be in vain.

Most people will agree with me in considering that nursing to a large extent comes under woman's work. Though some men are in every way thoroughly good nurses, as a rule women may find a useful work in attending on the sick, and are appreciated by them. Almost everyone thinks herself capable of nursing, except perhaps some few, who shrink from it with a kind of horror, and imagine they could never bear to see or do all that would be required of them.

I am aware that the market, so to speak, is already overstocked with women who have taken up the work of nursing; but are they nurses?

At a course of lectures attended when beginning hospital life, we were informed of the necessary qualifications for a nurse. I will enumerate some of them. Obedience, cheerfulness, patience, conscientiousness, observation, sympathy, judgment, neatness, and order.

Hospital nurses are about as mixed a class as you could well conceive; daughters of men in almost every trade or profession, from a general's daughter to the poorly educated lady's maid or servant girl; and if you ask their reasons for becoming nurses, you will find here, too, a strange variety. Young widows and women of good education who are in trouble, imagine (and often find) that caring for others will lighten their own woe. Some from conscientious motives desire to devote their lives to good works; others take to nursing because they must gain a livelihood, and they think it sounds better to be a nurse than a companion, shopwoman, or servant. Some take to it because they think to wear a uniform and be called a sister lends a romance to their lives; and some giddy, thoughtless ones appear to have become nurses for the sake of amusement. It is needless to say these last two do not have quite as easy a time as they expect; but the amount of harm they do to the nursing work is incalculable. Some join because, whilst wishing to earn a livelihood, they truly choose nursing from a love to it; and with such the love for it grows very strong.

Whilst speaking of hospital work, please

THE IMMORTAL ROSE.

remember that the many details—such as salary, hours, and various duties, differ in different hospitals. On an average, I think, a sister will have charge of about thirty-three beds, with two day-nurses, a probationer, and a night-nurse under her; also a woman who comes daily to polish or scrub the floors, clean the grates and windows, carry away the soiled linen, and wash the breakfast and dinner things.

When you think of your one invalid at home, and his many requirements, and remember that these six pairs of hands must supply everything needed for the occupants of these thirty-three beds, besides keeping the wards and all the utensils therein clean, you will see that a nurse cannot have much time to spare.

On first becoming a nurse, it is customary, in most hospitals, to sign an agreement for two or three years. The salary of a nurse (or rather a probationer, as she is at first called) is from £10 to £14 the first year, £14 to £16 the second year, and from £16 to £20 the third year, with board, washing, and uniform found. A probationer goes on trial for one month. Some leave then because they feel themselves, or are thought to be, physically or otherwise unfitted for the work; others, however, stay on, really unfitted, because they do not care for it, and have not their hearts in it.

At the end of one year, and often much sooner, a probationer is given charge of a ward, under a sister, when she is called nurse; then as a vacancy arises, and she shows herself competent, she is given the post of sister. A regular nurse, after the first two or three years, gets from £20 to £30 yearly; a sister from £30 to £50 yearly. The first year there is a good deal of hard work: scrubbing, sweeping, cleaning, obeying orders (clumsily enough), and being scolded by the nurse, sister, or doctor, and made to do things over and over again. There is, too, the witnessing of suffering and death; very trying to a young nurse, but with which she soon becomes so strangely familiar. Accidents of almost every kind, heartrending stories of cruelty and wrong, friends coming to spend the last few hours with a beloved one, or perhaps arriving too late, when the spirit has returned to its Maker. These are sad scenes, but they come as part of her day's work and her training. A nurse breakfasts at 6.30 a.m., summer and winter, and begins work at 7 a.m., with perhaps eight or ten beds to make, patients to wash, the ward to sweep and dust, besides tables to scour, dressing-trays to be cleaned, and all utensils belonging to the ward to be seen to, medicines and other treatment to be attended to, and all to be in readiness for the doctor's visit at 9 a.m. or 9.30 a.m. From him, through the sister, the nurse receives her daily orders for the treatment of the patients, which, on his leaving the ward, have at once to be carried out. Milk and beef tea must be warmed for luncheon, medicine bottles taken to the surgery to be refilled, fresh prescriptions made up, and fresh diets shown to the cook. In its own turn each ward receives the fresh admissions, and there are patients to be washed and put to bed (not with nice clean hands and faces that a sponge would restore, but with the dirt of hard work, squalor, and misery, that often takes more than hot water, soap, flannel, and a good rub to bring clean); and all this time there are the constant wants on all sides to be supplied.

About 12.30 the dinners come up, and they must be served round, and the helpless ones fed; then the nurse gets her own dinner, which, I am sorry to say, in some hospitals is not very tempting; after which she returns to her ward.

The floor must again be swept, and the dinner things cleared away, the beds tidied, and all put in order for the visiting surgeon or physician, when she may have to stand for the next two hours, going with the doctors and students round the ward; or if there are any operations from her ward, she will be wanted to assist.

Or it may be it is the day for patients to see their friends; and for two hours nurse must act the part of a vigilant detective, and try to stop the intended kindness of ignorant relatives in giving fruits, stimulants, puddings or cakes to her patients.

At 4, or soon after, she must make the tea, cut bread and butter and serve it round, and then she is free to go and get her own. Some nurses get out for an hour and a half once or twice a week, in the afternoon, others from 6 to 8.

Extra hours are often given when asked for, but it must entail a double share of work for some one, and therefore a nurse does not like to be often absent from her ward.

After tea, when she has washed up once more, swept and tidied the ward, there is sometimes an interval in which she can talk and read to her patients before the evening work of dressings, suppers, and preparations for the night begins.

These are supposed to be concluded at 8.30 p.m., when the nurse reads prayers, lowers the lights, and leaves each patient as comfortable as possible, and (even though she loves her work) gladly awaits the coming of the night sister, to whom she must report all the cases before leaving the ward. She then goes to her supper, after which she is free. Do not judge her too hardly, gentle reader, when you hear that instead of improving her mind by reading, she often goes straight to bed, foot-sore and weary.

But courage! the work gets easier as she becomes more accustomed to it, and by morning she will be rested and refreshed.

Those who enter the work thinking life would be a kind of romance; that they could shake a pillow, stroke a forehead, bring flowers, make little dainties, read and cheer the sick, and wander about in a dreamy, listless way, soon see they have got to the wrong place.

Even the giddy ones find it difficult to chatter and attend to their patients, and, discovering that they get into trouble, either reserve their mirth for odd moments or give up the work. Hospital life is not play. I fancy a nurse goes to bed at night (or in the daytime if she be night nurse) as tired as any labourer, often feeling as though she had merely scrambled through her work, and not done half that should have been done. "But only the toilers know the sweetness of rest."

Now let us turn to the bright side. Anyone will own it is a pleasure to find that what he has been at some trouble to do proves a success. So with hospital life. Patients come to be cured, and the trouble and the pains required to attain certain ends are well repaid in finding the result a success; the cripple whole, the suffering eased, the sick made well.

The doctors have a good deal to do with the happiness of a nurse, and a kind cheering word from them is most encouraging. It is one of a nurse's greatest pleasures to satisfy and please the medical man she is working under, and doctor and nurse often get to know each other well.

At the same time, if I wanted a nurse's character I would not go to a medical man for it, if I could get it instead from the patients she had nursed. Though, as I have proved, there is generally but little time for reading or talking to the patients, and, as some may think, caring for their souls, still a life of sympathy and kindness is not wasted. The patients, who are often very quiet in learning from a nurse the many little things to be done in a ward, may learn from her life-lessons also. Certain it is they watch her and get to know her well. She is hardly allowed to let her cheerfulness vanish without a reason. Very soon comes the question, "Why are you looking so cross to-day, nurse?" and she at once rouses and remembers that little vexations and troubles that she may have must not be shown in her ward. There are many opportunities, too, for giving a word of counsel, and expressing sympathy and sorrow whilst nurse is washing her patient, making his bed, dressing wounds or applying treatment, and the bright smile that follows her after a word like this, all the time she is busy in her ward, is most cheering; proving that the little she tried to do was appreciated.

Many a one wants just some little thing done, a pillow shifted or a bandage loosened, for no other reasons than to get a few words with nurse, if he feels he is being neglected; and though she may playfully scold him for wasting her precious time, she does not grudge it, and he knows it. There are numberless little things which the patients love to do to save their nurse; helping each other when able, or, if up and well enough, glad to sweep out the ward, and await her pleasure at finding less to do when she returns.

The children, too, give to their nurse very often the trust and love which before they have so seldom found anyone to appreciate. Many of them have known no homes; the love which makes home has been wanting. They love their nurse, and sometimes shed tears at leaving the hospital.

When nurse has been out in the afternoon, and perhaps returns with a sort of feeling that it would be very pleasant to sit in an armchair and read instead of going back to work, on entering the ward she hears some weary invalid say, "Oh! nurse, I am so glad you are back; it has seemed so long since you went out," the book and the easy chair no longer seem things to be desired. Each has his own little tale to tell, and loves to tell it, and the very knowledge of the trials of the one and the sympathy of the other draw nurse and patient nearer together. Then there are the men and women leaving the hospital, and occasionally even those who are about to take a longer journey, and wish before starting to give their nurse a last farewell. Often it is a pressure of the hand and just an earnest "God bless you, nurse!" but it means a great deal, and gives nurse fresh courage and strength for the future.

I would add one word more. I think a nurse can hardly be a nurse in the highest and best sense unless she feels she is working for her Master in heaven, and realises the truth and solemnity of the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not," and the joy and comfort of "Inasmuch as ye did it."

I have but very imperfectly set forth the bright side of hospital life. Thoughts and feelings, love and sympathy are very real, but their value cannot be told on paper. Your patients are dependent on you. You feel for their suffering, and you love them, and have their love in return. Reader, if you know what love is, can you say, even amidst its daily cares, its sorrow and pain, that there is not a bright side to our hospital work?

Do not misunderstand me; home duties must ever come first, and, well performed, are surely the truest outcome of real love.

I am far, indeed, from setting up nursing above such duties, or of attaching to it more value than to any other work; only, as we have diversities of gifts, I long that we may really use them; and for those who are free to choose, and possessed of a love for nursing, desire that they may join our ranks, and swell the number of those who may be called real nurses.

A Nursing Sister, H.M.N.S.

WEAVING THE DUSKY STRAND.

By E. ADAIR, Author of "A Midsummer Ghost," etc.

CHAPTER I.

DEAR LOVE'S TIE.

"I AM so happy!"

The soft whisper was born, like an elf, on a moonlight night. A glorious night! The very air seemed steeped in silver radiance, for overhead the full moon burned with a white intense light, as she hung, like a lamp, in the deep vault of an Indian sky.

Could anything be more perfect than her life at that moment? Maura Vernon thought, filled as it was with a love as beautiful and unfathomable as the night-sky, and as entrancing as the fair moonlight that enwrapt earth's commonest objects with its own veil of glamour and fascination.

The day had been unbearably hot in the little traveller's bungalow, in spite of its white walls and thatched roof; but now, in delicious contrast, a languid, sensuous coolness filled the air; across the dim line of the high road floated the vibrating notes of cicalas from their haunts amongst the trees on the wooded ridge beyond, and over all the landscape clung a faint mist that added to the half-mysterious charm of the night.

A table and some chairs, on one of which Maura lay, were placed in the open; at some distance a couple of tall Englishmen, in white undress uniform, were talking to a "shikari" (native hunter), who stood in a picturesque attitude, one hand holding the muzzle of his gun, the other gesticulating as he spoke. Some dark forms were huddled below the verandah steps—coolies—anxious to be hired for to-morrow's hunting expedition.

Before the group sat a white terrier, severely erect and alert, superintending the whole arrangement with conscious responsibility, while a retriever sniffed anxiously at the stock of the native's gun which rested on the ground. Maura's eyes, after scanning earth and sky, rested on this picture with happy interest. All that she had to love upon earth, her husband and brother, were there, and love is a miser who would fain keep its treasure always within touch and sight. At that moment her husband turned and sauntered towards her.

How she loved him! And yet a year ago she had not known that such a being existed as Rex Vernon! Could it be possible? For *now!*

A whole world of pride and passionate affection dwelt in that word "now." Her lover, her husband, with his stately height and the dark handsome face some thought so stern, but she knew how it could smile.

Her lips were silent, but her loving eyes welcomed him. As he passed to take the chair beside hers, he laid his hand for a second on the soft gold of her hair. "'My bird with the shining head,'" he quoted.

"Rex," she said, with a thrill in her voice, leaning towards him, "I have just been thinking how happy I am—my life is perfect."

"Darling!" His hand closed over hers.

"It seemed as if nothing could break it, or alter it, or make it better; but, you know, there is something more than love in the world." She paused, for her voice had thrilled away to a broken whisper. "And when you quoted 'Maud' I remembered what it was—

> 'The dusky strand of Death, inwoven here
> With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

Rex, love, darling, if I were to die——"

"Don't," said the young man, hoarsely, springing to his feet. How ethereal and lovely her dear face seemed in the moonlight, he thought, as he walked up and down once or twice before returning to her side.

"Look here, wife," he said, with a forced smile, "you are like an angel, but now that you have developed a nice, comfortable, earthly faculty for making us both wretched, I become easy in my mind as to the likelihood of your flapping your wings and flying away from me yet awhile. No, darling, no!" (seeing she was going to speak): "Let us be happy as long as we can, and if trouble comes to-morrow we'll have all the more strength to face it."

He spoke the words, not lightly indeed, but little dreaming what to-morrow was to bring. Just then Maura's brother came up and flung himself into a seat. He was a slight young fellow, as fair-haired as his sister.

"Never met such a babbling old beggar as Gunga Ram!" he exclaimed, as he stretched himself wearily. "He bangs Banagher for talk."

"What had he to say?" asked Maura.

"As near nothing as possible, but by dint of repetition it grew into a history."

"Has he seen any leopards?"

Terence Egan sat up and looked solemnly at the young couple opposite to him.

"Has not Vernon told you yet what Gunga said? No?" He sank back with a groan of despair, while the two others laughed rather consciously. "Come here, Dan," he continued, when he had, presumably, recovered strength to speak.

At this, the retriever sat down in front of his master, and thumped the ground with his tail while he offered a paw with all a dog's feeble, foolish amiability.

"Dan, it's the old story again, my boy!" said Terence, in a weak voice, as if overcome by the discovery, "the old, old story. Wouldn't ye think, now, that any sort of creature that had sense at all—let alone a man and a woman—would be tired by this time of repeating whatever people say when they're in love? I never courted a girl myself, so I cannot tell ye, Dan."

"Ah, Terence!" from Maura, "and how about Fanny Warburton, and Miss Sullivan, and the lock of Norah Kelly's red hair?"

"I don't know what they do be saying," repeated that unprincipled young man, with a most mellifluous brogue, "when they're in love; but one would think, after six months of courting, and three of matrimony, they could start something fresh, unless they were born idiots, you know; so away, Dan, and try not to think about it, or it will ruin your constitution altogether."

"I was reproving my wife when you came up," said Vernon, laughing.

"Oh, you were? Allow me to remark that you did not look like it."

"Very likely not; connubial quarrels are generally kept quiet by reserved folks like Maura and me. Here's Maura dying to hear about those leopards."

"Ah! tell her yourself," returned Terence, and once more collapsed into the depths of his chair.

"Gunga Ram says there are some leopards—two—in the hills. He is going to send beaters out in the morning, and we are to be with him at six, sharp."

"Far off?" asked Maura.

"Three miles or so up the road," returned her husband.

"Then, Terence, I'll ride your grey pony there!" exclaimed Maura.

"Just as you like," replied Terence, agreeably, but Vernon here interfered.

"You, Maura! Nonsense, you don't propose to go shooting with us?"

"Why not? I've always gone before."

"Quite a different thing—shooting blue pigeons or sand-grouse."

"And a very pretty shot she is, too," murmured Terence, parenthetically.

"Are you mad, Terence? Don't you see she should stay at home?" Vernon turned to his brother-in-law.

"I could not make her stay there though—not if I saw double!" with helpless mildness. "Nor you either, I'll be bound."

"Maura, dear, be advised," began Vernon.

"Rex," the white, coaxing hand slipped into his; "don't you know I'll be quite safe with you? I always feel so safe when I'm with you," she pleaded.

"Ah!" was the meaning comment on this from Terence's chair.

"Let me go, Rex. I feel as if I must go to-morrow!" went on Maura, persuasively.

Now, Captain Rex Vernon was a young man of stern demeanour, who had the reputation, as adjutant of his regiment, of being a very strict disciplinarian, but his reply to this appeal was not what might have been expected of him.

"I say, Terence—look here!"

"I'm looking," returned Terence, with melancholy regret in his voice; "and I grieve to say I never saw a man in so short a time more altered for the worse than you, my poor fellow. You have not the spirit of a hen left in you, as we say out here in the tropics, or you would reprove your wife again very severely."

"Be serious, Terence!"

"You'll never do a day's good with her, Vernon, unless you show courage and resolution now," went on Terence, in a tone of remonstrance. "Get up and abuse her like a man!"

Maura and Rex burst out laughing.

"My good fellow!" exclaimed the latter; "it's easy to see you don't know what it is to have a wife."

"No; but I know what it is to have a sister who has a mind—of a sort—and can make it up. I remember when I was an innocent youth of ten, Maura made up her mind to go duck-shooting over Kilmaker bog. She wasn't quite five. I didn't want to go, for I was a nice, quiet, harmless little chap, without an ounce of mischief in me——"

"Oh, Terence!"

"But she got the gun, and I got a duck, and we both got wet feet, and I was whipped till I couldn't see, for leading the innocent baby into danger, and Maura got bread and blackberry jam, and——"

"I may go to-morrow, Rex, darling?" said the sweet, laughing, pleading voice.

And, for the life of him, Rex could not—no, he could not say "No!"

CHAPTER II.

"INWOVEN."

"Now then, Vernon, where's your wife? Make her hurry up!" said Terence, as he stood on the steps of the verandah, in the morning dusk, sipping his coffee.

Vernon, who had disposed his tall frame in a long chair, looked up with mild inquiry.

"How did you make her hurry up when she was your sister and not my wife?"

"I gave you the recipe last night. I talked to her, I can tell you."

"And this was how I effectually put a stop to it!" added Maura herself, coming into the verandah from behind the grass mat that covered the door behind them.

But as soon as Terence caught sight of the slight little figure in the holland habit, he laid down his cup and ignominiously fled.

"See how empty his boasting is!" remarked Mr. Vernon, with appropriate dignity.

"Ah! wait awhile, Vernon, my boy; you have yet to learn to what a pitch of vicious perfection pinching can be brought! Good-bye, I don't feel safe around here any longer." So saying, he walked off towards the road, but across the slowly brightening air his pathetic tenor floated back to them in a fragment of an old Irish love song—

> "Two turtle doves upon a tree
> Did sweetly bill and coo;
> I envied not their happiness,
> Because——"

"Just listen to that boy!" exclaimed Maura. "Ah! here comes Barney O' Hea."

Barney O'Hea was a knowing-looking grey pony with a thick hogged mane.

"Did you ever see such a lovely little thing?" said the girl, patting his neck.

"Only once," was the prompt, martial rejoinder, as Rex lifted his wife into the saddle. "Now make Barney walk, as we are late."

Along the road that wound under the ridge they passed in silence. The soft smile called up by her husband's last words still lingered about Maura's wilful mouth when Rex laid his hand on the reins to stop Barney's advance, at the same time beckoning to the coolie who carried his gun to come up. His practised eye had caught some movement amongst the shrubs on the slope. There was a report, and, before the smoke cleared away, two sepoys, who accompanied them, were racing up the hill-side to see what had been killed by the shot.

"A wild sheep," pronounced Vernon, when they returned carrying a deer-like creature, whose large brown eyes were already glazed in death.

"Poor, pretty creature! It seems a shame to take away life on this fresh, happy morning!" Maura said, full of that easily awakened pity happiness engenders.

"You won't think it a shame when you are enjoying the saddle of wild mutton at dinner this evening, I can tell you," rejoined Rex, taking the more manlike and practical view of the matter.

Soon after this they came up with Terence and Gunga Ram. Here Maura dismounted, as the rest of the way must be traversed on foot. In single file they followed the native through the winding wood-paths up to the ascent of the ridge, till their path was crossed at right angles by another. At this point Terence elected to remain, while Gunga Ram, having described to Vernon a favourable position to be found at some distance to the left, turned off himself to the right. Rex and Maura soon reached the coign of vantage, on a rocky prominence girt with thorn-bushes, behind which the ground sloped sharply down. The shrubs and undergrowth closed thickly round them on all sides, the only clear view being over the path by which they had come.

There was no one in sight; the light still strove with the dusky shadows under the trees; the solitude seemed enchanted.

Rex looked to his gun, for the cries of the beaters came faintly from the distance, then he turned to his wife.

"Darling, I hope I did not do wrong in allowing you to come," he said, repenting too late of his concession to her wishes.

For answer, she held up a pistol with a pretty air of bravado. He could not resist the picture—the small, pale, undaunted face under the soft shadow of her Terai hat. He laid down his gun carefully, and took the pistol from her with one hand, while the other arm went closely round her.

"I cannot be sentimental over a dead sheep," he said, smiling down into the grey, upturned eyes, "but I can quote 'Maud' with much happier effect than someone I know; listen:

> 'In the silent, woody places
> We stood entranced in long embraces,
> Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
> Than anything on earth.'"

A long moment of exquisite silence, and then Maura found herself once more, pistol in hand, gazing at the tangled wood-ways, her eyes blurred with glorious tears.

The "honk, honk," of the beaters came clearly to their ears now, and all about was the rustle of breaking twigs, and moving leaves, and scurrying noises, as birds flew frightened overhead, and the lesser animals rushed frantically through the underwood before the advancing beaters.

Bang! the sound of a shot far away. Then a louder rushing and trampling near at hand, and a dark object crossed the line of the path. Rex fired. A more furious rush, and then a crash, followed by a silence. In the midst of this silence (which was only comparative, for the rustling and scurrying overhead and around continued) arose a strange, low, weird sound—it might have been a cry, and then a sullen roar that made Rex stand rigidly alert, and vow in his soul that if he once got his wife safely out of this dangerous jungle, never again would he allow her to run a similar risk.

The thought had scarcely crossed his mind, when he saw a sight that, for a second, held him as if rooted to the ground in horror. A small slight figure emerged from the bushes at some distance down the open track, and ran off in the opposite direction—his wife! He comprehended at once what had happened. In that strange cry Maura had recognised, or fancied she had recognised, her brother's voice, and to save him, Rex, from being involved in the danger, had crept noiselessly away to go herself to the rescue!

"Maura, Maura!" he called, but she only ran on more quickly, he following. What happened afterwards seemed all crowded into one awful point of time. The next bend in the path showed him Terence lying at the foot of the tree where they had parted from him; and over him, its teeth fixed in his shoulder, crouched a huge tiger. There was blood on the ground and blood on Terence's face, but whether the young man was hurt, or whether it all flowed from a wound in the tiger's side, Vernon could not tell.

And still there sped before him that flying figure! Without halt or hesitation, on and on, Maura was close on the tiger before the creature became aware of her presence. Then as it raised its head she fired, being quite close to it at the moment.

Rex heard the sharp report of the pistol, the animal seemed to make an ineffectual lurch forward as if to spring upon her, and then it fell heavily across Terence's body, dead!

Soon the beaters and Gunga Ram came hurrying up, and the dead tiger was dragged away from his now unconscious victim.

In an agony of grief and terror, Maura knelt beside her brother, bathing his cold brows with water, kissing him, and praying him to speak to her.

By-and-by he opened his eyes, and catching sight of her blanched face, tried to smile faintly, and whispered—

"Don't cry, dear. I don't feel any pain. I'll—be better—soon. Kiss me—Maura."

His lips scarcely answered her passionate caress; his eyes closed wearily; there was a sigh or two, and the gates of the Silent Land had opened once more for a soul to enter in.

* * * * *

A little boy of six or seven years old lies full length on a large tiger-skin rug on the floor.

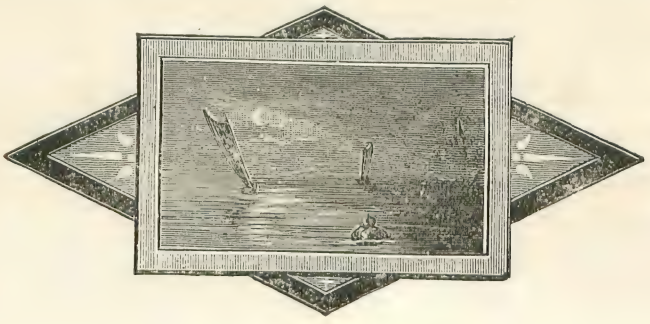
"And this is where Gunga Ram's bullet went in," he murmurs, as if repeating well-known words, his little fingers touching the beast's shoulder; "and then it crept off and jumped on Uncle Terence before he knew, and then mamma came, and she never once hesitated, or she must have been killed too, and she shot him right in the eye. Oh, papa, wasn't it well she didn't hesitate—that she was quite downright brave?"

The child sits up and regards his father earnestly; but before any answer can be made, the door opens, and in a minute he is flying across the room to clasp his small arms round his mother's waist, while he sobs out—

"Oh, mamma, mamma, wasn't it well you wasn't killed too! How could we be happy without you?"

Maura lifts the child to her breast, and over the fair head and clear cut features—so like the dead Terence's—of their child the eyes of husband and wife meet, and each remembers the words spoken on that moonlight night long ago—

> "The dusky strand of Death, inwoven here
> With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself
> more dear."



"THE ANIMAL SEEMED TO MAKE AN INEFFECTUAL LURCH FORWARD AS IF TO SPRING UPON HER."

CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

A TRUE TALE OF SISTERLY DEVOTION.

By A. M. HARLEY, Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A REJOICING family party is assembled in one of the houses in the old city of Hanover. It is truly a red-letter day with them, for have not the father and two sons returned from something like exile?—a year's absence with their regiment in England—that land which, indeed, is united with theirs under the same sovereign ruler, King George II., but which is, in ante-railroad and steamship days, a land so far away. Such joyful excitement is there over the reunion of husband and wife, mother and sons, that when a child of six years old appears at the door she has apparently not been missed. The little girl had trotted off to the Parade, hoping to meet the father and brothers, the sad parting with whom a twelvemonth before was long afterwards so vividly remembered; but failing in her errand she has come back with rueful face to find the wanderers already arrived at home. Soon, however, her "grievances are forgotten," as her favourite brother, a youth of seventeen, jumps up to welcome the little maiden in his own affectionate manner. Guilty of the wildest of prophetic vagaries would he have been deemed who would then have ventured to predict the scientific notoriety awaiting this brother and sister. Children of Isaac Herschel, an enthusiastic lover of music and a member of the band of the Guards, they, and all his children, if his desire were gratified, would devote themselves to a musical career. His two eldest sons were already members of the band, and in the third, Alexander, now a schoolboy, and Dietrich, not yet two years of age, he lived to see decided musical talent evinced. Two daughters made up the number of the family now living: the eldest, married to a bandsman, and Caroline Lucretia Herschel, the subject of this sketch, who was born in Hanover on the 16th March, 1750.

The brightness of her childhood was overshadowed by the anxieties consequent on the terrible Seven Years' war. Not merely by report did she learn something of the fearful distress, but was witness of some of the misery, though still too young to understand all the discomfort involved, when, having gained a temporary victory at the battle of Hastenbeck, the French troops were quartered in Hanover. Mr. Herschel had to find accommodation in his house for sixteen privates besides some officers. The hardships her father had suffered so affected his health that he left the army in 1760, and devoted himself to teaching and copying of music. His son William had also become a musical professor, and was settled in England, henceforth his adopted home.

Caroline had but few early educational advantages; she attended the garrison school, and besides this learnt to knit, indispensable work for a German girl. But Mrs. Herschel's strong objection to her being taught music obliged her husband to forego his own wish in the matter, at least so far that lessons were only given in a very desultory manner.

Concerning this Miss Herschel writes:—

"My father wished to give me something like a polished education, but my mother was particularly determined that it should be a rough but at the same time a useful one; and nothing farther she thought was necessary than to send me two or three months to a sempstress to be taught to make household linen. All my father could do for me was to indulge me (and please himself) sometimes with a short lesson on the violin, when my mother was either in good humour or out of the way."

This prejudice of her mother's was very trying to Caroline, who speaks of it as well meant though erroneous.

In April, 1764, the family was thrown into a "tumult of joy" by receiving a visit from the son domiciled in England. To his sister the joy was tempered by regret that, happening at the time of her confirmation, she was so occupied with church and school, besides the "drudgery of the scullery," that she saw but little of this dear brother, and his departure left her rather disconsolate.

A far greater trial, however, awaited her. Her father, to whom she was tenderly attached, was seized with paralysis, and although he recovered sufficiently to resume his professional duties, the remaining three years of his life was one painful struggle against increasing weakness. His death in 1767 caused his daughter the deepest distress. Arrived at the age of seventeen, she felt bitterly her imperfect education, which unfitted her to earn an independent living, her one strong desire. Her wish to take lessons in millinery and dressmaking was acceded to by her eldest brother, Jacob, her senior by sixteen years, but he was apparently somewhat of an autocrat in the family, for he made this proviso—any skill that might be acquired was to be exercised only on the making of her own things.

However much this frustrated his sister's aim, she doubtless, with her habitual thoroughness, learned all she could in Madame Küster's workrooms, where she met with great kindness, and made the acquaintance of a young girl, who, recognising her more than thirty years after, became one of her choicest friends. For the next four years the usual routine of domestic duty was hers, and household needlework, "making ruffles for Jacob," etc., left her no leisure to carry out her longing for reading or for practising music. Then came a momentary vision of delight—the proposal from William that she should come and make her home with him for a year or two, in order that she might prove, by the cultivation of her voice, whether it would be desirable to train her as a vocalist. The eldest brother's veto on this arrangement was a bitter disappointment, yet there must have been some lingering hope left, for we find her taking every opportunity of practising her voice, when the "rest were out." And stockings were knitted—a two years' supply for her mother and Dietrich—clothes made, and "ruffles" prepared—these for Jacob should she be allowed to go, otherwise to be sent to William. This state of suspense was happily terminated in 1772 by the arrival of William Herschel; and Mrs. Herschel's consent having been gained, the brother and sister started for England, where, in the fashionable city of Bath, the former held a good professional status, being organist at the Octagon Chapel, and, after Linley's death, director of the public concerts.

The journey was a formidable one. Six days and six nights were passed in a jolting, open *postwagen*, succeeded by a very stormy sea voyage. Landing either at Harwich or Yarmouth (there seems uncertainty as to which), a fresh start was made, this time in a cart to meet the London coach. Within a very short distance the horse ran away, overturning the primitive conveyance with its passengers and luggage, and Caroline Herschel took a flying leap into a dry ditch! No injury, fortunately, was sustained, and London was reached ten days after leaving Hanover. A stay of a day or two was made in the metropolis, the Bank, St. Paul's, and other places of note visited, a walk taken to the West-end, and, characteristic fact, opticians' shops especially noticed. But there was no privilege of the *entrée* to that charmed circle assembling at clever Mrs. Mary Montague's, under the title of the Blue-Stocking Club, where the sparkling conversation and ready wit of Mrs. Hannah More, of Bath's neighbour-city Bristol, made her a welcome guest. Nor do we hear any mention of the eccentric, kindly Samuel Johnson, or his famous pupil and friend David Garrick, for some years now a London "lion."

Another tiring coach-journey, and the travellers arrived at their destination.

Such was the unpretending introduction of the young foreign girl to that country which, fifty years later, she was to leave, honoured by men of science, not merely as her brother's coadjutor, but as an author of valuable works of reference and a scientific discoverer; moreover, received courteously by Royalty, and treated as a personal friend by princesses.

Caroline Herschel's knowledge of English was but slight. She had to buy her experience in English housekeeping without the help of a lady-friend, and first essays in marketing were made with considerable fear and trembling. Lessons in arithmetic and English were at once begun over the breakfast-table; also "talks" about astronomy, and two or three hours a day were devoted to practising the harpsichord and singing. But these latter studies, supposed to be laying the foundation for the business of her life, were often interrupted. Mr. William Herschel's spare time was already given up to his favourite science. He was a member of the Philosophical Society, gave lessons in astronomy, and had begun his work in the improvement of the imperfect means then existing for making astronomical observations. Very soon his sister was initiated into the mysteries of telescope-making, and learned to aid in some of the humbler work; and "polishing and grinding mirrors," etc., often took the time she would gladly have spent in practising. The end of the Bath season was looked forward to with some hope as bringing more leisure, but it only proved an opportunity to be seized for increased mechanical labour, and the mistress of the household was not a little perturbed on seeing almost every room converted into a workshop, and one of the bedrooms adorned with a huge turning-machine, at which Alexander, who lived with his brother, worked.

In the meantime rehearsals for winter

concerts were going on, in which Miss Herschel began to take more part. Later she became first of the soprano chorus singers, and ultimately principal vocalist of the concerts. So great was her industry, that besides all the housekeeping and the "polishing and grinding" which she managed so dexterously, she found time to write out scores of the "Messiah" and "Judas Maccabæus," and the vocal parts of "Samson." There appears to have been every prospect that she would have achieved a creditable success in the profession had she continued in it, but greater honour was in store for her.

In 1781 the discovery of the planet Uranus (first called Georgium Sidus, in honour of King George III.) was made by Herschel, and this and other discoveries, together with his writings, brought him into such note that he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and received the gold medal.

By this time his sister was a valuable helper, and she was trusted to write out catalogues and tables. Whilst her brother was busy at night with his telescope, she would be at hand to take measures with the lamp-micrometer, to keep up the fire, to prepare a dish of coffee; in fact, ready for anything and everything needed at the moment, as she says, "taking pleasure in what others might have thought a hardship." At times the enthusiast would have left his food untasted but for the persistence of his sister. And when not engaged in giving more direct assistance, she would read aloud works of fiction, thus supplying the recreation as needful, perhaps, for the mind as was the nourishment for keeping up bodily strength.

The 7, 10, and 20 ft. telescopes had all been doing good work, and the famous 40 ft. was commenced. The fame of their maker having reached the ears of Royalty, he was summoned to Court to exhibit some of his improved astronomical appliances. This visit to London led to an important change. The King was so pleased and interested with the interview that he appointed Mr. Herschel his Royal Astronomer, at a salary of £200 per annum. The musical profession was therefore abandoned, and a house taken at Datchet, to which the brother and sister removed.

Caroline Herschel's own cherished plans had to be finally relinquished, and great disappointment was evidently felt; but there was no giving way to vain regret. Her unselfish nature, together with her early training, enabled her to turn with interest and earnestness to each duty as it presented itself, and it was no gloomy "accepting the inevitable," but a cheerful acquiescence in the arrangement made for her. Her scientific education now began in earnest, and a small telescope was given to her, with which she was to "sweep" for comets. Many a starlit night was spent on the grass-plot, covered with dew or hoar-frost, and she soon began to prepare data for her catalogue of nebulæ, or star-clusters, of which by the end of 1783 she had found fourteen. But, again, her own work had to be set aside for that of assisting in the observations made with the 20 ft. telescope. Her reward was that which she coveted above all others. "I had the comfort to see that my brother was satisfied with my endeavours to assist him when he wanted another person either to run to the clocks, write down a memorandum, fetch and carry instruments, or measure the ground with poles," etc. The zeal and indomitable perseverance of this indefatigable woman were indeed marvellous, and our admiration culminates when we find that the knowledge of algebra and mathematics requisite for the prosecution of her work had to be acquired by asking questions and writing down answers, principally at the breakfast-table.

After a few years the house at Slough was taken, afterwards known under the name of "Herschels," and memorable as the home of the great scientist for the remainder of his life. In July, 1786, Mr. Herschel having been sent by the King to Göttingen, with a present of a telescope for the observatory, Miss Herschel busied herself in active work by way of an antidote to dulness. (If this were the specific it is said to be, surely she could never have had a moment's experience of that malady!) Brass work was cleaned, the polishing-room set in order, fences mended, some hours given to needlework and shopping, visitors received, amongst others Prince Charles, the Queen's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and the Duke of Montague, to whom the King requested Miss Herschel to show the telescope. Scientific duties were also vigorously kept up; and how great must have been her delight on discovering her first comet! This is noted down in her matter-of-fact way.

"Aug. 1. I have counted 100 nebulæ today, and this evening I saw an object which I believe will prove to-morrow night to be a comet.

"Aug. 2. To-day I calculated 150 nebulæ. I fear it will not be clear to-night. . . . One o'clock. The object of last night is a comet!"

She communicated the fact without delay to two scientific men, and received their congratulations.

The enormous amount of labour required in setting up the 40 ft. telescope necessitated a further grant for expenses, and an additional yearly income for keeping it in repair. Beyond this a salary of £50 per annum was accorded to Miss Herschel as "assistant-astronomer." Thus, at thirty-six years of age her wish to earn an income of her own was first fulfilled.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

STAMMERER (and others so afflicted) is recommended to consult Mr. Seltman, who receives a limited number of resident pupils at 21, Westbourne Park, Bayswater, W. The course of treatment lasts from three to eight weeks. The method adopted is strongly advocated by some of our first London practitioners.

WOULD-BE TEACHER.—Write to R. D. Roberts, Esq., Mitchell Charity Office, Guildhall, E.C., for a form of application. Five Exhibitions of £20 per annum are awarded yearly, at any Training College which is recognised by the Educational Department as a place of training for elementary teachers, and which may be approved of by the trustees. But candidates must be prepared to prove that they are in need of pecuniary assistance, to enable them to enter a Training College. The Home and Colonial School Society's College, in Gray's Inn Road W.C., would be a good place for you. The art of conveying instruction is one branch of the training given.

EMMA GRANT recommends a treatise by Dr. Abbotts, physician to the Hospital for Affections of the Speech, published by Pitman, 140, Gower Street, London, W.C.; price two shillings.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—Your position is a trying and difficult one. It is well that you feel its responsibility. Lay the case before your Heavenly Guide and Master, and ask for wisdom and help. We think you should consult your father as to the amount of authority and discretionary power he allows you in the training and education of your very unmanageable young brothers and sisters. Keep your temper carefully. Do not let them see that they can personally tease and annoy you. When they are behaving well, unbend a little, and let them find you a pleasant playfellow. You must try to win their love by every means in your power, short of spoiling them.

LOUISA.—Leave your future condition of life in the hands of your Heavenly Father. Do not pray for a husband, as it might not be for your happiness or advantage. You need medical advice. We thank you for your subscription.

ADA.—Yes, write to the secretary, Miss Knapp, Ivy Place, Hamstead Road, Handsworth, for particulars of the Improvement Society, of which the Rev. G. V. Collison is president. There is a Language Society, of which Miss M. Hedge, Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants, is the hon. secretary.

FAN.—You are never too old to learn. We cannot make any promises as to competitions for older girls, though we should like to please and encourage all our readers.

K. J. F.—You might do much to improve her education by joining two or more of the Girls' Correspondence Classes, at a cost of a very few shillings per annum. Prizes are given by them all. We have named many under the above heading in our answers. For a selection and all particulars, we advise your obtaining the little "Directory of Girls' Clubs" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.)

M. A. R.—We give you the same advice which we gave to "K. J. F." Join some Girls' Clubs. But if, as you say, your time is so little your own, and your work of a very practical kind, we recommend you to procure a few historical and geographical works, and study an atlas, until quite familiar with every country of the world. Then read a few of our Standard Poets' works; and make the formation of your handwriting and of spelling special subjects of careful study and practice. If a woman write a nice hand, express herself well, and spell correctly, she has acquired what will be of far more value to her than any number of mere accomplishments. The arts of economical housekeeping and cookery may also be acquired at home.

WORK.

BABETTE, IRLANDAISE, and OTHERS.—The headquarters in England of "Ling's Swedish Drill" is at the Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., under the management of Madame Bergman Osterberg. The course is for two years, and it is the only college of the kind, save the Royal Institute of Gymnastics in Stockholm. It is close to the Finchley Road Station.

MIGNONETTE may re-stiffen her limp, black lace by making a mixture of two teaspoonfuls of cold water, two of beer, and one of eau de Cologne; and putting the lace into it for ten minutes, then roll it up evenly in a cloth, and keep it there till it be merely damp, not wet. Then pin it out straight on a table, and leave it to dry. Iron it gently with a warm iron, having placed a piece of stout tissue paper between it and the iron.

NEW YEAR EMILIE.—We have no space in these columns for long knitting recipes. You should select a little sixpenny manual containing one for knitting gloves.

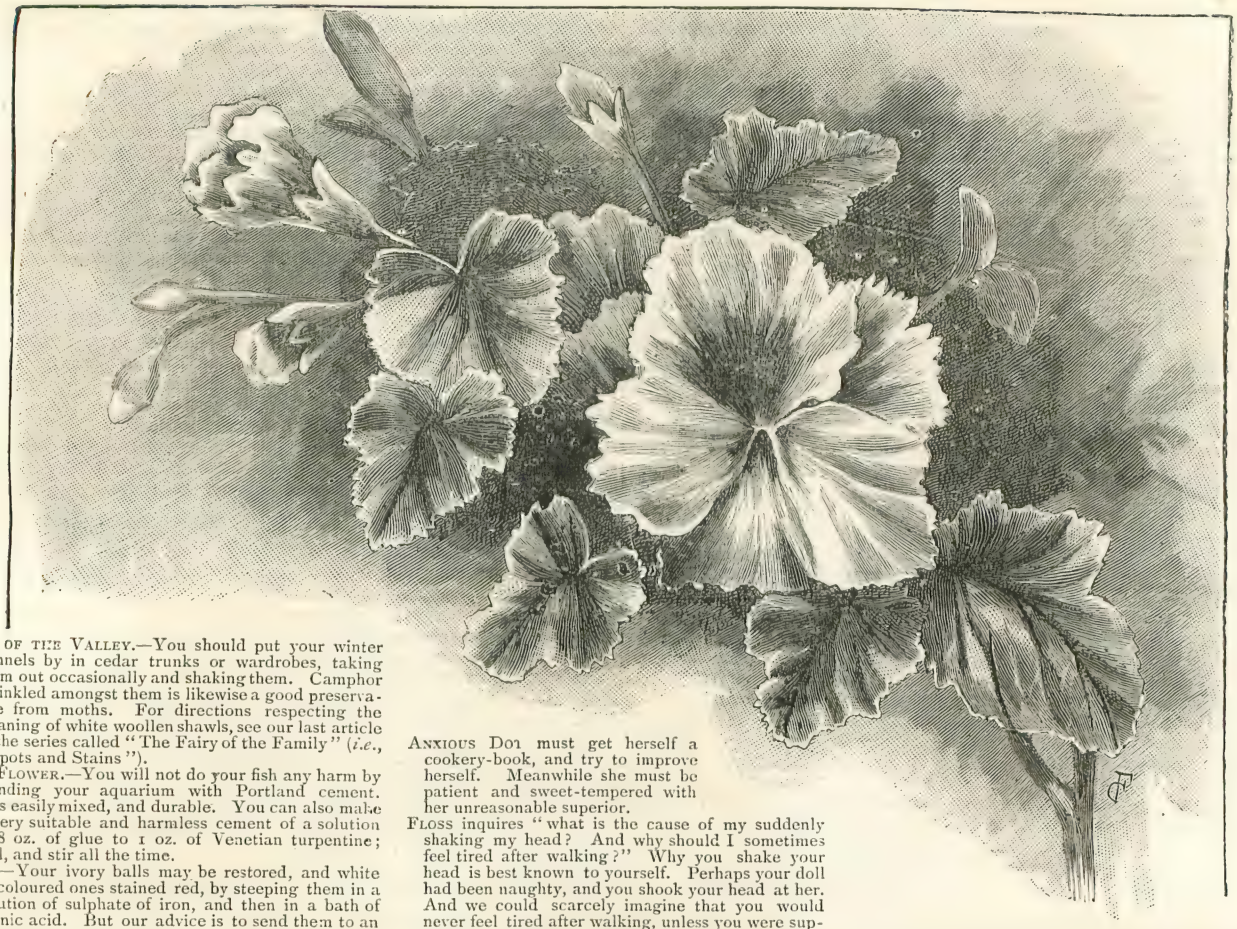
MISCELLANEOUS.

M. R.—There is a small appliance made of boxwood, of French manufacture, for taking glass stoppers out of small bottles. If you have not one of these, or the bottle be a large one, you should drop a little salad oil round the stopper close to the mouth of the bottle, and then place the bottle near the fire. When warm, gently strike the stopper on each side alternately on the table or with a piece of wood; and if still a fixture, add more oil, and warm and strike again, and it will come out.

MARY.—Wipe the mildew carefully away from the books injured by damp, and proceed to remove the spots of iron-mould by applying a solution of sulphuret of potash, to render the iron soluble; and after that a solution of oxalic acid, citric acid, or tartaric acid, remembering that the first-named is a dangerous poison. The writing on the margins may be extracted by the application of the same acids, without thereby removing the printing.

DEWDROP.—The shiny appearance of your diagonal cloth, occasioned by wear, may be removed by the application of fuller's earth moistened with lemon juice, mixed with pulverised pearlash, the mixture being rolled into balls. Scour the cloth well with them, raise the nap with a teazle, and then brush it the right way.

ONE WHO LOVES IRELAND should learn to spell before attempting to write a letter. We have rarely seen worse. We are glad to see that she is religiously minded.



LILY OF THE VALLEY.—You should put your winter flannels by in cedar trunks or wardrobes, taking them out occasionally and shaking them. Camphor sprinkled amongst them is likewise a good preservative from moths. For directions respecting the cleaning of white woollen shawls, see our last article of the series called "The Fairy of the Family" (*i.e.*, "Spots and Stains").

SUN FLOWER.—You will not do your fish any harm by mending your aquarium with Portland cement. It is easily mixed, and durable. You can also make a very suitable and harmless cement of a solution of 8 oz. of glue to 1 oz. of Venetian turpentine; boil, and stir all the time.

MEG.—Your ivory balls may be restored, and white discoloured ones stained red, by steeping them in a solution of sulphate of iron, and then in a bath of tannic acid. But our advice is to send them to an ivory turner, and have them coloured by an experienced hand, as you will probably make them streaky. They sell a liquid substance for mending india-rubber and gutta-percha; but if possible to mend it, send your waterproof for repair to a shop selling those materials.

JANIE JONES wishes to be informed about "the satellites of a beetle." We imagine that she means to say "the parasites." Some good book on entomology would enlighten her on such a point. Very possibly the stone she broke was some kind of fossil.

A GRATEFUL READER.—A new description of hand-writing is now being taught for commercial work, and copy-books are to be purchased for the practice of it. Your writing will serve as a good foundation, but it is a child's hand at present.

CLEOPATRA.—We do not see any originality in the plot, nor beauty in the diction of the papers you send for criticism. You could not dispose of them, and might be far more usefully employed than in writing such. We regret having to say so, and thank you for a nice and kind letter.

CONSTANT READER.—A selection from Longfellow's minor poems would be very suitable for a recitation.

LOUISE M.—We do not insert biographies of people as such, which are mere imaginary compositions. They are absolute facts. That of Her Majesty the Queen is perfectly correct. She is, individually, a most estimable as well as highly-gifted woman, and has brought up her family to be forward in every good and charitable work. Their time, strength, and money are largely expended in going about to help in all public enterprises and institutions for the public good. How much time, strength, and money do you expend, not on your own interests, but on the good of strangers?

ELLA.—All fruit and green vegetables are valuable to rheumatic patients. Many doctors advise that meat should only be taken twice or three times a week. Once daily is enough for any one.

FLOSSIE.—The first volume of the "G.O.P." is out of print, but you might obtain it by advertisement, perhaps, from someone. In this case it would of course be secondhand, not new.

A GIRL OF TWENTY-SEVEN.—We thank you for your contribution to the "Girls' Convalescent Home." Your questions are not suitable for replies in our public answers. Consult a doctor about such ailments. Perhaps you have had a chill.

IVY BUSH writes well and legibly.

GRETCHEN VON E. must put an advertisement in some *English* paper, or else go to an agency. But her question is so vague we cannot give her much help.

ANXIOUS DOT must get herself a cookery-book, and try to improve herself. Meanwhile she must be patient and sweet-tempered with her unreasonable superior.

FLOSS inquires "what is the cause of my suddenly shaking my head? And why should I sometimes feel tired after walking?" Why you shake your head is best known to yourself. Perhaps your doll had been naughty, and you shook your head at her. And we could scarcely imagine that you would never feel tired after walking, unless you were supplied with mechanical legs, worked by electricity or steam. Think of something else than self, or you will become a martyr to fancies, unwholesome and tormenting.

AUNTIE PEARL.—Is it positively needful for the boy to go to school twice a day? Could he not take his lunch, or dine there in the middle of the day? In that case there would be less chance of his being over-fatigued by joining the cricket club. Do not argue with him. Try to bring his common sense to bear, as well as a true manly spirit, in striving with faults of temper and self-will.

PRIMROSE.—"When there is a will there is a way" to cure stooping habits and rounded shoulders. You must learn to sit upright and stand firmly on your two feet, striving to bear it always in mind. An upright carriage is what we are intended to have, as our spines are a kind of mainmast to the rigging of our bodies. God made them quite strong enough for the purpose, you may be quite sure. Stooping is generally the result of carelessness and inattention. If there be any weakness from overgrowth, you should lie quite flat on your back for two hours a day, not all at once, but for half an hour at a time.

E. C. W.—Always try to take a breath before you speak, then proceed slowly and quietly. Read aloud when alone, at least an hour a day, and beat time to every second word.

MISERABLE SINNERS.—We all suffer from the temptations of the Evil One, more especially during the seasons of prayer. Perhaps you do not shut your eyes; and if you look about, your mind is apt to wander. You might go into a room by yourselves sometimes, and pray out loud; this would control your thoughts a little. But do not trust to your own efforts. Ask for the help of the Holy Spirit, and pray Him to "make intercession" for you.

MARIE T.—Your verses appear to be intended for blank verse from their ten feet and lack of rhymes. But the breaks do not fall correctly. When you begin a fresh subject it should be with the amount due for making-up the last broken line. Again, you cannot say, "Thou slowly drew," the word should be "drewest," and that would make a foot too long; also "Thou came to me" is incorrect. We like the feeling pervading the poem.

SONATISIA.—If you wish to study the composition of a "sonnet," read that which introduces the "Prisoner of Chillon," by Lord Byron. Observe the length of the lines, the pairing of the lines with rhymes, the fall of the beat in each. What you have sent us are not sonnets. You write a nice letter, only your writing almost needs the assistance of a microscope.

A READER.—The best book to meet your requirements is "The Critical Guide to Greek Testament Study," which is to be had at our publishing office. It is extremely interesting, and contains facsimiles of the several Codexes. The Jewish *Talmud* is formed by the union of the *Mishna* (or Oral law) and the *Gemara* (the Commentary upon it). These two combined give the true interpretation, while the *Masora* gives the true reading.

CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN had better procure a book called "Restful Work" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.), and she will find how, without leaving home and its many natural duties, she may give good service and be active in outdoor work for Christ and her fellow-creatures. The several ways and means, and the method of accomplishing a great variety of interesting as well as charitable works, is therein explained.

ZOE.—Your writing only needs to be reduced in size; it is well formed. You should become proficient in drawing both outlines and shading before you attempt to colour. Your card is a pretty attempt for a little girl untaught.

LUCILLE.—Why a certain tree was called after the traitor Judas, does not appear, even from legendary history. The *Ceris siliquastrum* was originally a native of Palestine, and belongs to Greece and parts of the south of Europe, to Japan also; and is represented in North America by the *Ceris Canadensis*. It has a stout trunk, and thick, stiff horizontal branches, and the flowers are of a pale red. But we cannot hear of any tradition that would lead one to suppose that it was used by Judas for his own self-destruction. It was introduced into this country some three centuries ago, as also into France, Germany, and Spain. It is not amongst the "Biblical Plants."

TRUE BLUE had better procure Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," published at our office. We should say "We find a score of people who are," etc., and "the family are out." "Such a one as I am." Your handwriting is vulgar. Do not make so many twists and twirls. The more simply and evenly you write, the better in every way. *Dolce far niente* is Italian, and means "Sweet do nothing"—"Sweet idleness," in fact. "Fictile" has reference to pottery. "Fictile earth is more fragile than crude earth," says Bacon. The word is derived from the Latin *Fictilis*. It means that sort which is moulded into form by art, and suitable for the potter.

IRISH KITTY.—From your description we should fancy that the coin was a piece of "Maundy money." It is not valuable save as a curiosity.

VOL. IX.—No. 456.] SEPTEMBER 22, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

COME, sister, let us wander, side by side,
And see the woods in all their summer pride
Bedecked with cyclamen and woodbine gay,
As if to welcome us this golden day!
Come, pretty one! Your eyes are dim and sad!
You should not weep when all the world is glad!
How blithely sings the lark in cloudless air,
No taint of grief or pain can touch him there.

So let it be with us! The week is o'er,
The city's ceaseless toil and sullen roar:
The hours of weary work were bravely borne
With eyes that ached for rest and fingers worn.
Now all is bright and joyous in the land!
The scented breezes blow, the buds expand;
The feathered songsters teach us as they trill,
To see the good in life, and not the ill.

So let our lives be, till the end shall come,
And we be wafted to our promised home;
When all the pains of earth will seem more dear,
That we, together, dwelt and suffered here!
The sun is clouded, but our hearts are strong,
The way, though dark and lonely, is not long;
And soon the mist will break, our sorrows cease,
And every day shall bring eternal peace!

E. O.

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"THE WOODS IN ALL THEIR SUMMER PRIDE."

THE GIRLS' YEAR;

OR,

JANUARY TO DECEMBER SPENT WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By JAMES MASON.

THE three girls met to talk over the eleventh month, and to make arrangements for the last thirty-one days of their year of study.

The first poem they had read was the "Ode to a Nightingale," by John Keats, according to Mr. Swinburne, "one of the finest masterpieces of human work in all time, and for all ages."

"After reading it," said Edith, "I looked into several other pieces in the volume, and did not care for them at all."

"You are one of those," remarked Florence, "who should take to heart what Mr. Swinburne says about the way Keats has been edited. 'Never!' he observes, 'has any poet suffered so much from the chaotic misarrangement of his poems in every collected edition. The rawest and the rankest rubbish of his fitful spring is bound up in one sheaf with the ripest ears, flung into one basket with the richest fruits of his sudden and splendid summer.'"

They had discussed the character of Coleridge after reading his "Ancient Mariner" in December, so his charming poem of "Love" did not detain them long. Lucy mentioned, however, this opinion of the poet given by Dr. Arnold. "I think," he says, "with all his faults, old Sam was more of a great man than any one that has lived within the four seas of my memory. It is refreshing to see such a union of the highest philosophy and poetry, with so full a knowledge in so many points, at least, of particular facts."

"What, I wonder, was Cervantes' object in writing 'Don Quixote?'" said Florence, when they came to talk of that famous work.

"He tells it himself," answered Lucy. "His first intention was to make a fool of the romances of chivalry, so much read in his own day, and the reading of which he thought hurtful both to taste and morals, and besides—and best reason of all—he wished to furnish a pastime for melancholy and gloomy spirits!"

A sensible criticism by Mr. H. E. Watts was quoted by Edith. "In one sense," says Mr. Watts, "'Don Quixote' is indeed a satire; but the follies it ridicules are those common to all humanity and to every age, and the satire is of that rare kind which moves, not to depreciation, but to love and pity of the object—to sympathy rather than to contempt, and to tears as well as laughter. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are permanent types individualised. They are as true for all time as for the sixteenth century—for all the world as for Spain. The antithesis of the pure imagination without understanding, and the commonplace good sense without imagination which these two represent, is the eternal conflict which possesses the world."

The "Personal Recollections" of Mary Somerville had been found of great interest, both for what they revealed of her own character and life, and for the glimpses they afforded of the literary and scientific society of bygone times.

When our students had fully discussed this delightful book, they proceeded to talk about the tragic story of the Indian Mutiny; the "Botany" primer of Sir J. D. Hooker, of which they had read about half; the "Funeral March of a Marionette," by Gounod; the precautions to be taken by common sense against fire and thieves, and the essay on "What is a Lady?"

Then they arranged the programme for October, by which their year of study was to be brought to an end.

The two short poems were to be two of Wordsworth's—his ode, entitled "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," and "Heart Leap Well."

The work of fiction selected was "The Betrothed," by Alessandro Manzoni.

The "Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell, was their choice in the field of biography.

For a subject of historical study they chose the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew."

In science they resolved to finish the "Botany" primer of Sir J. D. Hooker.

Their subject of study in music was to be the well-known Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, by Mendelssohn.

In domestic economy, besides the usual table of foods in season, they were to study the subject of how to manage heating and lighting.

The essay was to be on "Conquering by Kindness."

Here follow the Aphorisms for the month—a miscellaneous collection this time—and the anniversary calendar for October.

MISCELLANEOUS MAXIMS FOR THE GIRLS' YEAR.

1. *How to get safely through life.* It is the interest of all of us to be at peace with our fellow creatures, far less for their sakes than our own, and the only qualities to carry us safely through life are moderation and gentleness, not a little indulgence to others, and a great distrust of ourselves.

II. *Little vexations.* When we meet with the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it will prevent many painful sensations if we only consider—how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence.

III. *Self-control.*

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know—Prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root.

—*Burns.*

IV. *A forgiving spirit.* She that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which she must pass herself; for every one has need to be forgiven.—*Lord Herbert.*

V. *The ambitious worker.* Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.—*Johnson.*

VI. *Constant company.* They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

VII. *Encouragement.*

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be—
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

—*George Herbert.*

VIII. *Unending influence.* We know not what we are, any more than what we shall be. It is a high and solemn, almost awful, thought for every individual, that her earthly influence, which has had commencement, will never, through all ages, were she the very meanest of us, have an end!—*Carlyle.*

IX. *Wisdom in action.* Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do as well as to talk, and to make our words and actions all of a piece.—*Seneca.*

X. *Joy and sorrow.* To love all mankind from the greatest to the lowest (or meanest) a cheerful state of being is required; but in order to see into mankind, into life, and still more into ourselves, what is requisite is suffering.—*Richter.*

XI. *Women as they should be.* Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work.—*Cobbett.*

XII. *Disadvantages of stubbornness.* A stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom as a stubborn temper to happiness.—*Southey.*

XIII. *Words of truth.*

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.
A fault which needs it must grow two thereby.

—*George Herbert.*

XIV. *Whose is the best life?* The best life is that of her who has, in the largest sense, made the best of everything.

XV. *One-eyed souls.* Here our souls have but one eye (the apostle saith "We know but in part"): be not proud if that chance to come athwart thy seeing side which meets with the blind side of another.—*Fuller.*

XVI. *Errors on the safe side.* As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side. Thus we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent of having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

XVII. *Taking revenge.* In taking revenge a girl is but even with her enemy; but in passing it over she is her superior.

XVIII. *The guide of life.* Make it your daily practice to read some portion of the Holy Scriptures, that you may become acquainted with the will of God, and be quickened, and comforted, and qualified to serve Christ, and promote the interests of His Kingdom in the world.

XIX. *In error.* She who imagines she can do without the world deceives herself much: but she who fancies the world cannot do without her is still more mistaken.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

XX. *Foes to peace.* Five great enemies to peace dwell within us; namely, avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride; and if those enemies were to be banished we should infallibly enjoy perfect peace.

XXI. *Living alone.*

Why should we faint or fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so heaven has willed, we die?
Not even the tenderest heart and next our own
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

—*Keble.*

XXII. *A dangerous gift.* Beauty is a dangerous gift. The vanity it inspires, and the base flattery it gets for its possessors, are not to be envied.

XXIII. *Amused with trifles.* Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement will find these trifles become at last their more serious concern.

XXIV. *Useful employment.* Next to reading, meditation, and prayer, there is nothing that so secures our hearts from foolish passions, nothing that so preserves so holy and wise a frame of mind, as some useful, humble employment of ourselves.

XXV. *A noble character.* She has the greatest honour and purest morals who is ready to pardon all mistakes in other people as if she herself offended daily, and at the same time as vigorously abstains from all appearance of evil as if she forgave nobody.

XXVI. *Woman's character.* Four things are wanted of woman. That virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hand.

XXVII. *Finding fault.* Before we allow ourselves to find fault with any person behind her back, we must ask ourselves three questions: 1. Is it true? 2. Is it kind? 3. Is it necessary?

XXVIII. *Encouragement.* Be not chilled by the coldness of those about you. The perseverance of love and patience together bring about great results.

XXIX. *Desponding.* "I care for nothing. I am of no use in the world." Dear child, knowest thou not that thou canst not move a step on this earth without finding some duty to be done, and that everyone is useful to her kind by the very fact of her existence.

XXX. *Nursing mistakes.* One reason why we all grow wise so slowly is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

XXXI. *In the end.*

Be my deeds of good or evil, look thou to thyself alone;
All men, when their work is ended, reap the harvest they have sown.

—*Hafiz.*

October Anniversaries of the Girls' Year.

1. Vittoria Colonna, born in 1490. In 1538 she became the object of a passionate friendship on the part of Michael Angelo, then in his sixty-fourth year. The great artist wrote for her some of his finest sonnets, made drawings for her, and spent long hours in her society. Their friendship continued till her death in 1547.

2. Adelaide Anne Procter, born in 1825. She attained some distinction as a poetess. Her unambitious verses, dealing with simple emotional themes in a simple manner, have a charm which is scarcely explicable on the ground of high literary merit, but which is due rather to the fact that they are the cultured expression of an earnest and beneficent life.

3. Miss Biffin, died in 1850. She showed talent as a miniature painter, though she had neither hands nor arms.

4. Mrs. Alfred Gatti, died in 1873. Under the *nom de plume* of Aunt Judy, she was a pleasant and instructive writer for the young, her children's books being specially characterised by wholesomeness of sentiment and cheerful humour.

5. Constantia Grierson, a literary lady, born in 1706 in Kilkenny. She was born in a humble station in life, but attained celebrity by her learning and piety. Her edition of Tacitus was long considered one of the best edited books ever published.

6. Madame Goldschmidt, better known as Jenny Lind, born in 1820 at Stockholm. "The Swedish nightingale," as she was called, created more enthusiasm in her day than any singer of modern times. She made her first appearance in London at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Robert* on the 4th of May, 1847.

7. Isabella Angela Colbran, a famous singer, died in 1845. From 1806 to 1815 she enjoyed the reputation of being one of the first singers in Europe, but after the latter date "she began to sing excruciatingly out of tune, sometimes flat and sometimes sharp." She was a composer as well as a singer, and has left a few collections of songs.

8. Louisa Margaret, Princess of Conti, born in 1577. She was celebrated for her beauty and brilliant talents. She died in exile in 1631.

9. Madame Dorothy Christina Leporin Erxleben, born in 1715. She took a doctor's degree at the University of Halle, and attracted considerable attention by a work she wrote on the cultivation of the sciences by women.

10. Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea, poetess, died in 1720. Her best known poem is "The Atheist and the Acorn."

11. Lucy Hutchinson, died in 1659. She was the daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, and married in 1638 Colonel John Hutchinson, the Governor of Nottingham Castle and one of the judges of Charles I. She wrote memoirs of her husband's life and her own, "a work not only valuable for the picture which it gives of the time in which she lived, but for the simple beauty of its style, and the *naïveté* with which the writer records her sentiments and opinions, and details the incidents of her private life."

12. Sarah Martin, died in 1843. She supported herself by dressmaking, but became distinguished by her philanthropic efforts for the reform of criminals and the education of the poor.

13. Mary, Countess of Fauconberg, died in 1712. She was the third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, a woman of remarkable beauty and spirit, and distinguished for her political talents.

14. Mrs. Thomas Christopher Hofland, authoress, born in 1770. She wrote in all about seventy works—of which nearly three hundred thousand copies were sold in Great Britain and many thousands on the Continent and in America—and published a large number of pieces in magazines and annuals. All her works were devoted to improve the heart by pleasing and powerful lessons.

15. Madame Caradori-Allan, a famous singer, born in 1820. "Her voice, though not very powerful, was exceedingly sweet and flexible, and her style almost faultless. Her appearance was interesting, her countenance very agreeable, and her manner modest and unassuming; she always pleased though she never astonished her audiences."

16. Mrs. Garrick, the wife of the great actor, died in 1822. She was a German lady, who in maidenhood was known as Mlle. Violette (Eva Maria Viegal). She attracted the admiration of the court of Vienna as a dancer, and was patronised in England by the Countess of Burlington. Garrick, who married her in 1749, called her "the best of women and of wives." Their union was very happy but childless. Mrs. Garrick survived her husband, living with great respect till 1822.

17. Maria Barbara Bach, married Johann Sebastian Bach, the celebrated composer, in 1707. She had seven children, and by his second wife, whom he married in 1721, thirteen children were added to the family of the composer, making the total of the flock twenty.

18. Emilie Louise de Beauharnais, Countess of Lavalette, born in 1779. When her husband was condemned to death, in 1815, she displayed remarkable conjugal fidelity and courage in exchanging clothes with him in prison, and thus enabling him to escape. For her conduct on this occasion she was brought to trial, but though she escaped punishment, the anxiety she had undergone, and the loss of her husband, ended in insanity.

19. Elizabeth Carter, a celebrated scholar and translator of the works of Epictetus, died in 1806. She was born in 1717, her father being the Rev. Dr. Carter of Deal, in Kent. It appears that Dr. Carter "educated his children, boys and girls, alike; but Elizabeth's slowness of apprehension tired out his patience, and it was only by great perseverance that she conquered her natural incapacity for learning. She studied late at night and early in the morning; taking snuff and chewing green tea to keep herself awake; and she so injured her health by this that she suffered throughout her life from severe headaches."

20. Grace Darling, died in 1842. She was the heroine of one of the most pleasing incidents in humble life within the present century, through her aiding her father in rescuing nine persons wrecked in the "Forfarshire" on the Farne Islands on the 6th of September, 1838. She died of consumption at the early age of twenty-seven, about four years after the event which had given her fame.

21. Madame Jeanne Françoise de Chantal, the grandmother of Madame de Sévigné, born in 1572. Such were her virtues and religious zeal that she acquired the reputation of a saint among the common people, and was canonized in 1767.

22. Duchess of Maille, died in 1809. She was a lady attendant on Marie Antoinette, and escaped the guillotine by two singular delays followed by the fall of Robespierre in 1794.

23. Anne Hutchinson, killed in 1643. She was a religious enthusiast of New England who was banished from the colony by an ecclesiastical synod, and killed with fourteen others of her family by the Indians.

24. Jane Seymour, wife of Henry VIII., died in 1537. She married Henry on the 20th of May, 1536, the day after the execution of Anne Boleyn. She was the mother of Edward VI. "Among all Henry's wives," says Mr. Froude, "she stands out distinguished by a stainless name, untarnished with the breath of reproach."

25. Mrs. Elizabeth Bury, scholar, died in 1720. She was noted for her knowledge of Hebrew, and wrote some critical dissertations upon the idioms of that language.

26. Lady Caroline Nairne, Scottish songwriter, died in 1845. Among the best known of her songs are "The Laird of Cockpen," "John Tod," Wha'll be king but Charlie," "Charlie is my Darling," "The Hundred Pipers," "Caller Herrin," and "The Land o' the Leal." "For vivacity, genuine pathos, and bright art," says one writer, "her songs are surpassed only by those of Burns, and although their note is less full and strong, it is perhaps in some respects more mellow and tender."

27. Madame Ida Pfeiffer, a celebrated traveller, died at Vienna in 1858. She began her travels round the world in 1842.

28. Julia Kavanagh, authoress, died in 1877. In her twentieth year she entered upon literature as a profession. Her "Women in France during the Eighteenth Century," being pictures of the female notabilities of France who figured during that period, appeared in 1850.

29. Elizabeth O'Neill, tragic actress, died in 1872. She made her *début* in 1814, and married Sir W. Wrixon Becher in 1819.

30. Jane Lead, a mystical writer, died in 1704. She was a woman of singular learning and experience, and attracted considerable attention, as she lived at a period when some great development from the spiritual world was expected, especially in Germany.

31. Margaret, Queen of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, born in 1353. She is often

called the "Semiramis of the North." She was the daughter of Waldemar III., King of Denmark, and married in 1363, Haco, King of Norway.

On the last day of October our three friends met to draw their year of study to a close. The work of the month was first discussed, and Lucy has sent us some interesting notes on the conversation which took place, which we regret not to have room for; they are most interesting in regard to the "Ode to Immortality" of Wordsworth, according to Emerson "the high water mark which the intellect has reached in this age," and Manzoni's "Betrothed," which Scott declared to be the finest novel ever written.

When this review of October was over they talked of their doings during the whole twelve months, and Lucy produced a table, just as she had done at the end of the first six months, showing the particulars of their reading and study during the second six. The first table was printed in our number for the last week of April. The second was as follows:—

SHORT POEMS.

"The Splendid Shilling," by John Philips; "The Cry of the Children," by Mrs. Browning; "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," by Gray; "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Lord Byron; "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning; "The Braes of Yarrow," by William Hamilton; "The Ode to the Passions," by Collins; "Lycidas," by Milton; "The Ode to a Nightingale," by Keats; "Love," by Coleridge; "The Ode to Immortality," by Wordsworth; and "Heart Leap Well," by Wordsworth.

FICTION.

"The Annals of the Parish," by John Galt; "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Stowe; "The Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens; "Don Quixote," by Cervantes; and "The Betrothed," by Manzoni.

BIOGRAPHY.

"English Humourists," by Thackeray; "The Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold," by Dean Stanley; "The Life of Charles Lamb," by Barry Cornwall; "The Life of John Wesley," by Southey; "Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville," and "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell.

HISTORICAL EPOCHS.

"The South Sea Bubble," "The Battle of Bannockburn," "The Abolition of Slavery," "The Franco-Prussian War," "The Indian Mutiny," and "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew."

SCIENCE.

"Geology," by Archibald Geikie, concluded; "Chemistry," by Sir Henry E. Roscoe; and "Botany," by Sir J. D. Hooker.

MUSIC.

"The Rivulet Fantasia," by Mendelssohn; "Rhapsodie in B minor," by Brahms; "Carnival, Scènes Mignonnes," by Schumann; "Nocturne," by Chopin; "The Funeral March of a Marionette," by Gounod; and "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," by Mendelssohn.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Table of Foods in season for Six Months. Special study undertaken on Ventilation, How Food is Adulterated, Invalid Cookery, Kitchen Utensils, and How to Keep them in Order; Precautions against Thieves and Fire, and How to Manage Heating and Lighting.

ESSAYS.

On Seizing Opportunities; A few Reasons for Self-reliance; Letter-writing as it should be; Decision of Character; What is a Lady? and Conquering by Kindness.

DAILY MAXIMS

for a hundred and eighty-four days. On Good Manners; Cheerfulness and Content; Character, and how to read it; Health; Time; and a month of miscellaneous aphorisms.

ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR

for a hundred and eighty-four days.

COUNTRY RAMBLES,

illustrated by "The Common Objects of the Country," by the Rev. J. G. Wood; and "Our Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges," by W. J. Coleman.

"Who would have thought," said Florence, when they had read over this table and considered that it represented only half their work, "who would have thought that in a year we could have done so much! Our university at home has done me a world of good."

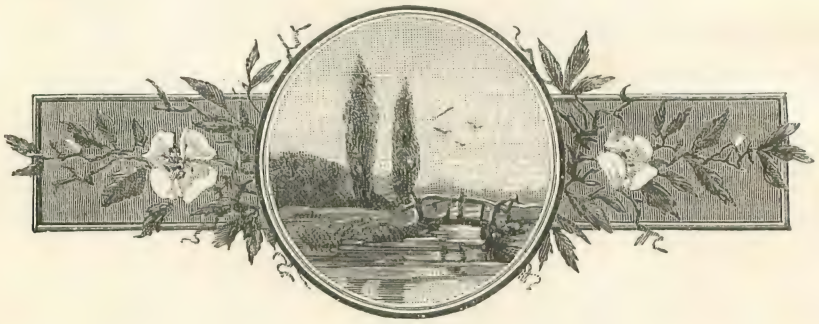
"And so say I," said Lucy.

"And I," said Edith.

"After this unanimous acknowledgment of the benefits of our scheme," Lucy writes to us, "we resolved to continue the university at home, and it still exists, and we get more good from it than ever. But there is no need for giving an account of the doings of more than a twelvemonth in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

Here, then, on account of Lucy's supplying no further information, we are forced to draw these articles to a close.

[THE END.]



CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

A TRUE TALE OF SISTERLY DEVOTION.

By A. M. HARLEY, Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE marriage of Dr. Herschel took place in 1788. That it was in some measure a personal trouble to his sister to feel she was no longer first in his affections, we can readily understand, but she had not only reason to rejoice in her brother's happiness, but in that it brought a fresh joy into her own life, a truly sisterly affection warmly reciprocated. She now set up her solitary housekeeping within a short distance, and spent some few hours every day at Dr. Herschel's house as his assistant and secretary. For the next ten years her journal ceases. Does this indicate the destruction of records of any little morbid repinings jotted down, which unselfish love dictated no loved eyes should ever be able to rest upon? Or was the pen laid aside lest it should give expression to, and thus possibly strengthen, a regret that must be lived down? Either would have been very womanly, and no element of true womanhood was effaced in Caroline Herschel's heart, even though her head was so busy with abstruse science.

These years were, however, full of activity; during them Miss Herschel announced other comets, making in all eight, of five of which she was allowed, undoubtedly, to be the discoverer. Of the numerous congratulatory letters received from noted scientific men, it would be impossible to give any details here. Some of them were highly amusing. One, from M. De la Lande, was addressed to "Mlle. Caroline Herschel, Astronome Célèbre, Slough," and commenced, "Ma chère et savante Commère"; whilst another must have caused no little merriment. Professor Seyffer, after addressing her as "most revered lady," proceeds in a more exalted strain, "Give me leave, noble and worthy priestess of the new heavens, to lay at your feet my small offering on 'Eclipses of the Sun,'" after this a "most honoured miss" sounds indeed prosaic. But the "most admirable lady astronomer" of the last sentence was endorsed by all, though few emulated the professor's "high falutin" style.

The birth of her nephew, afterwards Sir John Herschel, was a great joy to her. Her affection for him throughout her life was only equalled by that which she ever felt for his father. To him she left her papers, etc., and her "Recollections," written when she was past eighty, which form the basis of the interesting Memoir from which we cull the facts here given.*

The eighth comet, known later as Encke's comet, was announced by Miss Herschel to Sir Joseph Banks, in a letter bearing the following characteristic commencement:—"This is not a letter from an astronomer to the president of the Royal Society, announcing a comet, but only a few lines from Caroline Herschel to a friend of her brother's."

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of Caroline Herschel," by Mrs. J. Herschel.

From the extracts from the Diary begun afresh in 1798, the daily routine appears to have varied but little: visits paid to the Castle, the Queen's Lodge, and Cumberland Lodge, the meeting with Mrs. Beckedorff, one of Queen Charlotte's household, who was first met as a young girl in Mme. Küster's work-room; kindly reception by the Queen and Princesses; hints of Dr. Herschel's failing health. In 1813 a visit was made to London, and pleasant evenings spent at "Buckingham House" with Mrs. Beckedorff, on one of which occasions the Queen and Princesses meeting Miss Herschel, as they were about to get into their "chairs" to be taken to a "fête at Carlton House," stopped to hold a kindly ten minutes' conversation; and afterwards she was introduced to Madame D'Arblay (Frances Burney) in Mrs. Beckedorff's room. We are not surprised to find it was "a very pleasant evening."

In 1821 the news of Mr. Alexander Herschel's death was received from Hanover, to which city he had returned to spend his last days; and in the following year Sir William's long and useful life ended on August 25, 1822.

Notwithstanding his great age (83), the shock was deeply felt by his sister, and an almost feverish anxiety seized her to return to Hanover. She at once made preparations, and speedily carried out this desire, but she regretted it afterwards. The changes inevitable during an absence of fifty years could not fail to bring a degree of depression, and the separation from Lady Herschel and her son was a great grief. No relative or friend ever filled the blank caused by the lost companionship of kin of "kindred soul." With difficulty was Miss Herschel persuaded to accept an annuity of £100 left to her by Sir William, as she considered her own small income sufficient for her wants. She had already made over £500 she possessed to her brother Dietrich, when she heard he was not in good circumstances; for although her affection was undoubtedly stronger for the one brother with whom her lot had been cast, she retained a true sisterly care for the others, and had been especially good to the youngest. He came from Hanover to fetch his sister, and from that time dates a most vivacious and interesting correspondence with those left behind, continuing without intermission until within a short time of her death.

For a time she had little inclination to go into society, so ready to welcome her, but had the comfort of being a near neighbour to her friend Mrs. Beckedorff. In December she writes: "I am still unsettled, and cannot get my books and papers in any order, for it is always noon before I am well enough to do anything, and then visitors run away with the rest of the day till the dinner hour. . . . At the heavens there is no getting, for the high roofs of the opposite houses." What a deprivation for her! But the old force of character ready to make the best of things asserts itself. "Within my room I am determined nothing shall be wanting that can please my eye. Exactly facing me is a bookcase placed on a bureau, to which I will have some glass doors made so that I can see my books. Opposite this, on a sofa, I am seated with a sofa-table and my new writing-desk before me; but what good I shall do there the future must tell." The tale it told was one of undiminished zeal; her third work was completed, and won for her even greater honours than she had yet received.

Sir David Brewster spoke of it as "a work of immense labour, and an extraordinary monument of the unextinguished ardour of a lady of seventy-five, in the cause of abstract science."

A few days in 1824 were gladdened by a visit from her nephew, for whom her affection but increased with time; but memory of the brother was still faithfully cherished. In a letter dated January, 1825, mention is made of a paper appearing in the "Moniteur," giving a history of Sir W. Herschel. Over this "tears of joy" were shed, but some exception taken. "If I have understood Miss Beckedorff's translation right, I could point out three instances where too great stress is laid on the assistance of others, which withdraws the attention too much from the difficulties your father had to surmount. (1.) The favours of monarchs ought to have been mentioned; but once would have been enough. (2 and 3.) Of Alexander and me can only be said we were but tools, and did as well as we could, but your father was obliged first to turn us into those tools which we could work for him. But if too much is said in one place, let it pass. I have, perhaps, deserved it in another by perseverance and exertions beyond female strength." A humorous "Well done!" follows this. It was ever the same cry: "You set too great a value on what I have done. Saying too much of me is saying too little of my brother, for he did all."

In one letter she merrily alludes to "two ladies with long titles," who are "'at home' on Thursdays and Saturdays. This is what they imagine, I believe, a learned society or blue-stocking club, of which to make it complete I am to have a day, viz., Tuesday; and I begin to tremble for the end of October, when we are to start; for in the morning I cannot work, and if I gad about all the evenings nothing will be done. But we shall see. Of one thing I must not forget, there are no gentlemen of the party to set us right, but luckily not much is required. To talk of Walter Scott, Byron, etc., will go a long way; and I subscribe to an English library where they have all the monthly reviews and Edinburgh quarterlies, Scott's works, and a few other novels."

In 1827 Miss Herschel lost her brother Dietrich, and henceforth lived alone.

In February, 1828, she was presented with the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society. Her nephew being president at the time, the duty of delivering the address devolved on the vice-president, Mr. South. It was a highly appreciative one, but far too laudatory, in her opinion.

Two years later the news of the marriage of Sir John Herschel gave her great delight, and brought her a fresh source of happiness in the esteem and affection of her new nicce. The early love of music was not lessened, and when Paganini created a *furore* in Hanover the vigorous old lady of past eighty was to be seen at his concerts twice a week, if she "could hold up her head." News of what was going on in the scientific world was also still welcomed, although a glimpse or two of the conservatism of old age reveals itself; she could never be persuaded that Lord Rosse's telescope was comparable with her brother's 40 ft.

In 1832 she had the sorrow of losing her sister-in-law, Lady Herschel, and later she was terribly grieved by the departure of Sir John and his family for the Cape of Good Hope. But a regular correspondence was kept up, in which, though complaints are made of dimness of sight and liability to fall asleep over a newspaper or novel, there is little trace of diminution of mental power.

In 1835 Miss Herschel and Mrs. Somerville, alike respected for scientific attainments and genial character, were elected honorary members of the Astronomical Society. The latter gracefully alludes to this: "To be associated with so distinguished an astronomer was in itself an honour." Miss Herschel had the further distinction of being made honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy.

Contrary to her fears, she lived to welcome the return of Sir J. Herschel and his family. After receiving a visit from him and his young son, she recalls, in a letter to Lady Herschel, some of her early experiences. Alluding to some bead-work which had come into fashion she says had it been known forty years earlier it would have been one of her accomplishments, for "there was no kind of ornamental needle-work, knitting, plaiting hair, stringing beads and bugles, etc., of which I did not make examples by way of mastering the art." She then adds, being the "Cinderella of the family," she had no time for improving herself in many things she knew, "which after all proved of no use to me afterwards, except what little I knew of music, being just able to play the second violin of an overture or easy quartette, which my father took a pleasure in teaching me. N.B.—When my mother was not at home. Amen!"

The "day book" tells how, when nearly ninety, she is still determined "to take exercise so long as weather, etc., will permit;" how a day is "made happy" by a visit from "Alexander Humboldt." Another entry speaks with satisfaction of having given her beloved little Newtonian sweeper to her friend Mr. Hausmann, for her anxiety was to know that her treasures were in the hands of those who would value them. In a letter written in 1840 she relates some anecdotes connected with the 40 ft. telescope. One refers to an occasion when a party of friends got inside the tube and sang "God Save the King." *A propos* of the King, a *bon mot* of his is given. "Before the optical parts were finished many visitors had the curiosity to walk through it, and among the rest King George III.; and the Archbishop, following the King, and finding it difficult to proceed, the King turned to give him the hand, saying, 'Come, my lord Bishop, I will show you the way to heaven.'"

Letters gradually decrease in length until in October, 1846, the last was received: "I must not let the messenger go without a line to say that I am still in the land of the living, of which, however, I have no other proof than a letter from Baron von Humboldt, enclosing a gold medal from the King of Prussia."

The medal here referred to was meant as a congratulatory gift on her ninety-sixth birthday, but a mistake had been made in the date. Only a few more words were penned: "Miss Beckedorff shall write for me if I do not get better. Loves to all." From this time gradual decline was reported. Her birthdays had been for years occasions upon which numerous visitors called, and on the last she was still able to receive some. Amongst them, as usual, were the Crown Prince and Princess, who remained with her for two hours, during which she kept up a conversation, and even sang a "Catch" to them—one of her brother's compositions. Whilst still able to take pleasure in it, she received Sir John Herschel's volume of "Cape Observations," which concluded the great work in which she had helped Sir William Herschel—"Survey of the Nebulous Heavens."

By the unremitting care of Miss Beckedorff and Madame Knipping, a daughter of Mr. Dietrich Herschel, her last days were soothed and solaced; and although never speaking much of her religious sentiments, the visits of the clergyman during her illness were welcomed, and she appears to have had "calm rest," and hope of entrance to a "better life."

She died January 10, 1848, aged ninety-nine years and ten months. In accordance with her wish, a lock of her brother's hair, together with an old almanack used by her father, were placed in her coffin.

Many friends and relatives followed, and a garland from the Crown Princess, composed of laurel, cypress, and palm, formed a fit emblem of earthly fame and earthly sorrow, both lost in the glory of the Heavenly Hosanna!

[THE END.]

RESTITUTION;

OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER LIII.

"WHO IS TO GIVE HER AWAY?"

NOVELS end where life begins, we are told, and certainly a wonderful new life began for most of the actors in this domestic drama after the *dénoûment* arrived at in the last chapter. Every person and thing seemed changed; Mr. Aspenel, perhaps, most of all. He was a long time settling his affairs, and while this was proceeding the new life hinted at above began and proceeded also. In a few days after Fan's wedding he took leave of his brother. He and Gerard had managed, between them, to convince Wandering Will that the deed he had received really represented neither more nor less than the money due to him from his father's will, and to be paid "on his reformation." This "reformation" became a subject of difficulty, but it was got over by his resolving that Jack and Fan should sign a paper, when he received his dividends, to the effect that he was really "a reformed character." He laughed a great deal when he propounded this plan, but his more serious and calculating brother thought it a good one. If that brother was ever pathetic, it was when they parted. Mr. Aspenel had not believed in unselfish devotion and love until his brother had risked his life to save him from an awful death. This made him first wonder if there were not things more precious than gold.

As to Loveridge, his farewells were as sensational as his life had been, and he went from friend to friend, theatrical and tearful-grateful, and sometimes consequential. He invited all to his new settlement, particularly Mr. Harton, who faithfully promised to come, and he held out wonderful hopes to such of the gipsies as he knew, if they inclined to emigrate. To Gerard he was confidential, and declared that he owed all his good fortune to him.

A few days after his departure his brother received a letter from him. He and his children were on the eve of starting for Canada, and were in fine spirits.

Mr. Aspenel, on the contrary, was greatly depressed.

"I have lost the only person who ever really cared for me," he sighed, when Janet read the letter.

"We will all care for you if you will let us," she said.

Her way of putting things sounded like home truths, and had their effect.

It was considered prudent not to mention to him Gerard and Edith's engagement, until he again broached the subject. They did not know how he might take it, when he found it was an accomplished fact.

"What has happened to Edith? She looks quite happy. I suppose she thinks me recovered, as you all do," he said, after Janet had read Loveridge's letter.

"She has done what you wished, papa. She is engaged to Gerard," replied Janet, boldly.

"What I wished! Who said I wished it?"

"You did, frequently. You told them so. They were only waiting for an opportunity to tell you they had obeyed you."

Janet laughed, but he was offended. We are often displeased when our wishes are accomplished without our knowledge. He sent for Edith. She recounted her little history simply and naturally, winding up with—

"And now, papa, we will help you as best we can."

Help him! Could he want help, he the strong, self-reliant, successful man? Yes, he wanted help, and he knew that this tie would bind Gerard to him. He offered his child no congratulations—he could not; but he sent for Mrs. Aspenel He always vented his chagrin on her.

"Why did you let Clarville and Edith engage themselves without my consent? But since you have done it, the sooner they are married the better. Let it be next week."

"Impossible!" replied the wife.

"Why? Austen is surrogate, and they can get a license. I won't have breakfasts and nonsense. I am in no condition for such things. I may be dead to-morrow. You don't realise my state, Mrs. Aspenel."

"Indeed I do. We are all anxious to help you, and wish to do just what you like."

"Then get this wedding over."

"I will do my best."

Mrs. Aspenel did her best, and after a consultation with the parties most concerned, fixed on the earliest possible period. When Mr. Aspenel had seen Gerard, he became reconciled to some little delay.

"I should never have presumed, sir, but for your great kindness," he said, truthfully. "Edith and I would have been estranged for ever but for your consent and Janet's interference."

"I believe you have been honest. Now, you can have no objection to being made my junior partner, and taking the management of my affairs. I never mean to speculate again. I have done with accumulating. I give you permission to wind up the business as it stands, and to start afresh on different principles."

"I could not gamble, sir," said Gerard, hesitating.

"You need not. I have been too near death to gamble for longer life, when I find there is a power stronger than mine who can ruin my game in a moment. Henceforth I trust you to play for me."

Gerard felt overwhelmed by the responsibilities thus thrust upon him. He had neither acceptance nor rejection of them ready; so he was silent.

"You are not satisfied?" resumed Aspenel, irritably. "I give you part of my wealth, which will help you to convert the masses, as they call the people; I give you my daughter, who is worth more than most girls; I give you unlimited power and action; and all because I know you want nothing and are honest. Yet you are not satisfied."

"I am afraid," said Gerard, at last. "The prospect dazzles me."

"Then you refuse!"

"No. I will do what I can, God helping me."

"Then we will begin at once. No time to lose. There may be another fire, or a flood, or an earthquake, or a shipwreck. I have suffered from all these, and want to insure what is left, if I can. You are fireproof, and better than an iron safe." He smiled grimly. "Has the gold been cleared off, and have they begun upon my study?"

"Yes, sir. The rebuilding goes on rapidly."

"When you are gone, I will see to that. An awful expense; but I forget. I have sworn to leave all that in your hands. Now, if we come to grief, it will be your fault, not mine. I want Nurse True. She is as sincere and unselfish as you are. I should be lost, body and soul, but for you two. She has been a devoted servant; she has never swerved from her duty."

Gerard rang and Nurse True answered. Mr. Aspenel told her that her first care, Edith, was about to be married, and asked her where she would best like to live—whether with her in London, or at the Park. She hesitated a moment, then said, cheerfully, that she should desire to be where she was most wanted, and that, perhaps, she might divide her time between the two—supposing that Mrs. Aspenel did not object.

"Go and come as you like. End your days in peace; and—pray for me—pray for me."

"I will, sir; I do; we all do. And surely our prayers have been answered," she replied, simply.

He groaned, and with the strange longing for variety that had seized upon him, said he wanted either his wife or Janet.

The preparations for the wedding were expedited at his repeated request; but he desired that no one outside their immediate family should be informed of the day on which it was to take place. As if to humour his selfishness—for such it really was—Lady Ascham placed her house at Gerard and Edith's disposal, while they took and furnished one for themselves. She had been ordered abroad for the winter months, having over-worked herself in her various benevolent schemes; for people wear themselves out in more ways than one.

Pleasure, literature, art, business of all kinds, religion, even charity, muddle the brain and disorganise the frame-work, when carried on beyond the design of the Creator. It is to be hoped that Gerard may not follow the fashion of overstepping the limits of his powers. He has a certain amount of common sense, which most of us have not in these days of steam and general excitement.

But he had a sensible mother, and we are told that the best men are those who have had the best mothers. He was certainly as good as most men, and his mother had done her best to make him so. She rejoiced in trembling at the immense responsibilities before him, and the mother and son had many serious talks and many united prayers over his future. Both placed it under the guidance of the Most High, and left it in His hands. Both knew that Edith would be a helpful and tender wife, and her happiness made all about her happy. As to her friends, the ladies of the Cottages, they overpowered her with congratulations and presents. But they and everybody else were sadly distressed that the wedding-day was not publicly announced.

Certain impediments sorely troubled Mrs. Aspenel and Janet. A wedding was a wedding, and should, at least, be decently conducted.

"I am bridesmaid, Bruce best man, and you and Mrs. Clarville company," laughed Janet, to Mrs. Aspenel. "But who is to give her away? The Queen gives her daughters away; why should not Mrs. Clarville or you? But neither of you is quite her mother. I must have it out with papa."

Janet rushed off unsummoned to her father's room. She found him alone, walking up and down. He tottered, and she offered her arm.

"You are much stronger, papa," she said, as they took two or three turns, his left arm in her right.

"I think I am," he replied.

"We have settled everything except the day and who is to give her away," she blurted out.

"I will give her away, and the day will be to-morrow," he said.

His tone and manner were those of the former Mr. Aspenel, as known before the fire. Janet did not venture to make a comment.

"I have arranged it all in my own mind. The carriage will come at eleven to take Mrs. Aspenel, Edith, and you for a drive. I shall accompany you. One must make an effort sooner or later. Nurse True will take Bruce for a walk. Gerard and Mrs. Clarville will start for a stroll at the same time; we shall meet at the church, where we shall find Mr. Austen, and the marriage will take place."

Janet laughed.

"That is very amusing, and quite original," she said. "You spoke as if you were rehearsing a part. Just like Mr. Loveridge—Uncle Will, I mean. Your voices are alike sometimes."

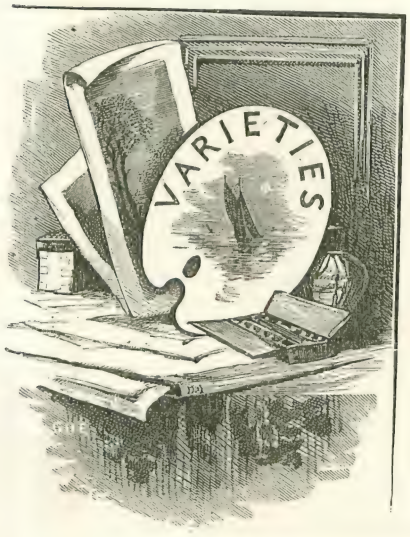
"I am quite serious. This must not transpire. You must manage it. We will come back here to luncheon. The carriage can take them to the station for the four o'clock train. Listen, Janet. I have been married three times. I have seen enough of presents, and diamonds, and laces, and wreaths, and champagne, and wedding breakfasts generally. I hate the whole paraphernalia. Besides, it costs a fortune, and I am really——; but never mind, Gerard will see into that. Ruin doesn't matter so much when one is maimed and scarred."

Everything was carried out according to Mr. Aspenel's wishes. If it was difficult to oppose them when he was in health, it was impossible now. Gerard's and Edith's jumped with them. Of all things they desired a quiet, unobtrusive wedding.

And they certainly had it. Still they were none the less solemnly pledged to one another, and if anything could have enhanced the solemnity, it was the presence of Mr. Aspenel. He looked what he was, a broken-down but penitent man. Although he had been thrice wed, the words of the marriage service never came home to him before. How had he kept the promises he had made? He had never given them a thought. He had possibly hastened the deaths of two wives and alienated the third. It was no excuse for him that they had all been married to him for his money; he should have performed his part according to his vow. The terrors that had taken possession of him after the fire returned to him as he listened to the promises and exhortations of the solemn service. He believed that they were made and heard reverently and conscientiously by those who stood before the altar to be united into one. But what of himself? He looked at his wife, and her face seemed troubled also. Was she reflecting on his conduct, or did conscience prick her with those yokes against which it is worse than useless to kick? Could he atone for the past, or was it too late? He glanced at Nurse True, who was always repeating that it was "never too late." She who had been so faithful to her promise, was weeping as women will weep at such times, though perfectly happy at her darling's prospects. Her face was calm, smooth, and cheerful, for she had done her duty.

His mind grew confused until the ceremony was concluded, and then he followed mechanically to the vestry. When all was over, a joyous peal of bells announced to the neighbours that a wedding had taken place; but no curious eyes looked on, for the ringers had been carefully secreted by Mr. Austen in the belfry. The bride and bridegroom walked down the aisle just as Jack and Fan had done a short time before, but Edith was clad in white, and veiled. So was Janet. The only occurrence worthy of note was, that Mr. Aspenel offered his arm to his wife, and they walked together to their carriage.

(*To be concluded.*)



Figurative Speech.

As an example of the error of talking figuratively to those who do not appreciate, and who are apt to take everything literally, this story is worth reading. The respected superintendent of a Sunday-school had told his boys that they should endeavour to bring their neighbours to the school, saying that they should be like a train, the scholar being the engine and his converts the carriages.

Judge of his surprise when, next Sunday, the door opened during lessons, and a little boy, making a noise like an engine, ran in, followed by half a dozen others in single file at his back! He came to a halt before the superintendent, who asked the meaning of it all. The naïve reply was:—

"Please, sir, I'm the engine, and them's the carriages."

Matrimony.

"'Does marriage change a man?' you ask"
—His tone and look were sad—
"The first week of our wedding tour
Took all the change I had."

Invaluable Qualities.—A good temper and an obliging disposition, when combined with honesty and industry, are invaluable qualities in everyone who has her way to make in the world.

Anger Subdued.—You may subdue an angry man by bearing with him but not by answering him; that is as if the steel should try to make the flint leave off giving sparks by striking it again.

A Tyrolese Custom.—In some portions of the Tyrol a peculiar and beautiful custom prevails. When a girl is about to be married, before she leaves her home to go to the church, her mother hands her a handkerchief which is called a tearkerchief. It is made of newly-spun linen, and has never been used. It is with this kerchief that the girl dries her tears when she leaves her father's house and when she stands at the altar. After the marriage the bride folds up the kerchief and places it unwashed in her linen-closet, where it remains untouched until her death, when it is taken from its place and spread over her face.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

COME, thou thing of life and light,
Come with kisses, come with smiles;
With thy sallies of delight,
Freaks, and fantasies, and wiles;
With thy thousand winning arts,
Welcome, thou delight of hearts!

Come, and let me feel thee fling
Round me that caressing arm;
Closer yet, and closer cling
With that grasp so fond and warm.
Then, in pretty sportive fear,
Hide thy face and nestle here.

Look around thee! all is love;
Freely climb the offered knee;
Every hand for thee will move,
Every heart has room for thee.
Nought shall check thy guileless sense
Of undoubting confidence.

Earth hath not a gladder light
Than the sunshine of thine eye;
And no music of delight
Echoes like thy joyous cry:
Vainly striving to express
Thine o'erflowing blithesomeness.

Surely in thy heart must lie
Some hid fount of in-born joy,
Which no stream of sullen dye
Paints, as yet, with dark alloy;
Hence these sparkling waters flow,
Nor one break of sadness know.

Gladsome creature! I may ne'er
Pay thee back with smiles like thine;
Many a thought has harboured here,
Many a graver year been mine,
Since I looked on life as thou,
Child of joy! behold'st it now.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

WE have outrun our limit, and must take a flying leap through a couple of years to overtake time in his flight towards the dread winter of 1880-1.

The bells of Shepperley Church toll sadly for the death of the old rector, who lies in a foreign grave.

Anon the bells peal out for a special service. The Rev. Ernest Hope preaches his first sermon as rector, on his presentation to the living by Squire Sheperton, and the church is crowded to overflowing, not only with the rich in purple and fine linen, but with labouring and vagrant poor, who have done their best to smarten themselves up for the occasion.

Again the bells ring out their maddest, merriest peal, for Gilbert Sheperton has led Miss Hylton of Redlands to the altar; and if Mabel is remembered, it is with pity more than scorn.

For if report speaks truth she may well be pitied. Her two thousand pounds are melting rapidly in the crucible of London gaiety; and Arthur, who has wholly broken with his father, and cannot obtain the other two thousand, has made no provision in trade or otherwise against the time when his wife's portion must assuredly come to an end.

Again the bells are ringing their loudest. Robert Heathfield is bringing home to his and his father's hearth a girl, as he says, "without a shilling, but good as gold." And Miss Pringle, in a new purple gown, "promoting peace by placability," is present in the church when the new rector unites his sister Lucy to warm-hearted, impulsive Bob. She is shaking hands with Stephen and Barbara, reconciled to them once more; primly patronises Laura Rivers, in whom "she perceives some promise of spinsterhood," and seems oblivious of the grand patronage of Laura's mamma. She kisses the one bridesmaid, Phillis, who has recovered bloom and spirit, and is rejoicing over her new sister; and she kisses the bride, putting a fine pearl hoop on her ring-finger as a keeper, and then, "without preface or premeditation," kisses Miss Sheperton, who kisses her back with hearty goodwill; and she shakes hands with the squire, who does honour to the occasion in the absence of Gilbert and his bride, still on their continental tour; and she nods her satisfaction to Jasper Townley, who blinks at her in his odd fashion, with head on one side, and his mouth screwed up as if to keep down a broad grin in that sacred place.

Then, beaming with satisfaction, she trips across the road to the rectory along with Mrs. Hope, to be assured that all is in readiness to receive the party from the church when the little business in the vestry is concluded.

Indeed, though there has not been a word said of settlements or marriage portions, everything seems satisfactory to everybody except to Matilda Rivers, who smiles with ill-concealed contempt at the discrepancy between the great bride's cake and the unpretentious "set out" of the table, and who opens her eyes with wonderment at the presents that have come pouring in for the bachelor-rector's sister, among which one of Miss Pringle's finest patchwork quilts is conspicuous.

She has scarcely patience to sit out the breakfast, she is "so disgusted at the deference paid to poor Miss Pringle, and the fuss she makes over Phillis," and it may be at the lively interest the squire and his good-looking daughter seem to take in the enthusiastic rector, who says grace with such grave sincerity, and is so beatific afterwards.

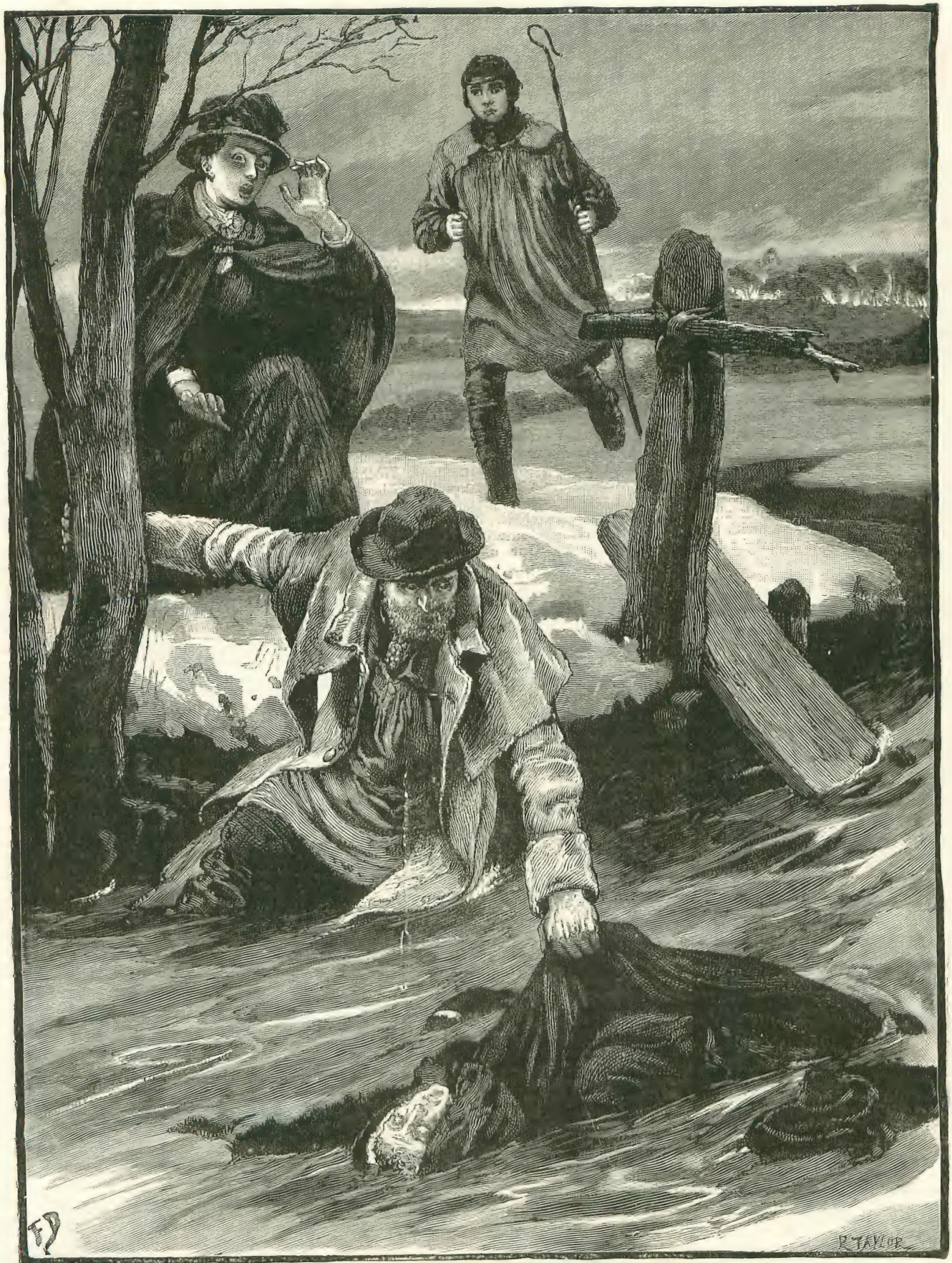
She hears a whisper at the table that Miss Pringle furnished the wedding-cake and the dresses of bride and bridesmaid, but she does not believe it, not she; nor would the outsiders believe that the little old maid had provided the afternoon feast to the poor schoolchildren and their parents in the new school-house, in which the squire and the lawyer and the rector took so much interest.

No, no; Matilda Rivers "knew better." The rector had laid down the plans, and the squire and the benevolent lawyer had found the means! Where was poor P. P. P. to find money to throw away?

And now there is a muffled bell tolling slowly and dolefully over the frozen fields, and over the thick snow that lies like a shroud over moor and mountain, over village and town, from north to south over all the land. The blinds are again down at Pilgrim Place; and not only there, but at the rectory, at the hall, at the farm, at the lawyer's, at half the houses in the village, and at Llama Lodge, nine miles away; nay, even the poorest of the poor cottagers in Marsh Lane has drawn some sort of a patched rag across the cracked panes, for poor Miss Pringle has passed away with her P's and her peculiarities, and half Shepperley is in mourning. For poor as she might be, and peculiar as she was, the little lady and her purse-pouch had gone about doing good, turning a deaf ear to the rude urchins and the idle gossips who shouted after her P. P. P.; and now that she is gone her goodness is remembered, if her P's are not forgotten.

The little lady had gone, in spite of her rheumatism and symptoms of thaw, across the white low-lying meadows (where Stephen Heathfield had carefully folded a large flock of sheep), on a double errand to Upland Lane, taking Ruth with her to steady her old feet in the slippery roads, and to carry wine and broth and other nourishment to Roger's mother, then supposed to be near her end. She had always her small Bible in her purse-pouch, and whilst Ruth warmed the broth and set the cottage in order, she read to the sick woman—ten years older than herself—and offered the consolations of Christianity and Christian sympathy; and she there met with her reward in the praises lavished upon Miss Phillis, whom the poor woman called "a very angel upon earth."

There she had left Ruth, to follow her to the farm, where she had a different mission. The first snow in December had come down so thickly and unexpectedly in the night, that whole flocks of sheep had perished on the northern moors. Stephen Heathfield's losses had been particularly heavy. Then he had lent large sums of money which had not been repaid; and he had bad accounts of Mabel and her husband. Altogether he was in distress, and Miss Pringle



"JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE SLIGHT FORM THE STRONG, ICY-COLD WATER HAD TORN FROM THE CLUTCH OF RUTH."

went to console him as she best knew how. She told him she had five hundred pounds laid by which she had designed for Hubert. They were heartily at his service on the morrow, if he would accept them; they were useless to her, and he could pay them back at some future day to either Bob or Phillis Penelope.

She had an early cup of tea with the family in the parlour, whilst Ruth refreshed herself with Ann and Hepsy in the kitchen; and then she went away well pleased, leaving grateful hearts behind her, Phillis following her to the gate for a last word and a last kiss, whilst the farmer in the rear observed that it was thawing, but it was certain to freeze again before morning.

The downhill path was sloppy and slippery, and called for careful stepping in the twilight; whilst the little runnel, released from its bonds, bustled away to the brook, but it never said "Beware!"

The brook was rather full when they had crossed about half-past one; melting snows from many hills had swollen it since then, and they heard its rush and swirl before they reached the bridge.

"It is well we did not protract our stay," remarked the cheery little lady, as she resigned the arm of Ruth in order to cross the narrow plank alone; "the water is quite on a level with the banks; half-an-hour later it might be perilous to——"

The sentence was never completed. Ruth had gone foremost, asking her mistress to take firm hold of her cloak as a safeguard, and she was well across. But before Miss Pringle could step from the bridge or loose her grasp of the hand-rail, a great uptorn bush came driving on root foremost, struck the rotten bridge, and broke it down.

Miss Pringle was in the water to her waist, but Ruth had turned in time to grasp her by the arm and hold her fast, as for life or death, the entangled bush breaking the force of the mad current.

A woman's shriek goes far, and help was at hand, but not from the farm. Roger and a boy foddering the sheep in the fold heard the cries, and rushed to the rescue, just in time to catch the slight form the strong, icy-cold water had torn from the clutch of Ruth.

There was no crossing the swollen brook to bear her dripping figure to the farm. Roger could only wrap her in his great coat and carry her across the watery meadows to her own house, sending the boy on at a run for Dr. Calverley.

But neither doctor, nor rector, nor lawyer could restore the vital heat of her chilled frame. Before her friends from the farm could be summoned or reach her, there was no Miss Pringle.

And now the bell tolls slowly across the freshly fallen snow, and amid a concourse of genuine mourners, many of whom she has helped to feed and clothe or to earn their own living, her small, neat coffin is lowered into the uncovered grave of Hubert Underwood, "in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection." Death has united those whom life had parted.

"Blessed are the dead whom the rain rains on," such rain as falls from eyes that never look for legacies, but lament a closed hand, a hushed voice, a chilled heart.

Cross the road; draw up the blinds; crowd into the best parlour; dry your wet eyes. There is a will to be read. Poor Miss Pringle had something to leave besides her pictures and porcelain.

And what a crowd there is! Mrs. Rivers, in lustrous mourning, looks down disdainfully on Miss Bradley, who made it, and wonders what business such people have there.

But listen. Still your sobbing, you who have lost your best friend. Mr. Townley has a few words to say before he breaks the seals of the important envelope in his trembling hand.

"Friends and relatives of the deceased," said he, "let me remove some misapprehensions before I proceed to read this will. In the first place, poor Miss Pringle never has been *poor* since she brought a sorrowful heart to Pilgrim Place, as a refuge from relatives who had abused a sacred trust, and used her not too kindly. She had learned distrust and the hollowness of professions. It has been conjectured that she and I were matrimonially inclined. Nothing of the kind. I have been simply her business man and her almoner. I have obtained credit for benevolence. I merely dispensed the bounty of Miss Pringle. Our old rector shared her secret with me, and when he engaged Mr. Hope as curate, and when he enlarged the stipend, Miss Pringle provided the means. It was she who repaired the churchyard wall, built the new schoolhouse, provided the flannel and linen for the Dorcas Society, and paid for the Christmas dinners and clothing our rector has dispensed for the past thirty years. And now that I have opened your eyes, let me open the will."

He had opened the eyes of some very wide. Mrs. Rivers and her husband seemed petrified.

The preamble of the will set forth, after the customary preliminaries, that the testator was of sane mind, whatever some persons might suppose to the contrary. That the Pringle Pearls came into her possession from her grandmother, Phillis Penelope Pringle, and were to revert under certain conditions to her namesake and godchild—conditions not there stated. That all her property, of whatsoever kind—pearls included—had been conveyed to her in an old patchwork quilt, so devised by her grandmother, who justly mistrusted those by whom she and her grandchild were surrounded. That quilt was the precursor of her patchwork quilts.

Then followed the bequests. First and foremost to Sarah Bradley, dressmaker, and to Jonathan Holroyd, tailor, £50 each and a quilt, in remembrance of the goodwill with which they had preserved scraps for the poor lady's patchwork. To prevent disputes, each quilt bore the legatee's name. Next, to Hephzibah Armstrong £100 and a quilt, in recognition of her kindness to the boy Hubert, and later to Phillis Penelope.

She left her printed books to the Rev. Ernest Hope, reserving only "Pringle's African Sketches," Sir John Pringle's medical works, and the large Bible containing family registers and pedigree, and £3,000 in trust for the poor.

To Ruth, her faithful and devoted handmaid, was left the cottage and land appertaining, in perpetuity, with contents not otherwise specified, on condition that she preserved the best bedroom and parlour intact for the use of her ward, Hubert Underwood, whensoever he might come, or so long as he would require them; and £500 in cash to keep herself and the place in order. To Barbara Heathfield, her niece, she devised £500 as a memorial. To Stephen Heathfield a like sum, for though he had insulted her and made light of the Pringle Pearls, he was a straightforward honest man. To Robert Heathfield she left £1,000 as a token of goodwill. Mabel had had from her all she would ever receive.

To her cousin, Mary Crossley, and her husband, John, she bequeathed certain rings which she specified.

Then followed a number of minor bequests, chiefly cushions and counterpanes. Finally she devised the residue of her property in the funds and elsewhere to her very dear grandniece and namesake, Phillis Penelope, and the dear son of her long lost love, Hubert Underwood, in such proportions, and under the conditions specified in the sealed codicil, which was not to be opened until a year and a day after her decease, or until the said Hubert Underwood had been one month in England, dating from his return. In this, pictures and porcelain were included, with the exception of two blue china jars with perforated lids, which her niece Matilda Rivers would find on the parlour mantelpiece, and an old dragon china teapot in the corner cupboard, which she had set apart for her grandniece, Laura Rivers, when she joined the "Dorcas Society."

Finally she appointed her trusty friends, Jasper Townley and Ernest Hope, her joint executors and the custodians of her property for the time being.

With what varied emotions were the several clauses of that singular will received! Gratitude, surprise, mortification, the latter mostly from those members of the Pringle family to whom trifles had fallen, as remembrancers of refusal to accept her sponsorial offer years before. Some of these marched out of the house in indignation, rejecting their portable legacies.

Of these, Mrs. Rivers was foremost. She bounced out of the house declaring that the testator had been a lunatic, and that the will should be contested; she stood as near to the dead as did Barbara Heathfield.

"Well," cried Stephen Heathfield, penitently, "I confess I did not deserve what the poor little body has done for me and mine, for I behaved very badly over the lost ring our Mabel flung away."

As for Phillis, she was weeping so bitterly in a corner, with Lucy to keep her company, that it is doubtful whether she comprehended half the good that lay in store for her.

(To be concluded.)

OUR COMMON SALT.

THERE is an article in daily use on even the humblest tables all over the world, but about which many of us could not answer many questions; yet it has scientific, historic and social associations of the deepest interest. We refer to "common salt."

If we were asked, What is salt? we would all unhesitatingly reply, "It is a mineral," and singularly enough it is the only mineral in use as food. But many of us would pause before we would care to say where it comes from, or by what process it finds the form in which we know it.

The salt which we use in England now is procured from fossil beds and brine springs in Cheshire and Worcestershire. "A rocky bed is the source of nearly all our inland salt." A good deal of salt was formerly made by the evaporation of sea water in salt pans. The water is exposed in a series of shallow pools, called salt-gardens or salterns, protected from the influence of the tides. These salterns now only flourish in countries which have no natural deposits of salt or brine, and where foreign salt is excluded by a high protective duty. The brine springs of Cheshire were worked as early as the time of Edward the Confessor, but the deposits of fossil or rock salt were not discovered till the year 1670. The rock salt pits now open in the United Kingdom are about twenty-five. Some of those in Cheshire are of vast extent. Excursionists from Manchester often visit them, and as many as four hundred people have been known to join in one dance in these subterranean halls of crystal. As a proof of the usual purity and coolness of the air, butcher's meat will keep good in the mine for weeks, even in the hottest time in summer.

The process of evaporating salt from the brine springs is, on the whole, very simple. "The brine, on being pumped from the pits, is run into large cisterns, or into reservoirs made sufficiently high for it to flow by gravitation through pipes, as it is required, into the evaporating pans. . . . . The heat is usually supplied from coal fires underneath, but sometimes the spare heat from a steam boiler or the discharged steam from an engine is used; and occasionally there are pipes with steam in them, amongst the brine in the pans. In this way, according to the degrees of heat, the product is small or large grained salt; the simple rule being, that the greater the heat employed and the less time in the pan, the finer the salt made; while the less heat and the longer the time in the pan, the coarser the salt. . . . . Fine salt, as taken wet from the pans, is generally put into 'tubs' or moulds which are placed at the edge of the pans, their shape being that of the lumps of salt seen in our shop-windows." It is said that the principle of evaporation is so perfect that there has been no room for improvement since the days of the Romans, and possibly of the Druids.

The workmen in the salt mines are reported to be, on the whole, very healthy. During epidemics of cholera they often enjoy complete immunity. In the height of summer they complain of headache, but the saltness of the atmosphere in which they work is a protection against neuralgia, rheumatism and other similar ailments, though, on the other hand, the high degree of temperature is an inducement to intemperance. A good workman clears about 35s. per week after paying all his expenses.

An interesting circumstance connected with the salt districts of Cheshire is the constant recurrence of landslips and the gradual subsidence of the ground. This appears to have begun many centuries ago. Leyland records that "part of a hill, with trees upon it, suddenly sank down, and was covered with salt water." In one place near Northwich, a depression of about seventy feet has occurred within the memory of man. The little Cheshire town of Northwich itself seems to have been a special sufferer, almost everything being out of the perpendicular or horizontal. A visitor says "it would only be to a person in a state of inebriety that the place would look natural." The Town Hall had to be abandoned not many years after it was built. Within the memory of many living persons a certain cottage has sunk so deep that what were once the bedrooms on the first floor are now the parlours, the whilom sitting rooms on the ground floor having subsided into underground cellars. Some years ago a steam engine and eight men were swallowed up, and on another occasion a cottage and some women were entombed, and ducks are now sailing in a pond where the building disappeared. Yet such is the force of habit that Northwich is a prosperous town, whose inhabitants do not dream of forsaking it. The town of Winsford has also suffered, and so has the pretty town of Droitwich, well known for the efficacy of its baths to sufferers from gout and chronic rheumatism.

We will not here say anything about the great salt-beds of the Continent or of America. British India, considering its extent, is not well supplied with inland salt, and heavy taxation used to make it a very costly luxury in that country. It can now be bought there for one penny a pound, or double the price it fetches in England; but even a penny a pound is a heavy charge for the poor native, whose whole weekly income is but a few pence. In consequence, it is said that a deficiency of salt is found in the blood of poor Hindoos, and in justice to the health of the millions they have taken in charge, our legislators would do well to look to this matter.

Salt is known all over the world, being used as a matter of course, in the same way as water. Animals crave for it, and will traverse great distances for it. Little children in some districts of Africa will suck it in preference to sugar. On the Gold Coast a handful of salt will purchase a slave or two.

There are but few exceptions to this universal use. One tribe in South-Western Africa, the Damaras, never touch salt, and Europeans travelling in their country do not miss it. New Zealanders of a certain district do not use it, and the same holds true of a province in Siberia. The explanation of these exceptions is found in an instinct of the human frame. When the food usually eaten conveys a sufficiency of salt into the body, it has no occasion for more, and it is well known that the water-springs in Damara land are nearly always brackish or saline.

The Germans call salt the special "gift of God," and had a quaint belief that prayers were better answered when offered near salt. In the East, salt is held as a sacred thing; an oath taken over it is inviolable. During the great Indian mutiny many Sepoys were held in restraint by being reminded that they had sworn fealty to England "by their salt." Offered in hospitality by an Arab, salt is a sign that his guest is safe. Even a Bedouin robber will not violate this law, and it seems to have been regarded in the same light in classic times, since Cassandra intensifies the crime of Paris in carrying off Helen from her husband's house by the consideration that "he has contemned the salt, and overturned the hospitable table." The Romans held it a bad omen if the salt placed upon an intended sacrifice accidentally fell off—probably this is the origin of the belief that "bad luck" attends the spilling of salt; though it is true enough that "bad luck" is not far off wherever there are careless, slovenly, or wasteful habits! German housewives tell children that they will have to weep a tear for every grain they have spilled. In Leonardo da Vinci's great picture of the Last Supper, we recognise Judas Iscariot by the salt cellar upset by his arm.

In the baptismal service of the Latin Church a pinch of salt is put into the child's mouth, while the priest says, "Receive the salt of wisdom, and may it be a propitiation to thee for eternal life." There is an old Yorkshire custom that when children shed their teeth the tooth is wrapped in salt and thrown into a quick fire. In Leicestershire, Lancashire, and some other counties, salt is put into the hand of a child when it first leaves its mother's house; and in Scotland, "bread and salt" are carried beforehand into a new home, and occasionally presented in lieu of a gift by the "first foot" on New Year's Day.

In olden times the salt-cellar, or salt-vat as it was then called, often an article of some magnitude and great magnificence, was placed about the centre of the table to mark the point below which it was proper for tenants and dependents to sit. This custom was general in England and Scotland, and also in France, and contemporary literature gives us an idea of the social bitterness often engendered thereby. Even clerical tutors seem to have been expected to submit to this rule, since Bishop Hall satirically enumerates as among the "good conditions" on which a "gentle squire" would "gladly entertain some willing man that might instruct his sons,"

> "First, that he lie upon the truckle bed,
> Whiles his young master lieth o'er his head.
> Second, that he do, on no default,
> *Ever presume to sit above the salt.*"

In connection with the first "condition" we have quoted, we cannot help narrating a good story of a young Scotch laird of the last century, of uncultured and somewhat weak intellect, who set out on his travels accompanied by a favourite servant. The lad was not accustomed to stand upon his dignity, and before he started his relatives thought it best to give him certain instructions.

"You must keep your servant in his place," they said.

"But what is his place?" naïvely inquired the young laird.

"Why, beneath you," they replied, "remember that; he must be always below you."

Then the hopeful pair set forth. The earliest stage of the journey was Edinburgh, where they slept the first night, sharing a bedroom in a crowded inn. Early next morning, an old friend of the laird's family called on him, and was shown upstairs into the sleeping apartment. The laird's voice gave noisy welcome, but where was the laird? Looking round in bewilderment, the guest at last saw an unshaven, sleepy face peering over the *top* of the huge, funereal "four-poster" of those days.

"Why, laird, what are you doing up there?" he cried.

"I'm keeping my place," rejoined the laird.

"Ye see, I'm to be always above *him*," and he pointed a downward finger at his servant peacefully slumbering *in* the bed!

This story has led us somewhat from our subject, and now reminds us of another, more to the purpose, of the bitterness and ill-feeling always likely to be engendered by arbitrary and invidious distinctions. Its scene is a Scottish garrison town, its time shortly after the last rebellion, and its hero a Highland chieftain who had rendered a somewhat dubious and tardy fealty to the victorious powers. I forget his clan, so we will call him the Mac Scot. He had been invited to dine with the English officers, who seem to have wished to irritate his sensitive temper, with which most inhospitable intention they placed him low at their table. To their surprise, he maintained perfect good humour. Surely the savage did not understand the insult! So one or two of them proceeded to explain and emphasise it, by expressions of mock sympathy and indignation.

"It is a great shame," they said. "You should have been placed close to the head of the table."

The chieftain turned quietly to his tormentors. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "Wherever the Mac Scot sits is the head of the table."

Of course his persecutors were ignominiously defeated.

And, indeed, we cannot doubt that among those who sat "below the salt" at the tables of mediæval royalty and rank, must have been many whose figures, in the eyes of posterity, now make their lowly place "the head of the table."

We hope that our considerations of the nature, processes, universal use, and incalculable value of salt will help to give meaning to Scriptural allusions thereto, as when St. Paul says, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt;" and above all when the Master declares of those who follow Him, "Ye are the salt of the world"—the means of preventing and curing the growth of its corruptions. One of the great salt-masters has thoughtfully shed a light on the passage, "If the salt have lost its savour," etc., of which some scientific men rashly asserted "Salt never does lose its savour." Mr. Bumsted exhibited at the "Healtheries" a sample which *had* lost its savour, and took pains to explain that the salt which the evangelists used is almost sure to have been the salt made all round the sea in tropical countries from sea water, and that probably our Saviour had seen, or perhaps was actually in sight of, a great heap of this, which, having been exposed to a downpour of rain, would have at its margin a quantity of "savourless salt."

May we never deserve the epithet!

GO ON WORKING—DON'T BE AFRAID.

THESE are words we often use ourselves and hear others using; and it is well we do, for they are words of deep import. They do no less than separate the whole world of workers into two radically distinct classes—namely, those who can receive them and those who cannot. They are a great touchstone of character, but a touchstone that does not yield an immediate result; indeed, it may be years before it shows whether the metal is pure gold or coin of inferior value.

But in order to see how it applies we must first divide the world of workers into two great orders: (1) Those who are engaged in the industrial arts and common tasks of daily life. (2) Those who are workers in science, philosophy, and the fine arts, since to the second order it applies with more significance than to the first; and there is also a cross division, some of the first rising to the rank of originators, some of the latter sinking to the rank of mere mechanical workers.

What, then, does it import with regard to the first order? This, that all those who can receive it and go on working amid sorrow and discouragement, must at the least have some qualities of sterling worth. It may be only the solid determination not to give in, to maintain the fight till the last, or it may be the heroism of devoted love; but whatever it be that gives the strength to "go on working" constantly, steadily, perseveringly, the "Don't be afraid" will have the cheery ring to which they will respond with an earnest "No, we are not afraid; we know what work has done for us; it has made men of us—some especially earnest and true, some tender and patient, some strong and brave, but all of us it has made to know what true pleasure is; we feel satisfaction in our work; a glow of honest pride kindles in our hearts when we look at it, and this gives a zest to our leisure. No, we are not afraid." They are words of cheer. Go on working manfully, and half the ills of life will disappear, while its pleasures will be more than doubled. The happy results of work give a power of endurance that nothing can equal, for labour is the God-given restorer of peace to the troubled spirit.

But what of those who cannot receive the message these words convey? Alas! there are many who cannot; and we cannot but feel more sorry for them than for any other sufferers whatever. The inability may result from feeble health, depressed vitality, want of a well-knit moral frame; but whatever the cause, the result is saddening, and the best help we can give is to encourage these to try the tonic of steady work.

The words must not be misunderstood. Their very tone of calm encouragement forbids the thought that they would urge any one to fitful, anxious, spasmodic work. Periods of fevered work alternating with languor will not brace the nerves of character. But let any one try an hour or two of steady work "persevered in," as the doctors say, and see if the world will not soon wear a different aspect, and the sufferer feel that all things have become new. Contrast the days that one has idled away, perhaps feeling too ill to do anything, or merely tried to read an amusing book, or some other means of whiling away the time, and those days on which some satisfactory piece of work has been done; the world seems a different place. On the former we feel restless, discontented, hopeless—life a burden; on the latter, full of hope and energy, able to bear the troubles that come while we look on the bright side and wait patiently for things to right themselves, as Emerson has said they always do, if, instead of bemoaning them, we set about our appointed work.

There is an apparent exception—days of enforced idleness, when perhaps we have to lie still for hours doing nothing, or may only wander about the house and garden; then we do not get into that listless frame of mind. But the explanation is this. In enforced idleness we feel we are obeying our Father's will, and an energy of patient endurance is called forth, and even those who realise that their heavenly Father orders all things, do it either in obedience to some command, or from their own sense of duty and right; so in either case resolute patience is called into play, and the trust that good will ensue. So it is truly a kind of work, and to many, probably to most, the hardest work of all. But now, as to the second great order of workers. In what particular sense does it apply to them, and how are the two classes differentiated in a further degree from those of the first? The distinction consists in the power of seeing what one is aiming at, and the difference between those who can and those who cannot see this is very great. Watch two students drawing from a cast; one makes the lines which he thinks represent the figure; the master comes round and points out where it is out of drawing; the student tries again, again faults are pointed out, and again he tries, and at length perhaps succeeds in producing a tolerably correct copy of the original. But now look at the other; he can criticise his own work, knows where it is wrong, and keeps on rubbing out and correcting till he can satisfy himself. No need to tell him to go on working, he cannot do otherwise, though the "Don't be afraid" may cheer and help him; but failure, disappointment—nothing can prevent his working. We say, "He has got it in him."

Again, observe two mathematical students. They are trying to solve the same problem. To one, one probable solution after another occurs; he feels he can do it, though as yet baffled again and again; and it is so alluring he cannot give it up. But he must lay aside his work and attend to other things. Still in every spare moment he broods over it—then, in an instant, when he is thinking of something else, some new suggestion flashes into his mind; he tries again and has conquered. The other tries to apply one rule after another; can see no way, and after a few vain attempts gives up in despair. Then he is shown the key to the puzzle, and this helps him on some steps further; he attains a certain kind of skill, but he will never be a mathematician.

But it may be asked, if this is so, what use is your exhortation? We answer, in two important respects it is of great use. We cannot always tell at the first glance who are endowed with the power of original work, for even if our insight is true, the power itself may in some cases be a late development, and though skill generally gives its possessor power to recognise its existence in another, it is always wiser not to take for granted its non-existence, since the possibilities of any human life stand revealed to God alone; and it is always well to encourage one another to earnest effort, for even if this particular good gift has not been bestowed, still, the best of all, the moral results of steadfast, patient, faithful work will unfailingly be granted to each earnest worker as well as its many other rewards, which though the days may seem to fail in bringing, the years, we have abundant evidence, rarely fail to bestow; but should they also seem to fail, we have the firm assurance that God is keeping them for us in the more distant future; for He has joined the reaping to the sowing, and His word cannot fail us. So we may trustfully bid all, "Go on working, and not be afraid," for labour has God's seal of blessing indelibly stamped upon it.

M. S. HANDLEY.

THE GIRL'S OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

Amount previously acknowledged in No. 452 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £250 1s. 5½d.

A. E. H., 3s., Lizzie Fell (collected), 1s., Ruth Mercer (collected), 7s. 3d., A. L. Bacon (collected), 10s., Mrs. Hull (collected), 10s 6d., Florence Willett, 1s., A Friend at Nottingham, 2s. 6d., Gertrude Eddison (collected), 20s., Miss Ball (collected), 10s., Auntie, 5s., M. Fogerty (collected), 7s. 6d., Mary Lee (collected), 2s. 6d., H. D. and Sister, 2s., Alice M. Lamb, 10s., Ruth S. Cove, 10s., E. Beecroft (collected), 7s., J. M., £2, Clara Collett (collected), 16s., Miss Gibbs (collected), 4s., "Fairy," 5s., E. P., 1s., E. Pratt (collected), 10s., Violet, 1s. 6d., Mrs. Webster, 2s., Miss Shaw (collected), 3s. 6d., E. Jesson (collected), 10s., Edith Yates, 2s., Annie Brooks, Constantinople, 5s.

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MRS. BROWNING'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

IN her "Vision of Poets," Mrs. Browning, then Elizabeth Barrett, enumerated forty of the world's singers. Amongst them she placed but one woman—Sappho. Her omission was just. Time, the great master of perspective, who forces many authors, bepraised in their own days, to retire to the vanishing point, while he shows others, once little noticed, in colossal proportions, has had little acquaintance with the genus "Poetess." The nineteenth century, however, has excelled its predecessors in producing women, not only of literary tastes but of literary genius, possessing not only gracefulness but inevitableness of expression, not only tenderness but originality. Queen among these, by virtue of her supreme gift of lyrical thought, stands Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Life is made up of the masculine and the feminine elements. We cannot imagine a complete society lacking either. It is an insult to common sense to declare that a woman's brain and heart are facsimiles of those of a man. It is an insult to God's wisdom to suppose that He would have done better to repeat Himself and create Eve in the exact likeness of Adam. The two natures are two halves forming a perfect whole, and the wise-hearted desire to develop their natural powers, rather than to win the qualities of the opposite sex. Literature is the representation of life. If we are to have a perfect literature, men and women must be at work in its production. Nature waves off the majority of women from many walks of literature. Few tread the paths of science or of logic. Some are admitted to them by special license. But fiction, biography, and poetry are a field in which the feminine mind may well labour. These deal with thought and action, with passion and feeling. In their province the affection rules, the heart is empress. A sex capable, as the ages have declared, of infinite poetry of action, cannot be wholly incapable of poetic expression. Those who are acquainted with all the secrets of the home may fairly be expected to describe the little doings, hopes, and joys which make up the sum of household life. Those who offer themselves on the altar of Great Love can surely sing its praises.

It is natural for a woman to individualise. It is difficult for her to deal with generalities, or to comprehend systems. She is touched through her sympathies. Her reasoning is inductive. Let her see a single sorrow, and she will be eager to relieve it, but the "great sum of evil" is a thing too impersonal to affect her. Now, poets and novelists must individualise. The world cannot be dealt with in a lump. Men are not saved in bundles. To raise the masses is to raise the units. No regeneration is effected save by the elevation of individuals. The personal is linked with the universal, explaining and emphasising it. We see the vast in the little. The type reveals the genus. The sun is mirrored in the dewdrop as perfectly as in the ocean. The artist's duty is to single out from the seething crowd individual men and women, to teach us to distinguish their form and features of body and of soul. By this knowledge we guess at the life conditions of others. Thus characters true to poetical if not to actual fact stir within us a sympathy for characters of flesh and blood, whom we have hitherto elbowed with indifference. Those whom we have not seen teach us to love those whom we have seen. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a more powerful protest against slavery than the vague generalities and fervid accusations of many an orator. "The Cry of the Children" stirred the heart of England, when columns of statistics in the *Times* hardly quickened its beating.

The greatest authors can look into both the masculine and the feminine heart. But the gift is rare. More often, one or the other eye is short-sighted. Therefore we want men to write as men, women as women. By this means we gain an inside and an outside view of each sex. We cannot walk gracefully in clothing not our own. Imitation results in exaggeration. A mannish woman or a womanish man, either in life or in life's photograph—literature—is unlovely and unmeaning. If there be not in a woman's work something distinctively womanly she has missaid her nature and denied her vocation. With such self-denial Mrs. Browning cannot be charged. Feminine faults and virtues are everywhere present in her poems. We find her occasionally prejudiced, too ready to jump at conclusions with scanty premisses, sometimes throwing the rein to imagination, or allowing full license to passion. In the last part of "Aurora Leigh" a heart is thrown upon the page; we see its every throb and quiver. We find in her works, too, that tendency to morbid sadness common to the feminine mind when physical pain is frequent and the sense of humour undeveloped.

On the other hand we find a purity, a deep tenderness, a holy and passionate enthusiasm, a strength of pitifulness and love such as make beautiful the characters of the world's heroines. Further, her women are real creations, while her men are only waxwork. The fact is in some measure explained by the circumstances of her personal history. For years only a few of her closest friends were admitted to the darkened chamber of the "poetess" who learnt to sing through suffering. On her marriage with Robert Browning she seemed to "yield the grave for his sake, and exchange her near sweet view of heaven for life with him." Therefore it is not strange that one of her chief faults, which, even under the influence of her husband, that Herr Professor of Psychology, she never wholly outgrew, was a lack of comprehension of the masculine mind. An unwritten law condemns close scrutiny and exact delineation of the failings, follies, and limitations of a father or a brother. But introspection taught her to judge other women. She had probed her own soul, measured its yearnings, hopes, fears, possibilities of love, passion, and self-sacrifice; and her work, as she wrote in the preface to a volume of poems, was the "fullest expression of the personal being to which she could attain."

One of her earliest published poems is "The Drama of Exile." Its chief interest is set upon Eve, first and deepest, not only in the transgression but in the sorrow. Most natural, although the idea seems to have entered the mind of no other author, is Eve's unbearable sadness at the thought of having brought ruin upon one dearer to her than Eden itself; her pleading that Adam should regain God's favour by spurning her; her resolve, when assured of unchanged human love, not to be afraid of human death; her patient acceptance of the pang incurred by sin.

In "Isobel's Child" is revealed the depth of a woman's power of renunciation. "The Romaunt of the Page" and "The Rhyme of the Duchess May" are tales of woman's devotion, even unto death. "Bertha in the Lane" is a woman dying for lack of love; "Bianca among the Nightingales" a woman forsaken. "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" is the story of an unhallowed love, seeking to grasp joy in defiance of God. Human love resting on the refusal of Divine love has an unsure foundation. Happiness for whose sake righteousness has been cast away is poisonous.

"Lady Geraldine" is one who sees, as clearly as Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," that the riches of virtue outweigh gold, and that nobility of soul outmeasures many acres. Mrs. Browning feels that a woman, poor or rich, despised or honoured, is no more or less than just a human soul. Where she gives herself, her possessions, large or small, are given also, mere appendages of which love takes little account. Thus in her poem, "Crowned and Wedded," written on the occasion of the Queen's marriage, Mrs. Browning pleads with the Prince to "Esteem the wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring. And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing."

In "Aurora Leigh" we find two types of womanhood. Almost all our actions are the outcome either of love of peace, or of love of justice. According as the one or the other principle gets the upper hand, we are ruled or rule. The lover of peace wishes to leave undisturbed existing arrangements, the lover of justice desires to set everything right. The lover of peace hates war; the lover of justice is ready for battle. The lover of peace submits to conventionalities. The lover of justice is often iconoclastic. The lover of peace and justice pulls down and builds up. Mrs. Browning loved both peace and justice. She did not fear for Italy a war of renovation and purification; she did not shrink from attacking social evils which cry for remedy. Similarly, she paints two women, actuated by these principles, which, opposite as they may seem, can so easily be brought into harmony.

Marian Erle was submissive as Griselda, desiring to be Romney's servant rather than his wife. She felt herself merely his to do his pleasure and his bidding. She would gladly have offered him a draught from the fabled "Well of St. Keyne." She sinned against him and against herself by not questioning whether or no he loved her, for a marriage without equality, a marriage where worship on the one side and pity on the other strive to supply mutual love, has no sure guarantee of continuing peace.

On the other hand, Aurora Leigh was so eager for justice to her own powers, so intolerant of interference in her life, that she neglected justice to Romney, and missed many years of joy and helpfulness.

In "Aurora Leigh," also, Mrs. Browning recognises the existence of women whose thoughts were not as her thoughts, the prey of vanity and frivolity, too occupied in observing their own beauty to see how pale the "pitiful remainders of the world have grown"; spiteful women, eager to hurt, and skilful to carry out their will; shrivelled souls, narrow in thought, word, and deed, engrossed in trifles, and believing in a great gulf fixed between them and their neighbours. Thus does she make good her claim to knowledge of a woman's heart.

Naturally the education of girls was intensely interesting to her. She herself had studied under her brother's tutor, Hugh Stuart Boyd. As a child she had learnt Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and passionately delighted in reading. Her "Essay on Mind," written at the age of sixteen, was not indeed strikingly original, but it proved her acquaintance with authors unknown to many a collegian. During one of her illnesses she was guilty of cheating an over-fearful doctor by having her dearly-loved Plato bound as a novel to elude the prohibition of study. With almost bitter sarcasm, Aurora Leigh inveighs against the shallowness of ladies' school education forty years ago—the general insight into useful facts, brushing with extreme flounce the circle of the sciences; the fancy work, spun glass, wax flowers, stuffed birds, impossible shepherdesses; the unmusical music, the books on womanhood to prove woman's "potential faculty in everything of abdicating power." Matters have improved since Mrs. Browning wrote. Year by year education is becoming more thorough. Still, however, there is too much veneer and two little mahogany. The mind does not keep pace with the manners. Too much is put into the head, and too little drawn out. Some of us resemble the dog in the fable, who dropped his morsel of meat in trying to grasp a second piece. We ought to grip the knowledge already gained before stretching after more. That which we assimilate, not that which is poured upon us, is really valuable. Children sometimes kill their flowers with too much water. We injure our minds with cramming. Life develops from within. The unfolding of the best qualities of mind and heart is the real aim of education.

While Mrs. Browning thinks the soil of a feminine mind neither too thin nor too stony to bear culture, she is no advocate of "blue-stockingism." A really learned person does not obtrude learning, nor make a perpetual claim to admiration in virtue of culture. The child who has picked up a little knowledge boasts of it; increasing wisdom proves to him his own slight cause for boasting. As soon as a closed room is opened, light pours in and reveals the cobwebs. The light of learning shows us the cobwebs of ignorance in our minds. Mrs. Browning's poems have been called pedantic. It is true that they abound in allusions to classical stories and philosophical opinions. The reason is simple. She had lived from childhood in the company of philosophers and poets of all ages and countries. Homer and Euripides were as familiar as nursery rhymes. She had mixed little in present-day society, and had had no opportunity of fathoming the depths of educated ignorance. Her conversation was far enough removed from the coxcombry of the pedant. The account given by Mary Russell Mitford of the charm of her manners, her womanly sweetness and modesty, is echoed by those who met her later. She never shook the red flag of superiority in the eyes of her listeners, but was willing to hear as well as to speak. She was one of those who attract, with magnetic power, the happiest thoughts and the finest expressions of those in conversation with them, who make us surprise ourselves by clear ideas and vigorous speech. Some lines from her poem, "My Kate," which perhaps describes her ideal woman, form a perfect description of herself.

"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace,
You turned from the fairest to look at her face.
I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise; I infer
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her.
She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.
None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall,
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all."

There is a model that any woman might do well to copy.

Mrs. Browning held that a poet's heart could be lodged in a woman's breast, and by logical demonstration she proved her theorem. Whatever faults her critics discover, they cannot refuse her the singer's crown. Insight to see, patience to strive, power to utter, these three requisites of genius were hers. Genius brings with it responsibility. Talents involve duties. Each gift is for trading. The seed must be planted, the tree pruned. No one conscious of bearing a light ought to cover it with a bushel. It would be a crime for one who felt within the glowing of poetic fire, to smother it, for, as Dante says, he who sees a need and does not supply it, is leaning towards unkindly refusal. The world will never ask us for the best we can give. The thing a woman ought to do, says Mrs. Browning, emphatically, is "whatever perfect thing she can in life, in art, in science." She is not over-concerned to plead for woman's rights, because she believes that work honestly done is the one unanswerable plea. Women hitherto have talked too much, and done too little. Let them act, and the universe shall witness that they were born to action. The poetess must be serious and earnest in aim, must not shift the types for tolerable verse, nor be content with rhymes devoid of life; must not wish to belittle art to suit her stature, but strive to be worthy of her art, though she must endure hardship in the service; must not (as she is too apt to do) look to one for praise, but take as her motto—"Art for art, and good for God Himself, the essential good." Such resolve is the foundation of every noble deed in life, in art, in science.

But the happiest place, undoubtedly—the right place, frequently, for a woman—says Mrs. Browning, is "the safe warm corner of the household fire, behind the heads of children." She herself had found her genius for feeling and for thinking perfected in that union from which book-writing women are sometimes supposed to be cut off. Her love for Robert Browning drew from her those wonderfully beautiful sonnets from the Portuguese, and other poems, which have been described as "marvels of a delicate and tender passion, triumphs of spirituality in love." Her marriage deepened her insight, and increased her force of expression. To her love is a thing beautiful and sacred, a consecration and a glory, a union of souls. There is nothing sensual or coarse in her presentation of it. She will not believe that its romance and purity are lost in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century. But marriage is not an end, but a beginning; not a *grand finale*, but an introduction. It opens the door upon many duties and sorrows as well as joys. It is not true that a cultured woman is incapable of knowing matters of the home. Higher education should teach the sanctity of duty, and lead us to do well the most trivial actions. The darning of stockings and the translation of Greek are not incompatible. The heart need not be starved to feed the head. Smallest deeds may be greatly done, and the best gift of God is work. Heaven itself is work without failure and weariness. Aurora and Romney Leigh, at last united, do not dwell on their personal joy, but think of labour to be accomplished. Each happiness entails a duty. God looks for work for others as the result of the love of wedded souls. Such love is like a rose, whose petals are outreaching affections. Its first outcome is the love of children. For a discrowned queen Mrs. Browning can frame no purer wish than that she may win "that which is sweetest in womanly fate—sunshine from heaven, and eyes of a child." The love of children which is instinctive in the heart of a woman reveals itself in Mrs. Browning's poems on this most poetical subject. "A Child's Grave at Florence," "A Child's Thought of God," "Sleeping and Waking," and "The Swan's Nest," are examples. In "Aurora Leigh" there is to be found a perfect picture of a baby asleep. In the same poem occurs this exquisite saying—"Angels are less tender wise than God and mothers." And again—

"Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just):
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words,
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles; children learn by such
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And yet not over early solemnised,
But seeing, as in a rosebush, Love's Divine,
Which burns and hurts not,—not a single bloom,—
Become aware and unafraid of Love.
Such good do mothers. Fathers love as well—
Mine did, I know—but still with heavier brains,
And wills more consciously responsible,
And not as wisely, since less foolishly;
So mothers have God's license to be missed."

Mrs. Browning thinks that the mother-love is in itself a training. A child is given to sanctify a woman, to lead her upwards. It gives practice in loving, and softens the heart to the world; for the crown of womanhood is love. Self-sacrifice is the highest, because the most Christ-like virtue. Poets and historians have, through all ages, credited woman with an almost infinite self-devotion. Mrs. Browning endorses their verdict. She knows a woman's weakness, burning tears, heart aches, self-doubt, but she knows that the need for strength brings strength with it, and thinks that if Cervantes had been Shakespeare he would have made his Don a Donna. Side by side with her theory—so well supported by her practice—that the woman artist is a reality, we may fitly place the conception of woman's rights, duties, and rewards (the rights and duties being synonymous) found in the blessing given to Eve on the threshold of mortal life—

"Rise, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and blest altitude
Of doing good and of enduring ill,
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope.
Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child-kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

E. ORSMOND PAYNE.

MUSIC.

OBOE.—1. The first composer who set an opera to music was Francisco Bamirino, an Italian, and his first piece was the "Conversion of St. Paul," which was brought out at Rome in the year 1460. 2. One hour daily or one and a half of conscientious practice of the piano is sufficient for a mere amateur. It is only an accomplishment, after all, and only a limited amount of such an inestimably precious "talent" as time, entrusted to your wise stewardship by your heavenly Master, should be expended on a mere accomplishment. We do not mean to dogmatise over your liberty in such matters of recreation. Only beware of waste of time, and of proving an annoyance to your neighbours.

MOLLY MALONEY.—We do not publish music to invite our girls' crude criticisms, but to gratify those who can ill-afford to purchase new pieces. Most of these have sufficiently cultivated taste to appreciate what we give them. If you enjoy all the rest of our paper, be content, and rejoice that those who wish for music should likewise have their wishes considered. Try to conquer selfishness.

HOUSEKEEPING.

CONSTANT READER.—See in vol. iv. our series of articles called "The Fairy of the Family," and the section called "Spots and Stains." Electric baths are excellent for sciatica; so also is the treatment by a magnetic rubber.

DRONE will find directions for preserving Rowan berries during winter in our paper, p. 160, vol. vi. Your writing looks rather pretty, though scarcely well formed enough to a critical eye. This it could easily become with very little attention.

A MOTHER.—Wood ashes, employed in making soft soap, you can get in your own grate if you burn wood. See our article on "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet."

ARCADER (Earlstown).—1. Carpets, if good and well dyed, should not fade very much. As a general rule a light (not too light) carpet wears and looks better longer than one with a black or very dark ground. Shades of yellow and brown wear very well. 2. The best medicines, in the opinion of the doctors of to-day, which are preventives of sickness are—plenty of fresh air, exercise, and washing, with suitable food and early hours at night; these are the rules of life to keep everyone young, well, and comparatively happy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HILDA HYDE.—You seem quite entitled to half the money given, and we think your mother is quite right in giving it to you, as she does not give you any wages.

RIVER GRASS should avoid fatigue, but we could not undertake to prescribe for her.

ERNEST'S DARLING.—Judging from your adopted name we do not think you need complain of not seeing more society, and of your "father's reticent habits," by which you mean his love of retirement. If you have a garden, work in it, and be much out there. You need plenty of open air. Read and work in the shade when dry and warm; go to bed early and be up at seven, and try to forget your body and your lack of what you call "amusements."

COUNTRY LASS.—We do not understand what you mean by saying, "I have a great desire to join our church." If already in the church of your family in which you were brought up and baptised, you are "joined" to it. If you mean that you have not become a communicant, you have no time to lose. We have heard it remarked, "If not fit to receive the holy 'supper of the Lord,' you are neither fit to live nor to die!" The very consciousness of your own unworthiness, weakness, ingratitude, and little love to God confessed, deplored, and striven against while praying daily for the help of the Holy Spirit and His sanctifying grace, proves that you already possess the sort of worthiness He requires of you—to feel your need of that great sacrifice which you are commanded to commemorate. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

C. E. SKINNER.—We have much pleasure in drawing attention to the House of Rest, at Babbacombe, South Devon, for "women in business." It is situated on the downs, overlooking the bay; it has a garden and tennis ground, and is near the bathing and boating-place. The home is designed equally for winter as summer, and there are many places within an easy walk, such as Berry Pomeroy and Compton Castles. Medical aid and medicine are provided for the sixty-five visitors who can be received in residence. Those who can obtain a recommendation ticket from a subscriber, not being able to pay 12s. weekly, may be received at only 5s. weekly. These latter must be really "business women," and quite unable to pay the 12s. required. Personal washing is an extra. Apply to Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, enclosing a stamped and directed envelope for particulars as to journey, etc. The expenses will be halved under certain conditions.

LITTLE MOTHERLESS ONE sent us a contribution for the Girls' Convalescent Home some months ago, but her letter was overlooked. We thank her for them and the verses, which latter, though not suitable for our magazine, were a praiseworthy attempt.

EMILY.—The frosting material for Christmas decorations and cards can be purchased at most church decorators.

ROVER.—We do not think you could do better than select Tenby, South Wales, as the headquarters of your summer's excursions. It is a pretty place, with two shores, standing on an eminence; and there are extensive sands in hillocks. The town faces Carmarthen Bay. There are the remains of an old castle erected by the Flemings, a very fine one at about four or five miles distant—Manorbeer, *temp.* William Rufus, the birthplace of Cambrensis, historian of Wales. A little further on there is Carew Castle (pronounced "Carey"), three miles from Pembroke, the ruins of Lamphey, the ancient residence of the Bishops of St. Davids, and subsequently the seat of the great Lord Essex. Then there is Pembroke Castle (ten miles from Tenby), and the royal dockyard, and Milford Haven, with its royal dockyard. Pembroke Castle is one of the finest of Welsh antiquities, the birthplace of Henry VII., and was distinguished for the brave defence made by the garrison in favour of Charles I. There is a cavern called "the Wogan," just under the chapel; there is good bathing and sands; and there is the Island of Caldy as an object for another excursion.

A LOVER OF (Something).—We cannot read your self-designation. Time only will remove the redness of a scar, and nothing the whiteness that succeeds the bluish red, nor any puckering of the skin. Patent leather shoes are unwholesome. They should be cleaned with a sponge dipped in milk and water. Of course they are apt to crack.

A READER OF THE "G.O.P."—We do not recommend anyone to "take long walks before breakfast." A turn round your garden should be the limit of outdoor exercise on an empty stomach. You are specially liable to take infectious diseases, or to contract blood-poisoning from bad smells, when fasting after you are dressed in the morning. If you have to wait long for breakfast, take a cup of milk, or a piece of bread and butter, however small.

A TEACHER.—You should write for a prospectus to the secretary of the Governesses' Training Department of the Home and Colonial School Society's College, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. The course of instruction given prepares for the Cambridge local exams., and provides for special training in the science and method of teaching, with model lessons, class-teaching, and kindergarten.

PEPPER BOX.—We must refer you to former answers under this heading. Your hand is too cramped. Hold your pen longer, and try to write more freely.

OPPRESSED ONE.—What do the Scriptures say? "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

PUP.—Taking walks with men, more especially in the evening, is not proper, unless you have a married or middle-aged woman always with you on such occasions, and your mother approves of the acquaintance.

DORA B.—Your sister does very wrong in taking "a teaspoonful of eau de Cologne every evening to make (as she foolishly imagines) her eyes sparkle." She lays the foundation of being a drunkard by-and-by in so doing, and is destroying the coats of the stomach, and her digestion too. Besides, what silly vanity she exhibits!

SCRIBENDIBUS.—You cannot destroy the moth in your leather-covered furniture without having the covers removed and the hair baked by an upholsterer, or fresh hair put in. The carpet should be ironed all over with a very hot iron, yet taking care not to burn it.

OPPRESSED ONE.—We can only repeat what we have already said many times, that past sin repented of, confessed, and turned from, with sincere and persevering prayer for forgiveness, and grace to fall no more, is sin forgiven through the precious blood-shedding of our divine Redeemer. "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him."

C. SOAME.—There is a Cripples' Home at 17a, Marylebone Road, W. Girls aged twelve are received for three years at £10 per annum. There is also one at Harney Villas, Church Road, Willesden, for crippled children of the poor. In Edinburgh there is one for children under twelve, at 9, Salisbury Place, and 20, North Mansion House Road, at four shillings a week.

BUSY BEE'S story has been read, and with this result: that she is recommended to tell her stories about "somnambulators," and small boys' midnight feasts nicely stowed away under the beds, to her schoolfellows; but not to write them with a view to publication.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.—Smoking is utterly unsuitable for boys, and no parents should permit their sons to indulge in a habit so specially injurious to them while growing. The best way to check your nervousness is to forget self, think more of being useful to others, go to bed early, and take regular outdoor exercise.

MARIANA.—We think your query was answered before, but give you the benefit of the doubt. The letter "H," which appears on some of our copper coins, indicates that it was struck by Messrs. Heaton, by permission, to supply the public demand, in excess of what the Royal Mint could supply.

VOL. IX.—No. 457.] SEPTEMBER 29, 1888. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESTITUTION;
OR,
MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

BY ANNE BEALE.

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"'JANET, READ IT AGAIN.'"

CHAPTER LIV.

"THE DOXOLOGY."

"THERE is more joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.' Read that again, Janet."

Janet read it again.

"If this is true I begin to understand your self-sacrifice, child, and my wife's forgiveness and strange submission. You are really glad that I have repented, and am spared to make some reparation. Joy among the angels! Oh, Janet!"

"Yes, dear papa. It is exceedingly wonderful."

The father and daughter were silent awhile. They were in his study, which had been rebuilt, together with the rest of the house. Over a year had passed since Edith's wedding, and many events had happened in the interim.

"Will you read me that last letter from my brother? He has also repented; but it is difficult to begin a new life, Janet, very difficult. One is tempted to extremes. He is becoming saving, and—well, I trust all to Gerard. I have no confidence in myself since that awful warning."

Janet took a letter from a case, and read it. It contained an account of what the writer called his settlement. He had named it "Brand's Welcome," for he had resumed his original name. Jack and Fan worked away in their log house, while he planned and laid out a sort of refuge for the destitute. Some of his old gipsy friends had already joined him, while Gerard had helped a few able bodied labourers and mechanics to emigrate also. He said that his scheme answered superbly, and that if only Government would follow his example, people such as he had been might become respectable members of society. "Not that we have much society out here. Jack, Fan, and the baby constitute mine; but they make noise enough for a colony," he wrote.

"Harton is really going out," interrupted Aspenel. "He says he must see his grandchild."

"Yes, papa. Fan writes him an entreaty almost weekly. She comments on her baby as if it were a young Sphinx, and says everybody ought to see it. She gives me a pressing invitation. But the most wonderful thing of all is that Mrs. Lee, the old Tigress, is actually going out. She tells Gerard and Lady Ascham that she must end her days where there is plenty of space and pure air, and that she will preach to the Indians, and visit Fan as often as she can."

"What will become of Hoplands while Harton is away?"

"He says Miss Vigors has undertaken to superintend it; but I fancy Mr. Tom Harton will return from abroad about that time."

"Who told you that?"

Mr. Aspenel's face suddenly resumed its old expression of suspicion, but Janet's was open and unclouded. She said that she had heard it from Nurse True, who had probably heard it from report.

"He will find no opening for his schemes, if he has any," said Mr. Aspenel, with what Mrs. Aspenel used to call his "foxey" look.

"I should think not," returned Janet, avoiding his glance. "Bruce is at school, so he cannot expect to be his tutor. Bruce's last letter was wonderfully improved. Our son and heir will astonish the county some day."

The father sighed. It is painful to think of the glories of one's successor.

"Is this stupid ceremonial to take place to-day?" he said irritably. "How can they afford tea at the Homes? I suppose you must go."

"Not if you want me, papa."

Janet's voice indicated possible disappointment if she were "wanted."

"You are getting tired of me, Janet. So is Mrs. Aspenel. Everybody is worn out except Nurse True." He took up a pen. "I shall soon be able to write with this left hand, and then I shall not want you."

"Oh, papa! I thought you had given up that idea: I mean that we are tired of you. I intend to be your secretary so long as we both live, and I am sure Mrs. Aspenel devotes herself entirely to you."

"Is it for what she expects to get, Janet? She only thought of my money when she married me."

Janet was often pained and disconcerted by questions such as these, which she always answered by such an indignant negative that he did not repeat them. This was, however, answered by Mrs. Aspenel in person. She looked so bright and handsome; so well-dressed and attractive, that he was fain to withdraw it. The "pity" which is "akin to love" had usurped the place of resentment in her bosom, and she did her best to soothe the irritable, broken down, but really penitent man.

"If you will spare Janet, I will stay with you," she said. "Gerard and Edith are to be at the Cottages at four, and to return here to dinner and sleep. This is the last arrangement."

"You had better both go. Nurse True will do all I want," he said, glancing in a melancholy way from his handsome wife to his really beautiful daughter. When he looked at them, he always reproached himself for what might have been.

"Thank you, papa," said Janet, gaily. "I will tell you all about everything when we return. Here is the review you were reading, and here is Gerard's last account, which you may like to look over against he comes."

She left the study with her stepmother, and they were soon on their way to the Cottages. The "stupid ceremonial" alluded to by Mr. Aspenel was the celebration of the centenary of the Homes. The ladies had invited their neighbours to a festival in the shape of afternoon tea. And a festival it really was, for Mr. Aspenel had been so worked upon by Gerard and his conscience, that he had restored the Homes, and the restoration had just been completed.

"Five afternoon teas all of a row," cried Janet; "must we imbibe five cups of tea?"

A surprise awaited them. Although it was full early in the year for out-of-door festivities, tables were laid on the lawn, and the ladies were there to receive them. The Cottages were restored, both inside and out; the gardens were embellished by bedding-out plants from the Park, and all was spick and span as art and nature combined could make it. Gerard and Edith had arrived, and were inspecting everything with childish glee. They were almost mobbed by the ladies, who hustled one another in their zeal to display all the improvements. A tenant for the sixth cottage had been found, but had not yet arrived.

"Isn't it splendid, Miss; isn't it 'eavenly!" said Miranda to Janet. "I shan't never like any other place so well."

That damsel was about to be married, and this was as it should be, since Mrs. Clarville had, after much persistent entreaty, promised to vacate her cottage and live with her son and daughter in town. She had been induced to give up what she called, laughingly, her "dependent independence," by the representation that she would make room for some other lady, and help Gerard, Edith, and Lady Ascham to level the mountain of poverty, discontent, and oppression which rose in their midst. Gerard and Edith had taken a house not far from Lady Ascham, and they laboured together to reduce the colossus aforesaid to a pigmy. Hard, and apparently impossible work; yet, perhaps, to be achieved if everybody's hand was ready to help.

The family party from the Park was supplemented by Mr. Austen and Mr. Harton. All the servants, with the addition of the faithful Rebecca, were in attendance, and in the surrounding woods and overarching skies choristers assembled to celebrate a centenary, the first year of which was inaugurated by their remote ancestors.

Much court was paid to Mrs. Aspenel, and she received an ovation of thanks as the representative of her husband.

"I wish he were here!" said Miss Vigors, with more politeness than truth.

There was much cheerful and pleasant talk which it is not needful to record. The restoration and embellishment of the Cottages were due to Gerard, and all united in belauding him, while Janet declared him a "Jack of all trades." He and his Edith were so happy and prosperous, and continuing to do so much good both at home and abroad, that people would have been afraid of

them had they not been so unaffectedly simple and joyous. As to the White Dove, she flitted about from friend to friend just as she used to do, and as Miss Lilyton expressed it pathetically, "It seemed as if she had never been away." And Gerard was carried off by each lady in turn, to examine some lock, or tap, or twig, that might yet be safer than safe if only a last touch were given to it. He was still the Gerard of his boyhood, and everybody's factotum, though exalted to a junior partnership with one who had dismissed him from his service for contumacy.

"I mean to be Gerard and Edith in one," said Janet, when Mrs. Lucy pathetically lamented their loss. "Now papa is better, Mrs. Aspenel and I are going to be uncommonly gay."

"We all wish to convey to Mr. Aspenel our sincere thanks for the renovation of our homes, and we feel quite renovated with them," broke in Miss Vigors, who took the part of spokeswoman. "And we also desire to express our appreciation of your continued affability and kindness, Mrs. Aspenel."

"I hope to see more of you in the future than I have done in the past," returned Mrs. Aspenel, who knew very well that those infallible women had made very pronounced comments on her absence from her home.

"Let bygones be bygones," said Miss Vigors, majestically. "We end our hundredth year in peace, and begin a new century in plenty."

"Not quite so old as that, though I am over four-score," said Miss Short, who was as hale as ever.

"Annuitants never die," whispered Mr. Harton to Janet.

"We're all getting old together. Let us sing the Doxology," said Mr. Austen. "Lead it off, Miss Janet."

And there beneath the eaves of the peaceful cottages they all sang,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Meanwhile Mr. Aspenel felt very lonely. It was the first time he had been left so long quite to himself, since the fire. He took up the review; put it down again. He tried to master Gerard's account and failed. The self-reliant, self-concentrated man could now do nothing by himself. The brain of the financial genius had partially given way, and so long as he lived he would mainly be dependent upon others, not only for his beloved calculations and accumulations, but for such amusement as was within his reach. He was slowly learning the lesson we must all learn sooner or later, that we are, or should be, members one of another, and depend on each other.

When his family returned from their little *fête*, they found him unusually placid, and when his wife gave the message sent by the ladies, he smiled with some degree of satisfaction, and listened to Janet's account of the proceedings and graphic description of the entertainment as if it interested him. But he soon dismissed the womankind, and was left alone with Gerard. He always laid everything before him, and on this occasion the accounts were tolerably satisfactory. But what with losses of vessels, failures of speculations, closing of mines, the fire, and innumerable other causes, the Aspenel millions had greatly dwindled down. However, he was still a very rich man, and the firm of Aspenel and Clarville was rising in public estimation; for, somehow or other, millionaires and misers are always suspicious characters in the eyes of the world, which will inquire, "How did he get it all?"

"I shall dine with you to-day. I shall go for a drive to-morrow," said Mr. Aspenel, when the business matters were concluded.

"We shall all be glad. Edith was hoping you might do so as we came down," returned Gerard.

This announcement caused a great commotion, for he had not dined with his wife since her return, and dinner was laid in the breakfast-room. He took his seat opposite her without comment. Janet sat next to him and helped him. He was tolerably cheerful, but the others tried in vain to be gay.

After dinner they adjourned, as of old, to the big drawing-room. He asked for some music, and they all did their best to sing: but even Janet felt a curious depression. Mrs. Aspenel and Edith remembered that evening when they last met there together with Tom Harton.

"What was it they sang at the Cottages, Janet?" he asked.

"The Doxology, papa."

"Sing it."

They sang it with voices trembling with emotion.

"I, too, would praise God. There is joy among the angels. Let us begin a new life," he murmured.

They all gathered round him, wondering at the strange words. He was quite sane. He meant them. He was not about to die, as they almost fancied.

"We will begin a new life," said his wife, and his children joined in a glad Amen.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

The Clever Chambermaid.

There is a funny story told about how a Dublin chambermaid got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet managed to give each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11

"Now," said she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom, and wait there a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

Having thus bestowed *two* gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, and the eleventh in No. 10.

She then went back to No. 1, where, you will remember, she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said, "I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare, so if one of you will please step into No. 11 you will find it empty."

Of course there is a mistake somewhere, and we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before deciding as to which, if any, of the travellers was the "odd man out."

Last Words of St. Bernard.

When he was drawing near his end St. Bernard thus solemnly addressed himself to his brethren, as a dying man bequeathing legacies to his friends. "Three things I require of you to keep and observe, which I remember to have kept, to the best of my power, as long as I have lived.

"1. I have not willed to slander any person; and if any have fallen, I have hid it as much as possible.

"2. I have ever trusted less to my own wit and understanding than to any other's.

"3. If I were at any time hurt, harmed, or annoyed, I never wished vengeance against the party who so wronged me."

Man and Woman.

The following table shows in a general way the difference between the physique and brain power of the average man and woman:—

	Man.	Woman.
Height	100	94
Weight	100	84
Strength	100	67
Size	100	93
Skull	100	88
Brain	100	91

Judged by Oneself.—Everyone has within the depths of her heart a tribunal by which she begins to judge herself, awaiting the hour when the Supreme Arbiter shall confirm the sentence. Thus does conscience furnish another proof of the immortality of the soul.—*Chateaubriand.*

The Two Tailors.

After the battle of Waterloo, when the treaty of peace reopened communication between England and France, two master tailors from the West-end of London went over to Paris to pick up the fashions. They went to a good hotel and ordered breakfast.

Certainement, messieurs, tout à l'heure," said the obliging garçon.

Upon which, looking at each other, one of them exclaimed, "Two tailors! Are we discovered already?"

In Praise of Labour.—All true work is sacred: in all work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness.

—*Carlyle.*

A Hard Intellect.—A hard intellect is a hammer that can do nothing but crush. Hardness of intellect is sometimes no less harmful and hateful than hardness of heart.

Experience.—What is experience? A poor little hut constructed from the ruins of the palace of gold and marble called our illusions.

MISS PRINGLE'S PEARLS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE executors had stiff work before them, so many were the minor legacies, and so varied were the sources from which the testator had derived her unsuspected income. The portable legacies were sent home, the larger monetary ones waited the conversion of securities into cash, though Stephen Heathfield received his own £500 as a preferential favour in consideration of the offer made by poor Miss Pringle the very day she was carried off. For other matters the executors awaited instructions from Hubert Underwood, or his return; but although duly notified of Miss Pringle's calamitous decease, no answer beyond a brief acknowledgment appeared to have been sent.

Mrs. Rivers was for sending back the pot-pourri jars with scorn, but Laura having found a sealed envelope smothered in rose-leaves within her dragon teapot, curiosity got the better of indignation, and she opened the jar marked on a small gum ticket No. 1. Rose-leaves and perfume again. Aye, and a scrap of paper. What is in it? "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Matilda Rivers is in a towering rage. An indignant sweep of her outstretched arm, and the second jar lies in fragments on the fine Axminster carpet amid a shower of scented petals. "Oh, mother," cries Laura, and stoops to pick up two bits of paper from the *débris*. Another text! "Forgive your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." The other was folded tightly up, and bore the words, "In token thereof. P. P. P." Within were three bank-notes, each for £100!

Haughty Matilda Rivers stood aghast. Laura covered her face with her hands and wept remorseful tears. She knew not what her own packet contained. She read thereon, "Provision for the day of disaster," and below, "See First Epistle Peter iii. 3, 4," which sent her to a Bible for a key. Let us hope she found there also, as in the sealed envelope, provision against the day of disaster, for that day was close at hand.

It had already come to Mabel, for poverty shook its threatening hand in her face; and Arthur, who could obtain no post where a salary would be paid for lounging about, suggested that she should turn her musical abilities to account, either in public or private. Her pride was in haughty rebellion, but she saw no alternative.

Such was the state of affairs when Arthur brought home to their dingy lodgings in Pimlico intelligence of Miss Pringle's death, and the terms of Mabel's exclusion from her will. His wife was then on her knees rummaging a box—packed by Phillis for the bride—to collect a few books or trinkets on which to raise a little money, ever so little. Her hand rested on "The Pilgrim's Progress," into which she had never looked a second time. Stung by the reminder, and all that it meant, she dashed the book across the room, crying in bitter irony, "That is all *I* have to thank the old thing for."

It fell open at Arthur's feet. He stooped with a sharp ejaculation to pick it up. A five-pound note lay exposed, secured to the page by a dab of gum in one corner. The leaves were turned over hastily. Other notes for five, ten, twenty pounds came to light, and gave significance to Miss Pringle's inscription on the fly-leaf. They served to avert ruin for the time being, and caused Mabel to reflect what might have been had she earlier followed Christian and his wife on their pilgrimage. Much more than the finding of the notes.

The predicted day of disaster has come. James Rivers the pompous and flourishing is in the *Gazette*. Manufactory and house are in the hands of official assignees. The sphynxes have no longer a secret to keep. Extravagance and false appearance are at an end. The fall is complete.

Unfortunately, James Rivers drags others down in his disastrous fall. From

time to time he had borrowed large sums from Stephen Heathfield, giving bills as security. At first these were met as they fell due; then others had to be renewed from time to time, and when the crash came, Stephen was called upon to satisfy the claim upon these bills.

Meanwhile, Stephen had not been prospering. As Hepsy said, nothing seemed to have gone right since Miss Mabel threw Miss Pringle's pearls away, and drove Mr. Hubert to a foreign land; and nothing would go right again, she averred, until the ring was found, and the fine young man came back.

Not alone Miss Pringle had suffered from the sudden and temporary thaw. Not alone had the footbridge been swept away. The shallow brook had long been insidiously lapping and undermining the high bank above which flourished the farmer's orchard. The swift flood, the broken bridge did the rest. There was a landslip. Earth and trees dammed up the swollen stream. The water overflowed the meadows; and before Roger quitted Pilgrim Place, or could rescue them, the folded sheep were drowned, or not worth more than their wool.

It was disaster upon disaster. Good-natured Stephen had in part mortgaged his lands to save his brother-in-law's commercial credit. And now, to save his own credit, he must part with the farm he inherited from his yeomen ancestors, and should have passed on to his son.

Upland Farm is advertised to be sold by private contract. Creditors will not wait until Miss Pringle's bequests are paid. The five hundred pounds were but as a sop in the pan. They have partly gone in attempts to clear the old channel of the brook and drain the flooded meadows.

Great sympathy is felt for the honest father and his son, but that will not save his farm. Bob laments that he brought Lucy into distress, and Phillis that she cannot touch her mysterious legacy in time to prevent the inevitable sale.

Barbara, never strong, is utterly overwhelmed, and sits rocking herself to and fro incapable and helpless; too despondng to heed the assurance of Phillis that "all things work together for good to them that fear God;" or that "if, as her father says, they must collect their resources after the sale to take up land in Australia, it may be better for them all in the end, and Hubert is already settled there."

Aye, many letters have gone out to him, but he has not answered again either in person or by letter. October has not long set in, and the dead year does not expire until January. Miss Pringle's executors would gladly help, but they have no powers.

A purchaser has been found for the farm. A London estate agent is in treaty with Mr. Heathfield for a client who desires to enter at once. Part of the purchase money is paid as a deposit, and a day is appointed for agent and client to meet Mr. Heathfield and his solicitor on the premises, to complete the purchase and the transfer.

It is a heart-breaking time, the more so from the knowledge that there is money to come, but not soon enough to avert the sacrifice. How earnestly Phillis prays for Hubert to appear and help them out of their trouble. But he comes not, and all they can do is to trust in God, and wait patiently as they can. So Phillis says, but neither Stephen nor Bob is patient.

Jasper Townley is in the drawing-room with the father and son, awaiting the coming of strange feet. Phillis and Lucy have already packed personal belongings. The kitchen-clock strikes ten. A little wiry sandy-haired fellow opens the front gate and walks up the path followed by a tall dark man with a bushy beard, and crowned with a broad brimmed soft felt hat which he does not hasten to remove.

The farmer and his son are in too much distress to heed the slight discourtesy. But Jasper Townley shifts his head from side to side, his blinking eyes peer under the hat's broad brim, and he wishes the man would open his lips and not leave his voluble agent to do all the talking.

All is at last settled, the purchaser declining to go over the land or house, the full purchase money is laid down in crisp bank-notes. Nothing remains but for the purchaser to affix his signature to a document and say when they are to turn out.

There it is, in a good bold business hand—"Hubert Underwood."

"I knew it, I knew it," cried Mr. Townley in high glee. "Oh, my boy, I am thankful you are here. But what means this?"

Mr. Heathfield goes red, then pale. Is this intended to avenge the slight Mabel had put on him? He had thought better of Hubert.

Bob has asked no such question. He has shaken Hubert's hand half off, and is shouting for Phillis and Lucy and his mother all in a breath. The transfer of the farm might be a myth.

Phillis has come and stops short. She goes white and puts her hand to her side as if about to faint. No beard could disguise Hubert from her. He rushes forward to catch her, but she rallies, gives him her hand, welcomes him home, and then remembers bitterly why he is there.

Explanation is ready. Hubert had barely set foot in London when the advertisement met his eye. It told of sad reverses. He had means ample and available. He resolved to purchase and work the farm with Bob, giving his old friend Mr. Heathfield a holiday.

Whilst they were speaking all together a loud scream was heard from the kitchen, and in another minute Hephzibah rushed without warning or ceremony into their midst, knowing not who was there, and screaming out, "Oh, missus, it's found, it's found! Thank God for that!"

"What's found?" is asked simultaneously by all but the bewildered agent.

"Oh, the ring! the ring! Miss Pringle's ring." And opening wide her coarse apron, she shows a turnip she was paring and cutting up for dinner, and there, still embedded in its heart where it had grown, was, surely enough, Miss Pringle's ring.* The turnip had grown in the course of cropping on the cornfield.

There was a general state of excitement, one cried one thing, one another, whilst the agent looked on and wondered if they had all lost their senses.

"Oh, that Aunt Pringle could but have lived to see this!" was the cry of Phillis.

"It is nothing less than a miracle," came in faint tones from Barbara in the easy chair.

"Here, Hepsy, let me have a look at your prize; I think this is my property," said the new comer in a constrained voice. And whilst the woman opened wide apron, eyes, and mouth, he dislodged the ring and put it in his waistcoat pocket, and she gasped out, "Mr. Hubert! It's never you! This *is* a miracle!"

"I think it is," said he, in the same quiet tone. "I came over to England to be married. Miss Pringle gave me the ring for my betrothal. A miracle, as you say, has restored it to me in the nick of time. I look upon its recovery as a special mark of Divine approval of my choice. I have outlived my youthful folly, and shall make no mistake when I surrender it again."

There is a pause, broken by Stephen, who asks awkwardly when he is expected to quit the farm.

Hubert looks round for Phillis, but she has left the room.

"Never!" is his emphatic answer, "but we will talk that over another day. At present I have my old quarters at Pilgrim Place, though Aunt Pringle's dear old face is not there to smile upon me. Come, gentlemen, I think our friends would prefer to be alone."

The three men walk down the lane together, Mr. Townley and the agent in advance. They are nearing the new footbridge over the innocent-looking brook. Suddenly Hubert cries out, "Walk on, I'll follow," and in a moment has disappeared through a gap in the hedge caused by the landslip.

He has seen a white anguish-stricken face in the trellised bower across the lawn, then white all over with Traveller's Joy clematis.

His footsteps are not heard on the soft grass. But they crunch upon the gravel, and Phillis lifts a tear-stained face from her sheltering hands to meet his dark and happy-looking eyes.

He takes her hand in his and he says, "Phillis!" nothing more, but the warm blood comes surging to her brow to answer him. "Phillis," he repeated, "*dear* Phillis, I made a woful mistake once upon a time. I mistook beauty for worth. I have learned that worth is beauty. I have a ring to give away. Will you have it? I shall make no mistake this time."

Whether she spoke or she did not, she was clasped to a true warm heart, and when she went into the house with Hubert she had Miss Pringle's Pearls upon her finger, and old Hepsy threw up her hands and cried for joy.

* From a fact recorded in Yorkshire Annals.

What remains to be told? The story of wedding bells again, when two brides are led to the altar, one wearing a valuable necklace of pearls, who says, "I, Phillis Penelope," and the other who says, "I, Adaline Sheperton," to the bishop who performs the ceremony in lieu of the rector, otherwise engaged in taking Adaline Sheperton from the hands of the old squire, whilst a dark-bearded Australian clasps the "pure pearl Phillis" her yeoman father gives up to him with so much hearty goodwill. A scene whereon the Brothers Crossley and Mrs. John smile benignantly.

And the story of the sealed up codicil, wherein Miss Pringle devises the bulk of her real and personal estate (including the manor of Redlands, which she had purchased from Major Hylton's spendthrift father twenty years before, leaving the family upon it tenants at will) to Phillis Penelope, and to Hubert after her. She desires, but does not constrain, the said Hubert to marry the said Phillis Penelope, and *vice versâ*, and she endows her niece with one-third of her property, Hubert taking two-thirds, including Redlands. But and if he should prefer to marry elsewhere, then Redlands must pass also as a second third to Phillis. And she couples with it an injunction that either or both should take the name of Pringle, before, not after, the name of Underwood. The Pringle Pearls in any case to go to Phillis, along with the reserved books, her pictures, porcelain, and family Bible, all of which she is certain to prize.

The pair are betrothed but not married when this codicil is read out, but it does not cause them to change their minds. It only makes a slight difference in the church register, and finds them a more delightful residence than Upland Farm, which is surrendered to its original owners, *nem. con.*

Roger and Ruth the constant have been married for some time, she being afraid to occupy Pilgrim Place alone, and the old mother is still alive under the same roof.

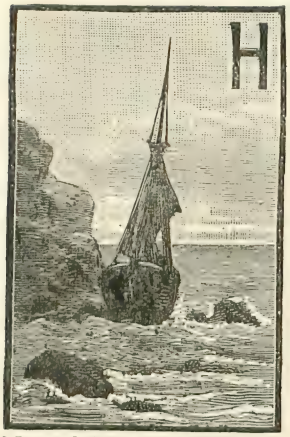
The discoveries made by Mrs. Rivers and Mabel have oozed out. There is a general searching of cushions and counterpanes to the infinite solace of some, the woful discomfiture of others, but Miss Pringle has not been over hard on any. The despised sachet had held something sweeter than scent.

There are soft places in the happy hearts of Phillis and Hubert, who cannot enjoy their immense wealth with unforgiveness in their hearts. There is a woollen mill in course of erection on the busy brook, which is to give employment to the poor people of Marsh Lane—a substantial mill to be managed (not owned) by James Rivers and his son Arthur.

[THE END.]

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.



"How are we to keep them amused! Five boys in the house besides our own for three weeks!" said Nell, with a very anxious look.

It was shortly before the Christmas holidays, and Nell and her friend Clare were sitting in conference with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. The five boys in question were coming from a school for the sons of missionaries to spend the vacation, and now the time drew near and Nell felt a little alarmed at what they had undertaken.

"Our own boys give such dreary accounts of the holidays they perforce spent at school, and enjoyed themselves so much when they were asked out, that I feel we must do what we can for other lads left in the same position," said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Yes, I agree with you there," put in Mr. Lawrence. "You need not be anxious about the days, Nell; trust the boys to amuse themselves. But they will want some attention in the evenings."

"But wet days, father?"

"I have an idea of my own for the wet days, Nell. You be bright and cheery in the evenings, and the time will pass quickly enough."

The boys arrived, and were so shy and awkward that one could easily guess it was some time since they were deprived of the "rounding off" effect of family life, and Nell found herself again wondering why manners and deportment were so generally neglected amongst boys. However, these had come to enjoy themselves and not to be found fault with, and Nell entered heartily into the task of giving them a happy holiday. She and Clare resolved to think beforehand of some amusements and games for the first evening, as that would be the most trying occasion, before the natural shyness had worn off.

"There is one good puzzling game I do not think they are likely to know," said Clare. "All the party, except one, troop into a room, and decide on some object there which the person left behind is to find out. They then put out the gas, leaving the room quite dark, go back and send in the one person alone, who soon returns with the right thing, though the room is dark, and not a word or look has been exchanged between him and anyone else."

"How very mysterious! How is it done?"

"Two people must know the secret. Suppose you to be the person left behind; I, with all the rest, go to the dining-room, and we select the bronze match-stand for you to discover. I stay last to put out the gas, and having done this, I quietly slip my watch on to the bronze, or leaning against it. You come in and though you can see nothing, guided by the ticking of the watch, you soon find the object chosen. If this should be found out, or you think well to make a change, a small luminous match-box proves an equally good guide. This game generally lasts a long time before both plans are discovered by every one."

"Then there is that ridiculous thing with the candles; do you know it, Clare? Two people (they will be boys in this case) kneel on the ground opposite each other. Each is to rest on one knee only, holding the other leg off the ground with one hand. A lighted candle is given to one, and an unlighted candle to the other. They then try to light the latter at the flame of the lighted one. It is most absurd to watch their attempts; you see the least movement throws them off their balance, though everyone thinks it so easy till they try."

"I should suggest sheets of newspaper being spread under the performers at this candle game," suggested Clare; "think of the grease! Or no doubt matches would do just as well as candles. It reminds me of a similar sort of thing. You make a boy stand with his back close to the wall, and be particular to see that his heels touch it. Then put a piece of money on the ground before him, and say he shall have it if he can stoop and pick it up without moving his heels from the wall."

"Quite easy, I should think!" cried Nell. But on trying it she found it to be quite impossible.

A game of a quieter sort called Sixteens proved to be very popular when the boys were tired and disinclined for much exertion of mind or body. Each player is provided with a set of little numbered cards an inch square, the cards of every set being of a different colour. Each set contains six cards of every number from one up to sixteen, so that there are ninety-six cards in every set. The dealer keeps his set mixed up in a bag from which he draws at random. The other players must arrange their cards before them on the table in little heaps, keeping the numbers separate, all the ones in one heap, the twos in another, and so on till he has, of course, sixteen heaps. In beginning to play, the dealer takes a card at random from his bag, calls the number on it and places it on the table before him. Each player takes one of the number called from his heap of that number, and places it as the caller has done. The object of the game is to get all the numbers arranged in order from one to sixteen; six separate rows are allowed, and it is bad play to put a high number below a lower one. For example:—

Dealer calls "16." All place this at the head of a row.

Dealer, "5." Five goes below sixteen.

Dealer, "11." Eleven must start a fresh row, as it would not do to put so high a number under five.

Dealer, "1." One is not put in a row, but in a place quite apart.

Dealer, "3." Three goes under five.
Dealer, "4." Four goes under eleven.
Dealer, "16." Sixteen starts a fresh row.
Dealer, "14." Fourteen under sixteen.
Dealer, "2." Two goes on the one already put apart.

3, 4, and 5 can now be taken from the rows and added to the heap on top of the 1 and 2.

It must be remembered that only six rows are allowed, and a player soon finds he cannot always avoid putting a high number below a low one. The numbers must be moved from the rows on to the heaps commenced by each "1" as it is called; and that player wins who is able to move all the numbers from the rows in this way. This, of course, cannot be done when the low numbers are blocked by higher numbers being placed under them.

A capital outdoor game for a dark evening was introduced by one of the boys. Each player was provided with a lantern, a sufficient number of which were easily borrowed in the village. The glass of one lantern had to be coloured; this was arranged by stretching some red silk outside the glass. This coloured lantern had to be of the sort which can be darkened at pleasure, but all the rest were of the ordinary description. The boy with the dark lantern set off first into the garden; when some distance away, well among the trees and shrubs, he showed his red light and waved it about so that everyone could see it, and then all the other clear lights set off in pursuit. When hard pressed, the red light might darken his lantern and thus escape in the darkness, but must show and wave his light again directly he was free from immediate pursuers. The one who succeeded in catching him had the honour of carrying the red light in the next game.

Will received for a Christmas present from his father a silver watch, greatly to his pride and joy; and some watch tricks which he knew were doubly delightful to exhibit when the watch was his own. He told Nell to choose any number on the dial, without letting him know which, however. When she had selected, he took a pencil and tapped upon the watch glass, telling her to count silently, at each tap, upwards from the number she had chosen till she reached twenty. At twenty, to her surprise, his pencil was pointing to the very number she had at first chosen! The explanation was this. He gave seven taps at hazard, anywhere on the glass; at the eighth tap his pencil must point to twelve, after which he must tap regularly round the dial backwards—that is to say, passing from twelve to eleven, ten and so on. It will then be found the pencil will have reached the number chosen by the puzzled one at the same moment she reaches twenty in her silent counting.

Will then offered a small reward to anyone who should correctly set down from memory the figures on a watch dial, with pencil and paper. No one could succeed, though everyone protested he had done it correctly. On comparing their figures with the watch, it was found that the four was the misleading number, everyone having put the Roman IV., whilst on watches and clocks it is almost invariably written IIII.

For one evening Mark, who was now at home for the vacation, promised a musical entertainment on what he described as a human piano. The six boys and Clare were assistants, and everyone else was intensely mystified as to what they were going to see and hear. The assistants had many rehearsals and practisings, but all was kept so private that no one could surmise what was going on at these secret meetings. When the evening arrived, and the audience entered the room of entertainment, they saw a sheet stretched across one end, rising from the floor to the height of between two and three feet. Showing above the sheet was a row of round black objects placed exactly in line and about twelve inches apart. Behind them, facing the audience, stood Mark in evening dress, holding in his hand a bâton with a knob at the end, similar to a gong-hammer.

He introduced to the audience, in an amusing speech, his wonderful instrument. Each note, he said, was made of the best bell-metal, and they were all extremely sensitive, in more ways than one; the mere fact of talking about them, he said, was sufficient to cause a distinct vibration. Which was indeed perfectly true, for some of the round black objects became violently agitated and gave forth a sort of explosion, not unlike suppressed laughter. After polishing with a silk handkerchief the spherical notes, Mark proceeded to strike each with his hammer, and upon being knocked they gave a remarkably human tone. He pointed out that the instrument was tuned at present to the key of C major; the middle C giving forth also the upper C when struck in a different spot, and this explained there being only seven notes instead of the complete octave. He next gave a tune which was quite recognisable as "Home, Sweet Home;" but in Rousseau's Dream, which followed, some confusion occurred, the notes again became agitated, and a fresh start had to be made. Some other simple airs were given, with varying success; Mark keeping up a running commentary of amusing remarks and explanations; and the whole formed a most laughable exhibition.

The performers were really seated on the ground, with their backs to the audience, the shorter ones being on hassocks so as to bring the heads all to the same level. A black silk handkerchief was tightly stretched over the back and top of each head, knotted across the eyes, so that the rest of the face was free but kept turned carefully from the audience. Thus nothing was visible above the sheet but the sleek round silk-covered heads.

Nell's only trouble during this merry time was the sorry state of poor Roger. His course of true love had not run smooth, for it was plain to all that Clare cared nothing for him beyond the most ordinary friendship. Nell was the first to discover this, and was most anxious to spare her brother the pain of a refusal. She persuaded him to talk freely to her about it, which he had never done before; and was so sympathetic and gentle and sensible that Roger began to feel she was right and that Clare would never think of him excepting as a friend. He resolved to take Nell's advice and wait and hope, but, poor fellow, his hopes grew less during this Christmastide. Clare and Mark were much together, and it appeared more than likely that he had won from Clare that regard which Roger had despaired of. Nell tried not to be glad; but Mark was her favourite brother and Clare her only friend, and their attachment could not but give her pleasure. She devoted herself to Roger as far as he would let her, and found in him many qualities she had never before seen; meanwhile she thought in her heart this might be of use, in the end, to Roger, for a rebuff is sometimes salutary to one who is rather self-satisfied and inclined to be hard on the failings of others.

Mr. Lawrence's scheme for wet days was to engage a carpenter to come and give the boys practical lessons in the trade. Every rainy day the man came up (work being slack), and a lively carpentering class gathered in the play-room, round Frank's bench, making use of his tools and implements.

Nell sometimes joined the class and made a certain progress where neatness and dexterity were more needful than mere strength.

"How poor old Frank would rage if he could see us all using his tools and making free with his bench!" said George, pausing with plane in hand.

"I think he would be so glad to see us in any circumstances that he would forgive us at once," said Nell, cheerfully unconscious of the shavings in her hair.

Thus passed the holidays, and Nell and her brothers felt all the happier in knowing they had been able to give happiness to others.

[THE END.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE summer has been such a rainy one that our main ideas have been directed towards dressing somewhat more in accordance with the weather than with the time of year; and all kinds of thin garments have seemed quite out of place. When it was hot nothing appeared to be more comfortable wear than the much worn blouse in one of its many shapes. This enabled one to bear a thicker skirt, while gaining the coolness of a thinner bodice. Thin silks of all descriptions have been very popular and useful; and nearly everyone has worn one of the little half-fitting jackets which are so useful, and sufficiently warm on the chilly mornings and evenings, when the damp of vegetation and frequent rain give a peculiar feeling of chill even to the summer air.

The newest cloaks that have appeared are made in the style of a college or academical gown; they are gathered into a shaped shoulder-piece, or at any rate are so fulled in front, though the back may be tight-fitting. Some of these have hoods, and are made to fit both back and front by means of tucks which shape them to the figure. Otherwise, they are purely circular shaped cloaks, a little developed since the spring, when they made their first appearance. They are called "Rotondes," and there are no sleeves, the hands coming out of two openings on either side of the front. Some new ulsters are called "Directoire," and have wide pointed lapels, and are double-breasted, but are not tight-fitting. Sometimes the bodice portion has no seams, and is drawn in round the waist by a belt of the material of the cloak.

In the way of hats we have this summer seen the well-known "Zulu" return to favour. It has even arrived at gracing the windows of some of the most fashionable shops. They are chiefly trimmed with scarves of coloured silk, in uni-colours; the back of the hat being caught up with one end of the silk, and the brim lined with the same. Sometimes, but more rarely, the trimming is of gathered silk, or mull muslin. They are very nice for garden and river hats, and answer for anything "about

IN THE COUNTRY—A SHOWERY DAY.

home," as the ordinary saying is. The "Zulu" of the present day is far better made, and more superior in shape and fit than its predecessors of five years ago.

The trimming on all hats and bonnets seems to be growing plainer, and I trust, with the thicker materials of autumn and winter, this tendency may increase. The very wide ribbons used for trimming probably add to this inclination, for who could put many bows and ends on a hat or bonnet when the ribbon used is a quarter of a yard wide? The fancy for white veils is very great, and plain white tulle seems more liked than tulle spotted with either black or white.

In colours, grey and green seem the hues most liked and worn. The new greys are very blue. They are respectively called "Uhlan" and "Vapour," and one new blue is named after the soap with blue streaks, which they make at Marseilles, and is termed in French *Savon de Marseilles*. Besides these greys, beige and a brownish-yellow tone seem most liked. There seems to be a tendency to revert to pure colours, like pinks, blues, and pure reds.

So far as materials go at the present moment, there is very little to be known, save what is to be seen in the shop windows, for the really winter things are not yet introduced, and one must wait till next month for ideas. One thing only seems certain, *i.e.*, that "moiré" is as much liked as when it first came out; and probably a part of its popularity is owing to the fact that it improves the appearance of every material with which it is mixed, and lights up the most dismal and ugly. One of its great uses during the summer has been for parasols and *en-tout-cas*, the principal colours being black and white.

Everyone who thinks much about the fashions must hope that the "Directoire" and "Empire" fever may subside before the winter is upon us. The bonnets of both styles were ugly and flaring, and quite unsuited for winter use. But the long, tight-fitting coats will be comfortable and seasonable garments, if they continue to be worn. How strange it is to think of our grandmothers going about in thin shoes, open-worked stockings, and sandals, and

THE LATEST BODICES AND BLOUSES.

IN THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER.

NEW CLOAKS FOR AUTUMN.

nothing but a small shawl over the shoulders in cold weather, and very inconsistently a big muff, so big that it would hold a little baby with ease! We have certainly, whatever our follies may be, advanced a little towards common sense.

In order to show the exact state of the bodices worn at present, I have had three of the newest illustrated in "The Latest Bodices and Blouses." These various styles will, I think, last through the autumn and winter. The bodice at the extreme left is a tucked one, the tucks being very small, the same as those on the sleeves, and though not quite correctly depicted, the tucks are shown to be caught together at the ends. The centre figure wears a stockingette bodice, with a vest of white sateen or piqué crossed with black braid, as shown in the picture. The figure on the extreme right has a tight-fitting striped jacket, with velvet *revers*, and a loose bag-front of white or coloured silk. This is an extremely pretty form of bodice for a slight person, and is graceful and youthful in appearance.

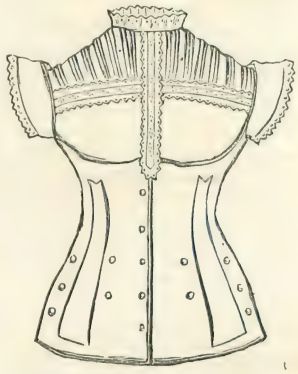
In "In the Country" I have tried to show some of the numberless shapes under which the new waterproofs now make their appearance. None of our useful garments have so steadily advanced towards perfection as the waterproof, and this year with the light tweed coverings and the superior make, free from smell, and thinner in the waterproofing, while covered with a woollen texture, they are really comfortable, useful cloaks, which are of such pretty shapes, and the materials of such pretty patterns, that they are worn even without the excuse of rain, and look ladylike and pretty. They are quite inexpensive, and appear likely to wear longer than the ordinary waterproof has been in the habit of doing. Ulsters, travelling cloaks, and waterproofs all follow the shapes we have illustrated in "In the Country." Some have caps made of the materials of the cloak, and some have felt or straws trimmed to correspond. In case of a blue cloak, one has very generally seen a blue bonnet to match it.

In the "Last Days of Summer" our artist has exercised his pencil in depicting two rather extreme specimens of the summer hats that Dame Fashion has brought over for us from France. Strange to say, they are faint copies of hats that were worn about 1818-1819, but much smaller, and less clumsy. A well-known bonnet shop in the Edgware Road has had a relic of that day, in the shape of one of these cumbrous hats, on view in the shop window, and as one examines it one is free to confess that the science and art of millinery have vastly improved since then. It is heavy, ugly, and out of proportion, and one wonders how it ever could have been carried.

The dresses in the "Last Days of Summer" are all pretty, and an idea can be gathered from them of what we are probably going to wear this winter. The small and becoming puff at the top of the sleeve has come back to us, and much improves the appearance of the figure. The full sleeve and long plain cuff will also be noticed on the centre figure, which wears, likewise, one of the prettiest of the belted bodices, with a pointed yoke; the fastening of the sash in front is also novel. The fourth figure from the left side wears a dress trimmed with one of the flat galloons, and a tucked and gathered bodice slightly pointed in front. The figure on the extreme right has a plaided tweed, trimmed with wide bands of black velvet. It will be seen that in certain prevailing characteristics the dresses have not changed; they have still very high collar-bands, generally the coat sleeve, and they are short in the skirt, and all the lines are lengthy and not very full. Flat trimmings are more worn than any others, while both stripes and plaids are liked.

So far as underclothing is concerned, we have to mention a most marked advance in the manufacture of black thread and cotton stockings, which can now be made, and are manufactured this season, of a perfect dye, which will not wash out; nor does the wearing of them stain the feet at all. Now that black has become the generally worn colour, and seems to increase in popularity every day, this perfect dye is a very great boon as regards our comfort. It is one of the drawbacks to the hygienic and sanitary dress of this our native country, that owing to the uncertain climate, the coal dust, and smoke, we are all inclined to adopt dark colours instead of light ones, both for inside as well as outside wear. In a hygienic point of view this is not good; but in the way of looks, a well-fitting black stocking is undoubtedly superior to a dirty white one. When white stockings were worn, most of us well remember that they did not remain clean in appearance for half a day, even under the most favourable circumstances. So in this way black stockings are an improvement, though care should be taken to see they are washed sufficiently often.

We have selected the "Emancipation Bodice" for our paper pattern this month, as we have so many inquiries for bodices to take the place of stays. This bodice extends over the hips, and petticoats can be buttoned to it, or worn under it, if liked. The drawing is not very correct in some particulars, but not important ones. The full piece across the chest is a straight piece, more for ornament than use in reality. The bodice consists of front, side piece, back, straight gathered piece for front, short sleeves, long sleeves—upper, lower. As some of our girls may have adopted a combination with long sleeves, they will not need to have any sleeves to this bodice at all; but the long sleeves are added in case they should be required—seven pieces in all.



THE EMANCIPATION BODICE.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.," price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may know of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoast (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, yoke bodice, bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, Emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, new spring mantle, new polonaise, Directoire jacket bodice, striped tennis or walking jacket, honey-combed Garibaldi skirt, bodice instead of stays.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MISCELLANEOUS.

JANE H.—We feel sorry for your loneliness, and hope you may some day see Wicklow and your dear parents again. But you must be brave, and you have the comfort of knowing that you are doing your duty in trying to support yourself by honest industry, and so relieve your parents of a burden. Take all your troubles to the Lord Jesus, and ask Him for His grace and protection, and His blessing on your family in beautiful Wicklow. We are sorry your affectionate verses do not suit this paper.

NELLIE.—We cannot give you any prescription that will prevent your hair from turning grey. But your fear lest your mistress will dismiss you from her service on account of its turning grey, after having lived with her and given her satisfaction "for several years," appears absurd. Besides, a cap covers it almost, so that its change of colour is of little consequence.

LEXA.—It is your mother's business to take any steps respecting your father; and living under her care and direction you cannot take any unknown to her, nor in opposition to her will. Pray that he may be reformed.

A SALOPIAN.—We acknowledge your donation towards the Girls' Home with our best thanks. The 21st October, 1857, was a Wednesday.

E. M. P.—We do not know any of your circumstances—whether you have parents to whom you should be a help and comfort, and whom you have to "requite, and to show piety at home." In any case it is not of a perfect stranger that you should ask advice, but of them. Do they fully approve of your even contemplating such a step? And what natural fitness do you show for such a trying and difficult vocation?

SISTER.—No situation is open to a girl who has no great general education, and no special training for any particular vocation. Possibly you might be eligible for training at a hospital as a nurse. If so, you would obtain board, lodging and uniform, and in some hospitals a small salary, even at the commencement of your training, making you at once independent of home assistance, should your father approve of your taking such a step.

DOLLY.—We do not continue to give advice about the complexion nor the hair. We must refer all inquirers to our indexes.

A READER and NESTA C.—Perhaps you might obtain assistance, and no doubt advice, by applying to Mr. C. S. Bradberry, 32, Sackville Street, W., secretary of the Milliners' and Dressmakers' Provident Institution. The members of this society receive aid in sickness or necessity, and permanent relief in old age.

SCHOOL GIRL.—Read our article on "Spots and Stains," in the series called "The Fairy of the Family," vol. iv.

AMY WOODS.—We have much pleasure in drawing our readers' attention to your society, the Pinafore and Prize Society. For the information of any unacquainted with the Grosvenor Reading Society, of which the above is a branch, we may observe "it was founded to supply the destitute children attending national schools with decent, tidy clothing." It is found that the gift of a print or holland pinafore is a boon to a poor child to hide its rags, and give it a clean appearance. It is a "frock-pinafore," and so looks respectable, and serves the purpose in view efficiently. Membership must be applied for to Miss A. S. Woods, Merton, Thetford, Norfolk.

SUFFERER.—Hunstanton, Norfolk, we think might suit you very well. The air is bracing, from the German Ocean, and accommodation plentiful, and there are good iron springs and excellent bathing, all suited to a person needing bracing. There are many places of interest in the neighbourhood, a lawn tennis ground, and a band plays daily on the pier. You can go there by the Great Eastern, Midland, and Great Northern lines, taking about four hours to make the journey from town.

EMMA.—We could not tell you how many "total abstainers" there are in the United Kingdom, because many object to attach themselves to any society. But we know that there are upwards of three millions of the age of fifteen years, and about one and a half millions and more under it. In 1885 it was calculated that among these about 180,100 were connected with "benefit orders;" and there were then 140,000 adult Good Templars, and 77,000 Juvenile Good Templars. Doubtless there are many more now.

ORYNTHIA.—Young girls at home should be guided by the greater wisdom and experience of their mothers. They are apt to be rash, and injudicious, and impulsive. The associations of an act may be objectionable sometimes, when the act itself is harmless. You must judge of that in your own case, and with your mother's guidance must act as may be best and wisest. Young girls have no right to bind themselves by vows, excepting that to serve and fear God, without special permission of their parents or guardians.

CLEOPATRA begs us to make known the fact that English girls should beware of marrying Frenchmen according to British law only. It is essential that the marriage should be likewise contracted before a French Government official, to make it legal in France. "Cleopatra" cites a sad instance of what has occurred within her own knowledge of desertion by the French husband of a young English girl married only according to English law. We have before warned our readers on this very subject.

DUBIOUS.—Your hymn is about as good as the ordinary class published, but has no special merit nor originality. It runs smoothly.

AN ANXIOUS WIFE.—We truly sympathise with you in having so timid a "worser half." His is indeed a bad case if obliged to "look under all the chairs and tables, as well as into the cupboards at night; and even then is so afraid to go up to bed!" Why he should carry this craze of peeping into unseen nooks and corners so far as to looking inside his envelopes several times before closing them, we could not explain, as burglars could scarcely avail themselves of such a hiding-place, and we think, under such circumstances, you should obtain medical advice.

MEA CULPA.—There is no escape from the distress which a candid avowal of the true state of the case will occasion you both. Confess the exact truth, that, seeing his disappointment, you unwisely thought to sacrifice your own feelings to his, never having really loved him. Of course he will release you; and it would be not only ungenerous to you, but a most disastrous act on his own account, to hold you (or try so to do) to a consent given under such circumstances. Make your own family acquainted with the case, and ask their kind, good offices to smooth matters for you.

H. FOX.—You should learn to spell before you contemplate looking for a "situashone as lady seckretery." Thirteen examples of such-like mistakes in half a sheet of note paper lead us to "reckomend" you to purchase a spelling-book, and improve in that branch of education before offering yourself as a "Compeditur" for a prize in a painting competition.

MOLLY.—Rosemary tea is made by pouring boiling water on the leaves, and letting it stand covered up till cold. Of course it would be better made by a chemist, and would keep longer. But you could make a small quantity at a time.

SAINTON.—Could you not find a married lady as chaperon? This would have been preferable to an unmarried man. But as you and your sister were together, it did not so much matter, as you seem to be well known to everyone.

ROBUR.—Many thanks for your little drawings, which are very fairly well done. But they are of no use to us. There is a very able work which might suit you—"Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature."

BLUSHING SIXTEEN.—If your parents were naturalised in England before your birth you would be English without any doubt.

GENEVIEVE ST. CLAIR.—The St. Michael you mean, where the best oranges are grown, is the largest island of the Azores, in the Atlantic Ocean, about 800 miles west of Portugal; not St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, which is a pyramidal granite rock, surmounted by a castle, founded in the fifth century.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.—The only method of proceeding is to use your personal influence privately with each child whom you see laughing and making a noise during the Scripture lesson. Do not scold, but just quietly explain to them the nature of what they do, the disrespect it shows to sacred things, and the bad example to others who see them.

CHIPPY.—Persons in the upper classes of society should know better than to put a knife to their mouths, under any pretence, in eating; although adopting a symbolic form of speech, the wise man counsels gourmands to "put a knife to their throats" if "given to their appetites;" otherwise meaning that they should practise self-restraint. Cheese may be placed on a round dish, with a cover over it, and (if a round cheese) a table napkin tightly pinned round it, just reaching to the top of the walls of rind. A scoop knife is then employed to serve it. If a wedge-shaped piece it should be cut with a knife, and a plate containing some squares an inch long carried round to the guests. A third plan is to place a small cream cheese, or squares of cheese, in a dish with a central handle and different compartments, containing small pats of butter and cheese, biscuits, and sometimes a vase for celery in the centre. This is handed round. The cheese is conveyed to the mouth on a scrap of bread or biscuit with the left hand. We have given these directions more than once, and the question should not have been repeated.

JANET GENNASI.—Yes. It is believed St. Paul was martyred, by beheading, at Rome. We are acquainted with the tradition which you name, but which, as a fact, we are not prepared to endorse.

ETHEL STONEHAM.—We recommend you to send your sheepskin to be properly dressed by a professional hand, as you are inexperienced in the preparation of skins.

M. D. P. N. A.—The cheapness of your holiday tour would much depend on your knowledge of the language. Switzerland seems as cheap a country to visit as any. The return ticket from London to Berne is a little over £6 second class, and there are cheap pensions all over Switzerland. Baedeker or the "J. E. M. Guide" are both very reliable, and if you be a good walker your month's holiday might be very cheaply obtained.

SARAH.—The small white grub you found was the grub which would produce the moth. The only way to keep the moth away, and to get rid of it, is to expose the articles to light and air, and keep them dry. These are the only precautions taken by furriers, we are told, together with occasional shaking and brushing.

A HARD-WORKING LASSIE might manage, we think, to wear gloves with the tops of the fingers cut off, to protect her poor suffering hands. Mutton suet rendered down with a little milk is the most healing thing to keep them moist under the gloves. Glycerine would not suit her skin, unless diluted with water.

ELLA.—We have ceased to answer queries about the complexion and hair, but this about cleaning the head from scurf we may answer. Make a solution of a lump of fresh quicklime, about the size of a walnut, in a pint of soft water. Let it stand all night, then pour off the water, clear of all deposit, and add a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar. With this wash the head, wetting the roots of the hair only. This, we believe, will be found both efficacious and harmless.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—This is a bad year for certain fruits and vegetables, in some counties, on account of caterpillars; but you may keep them off your cabbages by sowing hemp as borders all round them. An infusion made from the leaves of the elder tree may be poured over plants of all kinds, for the same protective purpose, with much advantage. Those suffering from unpleasant breath should look for the cause, in a feeble digestion, chronic catarrh, or decayed teeth, and attend to either of the three. A teaspoonful of a mixture made of chlorate of potassa 2 drachms, and 4 oz. of sweetened water, may be taken three hours after breakfast, washing the mouth occasionally with the same. An occasional dose of finely-powdered charcoal (one teaspoonful) would do as well.

MRS. M. S.—1. We thank you for all you tell of the wax effigies in Westminster Abbey, which are still to be seen by applying at the residence of the dean in charge, for an order, and to a verger to show the way to them, out of the cloisters. You further say that the effigies are kept in glass cases in a small gallery. Entrance by a locked door and short staircase in the wall, near Queen Mary's tomb. 2. We thank you for collecting and sending us donations towards the Girls' Convalescent Home.

MARY E.—There is a good "early rising society," called "The Morning Watch." Apply to the Rev. J. T. Wrenford, Vicar's House, St. Paul's, Newport, Monmouthshire, South Wales.

VERITAS.—We much approve of your little dissertation on the words "very good," as pronounced on all the work of the Creator, and the marring of that work in the female sex by the distortion produced from wearing tight stays. You might have included shoes worn to the detriment of the feet of both sexes.

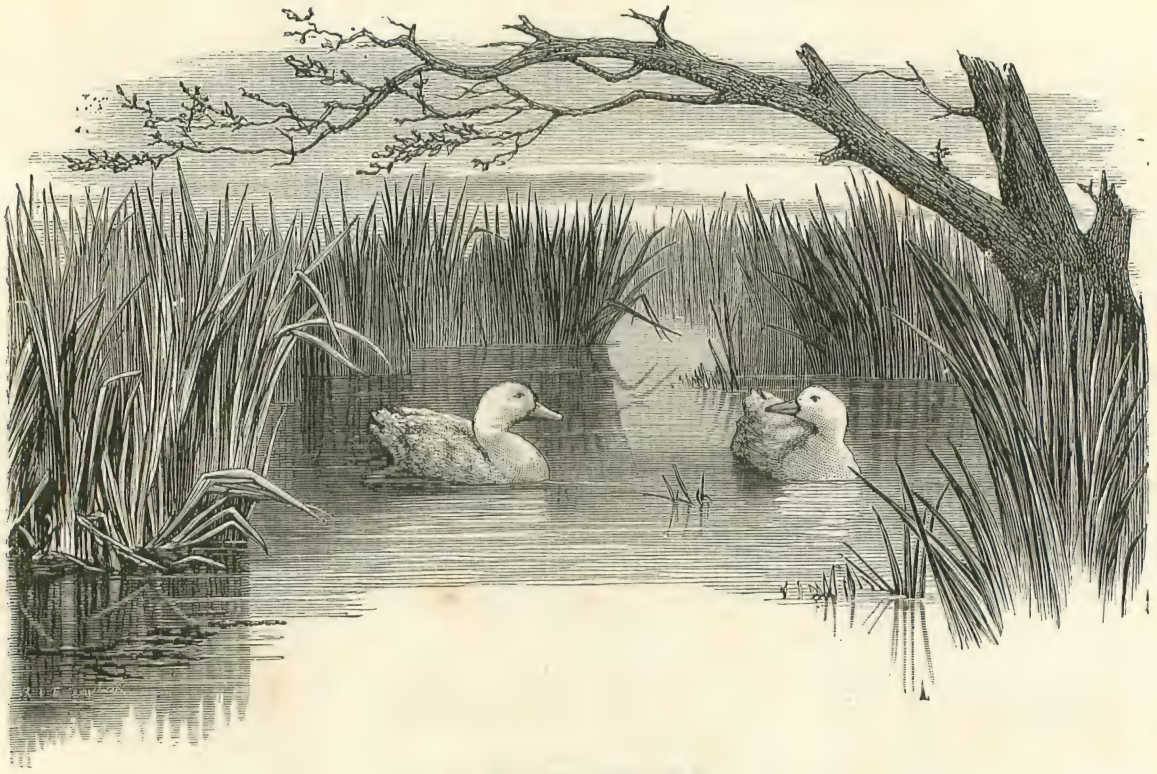
ETHEL MARY W. is thanked for pointing out a little misprint in a knitting receipt, for the benefit of other knitters. In the "Uhlan Cap," described in the number for April 21st, in the last stitches of the fourth row read "purl three" instead of "purl four."

MOLLY.—Instead of making a decoction of tea-leaves and boiling water, make one of rosemary leaves; that is all. Strain well, and bottle it; and with a small sponge damp the roots of the hair with it. "Molly's" handwriting is not yet formed, but promises well.

MURIEL A. M.—Use no depilatory. Better consult a doctor about the blemish, but leave the down on the lip alone.

ROSIE.—"Hallamshire" is only a district in the West Riding of Yorkshire, which includes the manufacturing town of Sheffield. The origin of the name is derived from the Manor of Hallam, the court of the Earl Waltheof. Both manor and hamlet were destroyed by William the Conqueror, because of their strong resistance to his invasion. There is no reliable proof of its having been a separate county.

*** Our Readers will be glad to hear that the voting in connection with The Girl's Own Order of Merit resulted in 780 votes for Nurse Finnis and 70 for Miss Macdonald. We have therefore awarded Nurse Finnis the Gold Medal, inscribed with the words: "Well Done! To Laura Finnis, with the congratulations of the Editor and Readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."



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